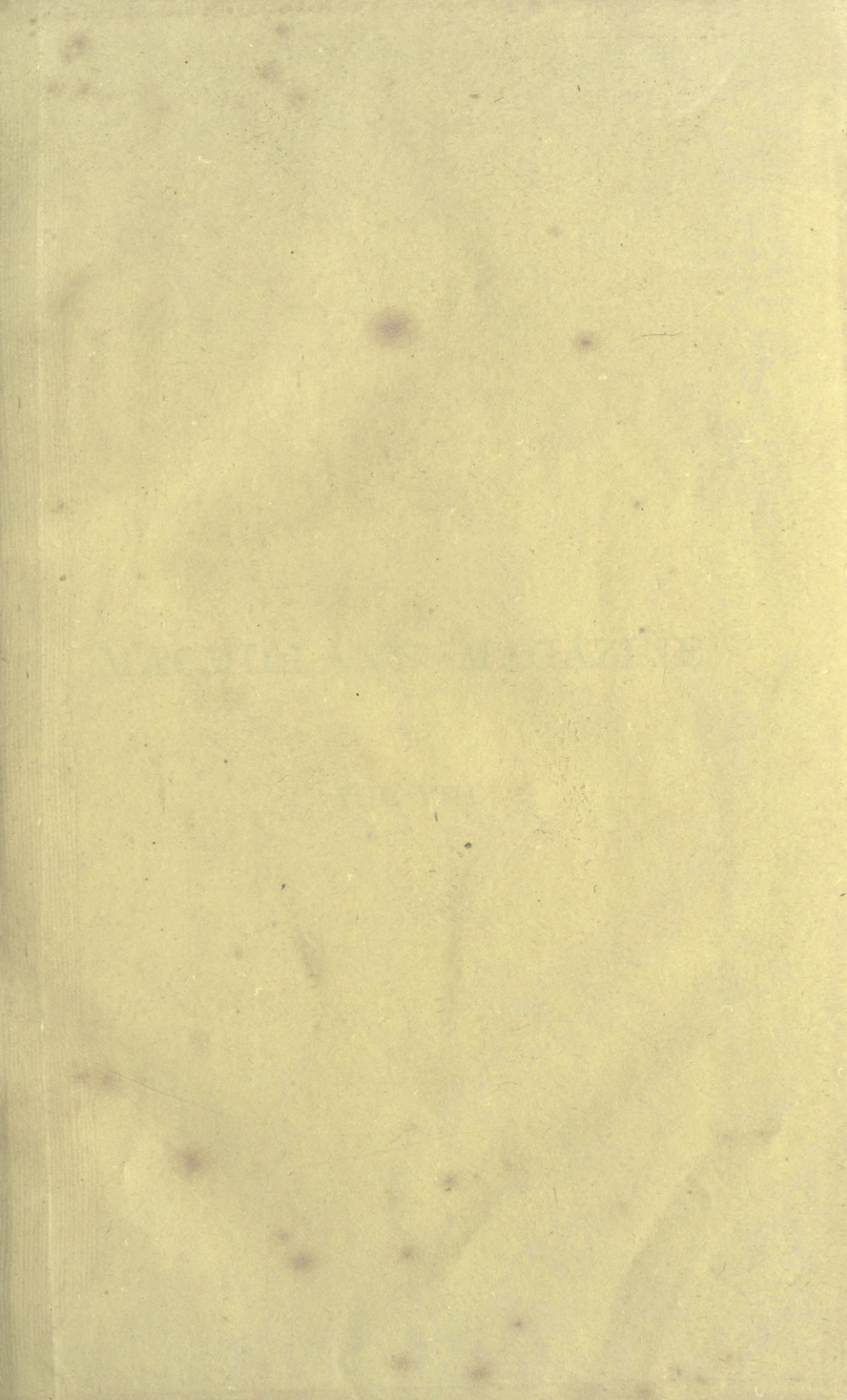
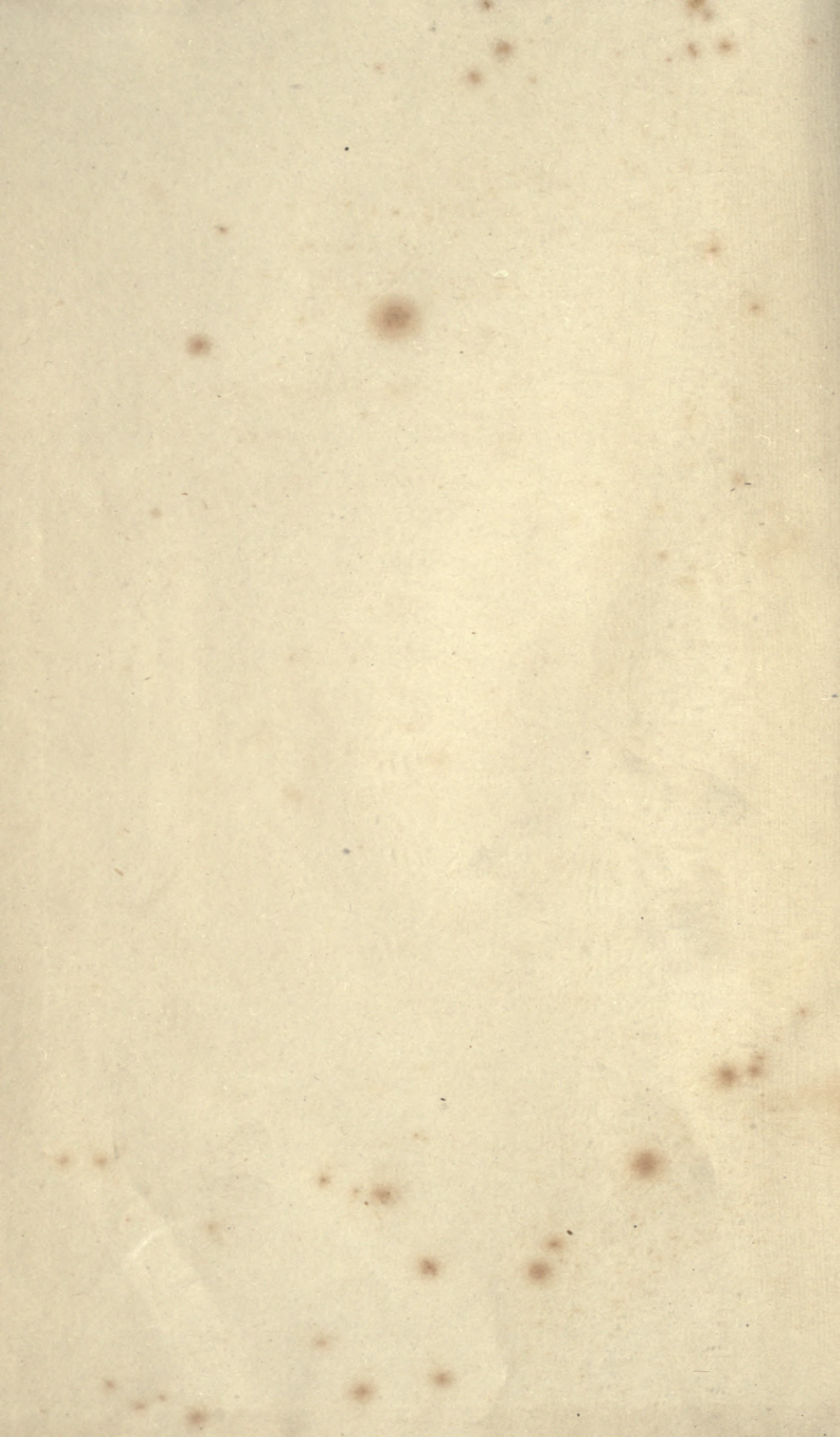




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W. A. MILLER'S

ANNALS

EDITED BY DAVID HARRISON



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W. A. MILLER'S

ANNALS

EDITED BY

DAVID

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1863.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE "GREAT ABOMINATION."

ON the First Sunday in Advent the little church of the parish in which Rose's Bower was situated enjoyed the double advantage of Père Zacharie's eloquence in the pulpit, and of Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's attendance as one of the congregation. The appearance of the former insured that of the latter; Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain was so devoted an admirer and patroness of Père Zacharie, that she made a point of never missing a syllable which fell from the Father's lips in public. To this partisanship, more perhaps than to his individual merits—though they were not few—did Père Zacharie owe his renown as a sacred orator. Mademoiselle was a leader and an oracle in that peculiar world which makes or mars the reputation of a preacher. She was by birth a Belgian, and the descendant of a very ancient and very rich Flemish family; but had long left her native country, residing for the most part in Rome. From the year 1849 to that of 1852, she had travelled a good deal in France and Italy. This year she had taken up her abode in a château in the environs of Chambéry.

Signora Candia did not see her confessor and spiritual director mount the pulpit (it was the first time he had preached in the parish since her arrival) without some trepidation lest he should

not be properly appreciated by a country congregation. Her flutter of spirits did not last long. The imposing presence, the solemn gesture, the perfect self-possession of the priest, riveted general attention almost before the tones of his deep voice were heard. We are not called upon to give any judgment as to the Father's talents or doctrine; we shall only testify to the incontestable success of his discourse. Probably the only hearer who did not relish it was Vincenzo. It was too highly flavoured for his simple taste, too thickly interlarded with hints and threats and apostrophes against a certain Amalekite, who must have played the preacher some scurvy trick, and Mademoiselle also; for, at every palpable hit, the lady gave most emphatic nods of approbation. Père Zacharie would not have stood so high in Mademoiselle's estimation, had he not been the mouthpiece of the party she favoured.

After the sermon, the curé and the father escorted Mademoiselle to her carriage, into which they handed her amid signs of deferential recognition from the gentry, and the lowest of low bows from the peasants. Mademoiselle was a woman on the wrong side of fifty, tall, fat, of an agreeable though very masculine appearance. Her moustache might have given many a youth a pang of envy. Judging from the continual use she made of her eyeglass, she must have been extremely shortsighted. She raised it again, after seating herself in

the carriage, to take a last survey of the crowd waiting her departure ; and then it was that probably she, for the first time, remarked Signora Candia and her husband, who at that moment were just leaving the church.

"Pray, is that Mademoiselle Candia, of whom your mother speaks so well?" asked Mademoiselle.

"That is Madame Candia," replied the curé, with an emphasis on the "*madame.*"

"Madame Candia!" cried Mademoiselle, nodding most graciously towards the Italian lady, and at the same time putting out her plump hand—"Madame Candia, allow me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I have heard a great deal of you ; if you are only half as good as you are handsome, you have more than your share. *Au revoir.*"

Mademoiselle's manner was a happy and pleasing combination of aristocratic bluntness and unctuous devoutness. Signora Candia had scarcely time to blush scarlet and stammer forth a polite rejoinder, before the grand equipage drove off. Mademoiselle had vouchsafed no more notice of Vincenzo than if he had not been there.

If the great lady had heard of Rose, Rose had also heard much of the great lady—at the parsonage, and indeed at all the houses where she visited ; and what she had heard made praise from such lips precious indeed : heard of her exemplary piety and inexhaustible charity—of the great dangers she had run, by reason of the share she had had in securing Pius the Ninth's personal safety on the occasion of his successful flight to Gaeta in 1848. This last circumstance had invested Mademoiselle in Signora Candia's eyes with an aureole of sanctity.

"I must call on Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain one of these days," said Rose to her husband, as they walked home ; "and I hope you will go with me, Vincenzo."

"Thank you," returned Vincenzo ; "but I don't see the flimsiest rag of a pretext under which I could shelter my intrusion on that lady. I don't feel

sure that she is aware of the existence of a Signor Candia. And indeed, Rose, if you will be advised by me, you will yourself wait for some little more encouragement from her. People of rank have a clear way of making their wishes known. If Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain wants your acquaintance, she will either pay you a visit, or beg you distinctly to come and see her."

"She did express such a wish to Madame, long ago," said Rose ; "I don't think we ought to stand on so much ceremony with neighbours."

"Were this lady our neighbour, it would alter the case ; but then she is not," returned Vincenzo. "It is a good hour's drive from our house to her château."

Rose looked neither convinced nor pleased.

"After all," resumed Vincenzo, "I only give you my opinion ; you can use your own judgment, dear."

"Oh ! since you disapprove of my going, of course I shall not ; but—"

"I do not disapprove of your calling ; only, were I you, I would delay doing so for a little ; that is all I advise."

Independently of his honest desire to guard Rose from taking a hasty step, which might bring upon her some mortification, Vincenzo had plenty of other reasons for wishing to avoid, or, if that were not possible, at least to delay, the making an acquaintance which he rightly considered as a dangerous one for his wife. Mademoiselle was a fanatical partisan, devoted body and soul to the interests of Ultramontanism and reaction ; her château was the headquarters of opposition of every colour. She carried on active correspondence with more than one of the leading cardinals at Rome, and also with the exiled Archbishop of Turin, residing at Lyons—the martyr-prelate, as she always styled him ; the same at whose instigation it was that the noble Santa Rosa was, when dying, refused the consolation of the Holy Sacraments. All Mademoiselle's antecedents were perfectly well known at the Intendenza, and there it was that Vincenzo had

gathered his knowledge of her. Aware as he was of Rose's predilections, no wonder he felt a decided repugnance to her entering an atmosphere of heated and systematic hostility to the principles he himself warmly cherished, and to the Government he desired faithfully to serve.

Some nine or ten days after the conjugal dialogue related above, the first thing Rose said to her husband on his return to dinner—said in that peevish tone of triumph which so clearly revealed the speaker's sense of her own slighted wisdom—was: "After all, I was right. Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain has been here; she did expect me to call on her, and was surprised at my not having done so. I wish I had followed my own impulse. It is always awkward to disappoint those who mean kindly by us."

Signora Candia rather exaggerated when she spoke of disappointment and expectation. Mademoiselle had merely said that she had hoped they would have met sooner; an empty formula of politeness, by which she meant nothing, and could have meant nothing, but a passing civility—as, were the truth told, she had completely forgotten Signora Candia's existence, until, happening to pay a visit to Madame, that managing old lady had reminded her of the fair inmate of the Bower.

"I am sorry if I led you into a mistake," said Vincenzo; "nevertheless, I am not sorry that Mademoiselle has called on you; it is what all the other ladies of your acquaintance did."

"I hope you will go with me to return the visit," said Rose.

"Did Mademoiselle inquire for me—express any desire to see me?" asked Vincenzo.

"She spoke of you, of course," said Rose, evading any direct answer to the question.

"Ah! my dear Rose," said Vincenzo, with a half-smile, "you are not a good diplomatist—you cannot hide from me that your new friend not only did not ask you to bring your husband with you, when you went to see her, but

neglected the common unmeaning courtesy of hoping she should some day know Signor Candia. I, on my side, am as little desirous of Mademoiselle's acquaintance as she is of mine."

"Then you are very unlike everybody else," retorted Rose. "I know of no one who is not anxious to boast of being acquainted with Mademoiselle."

"I will explain my want of ambition," said Vincenzo. "Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain has very strong and decided political convictions, which are the very opposite of mine—"

"What does that matter?" interrupted Rose. "It is the same with the Curé, and Monsieur and Madame Chapron, and the Parmentiers. You differ from almost every person we know, and yet you go to their houses and they come here."

"It is too true," replied Vincenzo, "that a general feeling of dissatisfaction does prevail in this neighbourhood, and that any one who holds to the Government, and yet does not wish to live isolated, must make up his mind to put up with a good deal of contradiction. Still, there are degrees and shades among the opposition. Now, Mademoiselle's is of the deepest dye, the very *ne plus ultra* of reaction. Neither she nor any of her intimates make any secret of their hatred and contempt of the Statuto, and the Government which upholds it. As it happens that I revere the Statuto, and have the honour to be employed by the present Ministry, I do not think that my proper place would be among those who openly revile the Constitution, and would do all they could to overthrow it."

After a pause, Rose said: "To say the least of it, it is unlucky that you should have put yourself, and that without the least necessity, into the awkward position of not being able to associate with most estimable people, solely on account of their political views. However, thank God, I am not in the service of the Government."

"True; but you must not forget that you are the wife of one who is."

"Do you mean to say that, because I

am your wife, I am to decline the invitations of a lady who is looked up to with reverence by every soul but you?"

"God forbid," said Vincenzo, "that I should ever require you to slight any one who had shown you kindness! only I would caution you against forming any great intimacy in a quarter so decidedly hostile to the institutions of our country. I have too much dependence on the affection and good sense of my little wife to have any fears of her wilfully placing me in a false position."

"Nothing like this would occur if we were quietly where we ought to be," said Rose, with a sigh.

Vincenzo did not follow her on that unsafe ground, but, like a wise man, held his peace.

Why had Signora Candia twice already pressed Vincenzo to accompany her to Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's, and why had his refusal to do so wounded her to the quick? Simply because she had fixed upon Mademoiselle as a powerful auxiliary in a future, yet hitherto vague, plan for the conversion of her husband. It was the curé and his mother who had first suggested the idea to Signora Candia of forming a close alliance with Mademoiselle for that holy purpose, by remarking to her pretty often that, if any one could cure Signor Candia of his political exaggerations, Mademoiselle was the person. Vincenzo's political and other extravagances were openly discussed and deplored, in Rose's presence, at the parsonage. What a pity that so clever and sensible a young man should have imbibed such extreme and dangerous tenets! What a pity that he, who might live at home in plenty and ease, should choose to drag his wife about the world, and endanger his soul in the service of a Government bent upon Protestantizing Catholic Piedmont!

One clear frosty afternoon, Rose ordered the gig, and drove to Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's château, to return that lady's visit. As Vincenzo's ill-luck would have it, Rose had hit upon a most unfortunate hour. Mademoiselle had just received the Turin official

Gazette, in which, at full length, was what Mademoiselle called "The Great Abomination"—namely, the text of the bill for the suppression of certain convents, and for the better distribution of the revenues of the Church, presented to Parliament the previous day.

Mademoiselle, and no wonder, was in a state of great agitation, and the numerous company filling her *salon* no less so. Rose was quite intimidated—first, by unexpectedly seeing so many persons assembled, and then by the disturbed looks of every one. Cut to the heart as the party-woman may be, the woman of the world will never lose her self-possession: her smile will be as easy, her round of phrases flow as gracefully, as though no mischance had occurred.

"I am doubly glad to see you to-day, Signora Candia," said Mademoiselle. "Thank you for this mark of your sympathy. The day of trial teaches us who are our real friends. Ah! we live in sad times." Even the shortsighted spinster could not mistake the look of blank astonishment on her visitor's face. "Is it possible," she asked, "that you are ignorant of the news?" An increasing expression of anxiety on the handsome young face intimated, beyond all doubt, that Signora Candia was quite in the dark as to what Mademoiselle alluded to. "A new persecution," explained the great lady—"a new crusade against religion! All religious orders are suppressed, and their property confiscated—a happy combination of sacrilege and robbery; liberty of prayer in common abolished; thousands of holy men and women torn from the altar, and thrown penniless and houseless on the world—Père Zacharie among the rest. That's the news to-day brings us; there it is—every detail given; you will see I have not misstated anything." And Mademoiselle handed Rose the Turin *Gazette*, adding, "You are aware this is the Government official paper." Rose mechanically accepted the newspaper almost thrust into her hand, and tried to read the article pointed out to her; but the words trembled and danced

so before her eyes that she could not make out a syllable. "This will be a finishing-stroke for His Holiness," pursued Mademoiselle. "I am confident it will break his heart. Was there ever, in fact, blacker ingratitude? At the selfsame moment that the Supreme Pastor, in his unflinching solicitude for the welfare of souls, defines and publishes the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, thus opening to Catholicity a new fountain of grace, *your* country makes him *this* return!" Poor Signora Candia grew first red, then white, and tears of shame and indignation swelled her eyelids. Mademoiselle, mollified by Rose's irrepressible emotion, added, "No, I am wrong to say *your* country, my sweet child. I know Piedmont well; it is Catholic to the backbone. The authors of this violence are a mere handful of infidels, headed by Count Cavour, and sold to England. But their triumph will not last long; for is it not written in the Scriptures, 'For yet a little while, and the ungodly shall be clean gone; thou shalt look after his place, and he shall be away'?"

Fresh arrivals now called away the attention of the lady of the house; and Signora Candia was left to herself, or rather to the lamentations of her neighbours on her right and left. The one, an elderly lady, declared it to be her firm belief that the time was at hand when they must all prepare for martyrdom; the other, a middle-aged priest, gave her the very words in which Count Cavour had couched his promise to Lord Palmerston, that within two years Piedmont should become Protestant. Rose was horror-stricken; all she now heard chimed in too well with her preconceived notions for her not to imbibe it as if she had been a sponge.

When she rose to take leave, Mademoiselle insisted on her remaining a little longer, that she might have the comfort of seeing that the cause of religion was not entirely deserted—nay, might yet triumph. Little doubt of victory to the cause Mademoiselle upheld, had all the owners of those angry, gloomy, excited faces wielded swords

instead of tongues for it. Visitors poured in—the first had to withdraw to make room for the last comers. Mademoiselle had a nod or a word, a shake of the hand or a smile, for every one. A general, reviewing his troops on the eve of battle, could not have displayed more energy or tact. Rose's heart overflowed with admiration for the heroic lady, and with hatred for her adversaries. It never occurred to her that, in a country where such gatherings could take place in broad day, and such manifestations of feeling be indulged in without danger, martyrdom could not be so near at hand as the elderly lady at her side had been predicting.

Rose was at last permitted to say adieu; and the reader will be better able to imagine than we to describe her state of mind during her drive home. It was fortunate that the distance between the Château and the Bower was considerable, thus giving her time to cool down sufficiently to put some method in her passion; otherwise a domestic storm would have been inevitable. Shall we also turn to account a few minutes of this interval, and try to free the "Great Abomination" from the clouds of exaggeration wrapt round it by party-feeling, doing our best to reduce it to its real proportions?

The bill in question, be it fully understood, cast no one penniless on the world, nor did it confiscate any property whatever. It suppressed, it is true, a certain number of useless religious communities, but allotted to each of their members a pension sufficient to live upon. It claimed for the State the administration of all conventual property, yet strictly maintained the application of all ecclesiastical revenues to exclusively ecclesiastical purposes—such, for instance, as the payment of those pensions above mentioned, the redemption of the ecclesiastical tithes in Sardinia, and the raising of the stipend of poor parish-priests to a minimum of twenty-four pounds per annum. Be it known that, up to that period, between two and three thousand parish-priests (*parrochi*) in Piedmont had incomes

under twenty pounds a year. The bill, further, imposed a tax on the revenues of the convents which were not abolished; also on those of the colleges conducted by ecclesiastics, as well as on the annual rents of archbishoprics and bishoprics. The bill was guilty of no greater enormities than these.

Signora Candia was just stepping out of the gig when, from the opposite direction, Vincenzo appeared, bringing with him two guests to dinner, instead of only the one (Ambrogio) who was expected. The second, a nephew of the Intendente of Chambery and just arrived from Turin, had been a fellow-student of Candia's. Vincenzo made no scruple of now and then bringing home with him a friend, or even two, without any previous notice; for he knew that Rose rather liked than not the being taken unawares, that she might prove the extent of her foresight and the fertility of her resources. This afternoon, however, he perceived that something was amiss; but he abstained from making any inquiry. He introduced his old acquaintance, and was glad to see that he was courteously received; his coming, then, had not caused the cloud on Rose's brow. The dinner went off well, even cheerfully; for the Signora's reserve melted under the warm and unanimous praises given to the cookery and to the perfection of the way in which every dish was served. How had Signora Candia managed to train her servants so admirably? No mistress of a house, let her causes of vexation be what they may, is proof against this sort of flattery.

The three men, after smoking a cigar, had scarcely joined the Signora in the drawing-room, when the curé came in. Since the days had grown so short, instead of a morning visit, he occasionally dropped in of an evening to enjoy a sociable talk. The curé was a very hardworking, very meritorious, labourer in the vineyard of the Lord; a simple, sober-minded, sensible sort of man in all respects, and on all subjects, save one—viz.: what he called the prerogative of Rome, and by which he meant

the prerogative of all wearers of a cassock, from the Sovereign Pontiff down to the seminarist in minor orders. On this topic the curé was passionate, one-sided, fanatical, intractable. He was on this particular evening full of the news of the day, and had purposely come to the Bower to vent his spleen. He thus began:

"Good evening, gentlemen, good evening. I am not surprised to see you in such good spirits. I have come to congratulate you on the courage of your masters at Turin. The Protestantizing scheme begins at last to assume both colour and shape."

"Most ungrateful of curés," said Vincenzo, good-humouredly, "how can you be wroth with a measure which rescues three thousand brother-priests from starvation?"

"A drop of honey in a cup of poison," retorted the curé. "For my part, I spurn the bribe, *Danaos et dona ferentes*. And besides, what right have you to take from one to give to another?"

"But we are not taking anything from anybody," here put in Ambrogio. "We are simply administering that well which you have administered ill—first of all, making it yield more, and then distributing the produce more justly and humanely; that is what we are going to do."

"Say, if you are allowed the opportunity," cried the curé; "do not cry out victory before the battle is ended. You may live to learn what it is to cope with Rome."

"It is Rome which insists on coping with the spirit of the age," cried Vincenzo. "Why does she compel us to take, by force, that which we were disposed to ask as a favour—that which we begged for with humility?"

"Ah! but what if you ask for things which Rome cannot consistently grant?" said the curé.

"Was it impossible to grant us the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which we on our knees implored?" asked Vincenzo.

"Don't mention that subject," exclaimed the curé, chafing; "that was

your declaration of war to the clergy—a spoliation and an insult.”

“Exactly so,” burst out Rose; “those are Don Natale’s very words.”

This sudden profession of faith by the hostess took every one by surprise, and was followed by a perfect blank of silence. Vincenzo was the first to recover his presence of mind.

“If,” said he, turning to the curé—“if it was a spoliation and an insult, why did the Church take it so meekly from France, Austria, and Naples?—why resent it alone from Piedmont?”

“I do not admit your right to put the question. Rome lies under no obligation to explain her course of action. One of two things: either you believe that the Holy Spirit abides with her, or you deny it. If you believe, then you must be persuaded that whatever she does is right; if you deny it, then you are a heretic, and I shall avoid all discussion with you.”

“*Distinguo*,” said Vincenzo; “in all that regards dogma, I submit to Rome; as regards discipline, I reserve my right of examination.”

“Then are you no true Catholic, and I will not argue with you any more,” cried the curé, rising and moving towards the door. “Only I warn you,” he added (and he paused on the threshold), “if you imagine that Savoy will passively follow in the wake of your Protestant movement, you never were more mistaken in your life. Let this abominable law pass, and the last bond between us and Piedmont is loosened. Our natural leaning towards France—which up to this day has been counterbalanced by reason and traditional attachment to a dynasty—will then be transformed into an imperative duty, a necessity of self-defence: Catholic France from that moment will be our chosen country.”

“Why not rather at once choose Rome, the model Government?” asked Ambrogio.

“Her Government is incomparably better than yours,” sneered the curé; “if you had any right feeling, you would be ashamed of it.”

“Not a bit,” said Ambrogio.

“I am, for one,” retorted the curé, and went away.

“And I, for another,” said Rose, rising and leaving the room.

Vincenzo flushed scarlet to the very roots of his hair, then grew deadly pale, but said nothing. A minute or two of awkward silence ensued. Ambrogio was the first to break it, by a sonorous peal of laughter.

“Great asses that we are,” he exclaimed, “to be arguing and quarrelling with a curé on such topics! It is like pounding water in a mortar. The Church in our country has so long lorded it over the State that the least attempt on the part of the Government at independence, even in the most trifling matter of discipline, is *bond fide* regarded and resented as an intolerable interference and usurpation.”

The stranger followed Ambrogio’s lead, and after a little Vincenzo roused himself to take a share in the argument; but so pre-occupied were all three speakers with their own private thoughts that every effort to keep up the ball of conversation failed. Ambrogio saw that the kindest thing to do was to say “Good night.” Begging Candia to present their farewell compliments to the Signora, the two gentlemen rose to depart. The night was dark and tempestuous, snow was beginning to fall; yet Vincenzo put on his hat, and announced his intention of seeing his guests part of their way home. Ambrogio remonstrated in vain.

“I have a headache,” urged Vincenzo, “and the cold air will do me good.” And so, one step after another, he went with them almost to the entrance of Chambery; he then said “Good night,” and turned back. Rose’s husband felt angry, very angry—more angry than he had ever fancied it possible he could be—with his wife; he wanted to give himself time to cool, and walked leisurely, heedless of snow and wind. Many were the wise counsels he gave himself during his solitary walk; and these, combined with the beneficial effect of air and physical exertion, enabled him

to re-enter his own dwelling in an even frame of mind.

He found Rose sitting in her usual place on the left of the fireside, her work-table before her. She neither spoke nor looked at him when he went in. Vincenzo walked up to her, and, without speaking, took her hand, raised her gently from her seat, and, with a little tender compulsion, made her sit down by his side on the sofa. Still retaining her hand in his, he said: "Rose dear, I hope, nay I am sure, you are now sorry for having been so hasty. You know to what I allude?"

"Yes, I understand you perfectly," said Rose; "but, to tell the truth, I do not regret either what I said or did, nor do I think I ought to feel any regret."

"I am sorry, more than sorry, to hear you say so. I still hope you will alter your mind, when you come to reflect on how painful it must be to me—how unbecoming it must appear to my friends and visitors—to find you siding so openly and vehemently with my opponents."

"I took the side of truth," said Rose.

"Rather of what you believe to be the truth," answered her husband. "Still, even the cause of truth should not be rashly or injudiciously defended. Your whole manner, the remark you made during the unlucky debate, pointed out clearly enough the opinion which had your sympathy. You were not called upon to indorse the curé's last taunt—a most unjustifiable one—against the Government."

"Unjustifiable, perhaps, in your eyes, but not in mine," said Rose, quietly disengaging her hand from Vincenzo's clasp.

"We'll come to that point by-and-by. I now appeal to your heart, not to your reason. Dear Rose, how have you the courage not only to inflict real pain on me, but also to place me in such a false position, by making a display of feelings diametrically opposed to mine, and without, I again repeat it, any necessity for so doing?"

"Some years ago," returned Rose,

"it was in 1850, I believe—in order to prevent disagreeable scenes, I begged you to humour certain of my father's opinions; you then said—his views being contrary to truth, how could you humour them without being guilty of equivocation? That is my answer to you now. I will not equivocate."

"But to humour your father's ideas, in the sense you meant, would have been my acquiescing in that which I held to be false—I must have made a positive sacrifice of truth. Do I ask anything of the kind from you? I merely beg you to be silent."

"My silence would be misconstrued," observed Rose.

"Little danger of that. You have taken very good care that your way of thinking should be known; and then your memory is good, but mine is not bad, and I can complete your recollections of the incident to which you have just alluded. Our conversation did not stop at the phrase you quoted against me. After a while you asked me, you may remember, whether I was sure of being on the side of truth, and I replied that I was sure of being on the side of what I conscientiously believed to be truth."

"Well, what difference does that make?"

"It makes this difference, that the convictions which I supported, in contradiction to those of your father, were the result of time and reflection, of much honest searching and conscientious study. Now, put your hand on your heart, and tell me truly, can you say as much in behalf of the opinions which divide you from your husband?"

"It is not necessary to be learned in order to have decided opinions as to right or wrong, in certain matters: Conscience is often our surest guide."

"Yes, when the conscience is an enlightened one."

"Many a child knows more as to faith than the subtlest philosopher," said Rose.

"Allowed; but the point at issue is not one of faith, but of legality. It is simply this—Has the Government a right

to interfere with the civil existence of corporate bodies? Yes or no?

"Certainly not with corporate religious bodies, unless with the consent of the Pope."

"And, supposing he withholds his consent, what then?"

"Then they cannot be meddled with."

"That is a monstrous doctrine, my dear Rose, which has no foundation but in your prejudice. If such were the general belief, the Pope would be master everywhere."

"So he undoubtedly is, in all spiritual concerns."

"But convents, inasmuch as they are corporate bodies, are not spiritual concerns, my dear."

"Yes, they are," said Rose, doggedly.

"Why, dear love, a positive proof that they are not so is that, by the law of Piedmont, no convent can be established, as a corporate body, anywhere in the limits of the kingdom, without the authority of the Government, in whose hands naturally remains the power equally to withdraw as to grant an authorization."

Rose was silent for a moment—then said, "You may outargue me, but you will not bring me over to your opinion for all that."

"Really, Rose," said Vincenzo, losing patience, "this is being too absurd."

"Of course, I know that to differ from you must be absurd."

Vincenzo was about to reply, but suddenly checked himself—sitting by her side with the compressed lips, the clenched hands, the tightly-closed eyes of one undergoing a spasm of intolerable pain. At last he said, in a subdued voice, "Rose, we may hold different opinions and yet live in peace, if we only resolve to bear and forbear."

Rose answered, "You told me at Florence that either of us who thought the other wrong was bound to try and put that other right."

"True, and so it ought to be; but . . ."

"You mean me to understand that you have given up the hope of making me adopt your views?"

"I begin to despair of making you understand me."

"Well, I don't give up the hope of some day converting *you*," said Rose with animation.

"I don't say nay," replied Vincenzo, somewhat sadly. "In the meantime, let us live in peace."

"I ask for nothing better," said his wife.

"Then, if that be the case," continued Vincenzo, "promise to offer no pointed opposition to my political creed in the presence of others."

"That I cannot promise," said Rose, quietly.

"You cannot promise that!" repeated Vincenzo, in a sort of blank amazement. "Are we come to such a pass that, after only eight months of marriage, you can coolly tell me, your chosen husband, that you cannot promise to impose a slight check on yourself, for the sake of our mutual peace?"

"It is written, 'He that loves father or mother better than me is not worthy of me,'" quoted Rose.

"And you believe that, in conducting yourself as you do, you are acting up to the spirit of the Gospel? Oh! poor Gospel!" and Vincenzo covered his face with his hands.

Rose, after a little while, said, "There is one way of securing a good understanding between us; let us go back to Rumelli."

"And resign my appointment?—never!"

"Then, it is not my fault if we do not live in peace," wound up Rose, rising and leaving the room.

Vincenzo did not close his eyes the whole night for thinking and commenting upon that prophetic question, addressed to him years before by Onofrio: "Can you not foresee a day when this young lady (alluding to Rose) will take one side and you the other of a question, and when to do your duty will cost you a severe struggle?" And he, Vincenzo, had answered, without hesitation, "No!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SUNDRY CONJUGAL DIALOGUES.

THIS is perhaps the place to clear away a doubt which may possibly have crossed the mind of the reader. Was Vincenzo a freethinker, or was he only a Protestant sympathizer? Neither the one nor the other. Vincenzo was a sincere Catholic, and earnestly wished to remain so. No one, indeed, had hailed with more enthusiasm than he the marriage between Religion and Liberty which 1848 had inaugurated; no one had acclaimed with more tender reverence the name of the Pontiff Reformer. Even the desertion of the national cause by Pius IX. had not succeeded in alienating from him the young enthusiast's heart. Vincenzo, a mere lad at the time, had nevertheless felt the full force, and allowed to the Head of the Church the benefit of, the provocation received; and, though the day on which Pius IX. re-entered his capital, more like a conqueror than like a father (and a conqueror, too, by foreign arms), had been to our hero a day of infinite sadness, yet that sadness had not been un-mixed with hope. Yes, he still retained a confident hope that the fountain of mercy and of wise improvements, checked awhile by the pressure of the storm, would again flow abundantly when tranquillity was restored.

We give the impressions and feelings of one whose education had been entirely clerical, and of whose belief one of the fundamental tenets consequently was, the absolute infallibility of the Pope. But, when he beheld reaction enthroned in the Vatican, and persevered in wantonly, in spite of the calming effects of time and the pressing counsels of France; when he beheld Piedmont, the only plank still floating of the total wreck of Italian independence and freedom, made the target of a systematic and passionate hostility by the Holy See—then Vincenzo's conscience was sorely troubled—then began a painful struggle between his reason and his faith, his duty to his country and his duty to Rome. Who

was wrong?—who was right?—the Pius IX. of 1848, the initiator of Reform, the champion of Italian Independence; or the Pius IX. of 1850, the despotic ruler, the bitter opponent of the only remaining representation of National Independence in Italy? This contention of mind was long and severe—volumes could not describe its phases; its issue we already know. This was chiefly brought about by two circumstances: first, by those parliamentary debates on the Bill for the Abolition of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction which we saw him so assiduously follow; and, secondly, by the subsequent denial of the last Sacraments to the dying Rossi di Santa Rosa, by reason of the share he had had in the passing of that bill. Vincenzo came out of the struggle, he honestly hoped, a sincere Catholic and a firm believer in the Papal prerogative, so far as it did not interfere with the Civil Independence of the State. It was a limitation forced on many a wellwisher to their country at that period—a limitation without which Italy would be still in her limbo. This point cleared, we pursue our narrative.

The ill-omened discussion with the curé, which had led to that deplorable one between husband and wife closing our last chapter, was destined to have a long train of disagreeables for all parties. The curé did not show his face at the Bower during the next three days; thereupon Rose went to the parsonage to inquire the reason. The curé pleaded want of leisure, having had more to do than usual, and also that the severity of the weather had deterred him from venturing out, except on a call of duty. Madame was more explicit, though not, of course, in her son's presence.

"The truth was," said the old lady, "that the curé had been obliged to listen the other evening, at the Signora's house, to declarations of principles, to professions of faith, to arguments coupled with taunts, which no ecclesiastic who respected himself would run the risk of enduring a second time. It was sad, very sad indeed, that a lady of Signora Candia's sterling

piety should, in a degree, countenance by her presence the use of irreverent, irreligious language."

"But what can I do?" asked Signora Candia, in very real distress; and then she made a clear breast of her troubles, told of her late difference with Vincenzo, of the sort of persecution she suffered at his hands, &c. &c.

The old lady, who was undoubtedly well-meaning, and who would not for the world have wilfully run the risk of sowing discord between husband and wife, did not, for all that, spare her young friend either advice or exhortations as to her conduct for the future—advice easier to give than to follow. Signora Candia must, at the same time, be firm and yielding—conciliating, yet very careful as to what or how far she conceded; in short, it was a case of how to do and not to do. Above all, Signora Candia was to pray, to be for ever praying, never to be tired of praying, for her husband's conversion—yes, Madame said, for his conversion, just as though he had been a heathen. To such a pitch can party-feeling pervert the ideas and confuse the language of some of the worthiest of human beings!

As Rose was leaving the rectory, she met the curé coming in, and she could not resist telling him that she now knew the reason why he stayed away from the Bower—adding that, however much she regretted it, she could not say she thought him wrong. The curé was too conscientious a man not to strive, to the best of his power, to diminish the force of the impressions which he instantly discerned his young parishioner had received. With much candour he declared that he considered himself as the cause of the scene of the other evening; for he it was who had given the first provocation, by broaching the vexed question. If he no longer went to the Bower, he begged her to believe that he refrained, not from resentment for what had occurred, but rather from fear of what might happen. He confessed that he distrusted his power of self-control when certain topics were discussed; he was easily stung,

and apt to sting in return. Better for all parties that, for the present, he should make himself scarce. He was bound in justice to say that Signor Candia was always moderate and becoming in argument. Every one, however, could not boast of Signor Candia's tact and good-breeding. The curé concluded, as he had begun, by affirming that he had blamed, and ought to blame, no one but himself: he was too irritable, especially considering the cloth he wore; but, as so it was, the more advisable it became that he should shun occasions for exhibiting his bad temper. The curé's allusion to Ambrogio's want of respect and politeness was not lost on the Signora. She had never liked the young soldier, and had always looked upon him as a pernicious and dangerous associate for her husband; from this moment she began to detest him.

Vincenzo had not been blind to the discontinuance of the curé's visits, and had easily guessed the cause; but had thought it most prudent to seem as though he had not noticed the change. This silence did not suit Rose. On the evening of the day she had been to see Madame, she said, "So long as you have your everlasting Ambrogio, you don't care a straw who comes to see us or not."

"Why do you speak of Ambrogio as everlasting?" asked Vincenzo. "Such an epithet implies, either that you think him tiresome, or that his visits here are indiscreetly frequent. I must say, however, that I see no ground for one or the other imputation. Ambrogio is, in my opinion, lively and entertaining; and I have not perceived that he takes undue advantage of your hospitality."

"How you blaze up in defence of this dear bosom-friend of yours!" retorted Rose. "Had I said twice as much against Monsieur Parmentier or the curé, you wouldn't have had a word to offer in their defence."

"I cannot say—probably not," was Vincenzo's reply. He went on: "Ambrogio is an old and very dear friend of mine. I both esteem and like him; besides, I am very thankful to him for

all the trouble he has taken to make himself useful and agreeable to us."

"I don't deny that he has been obliging, but you seem to me to over-rate his services."

"Perhaps ; and, if I do, I don't regret it : as regards gratitude, better err by too much than by too little. However, that has nothing to do with what we were discussing. You said, I think, that I did not care who came to see us or not ?"

"Well, and isn't it true ? For instance, the curé has not been here for an age, and you have never vouchsafed an observation on the subject."

"An age would be indeed a long period. If I am right in my reckoning, only four days have elapsed since the curé's last visit, and that supposing he does not look in on us this evening."

"As to that," interrupted Rose, quickly, "you may make quite sure he will not come."

"Besides, my dear Rose," continued Vincenzo, "my not mentioning a subject is no proof that I have overlooked it. I had my reasons for abstaining from any remarks. I now see, and grieve to see, by the certainty you express as to the curé's not calling this evening, that my conjectures as to the motive of his unusual absence were too well founded. He has taken offence where none was given."

"None given !" exclaimed Rose, "Do you think it can be a matter of indifference to any ecclesiastic to hear religion and its ministers attacked in his presence ?"

"Not a word, Rose, my dear, was uttered against religion or its ministers the other evening. Pray, don't *you* get into the habit of confounding ideas and words. Religion is too holy a thing for its name to be taken in vain."

"What is the good of affecting respect for the name, when none is felt for the reality ?"

"Your speech is very uncharitable, Rose ; but let us keep to the curé. He was himself the originator of the dispute, and he certainly gave more blows than he received—two excellent reasons for his not taking offence."

"He is offended, though, and he will never call here again ; our house will soon be shunned like a lazzaretto."

"Oh ! no danger of that ; you will always have plenty of visitors ; they will come for your sake, to be edified by your piety."

"My piety is, of course, a matter of ridicule to you."

"Not of ridicule ; rather of surprise that it should steer so clear of charity. Since the other evening's ill-fated discussion, every word you have said to me, every look you have given me, has been that of a bitter enemy."

Rose did not repel the charge ; probably she felt it had in it some truth. Rose closely resembled her father : easy and good-natured, so long as everything went smoothly with her—that is to say, so long as she had her own way ; the moment she was crossed, she became all pricks and thorns. The absence of any early check—nay, the system of over-indulgence pursued by her father with regard to her—had increased her natural tendency to domineer, and sharpened her impatience of all contradiction.

After this conjugal dialogue, Vincenzo made a point of seeking the curé and expressing his regret that so long a time had elapsed since they had seen one another—adding a hope that the change was not in consequence of what had occurred at their last meeting. The curé denied having taken any offence ; but admitted, as he had done when similarly challenged by Rose, that there were certain topics highly unpalatable to him, and which he wished to avoid hearing discussed.

"Come and see us, as you used to do," replied Vincenzo, "and the disagreeable subjects you allude to shall be entirely banished from our conversation. Now then, when may we expect to see you ?"

The curé promised that he would go to the Bower as soon as the pressure of business attendant on the solemnities of Christmas and New Year's-day should be over.

Christmas and New Year's-day went off tamely enough at the Bower. Ambrogio was the only guest, and to his

hostess not one of the most welcome. His Christmas-gift to the Signora—a bouquet of beautiful hothouse flowers, which had cost him a month's pay—was frigidly received, and left to wither in a corner. Vincenzo after a while took up the flowers, and, placing them in a vase full of water, called his wife's attention to how charmingly the red-and-white camellias, with their glossy-green leaves, represented the national colours of Italy. Nor was the slight to the nosegay the only one Ambrogio had to put up with from the Signora. Women, no doubt, have at their command a thousand delicate ways of showing their sympathies ; they also have at least as many of making evident their antipathies without laying themselves open to the charge of being ill-bred. In short, Ambrogio had quite enough of it ; and, once his *visite de digestion* paid, Rose's Bower saw him no more.

Vincenzo had now to hunt up his friend. "What has become of you, my good fellow ? I began to fear you were ill."

"Not ill, but uncommonly busy," answered Ambrogio.

"Nonsense !" said Vincenzo ; "not all the business in the world could or would prevent you seeing your friends, were there no other reason. The truth is, you are offended with my wife ?"

"Not offended," protested Ambrogio. "Signora Candia is an excellent woman, but she does not like me, and takes good care to let me know that she does not. What, therefore, can I do in such a case but stay away ?"

"You ought to do something better still ; put up with my wife's whims for my sake, and come and see us as usual. She has taken it into her head that what passed in our last fencing-match with the curé has scared him from our house ; *inde irce*. She holds to this curé and his mother more than I could wish. Yet how object to the intimacy ? However, what I have to ask you is this—the curé has agreed once more to favour us with his company ; I will get him to fix an evening ; will you come and meet him ?"

Ambrogio assented.

"Thank you. I will send you word what evening he fixes ; and only remember this, my friend," wound up Vincenzo, "we'll keep clear of politics. No possibility of living in peace in this blessed country unless we banish politics from our talk."

"Ha ! ha !" cried Ambrogio ; "what did I tell you ? I gave you a year, and, behold, within four months you are singing my song."

Bent on making peace, Vincenzo, on leaving Ambrogio, went direct to the curé, and, reminding him of his promise, pressed him to say what evening he would spend at Rose's Bower. The curé did his utmost to parry the attack ; however, after a stout defence, he had to yield, and named seven o'clock of the evening of the day after but one. Vincenzo informed Ambrogio of the arrangement, and begged him to be punctual. The young man was to the minute, and so was the curé ; and, if hand-shakings can be accepted as honest witnesses, a full reconciliation then and there was effected between the priest and the soldier. The difficulty in such ticklish circumstances is at once to find some subject of general interest, so that there should be no pause between the first preliminaries and the subsequent conversation. On this occasion there was ready at hand a topic of public, though melancholy, interest.

On the previous day, the 20th January, the Queen Dowager, Maria Teresa, widow of Charles Albert and mother of Victor Emmanuel, had died at Turin. This sad event had excited universal regret. It was commented on and deplored everywhere, and it was natural enough that it should be discussed in Signora Candia's drawing-room. The species and length of the Queen's malady, her age, her lineage, and suchlike particulars, were all sifted and ascertained. Her Majesty's unflinching benevolence was also dwelt upon with enthusiastic and well-deserved praise. The curé especially enlarged with warmth upon this point, going so far as to hint that even by her death she might confer a lasting and great boon on her country. It is next to an impossibility for persons of pas-

sionate temperaments not to colour facts, more or less, according to their own feelings or prejudices. The curé's insinuation was something obscure, at least to Signor Candia, who asked, "In what way?"

Avoiding a direct answer, the curé said, "Is it not written that afflictions are sent from on high to deter the powerful from their wicked purposes?"

The allusion was transparent enough now; the wicked purpose was evidently the suppression of the convents, and the heart to be softened was that of the King.

Ambrogio was nettled, and observed that, in his poor opinion, it was far more Christian to bow one's head simply and submissively to God's decrees, than to presume to interpret them according to our own shortsighted views and passions. Vincenzo had to interfere at this critical juncture, and succeeded, not without difficulty, in preventing an angry retort from the priest, and in launching the conversation into another and less dangerous channel. Vexed with himself for his want of caution, Ambrogio, in a praiseworthy spirit of conciliation, spoke to the curé of those things most likely to please him—admired his little church, inquiring whether Father Zacharie would preach there soon again. Ambrogio had never heard the eloquent monk, and was very desirous of enjoying that pleasure. The curé answered civilly, but laconically. Rose was mute. The curé rose to go away early, and Vincenzo and Ambrogio saw him safe home; Vincenzo then walked on to Chambery with his friend. We pass over their conversation.

Rose had retired to rest before her husband's return. He betook himself to his little study, his haven of peace; and there, amidst his notes and speculations, he for a time forgot all his worries. But for the real enthusiasm with which he pursued the particular kind of avocation he had taken in hand, such a life as he had been leading for now nearly a month would have been unbearable. The report he was drawing up for the Minister was his great consolation. The first part, that which em-

bodied the political and social state of Savoy, was all but finished; indeed, he meant to forward it within a week to Turin.

From that evening Ambrogio adopted the habit of seeing Vincenzo at his office; his visits to the Bower were made at rare intervals, while those of the curé ceased altogether. Vincenzo was not sorry for this. Political and religious partisanship waxed so hot and bitter all round that it was vain to hope that people of different opinions should meet without quarrelling. Various causes, besides the chief and permanent one—we mean the stormy debate in the House of Deputies on the vexed question of the convents—various causes, we say, contributed to this recrudescence of hostile feelings. First, in chronologic order, was the death of the Queen, the wife of Victor Emmanuel, which followed close on that of the Queen Dowager; scarcely a week separating the two melancholy events, which were represented, by those whose interest it was to do so, as signs of celestial wrath, provoked by the bringing forward of the obnoxious bill. Next was the Encyclic of the 22d of January, in which the Head of the Church re-proved and condemned the proposed law as to convents, demanded its withdrawal, together with the repeal of all laws and ordinances tending to infringe upon the authority, or to limit the rights, of the Holy See and the Church; in short, summing up by declaring all such null and void. Simultaneously with the issue of this Encyclic arose rumours of impending excommunication. The Bishops of Savoy were convened, and recorded a public and violent protest against the law. On the 26th of the same month, Cavour laid before Parliament the treaty of alliance between France, England, Turkey, and Piedmont, by which Piedmont bound herself to send twenty thousand soldiers to the Crimea. This master-stroke of policy was met, both on this and the other side of the Alps, by an outburst of opposition. Measures which entail on the country a sacrifice of blood and money are rarely, if ever, popular.

Such were the facts which, skilfully

dressed and coloured for party purposes, brought in their train a fresh crop of fears and irritations. Not one of these incidents, not one of the comments to which they gave rise, but in its rebound struck Signora Candia's mind, and through her, alas ! murdered Vincenzo's peace. Religion in jeopardy, the country on the eve of destruction !—such was the burden, varied in form, never in substance, of the conversation current in Rose's little world. She heard it everywhere. At the parsonage, it was asserted by Madame in biblical style ; at the other houses where she visited, passages from the local clerical papers were paraphrased ; even in her own household the panic was shown by clumsy queries from the cook and gardener, as to whether it was true that the King had turned Protestant, and that mass was no longer to be said. If so, what was to become of them all ?

On the 11th of February, Vincenzo came home at his usual hour, looking very pale and sad ; he found Rose sitting, or rather crouching, before the fire. He went to her, and pressed his lips to her forehead, as he had taken to doing since she had left off meeting him with a kiss. He said, "Have you been calling anywhere to-day, Rose ?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the bad news ?"

"Yes, I do," she answered.

"Did you hear it at the parsonage ?"

"Yes ; from Madame."

"What a terrible fatality !" exclaimed Vincenzo. Rose made no reply, but sat looking vacantly at the fire. "You say nothing ?" observed Vincenzo, after a pause.

"Of what use speaking ?" asked she in a forlorn manner.

"Are you ill, Rose ?"

"Not ill, but stunned," she said.

The news alluded to by Vincenzo was enough to stun any one. For the third time within the space of a month had the Angel of Death knocked at the gate of the royal palace. The Duke of Genoa, the King's brother, was dead ! He died on the 10th of February, at the early age of thirty-two.

Dinner that day at Rose's Bower was

a mere ceremony. Vincenzo tried to eat, tried to converse ; Rose neither ate nor spoke. The meal was short and gloomy as a funeral feast. When it was over, Rose resumed her crouching attitude before the fire, staring intently at the burning wood. Vincenzo took up a newspaper, held it before his eyes for a few minutes ; in vain ; he could not read. Throwing it down, he drew near to his wife, took both her hands in his, and said, caressingly, "Rose, my darling, talk to me."

"I have nothing to say," was the reply.

"Oh ! yes, you have ; tell me your thoughts at this moment."

"Indeed, I scarcely know if I am thinking. I feel so heavy and giddy."

"Then you must be ill, dear ; let me go and fetch a doctor."

"No, no, pray don't. I am not in need of a doctor : what I want is rest. I have had a shock, a great shock ; the best thing for me at this moment is to go to bed and try to sleep."

Rose accordingly went to bed, had a cup of hot tea, which she said had so greatly relieved her head that she was sure she should be able to sleep. Vincenzo sat by the bed until he had seen her drop into a quiet slumber ; then he left her, in obedience to the wish she had expressed, that he should leave her as soon as she was fairly asleep.

It was still early in the evening, not yet eight o'clock ; Vincenzo, therefore, determined to devote two or three hours to his favourite task. It was some time before he could enter into it with his accustomed interest, but he did so at last. The first portion of his report had been sent to Turin at the end of January ; the second and last part, on which he was now engaged, was devoted to the consideration of the measures best calculated to stem disaffection. To point out practical ways and means to accomplish this desirable end, taxed all the young politician's powers ; the very feeling of difficulty added a keener relish to the labour. Vincenzo believed, rightly or wrongly, that he had hit upon a plan, which would reconcile the claims and interests of Savoy with

the claims and interests of Piedmont. Plunged in his speculations, Vincenzo had for some hours completely forgotten the external world, even to his fire, which no longer retained a spark of heat. Suddenly the door opened, and on the threshold stood Rose, robed in white, her face as white as her dress, her eyes sparkling ominously in her pale face. She began thus, in a solemn voice :

“Vincenzo, you asked me this evening to tell you what I was thinking of. I told you then I scarcely knew ; now I do, and I have come to answer your question.”

“Not here, not here,” cried Vincenzo, folding her in his arms ; it is too cold, the fire is out ; your hands, my poor darling, are like ice, your forehead burning ; you must not stay here.”

She paid no attention to his entreaties, but went on, in the somewhat inspired tone in which the curé’s mother generally spoke—

“Vincenzo, the finger of God is plainly to be discerned in all these startling deaths. Woe to those who will not see the Hand that strikes ! Let us leave this Tower of Babel, before it be laid low in the dust ; let us abandon the doomed vessel ere it sinks. I am come now to warn you, to implore you.”

“Not here, not here,” exclaimed the half-distracted young man, trying to draw her gently from the room. “You are not well, my precious one—you are feverish : come, come away—to-morrow. . . .”

Rose broke in : “To-morrow will be too late. Hear me—nay, you must and shall, even to the very last word I have to say. Vincenzo, you are on the high road to perdition. God Himself calls on me to save you. Zeal for your salvation has eaten up my heart from my very childhood upwards. From the day you left the seminary, I have never ceased to tremble for you. Turin and what you learned there have been so much poison. I tried to the best of my power to counteract the effect. My conscience is heavy with self-reproach, for not having done all that I might have done. When God made me the

instrument to save your life, I felt that He had also chosen me to save your more precious soul. I accepted the mission, and, in order to fulfil it, I married you.”

“Oh ! Rose,” expostulated Vincenzo, with a groan, “only for that.”

“Chiefly for that,” returned she. “I liked you, without ever thinking of you as a husband. My real wishes turned towards the cloister. The first time I ever thought of you as my husband was in connexion with the mission confided to me. When, later, Barnaby told me how unhappy you were on my account, I felt for you also in another way. I won’t deny it ; but my mission stood foremost—to accomplish it, my first object. Now, I come and say to you, Will you help me to fulfil the will of God as regards you ?”

“Certainly, with all my heart,” said Vincenzo, soothingly ; “only you must allow me a little time for consideration, my dear Rose.”

“For consideration of what ? There is but one way.”

“Be it so, dear ; yet this is neither the time nor the place for coming to so serious a resolution. You are shaking with cold, and so am I. Let us go to bed. Night is the mother of good counsels, you know ; and we shall resume the argument whenever you please.”

Rose, whose feverish energy was nearly spent, suffered herself to be led back to her room, and to her bed. She was restless, and for some time went on speaking incoherently ; at last, however, she fell into a profound sleep. Vincenzo was completely bewildered. Rose had saved his life (through the infallible scapulary he supposed) ! Rose had a mandate from on High to save his soul ! Rose had married him not for love, but from Christian charity ! All these statements had taken him by surprise, the last most of all. Though uttered in a moment of feverish excitement, though contradicted to some extent by his own previous observations and experience, still this last declaration had cut him to the heart—one must be in love to understand how deeply. After all, how few really had been

his opportunities for observation ; how limited his communication with Rose, during what may be termed the period of his courtship ! The poor young husband was swimming in a sea of perplexities. Another and appalling contingency presented itself : what if the fit of morbid excitement which had all at once seized on one so passionless, should be only the beginning of a series of such ? What if her religious fanaticism should react on her constitution ? What if, one of these days, he should have to choose between his appointment and his wife's health—perhaps her reason ?

Rose got up at her usual hour the next morning, and went about her domestic operations as usual. She said, in answer to Vincenzo's inquiries, that she felt quite well, only a little tired. She supposed she had had a slight attack of fever, which had, however, now entirely disappeared. Vincenzo was unwilling to go to his office that day and leave her alone, but ended by yielding to her pressing solicitations that he should not stay at home for such a trifle. When he came back, she kissed him affectionately, quite a novelty ; she looked grave, but her manner to him was sensibly improved from what it had been previous to her nocturnal visit to his study. Withal, as she made no allusion to it, Vincenzo began to hope that she had retained no consciousness of it. He was shortly to be undeceived, for on the evening of the third day, Rose said calmly, "Vincenzo, you have now had plenty of time for consideration. What is your answer ?"

"My answer ?" repeated Vincenzo, startled as by an electric shock.

"Yes, your answer ? Are you going to resign your appointment or not ?"

"Listen to me, Rose."

"Not before you have answered my question."

"Well, then, I have no intention of giving up my appointment." She rose to leave the room. "Stop," he said ; "you promised to listen to me." She sat down again. Vincenzo gave her his reasons for resisting her suggestion ;

spoke firmly, but with great moderation. He said that, before flinging away an advantageous opening in life, and one on which he had set his heart, a young man in his position must have peremptory reasons indeed, and he had none. The motive which she put forward, of a kind of judgment of God, was merely a groundless and very uncharitable assumption. Neither the King nor the Government had done anything to justify the supposition ; it was rash and impious in man, to distort into signs of celestial wrath events which were in the ordinary course of nature. "Judge not that ye be not judged." The three successive blows which had fallen upon the King ought to serve rather to augment the sympathy and loyalty of his subjects, than be made the starting-point for disloyal attacks and sweeping condemnations. He had a conscience as sensitive as that of other people, and his conscience was tranquil. He claimed for himself the independence of opinion and action, which he readily granted to her. He besought her, in the name of all that was holy, in the name of their future peace, to moderate her zeal in his behalf. In short, all that a sensible, a loving and conciliatory husband could say under the circumstances, Vincenzo said.

"Is that your final determination ?" asked Rose, when he stopped speaking.

"It is."

"Well, then, I will tell you what I am going to do. I shall write to papa to come and take me back with him."

"Do so."

"You said that when papa came to see us, I might return with him if I felt inclined."

"Yes, I said so."

"Then we understand one another ?" wound up Rose, as she was leaving the room.

"Perfectly."

Her unfeelingness had raised a storm of indignation within Vincenzo's breast. It burst forth in this cry, "Why, her heart is as dry as a pumice-stone."

To be continued.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE LAST GENERATION.

BY A MAN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY.

WHEN I first visited London—a mere boy of about fifteen years of age—the two most eminent physicians of that day, as I well remember, were Dr. Mathew Baillie and Dr. Pelham Warren; but, as I never consulted either professionally, though I had an opportunity of seeing both more than once while staying with a sick relative, I mean only to say a passing word of these eminent and remarkable men.

Baillie struck me as a person of great dignity and impressiveness of manner. His air was simple, natural, and very earnest, and he, I observed, addressed the old servant and nurse of his patient with quite as much courteousness and consideration as the patient himself. The qualities of gentleman and honest man appeared to me to be associated in his character with the attainments of the perfect physician, and he left on my young mind an impression which time has not effaced. Baillie looked the character he represented to perfection. His manners were admirably adapted to a sick room, quiet, grave, and undemonstrative. He was a great patron of rising merit, and always anxious to advance the fortunes of any rising young man. No one more befriended the late Marshall Hall in his earlier professional career.

Pelham Warren, the son of a great physician, then stood only second to Baillie in repute. He was a man of great sagacity and of the most solid attainments. His countenance was lighted up by the most brilliant and penetrating eyes it has been my fate to encounter.

One of the first regular physicians I ever consulted in London, five-and-thirty years ago, was a man very much of the school of Baillie and Warren. This was the late Dr. Wm. F. Chambers, who then lived in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, to which house he had

removed from the neighbourhoods of Fitzroy Square and Dover Street. Chambers was, I believe, the son of Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a prizeman in 1810, and he subsequently studied anatomy and physic at Edinburgh, under Fyfe. He had risen at this time, though very little more than forty, to very considerable eminence, and, in three or four years after I first saw him was, probably, the physician in the largest practice in London. His appearance even at the period of which I speak was more than ordinarily staid, grave, and scholarly. He seemed to me in delicate health, and to wear an air of lassitude and weariness, which gave an idea of over-work. Of all the medical men I had hitherto encountered he also seemed to me the one whose countenance was most "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought." He looked pre-eminently a man of labour and research. This my first impression was increased in looking around his spacious study. It appeared to me more filled with books than the library of any professional man I had visited. There were a multitude of old folios of venerable appearance, and on a nearer examination of the shelves I could perceive that all the great medical and surgical writers were represented in various editions. Dr. Chambers was one of those urbane well-bred men who quietly listened to their patients, and who, after they had heard their tale, proceeded to put a few pertinent questions. I consulted him for a stomach-complaint of long standing. "I can see," said he, "that you have taken, in the way of medicine, nearly the whole pharmacopœia; but my advice to you is, after continuing the mixture and pill which I prescribe for about a fortnight, to throw physic to the dogs. Be in the open air as

“ much as possible—twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty, if you can ; and which, by the bye, is quite practicable, for what Charles II. said is very true of the climate of England. No doubt it is extremely changeable ; but, nevertheless, taking one day with another all the year round, England is the country, as the merry monarch observed, in which you can remain in the open air the longest. Therefore I advise you to walk, ride, and drive, as much as possible, and when tired of these relaxations to sit *al fresco*, if the weather be genial. Even with a steady practice of these habits, and moderation in diet, it will still be a long while before you are restored to perfect health, for there is nothing more difficult to vanquish than the stomach diseases.” In the ten subsequent years I occasionally consulted Chambers, and always found him eminently plain and practical in his professional views. I should not call him a man of genius, or a person of quick faculties ; but he was a practitioner of sound judgment, and of great reading and research in his profession. That he was very successful in his large practice there can be no doubt whatever. But it was an observation of Baillie’s that the successful treatment of patients depends rather on the exertion of sagacity and good common sense, guided by competent professional knowledge, than on extraordinary efforts or attainments. The great object of a physician, according to Sydenham, should be that the cure of diseases may be managed with greater certainty. “ Any progress,” said that great physician, “ in that kind of knowledge, though it teach no more than the cure of the toothache, or of corns upon the feet, is of more value than the vain pomps of nice speculations.” This seemed also to be the view of Chambers, and he was eminently safe and practical in all his remedies. About eighteen years ago the health of Dr. Chambers obliged him to retire temporarily from the practice of his profession, at a period when he stood in the very first rank. He gave up his house in Grosvenor Square ; but after an absence of

a couple of years, he returned again to London, and occupied a house in CumberlandPlace. But, as the proverb says, “ *les absents ont toujours tort*,” and in nothing is this more true than in the profession of physic and law, in which practitioners have so many competitors that if they but absent themselves for a month they lose patients and clients, who never return. It was said of Chambers that he treated every one as though the liver were affected ; but I think this is an exaggeration. On the first occasion on which I saw him he remarked my liver was somewhat torpid ; “ but there is nothing uncommon in that,” he added, “ for of every twenty patients I see among Englishmen there are nineteen whose livers are functionally deranged, if not organically diseased, and a good number whose livers are beyond hope of cure.” There appears to me nothing improbable or fanciful in this. The censorious public, a quarter of a century ago, used, however, to say that Wilson Philip had his hobby of dyspepsia, Brodie his hobby of gout, Chambers his hobby of liver, Bright his hobby of mottled kidney or morbus Brightii, Scudamore his hobby of rheumatism, and Prout his hobby of calculus. Yet my strong impression is that in most instances the physicians were in the right, and that the public were in the wrong, in imputing discriminative knowledge to over zeal for a favourite theory.

Previously to consulting Chambers, having been long suffering acutely from rheumatism, or rheumatic gout, I was advised to consult Sir Charles Scudamore, who had just written a treatise on the subject. Having read the work, I was doubly inclined to call on him, as he lived at No. 6, Wimpole Street, within a short distance of my lodgings. I found, on calling in the early morning, a short, scrubby, black-visaged, hairy, little man, seated at a table in a small back room, with a note-book before him. He asked me a number of questions, many of which appeared to me quite frivolous and immaterial. But he, nevertheless, transcribed the answers in his note-book, pretty much

in the manner a judge takes down the evidence of a witness at *visi prius*. At the close of his queries he wrote me a prescription, which he requested me to get made up at Garden's, in Oxford Street. The prescription not only did me no good, but produced unimaginable nausea and sickness, owing to the predominancy of the wine of the seeds of colchicum, a medicine of the exhibition of which Scudamore was too fond. On my second visit, I told him the remedy was worse than the disease; and, having learned, in the interim, that the knight had been originally bred an apothecary—a class of persons whom I held, rightly or wrongly, in especial horror—I ceased further to consult or to have any faith in the little man. Yet, I believe he was a skilful chemist, and had made a special study of gout, rheumatism, and cognate diseases: on gout and rheumatism, indeed, he had written a tolerable book. Be this as it may, I learned from a very able and learned physician, that Scudamore, if not a perfect conjuror in the *Ars Mendendi*, was, at least, one of the best whist-players in the parish of Marylebone, and an especial favourite with His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he was domestic physician.

A man of much higher order than Scudamore was Prout, who lived, when I first became acquainted with him, at 40, Sackville Street, to which house he had removed from Southampton Street, Bloomsbury. Prout, though not enjoying a large practice, was on all hands admitted to be one of the most learned and scientific physicians of his day, even in the period when William Hyde Wollaston was reckoned on the roll of London practitioners. Prout was a silent, shy, and reserved man, very pallid and of sickly appearance, who dressed somewhat like a physician of the beginning of this century. He always appeared in a uniform suit of black, with shorts and long gaiters to match. He visited his not very numerous patients for the most part on foot, apparently wrapped in deep thought, looking right down upon his toes, like the late Lord Chief Justice Tyndal.

The eminent London surgeons of five-and-thirty years ago, such as Cline, Cooper, Vance, Heaviside, and Brodie, entertained a high opinion of Prout's skill, and generally availed themselves of his aid in calculous disorders. Prout's medical treatises are held in high repute by the profession. He was the author of one of the *Bridgewater Treatises*; and Dr. Lankaster, in a recent work, says we are more indebted to him than to any other investigator in advancing our knowledge of the action of food. Prout, like Chambers and Marshall Hall, had studied at Edinburgh, where he was their contemporary.

A physician in much more extensive practice than Prout was the late Richard Bright, who, in my earlier days, lived in Bloomsbury Square, from whence he removed to Saville Row, a few doors from the house of Sir Benjamin Brodie, with whom he was a great favourite.

Bright had in his academical career distinguished himself at the University of Cambridge, of which he was travelling bachelor, and, at a time when the Continent was closed to travellers, had visited Hungary and Poland. On his return to England, he commenced a successful practice; and from the year 1832 to 1850 he was one of the most extensively employed and one of the most eminent of the London faculty. He was of a patient, laborious, and investigating spirit; and his works on the brain and on the kidneys mark an era in medical literature. His name is identified throughout Europe with one of the most formidable of diseases—the *Morbus Brightii*. Bright had an only son, on whom he centered all his affections. On the education of this young man no expense was spared. He was sent to the University of Cambridge (where his father had studied before him) with every advantage of abundant means and careful preparation; but the early promise of distinction was not to be fulfilled in his person. He was seized with a fatal illness about twelve or fourteen years ago, and his father was summoned to his bedside. But, notwithstanding all his parent's skill,

the complaint proved fatal, and young Bright was carried to an untimely grave. His father never recovered this severe shock. For a time, by a desperate effort, he rallied, and devoted himself anew to practice, allowing little time for recreation or reflection. But the thought of his bereavement, of his utter loneliness, would intrude and impress itself sadly and ineffaceably on his mind, incapacitating him for professional duty. In this fashion he lingered for some ten years, but soon followed to the tomb his friend Chambers, with whom he had so often consulted in professional practice in the fourteen or fifteen years between 1832 and 1846. Bright was, I believe, in easy circumstances when he commenced his professional career; but his eminence was not owing to patronage, nor to the gifts of fortune, nor to a showy or specious address, nor to any singularity of views or doctrine, but to his sagacity, to his solid qualities, and to his eminent professional attainments. Bright and Chambers had a larger practice among distinguished barristers than any physicians of their time. I attribute this partly to their eminent merits, partly to their intermixture with men intended for the law, and somewhat also to the one being the son of a judge, and to the other being a near relative of a barrister.

During the absence of Chambers and Bright from London, on a summer continental tour, I first consulted Marshall Hall, who was then living near to me in 14, Manchester Square, a house which he had occupied since his removal from Keppel Street, in 1830. His countenance was intelligent and pleasing, and he was undoubtedly a conscientious and painstaking man; but it occurred to me, on seeing him for the first time, that, although his face beamed with good-nature and benevolence, yet his manner was somewhat prim and provincial. He asked me, for instance, before I said a word to him on my complaint, my age, my profession or calling, my hour of rising, whether I took much exercise in the open air and of what

kind, my hours of breakfast and dinner, and what I chiefly lived on in the way of fish and flesh. These questions were, perhaps, necessary to assist the judgment of the practitioner, but they were rather wearisome to a patient who did not distinctly see their precise bearing. When I came to know Marshall Hall better, this primness, not to say priggishness of manner, wore off, and he appeared to me what he really was—a conscientious, careful, and painstaking physician, accurate in diagnosis, which he had learned by the close study of diseases at the bedside. His first lectures, in 1813, were on the subject of diagnosis; and these were afterwards expanded into the celebrated work bearing that name, the first edition of which was published by Longman and Co. in 1817.

Marshall Hall had few advantages of early education. He was the son of a cotton-spinner at Nottingham, the sixth of eight children, and, at fourteen years of age, was bound apprentice to a chemist at Newark. While in this position, feeling the deficiency of his early education, he imposed on himself the task of writing Latin exercises, which he regularly sent once a week, by a carrier, to be corrected by his friend, the Rev. Robert Almond, then curate of Basford. In October, 1809, when in his nineteenth year, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he became a favourite pupil of Dr. Andrew Fyfe. The professor gave him and another fellow-student leave to attend in the dissecting-room, out of the usual routine, at a very early hour, for practical purposes; and it was by this unusual industry that he acquired that acquaintance with anatomy which, to use the language of the son of Dr. Fyfe, "paved the way for his future researches." He spent five years at Edinburgh, two of which were passed at the Royal Infirmary. It was in Edinburgh, in 1812, he first became acquainted with the late Dr. W. F. Chambers, of whom I have spoken in a previous part of this paper; who, a prizeman at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1810, arrived two years afterwards in the Scottish capital

to study medicine, with the fame of a diligent student and a ripe scholar. Hall left Edinburgh in 1814, and, before he settled down to the practice of his profession, journeyed to Paris with Dr. Harisson, a Yorkshire gentleman of fortune. Having minutely studied at the medical schools of the French capital, he visited—such was his thirst for professional knowledge—the schools of Göttingen and Berlin in the month of November, 1814, making the long journey on foot. His original intention was to have settled at Nottingham, his native place; but, as there were already four physicians in that town, he was induced to forego the plan, and Bridge-water was selected as his residence. But, finding there but little scope for practice, he remained only six months, and early in 1817 returned to Nottingham. It was during the first year of his residence there that he produced his exact and comprehensive work on diagnosis, of which Dr. Baillie observed, in 1818, “that the object was most important, and the execution very able.” When, a few months after, being in London, Dr. Hall called on the President of the College of Physicians, the latter conceived the work must have been written by Dr. Hall’s father. The author modestly told Dr. Baillie that he, not his father, was the author of the work. “Impossible!” exclaimed the court physician, “for the treatise would have done credit to the greyest-headed philosopher in our profession.” Dr. Hall soon obtained a large and lucrative practice among the principal families of the county of Nottingham, inclusive of the Dukeries,¹ as well as the towns of Derby and Leicester.

Dr. Hall was one of the first in England to check the system of bleeding, which had become too universal. Physicians seemed then and antecedently to have adopted the advice of Argan in the *Malade Imaginaire*,—

“Clysterum donare,
Postea seignare,
Ensuda purgare.”

¹ Dukeries, a country round Nottingham; so called from being the residence of four ukes.

The established opinion in 1820 was that almost all pain in any complaint arose from inflammation, and the practice of blood-letting was carried to a fearful and fatal extent. Marshall Hall was the first practitioner in England who arrested this practice, by his accurate diagnosis, considerably before he published his work on the effects of loss of blood, in 1824. Loss of blood is now known to be at the root of much that had passed thirty or forty years ago for various grades of inflammation. At present, when venesection has so much diminished, and the use of leeches has declined at least eighty per cent., it is difficult to realize the fact that the lancet was in hourly use forty, thirty, and even five-and-twenty years ago. The change of practice in England was greatly produced by Marshall Hall. The throbbing temple, previously treated by depletion, is now known to arise in many cases from loss of blood. The most eminent physicians of the Dublin School of Medicine, in 1823, such as Graves, Stokes, &c., without knowing anything of Hall’s practice, followed simultaneously a similar plan to his, and set their faces against the indiscriminate use of the lancet. The works and the clinical practice of Doctor Hall drew to him the attention of Baillie in his later years; and, considerably before the young Nottingham physician tried his fortune in town, in 1826, Dr. Baillie predicted that he would be one of the first physicians in London within five years. The first year of his residence in Keppel Street Dr. Hall netted 800*l.* by his fees. He removed four years afterwards to 14, Manchester Square, a mansion in which he continued to reside till 1850, when he went to 38, Grosvenor Street. It was in the interval between these years, while attending to the exigencies of daily practice, that he made his most important discovery in physiology, that of the diastaltic spinal system. In reference to these discoveries Dr. Hall was wont to state that, in the long interval of twenty years, he had devoted to this subject not less than 25,000 leisure hours, and that, if the hours devoted to

the same subject in practice, in relation to diagnosis and pathology, were to be reckoned, the number ought at least to be doubled. The late Dr. Prout called Dr. Hall's discoveries in reference to the spinal cord the most important that have ever been made in medicine; and he went further, and stated that by his extraordinarily acute researches he had rendered the practice of physic more exact.

When seven years in practice, Dr. Hall's income amounted to 2,000*l.* a year. At the period I first consulted him he had been ten years in town, and his income then, I believe, was fully 3,000*l.* a year, if it did not exceed that sum. In 1849, when he had been twenty-three years in London, his yearly gains were 4,000*l.* a year, though he made an annual tour to the Continent for a period of two months. I remember well, as though it were but yesterday, his asking me, many years ago, to accompany him on a trip to Vienna, whither he was proceeding, with a view to study tetanus, or lock-jaw. He subsequently asked me, having lent him a work on *Égypt* written by a friend, to accompany him to that country; but as this ground, as well as Austria, was familiar to me, I declined the proposal. "In fact," said I, "Dr. Hall, I have almost nothing to see either in or out of Europe." "Nevertheless," said he, "you should constantly travel when you have any spare time. There is no alterative remedy of so much efficacy. The change of air, of soil, and scene, the excitement, the freedom from cares and harass, the early hours, the change of diet and drink, all conduce to a beneficial action in the system and its secretions. By travelling," said the doctor, "you increase the activity of mind and body, you augment appetite and digestion; you, in a word, improve all the mental and bodily functions."

These views were long afterwards strongly enforced on me by one of the first of living physicians, once the pupil, and even the friend, of the late lamented Dr. Graves—I mean that able and distinguished practitioner Dr. William

Stokes, the Regius Professor of Physic in Dublin. Dr. Hall, like Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Stokes, Dr. Corrigan, and many others, practised what he preached. He did not confine his journeys to the French capital, but visited Germany and Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, and even America, feeling that the free exposure of the face and the general surface to the air, the more frequent respirations, and the quickened digestion, promoted by every muscular effort, had a potent effect on the spirits and feelings. All eminent physicians are now of accord that there is nothing in the *Materia Medica* comparable to the air and exercise, to the repose and recreation of mind which one gains in travelling. The more frequent respirations excited by every corporal effort, the consequently quickened digestion, have, as Hall used to insist, their admirable effects on the spirits and the feelings. Then there is the fresh converse, there are the new modes of life, of thought, and of social habitude, which one acquires from intelligent strangers, whether French, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, or Russians. These things, happening under the influence of air, exercise, wind, and sunshine, contribute to render the temperament more cheerful, and add immensely to the happiness and contentment of the wayfarer; for there can be little doubt that sociability and the free interchange of ideas amidst peoples of different callings, races, and nationalities, give a new value and a fresher zest to existence.

Dr. Hall was a great advocate for simple remedies and mineral waters. He prescribed the Harrowgate, Cheltenham, Bath, and Vichy waters in many diseases, and used to send patients to a chemist named Times, who lived at the corner of Thayer Street, Manchester Square, for dozens of the Harrowgate springs, of which the worthy compounder received a supply twice a week, as well as for his *Pil. Aloes: dilut*: composed of equal parts of Barbadoes aloes, extract of liquorice, soft soap, and treacle. Of this pill Dr. Hall directed from three to eight grains to be taken

daily, in the course of dinner, so that it might mingle with the food. Any one who had visited the eating-parlour in Manchester Square towards six o'clock P.M. might see this pill in a well-stopped phial, placed at the right hand of the doctor, by the salt-cellar; for he was a man to practise himself what he so zealously preached to his patients.

As a practitioner, Dr. Hall possessed courage, decision, and promptitude, combined with extreme caution. His mode of expression was clear, and his demeanour straightforward and manly. There was a winning pleasantness and amenity in his manner very agreeable to strangers, and a frankness, delicacy, and openness oftener sought than found among professional men. He was cheerful, cordial, and sympathizing to those who consulted him. The first wish that animated his heart was to give health and happiness to the suffering and afflicted. His professional life and his private life were alike pre-eminently simple, pure, and truthful, marked by a rare spirit of integrity and independence. With all his scientific attainments and accomplishments, he was a thoroughly modest and unobtrusive man. He was well aware that I had spent a great deal of my life in France, that I had written in the language considerably, and that I had devoted a good deal of attention to the literature of that country; yet he never informed me that he had made himself master of French, and wrote in it with ease and perspicacity, and even elegance. It was not till after his death that I became aware that he wrote a tract on a professional subject in French. Of his "Aperçu du Système Spinal," that eminent physician Baron Louis said: "De ce petit ouvrage tout plait au premier abord, la forme et le fond. Quelle clarté en effet, quelle rapidité dans l'exposition des faits. Quelle sobriété de langage. Vous êtes un écrivain consommé même en Français; et la seconde lecture me charmait encore plus que la première." Hall had taught himself Latin; he commenced the study of German at forty-seven, and of Hebrew at sixty-five.

These are sufficient proof of his energy, industry, and thirst for knowledge. During his toilsome professional career Hall showed himself an enlightened philanthropist and a benevolent physician. He bestowed much attention on proper drainage and sewerage, on defective ventilation, on the impure supply of water, and also on intramural interments. He also addressed several useful and practical letters to the *Times* on flogging in the army, on the defects, in respect to health, of railway carriages, and on other cognate subjects. In 1853, after a practice of forty years, the state of Dr. Hall's health obliged him to quit the profession, which he had so long honoured and illustrated. During his career no man had done more to elevate medicine as a science, and no man, with the exception of Sir Charles Bell, had done half so much for Physiology. Yet his discoveries were treated with neglect, and there were not wanting medical periodicals to speak of him in a disparaging strain. This has been the fate of discovery in all times—

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouded
snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

In speaking of Marshal Hall, one is reminded of the passage in Ecclesiasticus: "Honour a physician with the honour due to him for the uses you may have of him; for the Lord hath created him, for the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honour of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men shall he be in admiration."

Having spoken of half a dozen physicians, I will conclude this paper with a few words respecting an eminent Irish surgeon, who, though not so well known to the English public as the late Sir Philip Crampton or the late Sir Henry Marsh, was yet very well and advantageously known to the whole profession in both countries, and very generally known and esteemed by the public.

This was the late Richard Carmichael, of Granby Row, Dublin, for many years the contemporary of the late Sir Philip Crampton. They were very nearly of the same age, one being born in 1777 and the other in 1778. Both were educated in Trinity College, Dublin; both studied anatomy under the ablest teachers; and both commenced the practice of their profession in 1799, when Richards, Macklin, Colles, Peile, and Dease, stood in the first rank of Irish surgeons. The personal appearance, graceful carriage, and winning manners of Crampton gained him the lead among the younger men, a lead which he continued to hold to the last—first, from his adroitness, skill, and ability; and, secondly, from being backed up by powerful friends and influential connexions. But Carmichael closely trod upon the heels of his competitor, and from 1805 till 1827 or 1830 stood in the next rank to him. Though not so bold, brilliant, or quick an operator as the Surgeon-General Crampton, yet he was fully as skilful, and, perhaps, on the whole, a safer man with the knife in his hand. Carmichael, too, like Brodie, had a good knowledge of medicine, and knew how to treat a patient after an operation as well as antecedently to it. He was a person of fuller reading, general and professional, than Crampton, though not so off-hand and ready in the application of his knowledge. So early as 1803 he published several papers in the medical

journals connected with his profession; and in 1805 appeared his treatise on Cancer. This was followed by his work on the use and abuse of mercury—a production which excited a good deal of contention, and some opposition, in the medical and surgical schools of Dublin. At the head of the advocates for the administration of mercury stood Colles, a very renowned lecturer and practitioner; at the head of the opposite school stood Carmichael, walking in the footsteps of Abernethy, John Pearson, and the late Mr. William Rose, surgeon to the Life Guards. But, though these London practitioners had, before the Irish surgeon, advocated the more extended use of the Lisbon diet drink, and a more judicious and discriminative exhibition of mercury, yet Carmichael was no servile imitator, but supported his views with ability by reasons of great cogency, and altogether his own. Carmichael was a man of enlarged views, of a philosophical mind, and of extensive general information. His manners were suave and gentle, and he was liberal and generous in the practice of his profession. In the latter years of his life he had much practice as a consulting surgeon, and divided the business of the Irish metropolis with Sir Philip Crampton. He died, without family, about ten years ago, at the ripe age of seventy-six, having honourably realized a very considerable fortune in the liberal practice of the healing art.

HISTORY, AND ITS SCIENTIFIC PRETENSIONS.

BY WILLIAM T. THORNTON.

WHEN equally competent thinkers appear to take directly opposite views of a matter of purely speculative interest, it will commonly be found that their differences arise from their using the same words in different senses, or from their being, by some other cause, prevented from thoroughly apprehending each other's meaning. An illustration

is afforded by the still pending controversy regarding the possibility of constructing a Science of History, which could scarcely have been so much prolonged if all who have taken part in it had begun by defining their terms, had agreed to and adhered to the same definitions, and had always kept steadily in view the points really in

debate. If the word "science" had been used only in the restricted sense in which it is sometimes employed by some of the most distinguished of the disputants, there would have been less question as to its applicability to history. No one doubts that from an extensive historical survey may be drawn large general deductions on which reasonable expectations may be founded. No one denies that the experience of the past may teach lessons of political wisdom for the guidance of the future. If it were not so, history would be as uninteresting as fairy lore; its chief use would be to amuse the fancy; and little more practical advantage could result from investigating the causes of the failure of James II.'s designs on civil and religious liberty, than from an inquiry into the artifices by which Jack-the-Giant-killer contrived to escape the maw of the monsters against whom he had pitted himself. What is commonly understood, however, by a Science of History is something far beyond the idea entertained of it by such temperate reasoners as Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. The science, for the reality of which M. Comte in France and Mr. Buckle in England have been the foremost champions, would bear the same relation to political events as Optics and Astronomy do to the phenomena of light and of the solar and sidereal systems. It would deal less with the conjectural and probable than with the predicable and positive. "In the moral as in the physical world," say its leading advocates, "are invariable rule, inevitable sequence, undeviating regularity," constituting "one vast scheme of universal order." "The actions of men, and therefore of societies, are governed by fixed eternal laws," which "assign to every man his place in the necessary chain of being," and "allow him no choice as to what that place shall be." One such law is that, "in a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own lives:" another, that a certain number of persons must commit murder: a third, that

when wages and prices are at certain points, a certain number of marriages must annually take place, "the number being determined not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority." These are general laws; but the special question as to who shall commit the crimes or the indiscretion enjoined by them, "depends upon special laws, which however, in their total action must obey the large social law to which they are all subordinate." A Science of History would consist of a collection of "social laws," duly systematized and codified, by the application of which to given states of society the historical student might predict the future course of political events, with a confidence similar to that with which he could foretell the results of familiar chemical combinations, or the movements of the planets.¹

This is the theory which has lately been so much discussed, and against which, notwithstanding the singular fascination it evidently possesses for some minds, the moral sense of a much larger number indignantly revolts, rightly apprehending that its establishment would be subversive of all morality. For, if the actions of men are governed by "eternal and immutable laws," men cannot be free agents; and where there is not free agency there cannot be moral responsibility. Nor are the apprehensions entertained on this score to be allayed by the answer, ingenious as it is, which has been given to them² by one of the ablest and most judicious apologists for the new creed. It is true that human actions can be said to be "governed" only in the same metaphorical sense as that in which we speak of the laws of nature, which do not really govern anything, but merely describe the invariable order in which natural phenomena have been observed to occur. It is true that the discovery of invariable regularity in human affairs,

¹ Mr. Buckle's first chapter, *passim*.

² *Cornhill Magazine*, for June and July, 1861.

supposing such a discovery to have been made, would not prove that there was any necessity for such regularity. It is conceivable that the orbs of heaven may be intelligent beings, possessing full power to change or to arrest their own course, and moving constantly in the same orbits merely because it pleases them to do so. Invariable regularity, therefore, would be perfectly consistent with free agency. All this is perfectly just, but it is also altogether beside the question. The offence given by the writers on whose behalf the apology is set up consists not so much in their asserting that there are, as in their insisting that there must be, uniformity and regularity in human affairs; or, as Mr. Buckle expresses it, that social phenomena "are the results of large and general causes which, working on the aggregate of society, *must* produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of the particular men of whom the society is composed." Now, though free agency may co-exist with invariable regularity, it obviously cannot co-exist with necessary regularity, which, consequently, is incompatible likewise with moral responsibility. If men are compelled by the force of circumstances, or by any force, to move only in one direction, they cannot be responsible for not moving in a different direction. Nor is it more to the purpose to enter into a subtle analysis of the true nature of causation, and to explain that it does not, properly speaking, involve compulsion, but simply means invariable antecedence. It may be that a cannon-ball does not really knock down the wall against which it strikes, and that it would be more correct to say that the ball impinges and the wall falls; though, seeing that the wall would not have fallen unless the ball had impinged, the distinction is too nice for ordinary apprehension. But causation, as understood by the joint headmasters of the new school, does involve compulsion. "Men's actions," say they, "are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents," and "result from large and general causes which

"must produce certain consequences." Neither, if this be so, is it of any avail to suggest that, possibly, the large and general causes in question may be of only temporary operation. It may be that the springs, whatever they are, by which the universe is kept in motion, may require to be periodically wound up like the works of a clock, and that, unless this be done, "on some particular day out of many billions," the sun may fail to rise, just as the clock, if suffered to run down, must stop on the eighth day. The conjecture would, of course, be not less applicable to social than to natural laws. It is conceivable that the large general causes assumed to regulate human actions might lose their efficacy at the end of a certain cycle. Still, if the causes, as long as they remained in operation, possessed a compulsory character—if, during the continuance of the supposed cycle, men were bound to act in a certain way in accordance with certain laws, and irrespectively of their own volition—what would it matter that those laws were not eternal and immutable?

It is clear, then, that the principles to which we have been adverting would, if established, be really subversive of morality, inasmuch as they are incompatible with free agency, without which there can be no responsibility. The soundness of a doctrine does not, however, depend upon its tendencies; and Mr. Buckle was fully warranted in demanding that his views should be examined with reference, not at all to their consequences, but solely and exclusively to their truth.

In order that he might be able to prove the possibility of a Science of History, Mr. Buckle asked no more than the following concessions: "That, when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the results of some antecedents, and that therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate

“results.” Now, there is certainly nothing in these demands which may not be unhesitatingly conceded. As there can be no effect without a cause, so there can be no action without a motive: the motive or motives of an action are the product of all the conditions and circumstances among which the agent is placed—which conditions and circumstances, again, must have been brought about by antecedent events. The same circumstances would indeed differently affect persons of different mental constitutions and characters; but the original constitution of a man’s mind is itself the product of antecedent events, as is also any subsequent modification of character which it may have undergone. It cannot be denied then that men’s motives are the results of antecedents. Equally undeniable is it that a knowledge of all the antecedents and of all the laws of their movements would enable us to foresee their results. But what if there be no such laws? What if, on the showing of Mr. Buckle himself and of his associates, there neither are nor can be?

The true nature of a scientific law has never been better explained than by the writer already quoted as Mr. Buckle’s dexterous apologist. A scientific law is not an ordinance, but a record. It simply professes to describe the order in which certain phenomena have been observed uniformly to recur. It differs from a legislative enactment, in that the one would be a law although it were never obeyed, whereas the other would cease to be a law if one single exception to its statement could be pointed out. Thus the Act of Parliament enjoining the registration of births, would be equally a law although no births were ever registered; whereas the law, that in a body moving in consequence of pressure the momentum generated is in proportion to the pressure, would entirely forfeit its legal character if, on any one occasion or in any circumstances, momentum were generated in any other proportion. It is essential, then, to the existence of a scientific law that there should be uni-

formity of phenomena. But in human affairs uniformity is impossible. No doubt, in exactly the same circumstances exactly the same events must happen; but exactly the same aggregation of circumstances cannot possibly be repeated. Such repetition is inconsistent with the very theory, which is based on the assumption that the repetition is continually happening.

“In the moral as well as the physical world” there are, say the exponents of the new theory, not only “invariable rule” and “inevitable sequence,” but “irresistible growth” and “continual advance.” In other words, things can never be twice in precisely the same condition—never, at least, within the same cycle. It has, indeed, been suggested that there may be in human affairs the same sort of regularity as is observed by the hands of a clock; and that, as the latter, at the end of every twenty-four hours, recommence the movement which they have just concluded, so at the end of, say, “every ten thousand years,” all the same events which have been happening throughout the period may begin to happen over again in the same order as before. But, even on this uncomfortable hypothesis, there could be no regularity of occurrences within the same cycle; no clue as to the future could be obtained from investigation of the past. On the contrary, the only certainty would then, as now, be that no combination of events which had happened once could happen again, as long as the existing order of things continued. The inference here follows necessarily from the premisses. If there be continual advance—if things are constantly moving forward—they cannot remain in the same state; and if not in the same state, they cannot produce the same effects. For, if it be obvious, on the one hand, that precisely the same causes must invariably produce the same results, it is equally evident, on the other, that the same results cannot be reproduced except by the same causes. If causes calculated to bring about certain phenomena undergo either augmentation

or diminution, there must be a corresponding change in the phenomena. Now, effects cannot be identical with their causes, and, in the moral world, effects once produced become in turn causes, acting either independently or in conjunction with pre-existing causes. They become in turn the antecedents spoken of by Mr. Buckle, from which spring the motives of human conduct. But, as all such antecedents must necessarily differ from all former antecedents, they must also give rise to motives, must be followed by actions, and must bring about combinations of circumstances, differing from any previously experienced. Thus, in human affairs, there can be no recurrence either of antecedents or of consequences; and, as a scientific law is simply a record of the uniform recurrence of consequences, it follows that in human affairs there can be no scientific laws.

It will be understood that human conduct, and the circumstances or causes which influence it, are here spoken of in the aggregate. It is not pretended that particular causes or circumstances may not continue permanently in operation, though with an influence modified by the concomitance of fresh circumstances, or that they may not continue to produce consequences differing from their former consequences not more than in proportion to the modification undergone by the causes. Still less is it pretended that certain human phenomena, with which human motives have little or nothing to do, may not be repeated once and again, notwithstanding the important changes constantly going on in every human society. It is not denied that marriages may continue for years together to bear much the same annual proportion to population, provided that during those years there be no material change in the amount of the economical obstacles which commonly interfere, more than anything else, with men's natural inclination to marry. Still less is it denied that, in a given number of births, the number of girls may always preserve nearly the same superiority over that of boys, or that the

proportion between red-haired and light-haired children may generally be about the same, or that the percentage of letters misdirected in a given country may vary little during long periods. But, in the first of these cases, men do not get married, as Mr. Buckle imagined, irrespectively of their volition. If, for several years together, marriages continue to bear about the same proportion to population, it is because during that period circumstances continue to present a certain amount, and no more, of opposition to men's volition. In the other cases, it is not at all because the parents wish it that a girl is born instead of a boy, or with flaxen hair instead of carrots; neither is it from any motive or intention that letters are often misdirected, but, on the contrary, from want of thought, and from the carelessness and haste with which letter-writing, like most other human actions, is, unfortunately, too often performed. But, before assuming that this carelessness and haste bear an invariable proportion to numbers, we should inquire whether the proportion of misdirected letters is the same in all human societies—the same, for instance, in France and Spain as in England. If not—if varying circumstances produce different results in this respect in different countries—it may be inferred that a variation of circumstances may produce a difference of result in the same country. It will, at any rate, be clear that there is no “necessary and invariable order” in which letters are misdirected. In one sense, indeed, it may be said that the proportion of misdirected letters depends upon “the state of society,” if by that expression be meant, among other things, the numerical proportion which individuals of different characters and habits bear to each other. In that sense, we may accept some far more startling propositions. We may partly admit that the state of society determines the number of murders and suicides, if by this be simply meant that the number of murders and suicides committed will depend upon the number of persons whose characters have been so moulded

by circumstances as to dispose them to put an end to their own or other people's lives. But Mr. Buckle, by whom the assertion was made, was careful to explain that his meaning was the very reverse of what is here supposed. Speaking of suicide, he declares it to be "a general law that, in a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own lives;" adding that "the question as to who shall commit the crime depends upon special laws," and that "the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances." In other words, it is not the amount of crime that depends upon the number of persons prepared to commit it; it is the number of criminals which depends upon the amount of crime that must needs be committed. "Murder," he elsewhere says, "is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides and the relations of the seasons." "The uniform reproduction of crime is more clearly marked, and more capable of being predicted, than are the physical laws connected with the disease and destruction of our bodies. The offences of men are the result not so much of the vices of individual offenders, as of the state of society into which the individuals are thrown."

There is here so much looseness and inconsistency of language, that what is most offensive in it may easily bear more than one interpretation: and the shocking dogma that, in a given state of society, the force of circumstances constrains the commission of a certain amount of crime, may possibly admit of being explained away and softened down into the comparatively harmless proposition that, where all the circumstances, conditions or causes required for the commission of a certain amount of crime are present, that amount of crime will certainly be committed. But what is most provoking in Mr. Buckle is the heedlessness or wantonness with which he is constantly insisting that the causes in question are necessarily present and

uniformly acting. What he calls the uniform reproduction of crime is likened by him to the uniform recurrence of the tides. According to him, it is a law that a certain number of suicides shall take place annually, just as it is a law that there shall be high and low water twice in every twenty-four hours. Now a law, as the word is here used, means a record of invariable repetitions of phenomena. Has it been observed, then, that suicides bear, we will not say an invariable, but anything like a definite proportion to population? Mr. Buckle thinks it has, and he adduces some facts in support of the opinion; but his facts, properly understood, disprove instead of proving what he asserts; and, even if they proved it, they would yet afford no support to his main theory.

In London, for some years past—how many is not stated—about 240 persons annually have made away with themselves—sometimes a few more, sometimes a few less—the highest number having been 266 in 1846, and the lowest 213 in 1849. But, while the number of suicides has thus been nearly stationary, population has been anything but stationary in the metropolitan district, but has advanced with vast and unremitting strides at an average rate of nearly 43,000 a-year. In 1841 it was 1,948,369, in 1851, 2,361,640, and in 1861, 2,803,989. The proportion of suicide to population has consequently been by no means uniform, but has varied exceedingly, and on the whole has shown a constant tendency to decrease. But even if it had continued uniform, it would simply have shown that, during a certain number of years, the general character of Londoners had, in certain particulars, undergone no material change. It would not have proved that the regularity of suicide observable among Londoners was in accordance with any general law. To prove this it would have been necessary to show that the proportion had been uniform, not only in the same but in all societies—in Paris as well as in London, among the Esquimaux of Labrador and among the Negroes of Soudan. For, if the proportion were found to vary by reason

of the differing circumstances of different societies, it would plainly be seen to be at least susceptible of variation in the same society, inasmuch as in no society do circumstances remain the same from generation to generation. So equally with murders. Even if there were no doubt that the percentage of such crimes in England had long continued the same, still that fact would prove nothing as to the uniform retroduction of crime, if it could be shown that the percentage had ever varied anywhere else—in France or Italy for example, or in Dahomey. For it would be mere childishness to point to the different conditions of England and Dahomey, and to plead that no more was intended to be said than that, with uniformity of circumstances, there would also be uniformity of results. So much no one, in the least competent to discuss the subject, would for a moment dream of disputing. But in political affairs there cannot be uniformity of circumstances. The aggregate of circumstances from which spring human motives cannot, from the nature of things, ever be repeated; and, though a few general causes may continue permanently in operation, they cannot continue to produce the same identical results; for even though they could themselves remain stationary, it would be impossible that their operation should not be affected by the constant change going on around, or should not partake of an otherwise universal forward movement. In political affairs there cannot possibly be any recurrence of identical phenomena; nor can there, except within a very limited period, be any occurrence of very similar phenomena. But recurrence, (and not merely recurrence, but complete and invariable recurrence) is the very foundation of science. Without it there can be no scientific laws, and without such laws—*i.e.*, without records of past recurrences—there can be no predictions as to the future.

There is nothing in this conclusion in the slightest degree opposed to the most approved doctrine of causation. No effect can be without a cause. No doubt, then, the law of invariable causation holds good of human volitions.

No doubt the volitions and consequently the actions of men are the joint results of the external circumstances amid which men are placed, and of their own characters; which again are the results of circumstances, natural and artificial. So much must needs be admitted, and something more besides. Certain causes will infallibly be succeeded by certain effects. From any particular combination of circumstances, certain determinate consequences and no others will result; those again will give rise to consequences equally determinate, and those in turn to others, and so on in an infinite series. It follows, then, from the law of causation, that there is a determinate course already, as it were, traced out, which human events will certainly follow to the end of time; every step of which course, however remote, might now be foreseen and predicted by adequate, that is to say by infinite, intelligence. Infinite intelligence would do this, however, not by the aid of law, but by virtue of its own intrinsic and unassisted strength, where-with it would perceive how each succeeding combination of causes would operate. For, as cannot be too often repeated, a law is merely a record of recurrences; and in human affairs there can be no recurrences of the same aggregate either of causes or results. There being then no historic laws, there can be no Science of History, for science cannot exist without laws. The historic prescience, which is an attribute of Infinite Intelligence, not being regulated by law, or at any rate not by any law except that of causation, is not, technically speaking, a science, and even if it were, would be utterly beyond the reach of human intellect and attainable only by Infinite Wisdom.

The admission made in the last paragraph has cleared the way for the introduction of a question, from which the subject under discussion derives its principal interest, and which it is indispensable therefore carefully, though briefly, to examine. If there be certain determinate lines of conduct which men will infallibly pursue throughout all

succeeding generations, how can men be free agents? How—for it is merely the old puzzle over again—how can foreknowledge be reconciled with freewill? The difficulty is not to be got rid of by discrediting the reality of freewill, and treating it as a thing for which there is no evidence. When Johnson silenced Boswell's chatter with the words, "Sir, we know our will is free and there's an end on't," he expressed a great truth in language not the less philosophically accurate on account of its colloquial curtness. The consciousness possessed by an agent about to perform an act, that he is at liberty to perform it or not, is really conclusive evidence that the act is free. For it matters not a jot whether consciousness be "an independent faculty," or whether—as, Mr. Buckle reminds us, "is the opinion of some of the ablest thinkers"—it be not merely "a state or condition of the mind." If consciousness be a condition of the mind, so also is perception; but perception, whatever else it be, is also that which makes us acquainted with external phenomena, just as consciousness is that which makes us acquainted with internal emotions. The two informants, it is true, are not equally trustworthy. Perception often deceives us, but consciousness never. We cannot fancy we are glad when we are not glad, or sorry when we are not sorry, or hopeful when in despair; and to pretend that we can possibly be conscious of willing when we are not willing, would be as absurd as to meet the *cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes, with the reply that, perhaps, we do not really think, but only think we think.

Freewill, then, being an indisputable reality, how can it be reconciled with foreknowledge? There can be no more conclusive way of showing that the two things are capable of coexisting than to point to an example of their actual co-existence, and such an example is afforded by the idea of Infinite Power. Omnipotence, which by its nature implies freewill, comprehends also Omniscience. Omnipotence can do anything whatsoever which does not involve a contradiction; but even Omnipotence can do nothing

which Omniscience does not foresee. It can, indeed, do whatsoever it pleases; but Omniscience foresees precisely what it will be pleased to do. With unbounded liberty to choose any course of action, it can yet choose no course which has not been foreseen; but its freedom of choice is evidently not affected by the fact that the choice which it will make is known beforehand. Neither is that of man. A wayfarer, with a yawning precipice before his eyes, may or may not, as he pleases, cast himself down headlong. Whether he will do so or not is, and always has been, positively foreknown; but that fact in no degree affects his power of deciding for himself. Still it is obvious that, in this instance also, foreknowledge is based entirely on causation. It is solely because human volitions take place as inevitable effects of antecedent causes that Omniscience itself can be conceived as capable of foreseeing them. Human volitions are free. Man is free to will of his good pleasure; but, nevertheless, what he may be prompted to will depends on the influence which the circumstances among which he is placed may exercise upon the constitution and character which he has derived from pre-existing circumstances. This combination of circumstances, however, acts, not as Mr. Buckle contends, irrespectively of human volitions, but by and through them; or rather, perhaps, it might be more correct to say, that it creates the volitions which constitute man a free agent. But can man be a free agent? Can his will be free, if that will be moulded and shaped by circumstances over which he has no control? It might be replied that the formation of a man's character is not altogether beyond his control; but a more complete and conclusive answer to the question may be obtained by referring to the preceding illustration. It is manifest that there cannot be omnipotence without boundless liberty. Omnipotence, therefore, necessarily implies the completest freedom of will. Yet even the will of omnipotence—even (be it said with reverence) the Divine will—is not exempt from the

universal law of causation. Its movements are not unmeaning, purposeless, wayward; they, too, have their appropriate springs, and proceed by regular process from legitimate causes,—the chief of those causes being the infinite perfection of the Divine nature. Does man, in order to believe himself free, require more freedom than his Maker?

The fact then that human conduct, being subject to the law of causation, may by adequate intelligence be predicted in its minutest details until the end of time, by no means proves that it is regulated by invariable laws, which act irrespectively of human volitions. There is no one living to whom such a doctrine—degrading man, as it does, into a helpless puppet, robbing him of all moral responsibility and of every motive either for exertion or for self-control—can be more utterly repugnant than to Mr. Mill, who nevertheless, although dissenting from Mr. Buckle's more extreme opinions, makes use of some expressions which may be construed into a qualified approval of his general views. Even Mr. Mill speaks of "human volitions as depending on scientific laws," thereby implying that the circumstances from which human motives and, consequently, human actions result are continually recurring with a certain regularity. He speaks of "general laws affecting communities, which are indeed modified in their action by special causes affecting individuals, but which, if their effects could be observed over a field sufficiently wide and for a period sufficiently long to embrace all possible combinations of the special causes, would be found to produce constant results."¹ This proposition seems to proceed on the assumption that general causes are either of uniform operation, or that, if they vary in their effects, their variations, and also those of special causes, occur with a certain regularity, and constantly recur within a certain definite period. But this is precisely what cannot possibly happen. Among the general causes referred to, some few

are continuous—those, namely, which are inherent in human nature; but even these are continually modified in their action by changes continually taking place in those other general causes which constitute the existing state of society, and which are not merely continually changing, but are continually becoming more and more different from what they were originally. So much is fully admitted by Mr. Mill himself, and indeed can be scarcely more strongly enforced than by his own words. "There is a "progressive change," he says, "both in the character of the human race, and in their outward circumstances, so far as moulded by themselves; in each successive age the principal phenomena of society are different from what they were in the age preceding, and still more different from any previous age."² It is admitted, then, that there can be no recurrence of social phenomena; and it is obvious that, the longer the period of observation, the less possibility can there be of their recurring, since the greater is the certainty that new causes will come into operation. But, even though it were possible that all the external circumstances which have once influenced either communities or individuals could be repeated, the same circumstances could not a second time produce the same effects. Men of different characters are affected in very different ways by the same influences, and the characters of any particular generation of men are always very different from those of every preceding generation. Let it be supposed, for the sake of argument, that the French of the present day could be placed in precisely the same social condition in which their fathers were towards the close of the last century, still they would act very differently from their fathers. Nay, even though they should, with one single exception, have inherited the dispositions of their fathers, the difference of character in one single individual might suffice to give an entirely new turn to the course of events. If every other antecedent of the first French Revolution were again present, still there might be no second

¹ Mill's Logic. Fifth Edition. Vol. ii. p. 527.

² Mill's Logic, vol. ii. p. 504.

revolution, provided only that, instead of another Louis the Sixteenth, a Leopold of Belgium were king. With a John Lawrence on the throne (supposing it to be in the nature of things that so much energy and administrative capacity could be born in the purple), there would assuredly be no repetition of that vacillation of purpose which rocked the cradle and fostered the growth of popular fury till it culminated in a Reign of Terror. Since, then, there cannot be either a repetition of the same circumstances to act upon men, or a reproduction of the same sort of men to be acted upon by circumstances, human conduct can never exhibit a repetition of the same phenomena; experience of the past can never, in social or political affairs, furnish a formula for predictions as to the future. Accordingly Mr. Mill, in common with Mr. Stephen, disclaims the idea of positive, and pleads only for conditional, predictions. But the very term "conditional predictions" involves a contradiction, since it is obviously impossible to see beforehand what perhaps may never come to pass. What is meant by the phrase is really nothing more than conjectures; and conjectures, however ingenious and reasonable, cannot be admitted within the pale of science.

With the view of enhancing the value of conditional predictions, it has been urged that they are of precisely the same description as those which we are in the habit of hazarding with respect to our familiar acquaintance. There are, it is said, "general maxims regarding human conduct, by the application of which to given states of fact, predictions may be made as to what will happen;" and all that is necessary for the construction of historical science, is the employment of these maxims on a larger scale. If the premiss here be sound, the inference may be owned to be sufficiently legitimate. If there be any formula with which the actions of individuals are observed to correspond, there is every likelihood that the same formula may, by extension and amplification, be adapted to the actions of communities. But, although there are

plenty of maxims telling men what they ought to do, there is not one—except that which declares that they must all die—which affords any positive information as to what they will do. "Thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not commit adultery;"—all these and many more are moral laws; but of not one of them—the more's the pity—is the observance sufficiently regular, to give it the smallest pretension to be styled a scientific law. General propositions, too, there are in abundance, representing with more or less accuracy the probable results of particular lines of conduct. Such are the proverbial sayings, that "Honesty is the best policy," that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," that "The racecourse is the road to ruin." But adages like these were never supposed to afford any basis for prophecy. It may be that an honest man more commonly gets on in the world than a knave, though there is also much to be said on behalf of the counter-proposition, that "The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" but, at any rate, there is no doubt that a man may be honest without being prosperous, and that he is often all the poorer for his probity. But, indeed, is there any one conceivable situation in life in which a positive rule can be laid down as to the course which men will follow? Can it even—to make use of an illustration which has been very effectively employed on the other side—can it even be said that a man will certainly marry a woman with whom he is deeply in love, who returns his affection, whom he can marry if he likes, and whom he has the means of maintaining in a suitable manner? Nine times out of ten he probably will; but in the tenth instance a Brahmin's passion may be checked by fear of contamination with a Pariah, or a King Cophetua's pride may prevent his wedding a beggar-maid, or the titled owner of an entailed estate may decline to illegitimize his offspring by espousing his deceased wife's sister, or betrothed lovers may be parted by some such mysterious

barrier as sprang up between Talbot Bulstrode and Aurora Floyd, or an Adam Bede, in spite of the example set by George Eliot's hero, may refrain from marrying Dinah for fear of breaking his brother Seth's heart.

Equally vain would be the search for any rule invariably applicable to political affairs. Even general propositions which sound like truisms are not universally true. It cannot even be said that misgovernment always produces discontent, or that the combination of superior strength and superior strategy is always successful in war; for examples might be cited of nations remaining patient under an iron despotism, and perhaps also of campaigns lost by armies with every advantage of skill, numbers, and discipline on their side. No better specimen can be given of what are popularly spoken of as historical laws than one propounded by Mr. C. Merivale, whose careful study of Roman annals has taught him to regard it as "a condition of permanent dominion that conquerors should absorb the conquered gradually into their own body, by extending, as circumstances arise, a share in their own exclusive privileges to the masses from whom they have torn their original independence." The principle thus laid down is of great value, but it must not be mistaken for an index pointing unerringly to a goal which will certainly be obtained by following its direction. At least the offer of Austrian citizenship has as yet had no perceptible effect in overcoming the exclusiveness of Hungarian nationality; nor can it be expected to have more effect in inducing Venetia to become a willing member of a Teutonic Federation, and to lend the same assistance to the House of Hapsburg, as Gaul and Spain did to the Cæsars, in suppressing insurrection on the banks of the Danube. History supplies many principles similar to the one evolved by Mr. Merivale, all more or less useful for the guidance of the statesman. So far as they are just, they indicate the results which would spring from the adoption of certain lines of policy, unless some-

thing unforeseen should happen. It is true that something unforeseen is almost sure to happen and to divert or impede the course which events would otherwise take; but still, it is most important to be able to perceive clearly the influence exerted by certain causes, how much soever that influence may be disturbed by other causes; since, if it does nothing else, it will at least prevent the disturbing causes from producing what would otherwise have been their full effect. On principles which indicate only a few out of many causes in simultaneous operation, it is evident that nothing deserving to be called predictions can be founded; but from them, nevertheless—inasmuch as they teach that some causes act for good and others for evil, as far as their action extends—practical rules of government may be deduced. Such rules however, which at best can only furnish a loose and shifting basis for doubtful conjectures, stand without the confines of positive knowledge; they occupy a middle-ground between science and nescience, and constitute what, until very lately, was thought to be designated with sufficient distinctness as the "Philosophy of History." By that term, Mr. Stephen in one place says, is really meant all that he ever meant by the Science of History; and the observation, were it not apparently inconsistent with his general reasoning, might seem to imply that the only question between him and his opponents is whether a thing the existence of which is not disputed ought or ought not to receive a new appellation. But it is otherwise, at any rate, with Mr. Mill. The language used by him on this as on all other subjects, is too clear and precise to admit of its being supposed that he has used a new phrase without attaching to it a new signification, or to permit the writer of this article to believe, as he fain would do, that a point of nomenclature is the only point of difference between himself and one from whom it is impossible to differ without diffidence and self-distrust, and whom of all living men he most respects and admires.

THE FAIRY PRINCE WHO ARRIVED TOO LATE.

Too late for love, too late for joy,
 Too late, too late!
 You loitered on the road too long,
 You trifled at the gate :
 The enchanted dove upon her branch
 Died without a mate ;
 The enchanted princess in her tower
 Slept—died behind the grate ;
 Her heart was starving all this while
 You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,
 One year ago,
 Even then you had arrived in time,
 Though somewhat slow.
 The frozen fountain would have leaped,
 The buds gone on to blow,
 The warm south wind would have
 awaked
 To melt the snow,
 And life have been a cordial "Yes,"
 Instead of dreary "No."

Is she fair now as she lies ?
 Once she was fair ;
 Meet queen for any kingly king
 With gold-dust on her hair.
 Now those are poppies in her locks,
 White poppies she must wear ;
 Must wear a veil to shroud her face
 And the want graven there :
 Or is the hunger fed at length,
 Cast off the care ?

We never saw her with a smile
 Or with a frown ;
 Her bed seemed never soft to her,
 Though tossed of down ;
 She little heeded what she wore,
 Kirtle, or wreath, or gown ;
 We think her white brows often ached
 Beneath her crown,
 Till silvery hairs showed in her locks
 That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste :
 Her tones were sweet
 And modulated just so much
 As it was meet :
 Her heart sat silent through the noise
 And concourse of the street.
 There was no hurry in her hands,
 No hurry in her feet ;
 There was no bliss drew nigh to her,
 That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,
 Wasting upon her bed :
 But wherefore should you weep to-day
 That she is dead ?
 So, we who love weep not to-day,
 But crown her royal head.
 Let be these poppies that we strew,
 Your roses are too red :
 Let be these poppies, not for you
 Cut down and spread.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

RARIORA OF OLD POETRY.

BY WILLIAM BARNES, AUTHOR OF "POEMS IN THE DORSET DIALECT,"
 "PHILOLOGICAL GRAMMAR," ETC.

It was the opinion of Dr. Brown, author of the "History of the Rise and Progress of Poetry," as conceived from a description given of the entertainments of the Iroquois and Hurons, by Father Lafitau, that the dramatic and odic poetry of the Greeks, with strophe, antistrophe, and epode, or with verse and chorus,

was a natural growth from the song-dances of savage life. His opinion would have been confirmed if he had gathered what is now known of the song-dances of other tribes in America, Polynesia, or Africa.

The ring was the form most readily taken by a crowd of onlookers at an

open piece of action, as it is that taken by children round a tumbler, or by men round a match at boxing. But, while our tumblers and boxers answer to the single *dramatis personæ* of dramatic poetry, it is a rather open question, whether the chorus arose from a musician, like the piper, aiding the drama, or was at first the body of bystanders. Dr. Brown thinks that the chorus, in its original state, was indeed the audience who surrounded the narrator or actor, and answered him, at every pause, with shouts of triumph, approbation, or dislike. Among the Tonga men, in the time of Captain Cook, a trained chorus of many men was set in the middle of the ring, and played music, or sang words in answer to the performers. It was so in a performance of twenty women who sang a soft air with graceful limb-actions, followed by a brisk dance, and were answered in the same tone by the chorus. In another Tonga song-dance, the chorus sang at one time with the bands of performers, and at others in answer to them—though, in one of the song-dances, the whole body of performers was sun-dered into two choirs, each with a choragus, and, after a match of song between the two choragi, there was another of strophes with the two sides. Of the Kafir wedding-dance, a friend has told us that it begins with the bridegroom, who comes forth to the middle of the ring, and seems to try, by sundry figures, to fascinate his chosen; after which the company of the ring begin a dance, with song in praise of the bridegroom, the girl then coming out in her dance, which is again followed by a dance of the ring of bystanders or chorus, who sing in praise of the bride. The song of the company is usually ruled by a choragus, who is a man of good bearing, fine voice, and ready skill. In the war-dance, the *dramatis personæ* are chiefs, and their warriors mostly make up the chorus, and dance, "with wooden imitations of their weapons."

In all these song-dances we have the elements of dramatic and odic poetry—the dance, as the poetry of motion; *tune*,

as the sweet measure of time; and *song*, as the tale of the piece. We have here also, as we have in other cases, enough to warrant the saying that extremes meet; for, after we rise up through the sundry forms of music, we reach at last the opera, which is the nearest likeness of the song-dance of the savage. So when we have been brought to the highest forms of civilization, we find that the greatest joy of even our princes is the pursuit of the savage-hunting; and, as high skill is shown by the Nimrod of the townless wild, so we are told by Captain Cook that, in a song-dance of Tonga men, a choragus delivered his song "with an air so graceful as might put to the blush our most applauded performers."

A trained chorus must have come into the song-dance of savages at a very early time, for we find that the time of their turns, and the measure of their songs and shiftings of their figures, are so true that they must be as well known to their performers as the figures of a quadrille are known in the best dancing of our ball-rooms. Father Lafitau writes that some of the songs of the American tribes were so old that, often, the singers did not understand what they said; and Mariner tells us that the song-dances of Tonga are of sundry kinds, often marked by sundry names, and some of them with Hamoan songs, as clearly requiring to be learnt beforehand as the words of an Italian drama requires to be learnt by an English or German singer on the boards of an opera-house.

A note to the Pindar of Benedictus (1620) says, that the dancers of the lyric song-dance took one turn (strophe) from right to left, with the sun, and then a return (antistrophe) from the left to the right, with the planets from west to east, while the epode was sung in a stationary posture, answering to the steadfastness of the earth. Dr. Brown, however, would not go to the stars for the turn and return of the dance, but holds that the reverse wheel of the antistrophe was "for the plain reason of preventing giddiness, which ariseth from running round in the same circle."

From an insight into these song-dances, we can understand why music and bardship held so high a place among men. In many of them, as in the war-dance of the Kafirs, the *dramatis personæ* were kings; and two of the Tonga dances are performed only by tribe-heads and nobles. And, since the songs of these dances held forth to the minds of youth the highest lore of the time—as in the poem of Hesiod, and in some of those of the old scalds of the North—or quickened their minds by patterns of bravery and generosity, or some kind of great-mindedness, so, while the three Graces of the drama, Dance, Tune and Song, kept the ring pure as a school of good training, bardship held a high place in the state. The art was, like man himself, leaning to lower aims, *prona in deterius*, though wise men and bards themselves—as the British bards by their canons of bardship—did their best to preserve it as an instrument of good; but, the more it degenerated, the less honour had the bard even of high-aiming song. Thus, whereas, in the time of Hoel Dda, the social rank of the bard was near that of the king, now, when the muse has been so often pandered to the low tastes which she ought to have refined, the place of the poet is only where he can hold himself by his birth, his wealth, or his earnings.

From the song-dance came much of our poetic word-store. A *verse*—*versus* (*verto*)—answers to the Greek *strophe*, or *turn*, in the ring-dance; a *foot* is the measure of one step; and the word *stanza* means a stopping, as at the end of a turn. So the *burden* or short chorus of the old song was, in its first use, a short answer of the ring-singers—as, indeed, its name in British would seem to show; since the Welsh *Byrdon* (*Byr-ton*) means the short strain, as an answer to the longer *strophe*.

The burden of the Norse song, “The Death-Song of Lodbrock,” is *Huggom ver med haurvi*—“We hewed with our swords”—on till the last verse; before which the burden is, “*Now let us cease our song*,” which shows that the song of the

ring soon became a rote-learned poem, with both the tale-singer and chorus. Mr. Johnstone, an editor of the Death-Song, says that some learned Icelanders understood, with him, that the poem was of the kind called *Twi-saungr* (*Twi-songs*); and he thinks the picture more interesting if we conceive Lodbrock amid his warriors, who, animated by their own share in his victories, strike up at intervals, “We hewed with our swords.” The *Voluspa*, with most of the other old sagas, has a chorus-burden; and so, as I am told by a friend, has the Finnish epic, “*Kalewala*,” of which a version has lately been printed in German. And, as Mr. Johnstone writes, “In the triple chorus of *Tyrtæus*, a war-song for war-use, the infirmities of age were forgotten by the Spartan veterans, while they sung to the youths—

“*Ἄμμες ποκ’ ἦμες ἄλκιμοι νεανίαι.*
“We were once brave youths.”

When, in the British school of song, the bards had been bred in it by years of training, the crowd of the ring would be hardly a match for them in the epic poem; and it is not easy to perceive whether, in the warrior’s triplet (*triban milwr*), the oldest form of bardic poetry that has come down to us, there was a strain for a chorus, either trained or untrained.

In the old Druid song, “*Marchwiall Bedw*,” the third line of each of the nine verses is a didactic kind of burden, which might have been taken up by the people:—

“*Snow on hills, with tree-boughs hoar,*
Loud the whistling storm-winds roar,
Nature helps us more than lore.”

“*Snow on hills, and white are all*
House-roofs; ravens hoarsely call.
From much sleep the gain is small.”

“*Snow on hills, for fish the weir;*
Dells are haunted by the deer.
Idle for the dead’s the tear,” &c.

Whether or not the thoroughbred bard, who was forbidden to handle some low kinds of song, took up the *twi-song* of the Scalds, it is clear, from old songs of the Welsh, that the chorus was known in their more homely minstrelsy. “Ar

hyd y nos," "Throughout the night," is a chorus in an old Welsh song; as is another burden—"Hob y derie dando," "Swine of the oak-grove below." To an old English song there hangs a burden :

"Hai down, ho! down, derry, derry down,
All among the leaves so green, O!"

the first line of which, though in English it means nothing, seems to be, and may be, the burden of a Druid song :

"*Hai, deawn.* Haste, let us come.
Ho, deawn. Ho! let us come.

Dyre, dyre, deawn. Move on, move on.
Let us come," &c.

A yearning for the time-beating dance shows itself in the case of the old Welsh staff-minstrel, who recited poems in the halls of the great, and beat time with his staff. So the Tonga men, in the Lave, a kind of danceless singing, kept time with a clapping or motion of the hands; and it is noteworthy that, by the side of the dramatic song-dances, the Tonga men have two kinds of danceless singing—the Lave, and also the Hiva—with-out even clapping of hands. Thus we may believe that the poem for the ring and the poem of the bench, such as that of our couplets, and the Welsh *Cywydd*, might have kept their place in Greece or in Britain at the same time.

On the decline of the Roman Empire and the wide diffusion of Christianity, the Latin muse took up godly themes from the Bible, and there was a succession of Christian Latin and Greek poets for several hundreds of years.

Appollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, in the time of Theodosius the elder, who is said to have been more skilled in poetry than rhetoric, wrote Latin versions of the Psalms of David; and Damasus, Bishop of Rome, under the same emperor, wrote short poems in praise of some of the saints. Aurelius Prudentius was a consular man and a Christian, under Theodosius and his sons, and wrote, in hexameter verse, "The Soul-fight" (*Psychomachia*), on the war between the sins and graces in the soul, with poems in praise of some of the saints, and hymns

in sundry short and rather pretty metres. In the Morning Hymn is the thought that—

"None can always sin in sight
Of that wide-looking witness, light."

In the fifth century the harp of Christian song was taken up by Prosper of Aquitaine, Bishop of Reggio, who wrote, among his many works, a poem on Providence, and one on Ingratitude, and a book of epigrams on Christian subjects, in hexameter and pentameter verse. The following rough version of an epigram on Pride will show his treatment of his themes :—

"Other vices than pride are all sinful from
sinning;
Other sins, beside pride, are not dark from
the light;
But pride worketh harm to the soul with
two weapons,
And equally sins in the wrong and the
right."

In the "Hymn before Meat" he sings in a metre of quantity, which I give in that of accent :—

"Whate'er I win, with my skill, or my hand;
What from the air, or the sea, or the land;
What may have grown, or have walked,
swum, or flown,
He made for mine, and myself for his own."

Proba Falconia was a Christian lady, the wife of Adelphus, a Roman proconsul, and was learned in Latin and Greek. She has been called the Christian Sappho. She wrote on Bible subjects, in six-foot verse, and in rather close imitation of the verse of Virgil. A glimpse of her treatment of Gospel subjects may be caught from the following rough version of some lines on the people following our Lord :—

"By street and by land-bounded road,
He walks on in His glory;
While houses and fields, wide around Him,
have pour'd out their people,
That line, all in wonder, and wordless,
the way of His footsteps;
And soul-smitten mothers, beside Him,
behold, with love-yearnings,
His grace, and His looks, and His words,
as He passes before them."

In the same century (about the fourth) Juvencus, a presbyter of Spain, wrote a long poem, in hexameter verse, on the

Gospel History; and Marius Victorinus also wrote one on the death of the Maccabees, under Antiochus, with some hymns. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, has left, among other pieces, some Natales, or birthday odes, or deathday odes, on Domnidius Felix, a bishop of Nola, the deathdays of saints being called by the early Christians their birthdays. In some hymns, of which I have only a Latin version, written by Synesius, bishop of Cyrene, he tries to define some of the mysteries of the Godhead, whom he calls

“The eternal mind without substance.”

Of the Holy Trinity he speaks as

“Unity diffused in wonderful wise with a threefold might.”

Another poetic light of the fifth century was Eudocia, the queen of the Emperor Theodosius the younger—a Christian lady with the highest graces of mind and body, who set some of the Gospel subjects to Homeric verse. Sidonius of Gaul, Bishop of Auvergne, was the writer of some epistles and panegyrics, in sundry metres, and of some epigrams, of which a playful one to his sister's husband, on his birthday, may be taken as a specimen:—

“I am warn'd by the nones of November,
my birth-day again is approaching,
And bid you to keep it with me;—
as a summons you'll take my word.
And bring on your wife along with you;
come, both of you. Do not forget it.
And, when the day comes the next year,
I hope it will bring me a third.”

Another Christian muse of the fifth century was Cœlius Sedulius Scotus, who has left some hymns on the Works of God; and among them a hymn on Christ, which was sung in the Church at Christmas-tide and at the time of Epiphany. This hymn is alphabetic, or in four-line verses, beginning successively with the successive letters of the alphabet; as:—

“All who share our own day's light,
All whose day is in our night,
Let us sing our God the Lord,
Son of man, and God the Word.

Blest in immortality,
He took dying life, to die.

Through His death, as man's own son,
Man, his work, is not undone.

Child of man, He learnt to form
Words with which he lull'd the storm,” &c.

There is a remarkable case of alphabetic poetry, showing one of the uses of it, in the admirable type of the *Virtuous Woman*, in the Hebrew of the 31st chapter of the Book of Proverbs. It is a poem of twenty-two verses, beginning, in succession, with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet; so that a Hebrew girl, who, in her training, should learn it by rote, could hardly leave out a line, nor put one in a wrong place.

Among the patristic poets was Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, in the eighth century. He wrote a Latin poem in praise of *Single Life*, and a set of epigrams on things that came in his way or into his mind; as on the nightingale, on a water-spring, a beaver, a nettle, and even on the daddy-long-legs (*tipula*); on a pair of bellows, “breathing without life;” on a file, “screaming without a voice;” on a pair of millstones, “alike in usefulness, but unlike in state;” and on a writing-pen, “passing, by quick course, over white fields, leaving a dark track on the shining ground.”

An epigram, by Aldhelm, on the Moon, may be thus given in English:—

“I now, in common fates with ocean bound,
Mete monthly times, with alternating round,
When I from glory wane with shrinking side,
The sea increases, with a rising tide;”

which shows that he imputed the tide to the moon.

On a father born blind:—

“To my son I gave on the gift of sight
Which none had given me, thus born for
night.”

The Latin muse of the Church had not been stilled before divine strains were taken up in the tongues of other peoples gathered into her fold. Among these were the British and the Teutonic races, whose schools of poetry differed much from each other, and far wider from that of the Latin and Greek poets.

The early Teutonic school of poetry was marked not by quantity, or a mea-

sure of syllables, long and short, like the Greek and Latin, nor precisely by measures of accents, high and low, like our own, but by clipping-rhyme, with measures of emphases, or *loudings*, as we may call them; and, so far, it shows a likeness to the poetry of the Hebrew Bible.

The true rule of Teutonic clipping-rhyme was, that in a couplet there should be three *loudings*, two in one line and one in the other, and that they should begin with the same clipping; as:—

“A wellspring of water
Is wealth in the land.”

The strict rule of one kind of Norse or Icelandic verse is that the first line should be marked with two of the clippings, and the other with the third. But this rule does not always hold in old Saxon or English-Saxon verse—in which many couplets are over-rhymed, while others are under-rhymed; and in Norse there are verses of more than two lines with more repetitions of clipping-rhyme, and in some cases the clipping-rhyme is inverted, so that the first line has the one clipping, and the latter the two others. Thus in the legend of Saint Margaret, if we may write the words in new form:—

“And all that beset is
With sea and with sun.”

The following couplets are over-rhymed:—

“For I have to help
My high healand (Saviour) in heaven.”

“He wields through His will,
Winds and the waters.”

As cases of under-rhyming, we have from King Alfred's Boëthius:—

“O thou shaper
Of the sheer (bright) stars,
Of heaven and earth,
Thou on thy high seat.”

The loudings may begin with sundry voicings (vowels) instead of clippings, and the low-toned breath-sounds between them may be few or many.

This Teutonic school of poetry is represented by the old Saxon Harmony of the Gospels; Judith's and Beowulf's

poems; as the Traveller's Song and the Battle of Finsburg; Cædmon's Paraphrase of the Old Testament; Cynewulf's Verses on the Advent of Christ; and King Alfred's version of the Verses of Orosius, a Roman of the fifth century, on the Consolations of Philosophy (Religion). It owns also sundry other writings of sundry times till Chaucer—such as the Legend of St. Margaret, lately printed by Mr. Cockayne, and the Vision of Piers Plowman, with the Soul's Reproach of the Body (as printed by Mr. Singer); in which luxurious ease is drawn, in an older form of words, as follows:—

“And thou sattet on thy bench
Underlaid with thy bolster;
Thou castedst knee over knee,
Nor knewest thou thyself.”

In later times the old rules of clipping-rhyme were utterly slighted, and lines were over-rhymed, as we find in the Paradise of Dainty Devises, of the sixteenth century.

In the history of poetry, Langland's “Piers Plowman”—a work of about the same age as Chaucer's “Canterbury Tales”—is very interesting, as being of the outgoing Teutonic school, while Chaucer was a disciple of the in-coming Celtic one. It is amusing to see in Cooper's “Muses' Library” of pieces from old poets, how he stumbles at Langland's versification, into which he had not found any insight. “The worst writer, after Chaucer,” says the good man, “had some regard to measure, and never neglected rhymes, whereas this (Piers Plowman) is greatly defective in both.”

“O Cooper, you caught not
The key to the verse.”

The Celtic school of poetry in bardship, owned, in early times, our breath-sound rhyme and metrical accent; and in later times took up a most refined form of clipping-rhyme (*cyngánedd*); and to this school of poetry, I think, we owe all that is good in versification, though not in substance, in the poetry of Europe, which has displaced the loose versification of Teutonic poetry and the un-

rhymed measures of quantity of the Greek and Latin school. We think no sweeter or more flowing verse has been written in English Cornwall than some of the bits of chain-rhyme in the Cornoak Miracle Plays.

The skill of bardic verse is not perceived without the key which is found only by a careful weighing of verse with verse. The intensity with which Liwarch Hen stamps the unity of place, time, and theme, is shown in his poem on the death of Urien Reged. The poet wants to show what, soon after Urien's death, was the desolation of the site of his palace; and he begins every one of the first ten verses (warrior's triplets) with the words "Yr aelwyd hon" (This hearth); as:—

"Is not this hearth, where goats now feed?
Here chatt'ring tongues, with noisy speed,
Once talk'd around the yellow mead.

"Is not this hearth this day among
Tall nettles? Once here stood a throng
Of Owen's suitors all day long.

"Is not this hearth with grass o'erspread?
Ere noble Owen yet was dead,
The cauldron-heating flames were red.

"Is not this hearth where toadstools grow?
There Owen's warriors once did show
The sword-blade dreaded by the foe.

"Is not this hearth within a band
Of rushes? Once here blazed the brand,
And food was dealt with lib'ral hand.

"Is not this hearth below the thorn?
Here, ere it thus was left forlorn,
Did once pass round the mead's deep horn.

"Is not this hearth where emmets crawl?
Here blazed the torch upon the wall,
Around the crowded banquet-hall.

"Is not this hearth now cold among
Red sorrel-stems? Here once a throng
Of warriors drank with laugh and song.

"Is not this hearth, where swine have plough'd?
Here once bold warriors' tongues were loud,
As mead-cups pass'd among the crowd.

"Is not this hearth, where scrapes the hen?
No want was here among the men
Of brave Owen and Urien."

This ode shows, in the original, great skill in the taking in succession of the things that then marked the hearth with those that had marked it in happy times; and there is skill in the last triplet, in the contrast of the hen scratching for grains with the former fulness of the palace.

So in the ode on the death of Cynddylan, fourteen triplets begin with his name; sixteen with "Ystavel Cynddylan" (The room of Cynddylan); eleven with "Eryr Eli" (The eagle of Eli); seven with "Eglwysau Bara" (The Churches of Bara); and five with "Y trev wen" (The white town).

A very pretty kind of composition of Welsh poetry is the *Englyn*, or epigram of four lines, the form of which may be conceived from the following version:—*Englyn* by Cyndélw (1150) to the huntsmen of Llewelyn, Prince of Powys, on their giving him a stag which they had killed near his house.

"High is the hunter's call, wide fly—the
blasts
Of horns, from sky to sky.
Llewelyn's horn, in war blown high,
Big-stemm'd, wide-bowl'd. Loud his cry."

It may not be known to all of our readers, that the old song, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" is a version of an old Cornoak one, a bit of the small remaining quantity of Cornoak verse:—

"Where are you going, little fair maid,
With your rosy cheeks, and your golden
hair?
I am going a-milking, sir, she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens
fair."

Which last line, on the use of a decoration of strawberry-leaves, as a cosmetic, is a burden to each verse.

POPULAR TALES OF DENMARK.

BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

CHIEFLY since the appearance of Mr. Dasent's Preface to the Norse Tales have such stories begun to assume amongst ourselves an unwonted aspect of gravity and dignity. Proscribed by all reverend authority, they had for ages led a fugitive life as "blethers," under which name Mr. Campbell found them skulking in Highland shielings. A German friend of our own, intent on etymological and legendary phenomena, undertook a pilgrimage to Wales, but was surprised at the scantiness of his harvest. Venturing a remonstrance on behalf of the mythologies, a Methodist who heard him shook his head and said, "Ah, sir, they've been *chapeled down!*" Elsewhere, throughout our island, their history has been much the same. But by nursery and all other angles they have not ceased to cherish their spark of life; they have gushed merrily from their fountain-head in granny; their congenial time has been the twilight of a winter afternoon; and through open mouth or ears or eyes—whichever of the "Five Gateways" could in the hurry be thrown widest for their entrance—they have not failed to pass in triumph into the heaven of all good *Märchen*—the most catholic brain of Six-years-old.

It was always evident that these stories could not be of yesterday; it is now known that their antiquity can be measured only by that of the human race. They were the heritage of our Aryan family in its nursery in Central Asia, before the dispersion of the tribes which now bear its name. And their antiquity is matched by their vitality. They have survived unreckoned changes, adapting themselves and finding a home alike in Indian jungles and Russian snows, in the haunt of the tiger and that of the white bear, under the glittering minarets of Brahma and Vishnu,

and on the misty mountains of Fingal, by the blue waves and marble temples of Greece, and beneath the grim forests of Germany. Peace and war, bondage and freedom, heathendom and Christianity, have not disturbed them. They have adapted themselves, changing often not their dress only but their figure. But we are not now going to write their history, and we must beg the reader to take the proof of our facts for granted.

Again and again, in the lapse of centuries, one or other such tradition has been laid hold of by art and turned by her to her own account. But, though thus fixed and made illustrious in a work of imagination, the tradition has not on that account been restrained from going her own way in the popular mouth. None the less for poets and sculptors of Greece and Rome has the tale of Amor and Psyche excited eager listeners to sympathy in the fate of the loving but too curious maiden with her candle and its unlucky drops of grease, in regions where the names of Amor and Psyche were never heard and on whose shores not a wave of Grecian or Roman art ever rippled. The more we inquire the more we shall find how largely all poets have been indebted to the storehouse of narrative laid up for them by our forefathers in the nursery of the nations.

For children these stories—as stories—have their value still; for grown men they had long ceased to have any. The invention of printing did what no migration or religious revolution could do—it dealt them a deathblow; and, except in quarters where the influence of the press has not been much felt, they have "retired from active life" and linger now only in the memories of the aged. But, in our own day, a new sort of interest has gathered round them. They have been found to throw

a light, wholly their own, on what our fathers did and thought in pre-historic ages. Hence the activity recently shown in procuring them in an ungarbled popular form. *Renaissance* and periwig versions no longer suffice. As yet, however, but little progress has been made in forcing them to yield what information they possess. Not until we shall have made an exhaustive collection and comparison of all the popular tales—firstly of our own race, and eventually of the world at large—will it be possible to say that the science of “Storyology” has got standing-ground.

In face of such splendid exceptions as Mr. Campbell's four volumes of “Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach,” we must affirm that the writing down of traditional lore is not yet quite acclimatized with us. Abroad, in many parts, it has long been both a pursuit and a pastime. In Germany, ever since the earlier volumes of the Grimms' “Kinder und Hausmärchen” were issued, not a nook of the Fatherland has escaped being put under contribution. With wonderful prolificness, Thuringia, the Harz or the Giant Mountains, still yield their quota annually. In Scandinavia the quest is followed with no less zeal, and, as some volumes now lying before us evince,¹ with remarkable method.

Mr. Svend Grundtvig, the editor of these Danish tales, is the son of Denmark's famous skald and priest, the venerable N. F. S. Grundtvig, and is best known by his admirable edition of the Danish ballads. Although he undertakes the responsibility of the present publication, he has had little or no share in the burden of collecting its materials; *this* part of the work has been done by a very miscellaneous band of agents throughout the length and breadth of the land. Parish schoolmasters, theological students, and ladies of “high degree,” seem, however, to be the chief contributors. They have plied their task with energy, and we hope their example will be largely fol-

lowed; for, as Mr. Grundtvig tells us, one of his chief motives in bringing out the collection by instalments has been to induce persons in other districts to attempt a similar quest. We should be glad if our present introduction of this Danish picnic to an English public, should have the effect of stirring some of the intelligent leisure of our own rural districts into “storyological” action. Although, for reasons not now to be entered upon, England and the Scottish lowlands may be poorer in “folk-lore” than most other countries of Northern Europe, yet we believe that, by some similar process of combination, a very creditable harvest might be gleaned. The task requires prudence, patience, and much dexterity, as any one who has tried it will testify. We ourselves remember, many years ago, accompanying some of the contributors to this very volume on their rounds among the peasantry of Denmark. What different methods had to be tried—what excess of eagerness had to be shown—what indifference had often to be affected—how many pots of jelly had to be judiciously administered, ere we could unseal the fountain! And even then, how would pure waters and troubled flow forth together! Gossip about the neighbours, ballads learned at school, or sometimes of *original composition*, would the oracle insist on having written down with due deference—else, good-bye to further communications from *that* quarter! In those days—and we hope it may be so still—throughout the rural parts, not of Denmark only but of all Scandinavia and of Germany, it was no rare thing to see pale students throw aside their Hebrew roots, and blooming misses don their hats of straw, and then hang breathless for hours on the lips of some old crone.

In choosing some specimens for translation, we have in the meantime limited ourselves to the first volume. The following story is interesting, partly through its very deficiency in those artistic qualities in which popular tales so wonderfully abound. It is full of genuine Baltic farmhouse humour; but, as a tale, it is

¹ Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde, &c. &c. samlede og udgivne af Svend Grundtvig. Kjøbenhavn, 1855—61.

among the crudest we ever met with : nothing is *motived* in it. The narrator seems to have heard a good story, and then to have forgotten all but the *denouements* that had tickled his fancy ; these he has strung afresh on a thread of Danish homespun.

VERY soon after the world was made, a soldier who had just obtained his discharge was journeying on the public road, with nothing in his pocket but a few shillings and rations for two days. Now, as he trudged along he met three men, one of whom carried a shovel, another a mattock, and the third a spade. The soldier stood still, stared at them, and demanded where they were bound for. "Well, I'll just tell you," replied one of the three. "There has been a man buried this morning who was owing each of us a shilling, and we're off to dig him up again, for we're determined to have back our money."

"Oh, what good would that do?" cried the soldier ; "just you let the dead man lie. He'll not stand you in shillings ; don't trouble him now he's buried."

"Oh, that's all very fine," cried the other, "but our money we must have ; so we'll up with him."

The soldier began to see that soft words would not have much effect, so he said, "Here, I've got two shillings ; will you take them and let the dead man alone?"

"Well, two shillings are always worth having," said the men, "but they'll not pay more than two of us ; what's to become of the third ? Have you nothing for him?"

Now, when the soldier found that nothing was to be done with scoundrels like them, he said, "Well, well, if it can't be helped. Here, I've got but eighteen-pence left ; take your shilling out of that, and have done with it." At this they were all mightily pleased ; they took the soldier's three shillings, and went back the road they had come.

Now, when the soldier had gone a good bit further he was overtaken by another wayfarer, who first bowed to

him very politely, and then walked alongside of him on the highway, looking uncommonly pale, and not uttering so much as a squeak. In course of time they arrived at a church, and then the stranger spoke and said, "We must go into this church."

The soldier stole a look at him sideways, and said, "Surely not ! what in the world would we do in the church at midnight?"

"But I tell you," returned the other, "we *must* go in."

Well, in they went, and walked right up to the altar ; and there they found an old woman sitting with a lighted candle. "Pull a hair out of her head and smell it," said the stranger. The soldier did as he was bid, but nothing happened. The stranger told him to do it again, and he did it again ; but still all was quiet. The third time he pulled a whole bunch of hairs out of her head ; but at that the old wife got into such a towering rage that she flew right up through the roof of the church, and carried all the leads with her.

So they both left the church, and went down to the beach, where they found the leaden roof lying. "Jump in," says the stranger ; "we must put to sea directly."

"Are we to put to sea?" cries the soldier, who could make nothing of all this ; "there's no ship."

"Leave that to me," says the stranger ; "just you jump in and sit down beside me on the leaden roof ; for, you must know, beyond sea lives a princess to whom it has been foretold that she shall never be married, unless some one comes for her in a leaden ship. So you have a chance to make your fortune, if you like."

Well, away they sailed on the leaden roof : and by-and-by they came safe to land in the kingdom beyond the sea. There were grand doings on their arrival, and the wedding of the soldier and the princess was held with such splendour as never was seen either before or since.

As soon as the ceremony was over, a chaise drew up at the church door, and

bride and bridegroom stepped in, followed by the stranger. The coachman inquired where he was to drive to, and the stranger told him, "Drive, as hard as the wheels will turn, to where the sun rises." So off they drove, neck or nothing.

By-and-by they came to an immense flock of sheep. By the roadside went the shepherd, and to him the stranger beckoned, inquiring who he was, and where he came from. "I am the Count of Revensborg," replied the herd, "and yonder stands my castle." Then the stranger bade the coachman drive on again as hard as he could. In a twinkling they whisked into Castle Revensborg; but hardly had they got down from their coach before there was a tremendous thundering at the gate: the shepherd stood outside, and would be in. So the stranger went down and inquired what he wanted. Well, he wanted to get into the castle, which he had a good right to, he said, for it was his own. The stranger reflected for a minute, and then told the shepherd (who was a Troll) that he might certainly come in if he chose, but only on condition that he underwent the Torment of the Rye.

"The Torment of the Rye!" said the Troll. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," replied the stranger, "that, when autumn comes, you shall be sown deep in the ground; and then in spring, when you come up again, and when the rain has watered you and the sun ripened you till you are ready for the sickle, you shall be mown, and dried, and driven to the barn, and then thrashed over and above."

"What?" screamed the Troll—"shall I be thrashed?"

"Of course you shall," said the other; "first thrashed, and then taken to the mill and ground."

"Ground, too!" roared the Troll—"shall I be ground?"

"To be sure!" quoth the other—"both ground and sifted;" but at that the Troll flew into such a fury that he burst all to flints.

Then the stranger went to the soldier and his bride, shook hands with them, and said to the former:

"Well! you see I have got you the Princess to wife, and I have destroyed the Troll in Revensborg; his castle and all his wealth are yours now: I have done the same by you as you did by me when you spent your three shillings for me."

"My three shillings!" cried the soldier; "I had forgotten all about them!"

"So you had," replied the stranger, "else I could not have helped you. But now farewell to you both. I must go to my own place."

The next has been, under other forms, widely enough diffused. It is to be met with, for instance, in Persian, in mediæval German and Spanish, in French and Italian. In the sixteenth century it fell into the grasp of Shakespeare, and, through him, has become familiar to us all. The following version was taken down in the district of Vendsyssel, in Northern Jutland, where, we dare say, the worthy boors have long found it highly entertaining. It is curious to find details such as the ride through the wood, and the killing of the horse, reproduced here just as we read them in the old High German ballad.

A man and his wife had once three daughters, whose names were Karen, Maren, and Metty. The girls were nice enough looking, but cross and crabbed they were all three, though the most crabbed by far was Metty. In the course of time there came wooers to Karen and Maren, and they both got married; but it was a precious while before anybody ventured to woo Metty. At length, however, she got a sweetheart too; but, to be sure, he came from a long way off. The bans were to be read three times, he said; and on the third day, after the third reading, at a particular hour, which he mentioned, they were to meet at church to be married; and with that he went his way.

When the wedding-day arrived, the old folks proceeded to church with their daughter; but they had to wait a good while for the bridegroom. At last he made his appearance, riding on an old

gray horse, with a gun at his side, a pair of thick worsted mittens on his hands, and a great dog at his heels. As soon as the marriage was over, he said to the bride, "Jump on the horse in front of me, and let us ride home!" She did as she was bidden, though her father made plenty of objections; he would have had them step in and get something to eat first: but the bridegroom kept to his point, and away they rode.

When they had gone a good bit, the bridegroom dropped a mitten. "Pick it up!" said he to the dog; but the dog did not pick it up. "Pick it up instantly!" said he again; but the dog let it lie. So when he had said the same thing a third time, and the dog never minded, he took his gun and shot it dead on the spot. Then they rode on, and came to a wood, where the bridegroom thought they might take a rest; so they got down, and threw the bridle over the horse's neck. By-and-by, when the bridegroom thought they had rested long enough, he called three times to the horse; but the horse took no heed, and went on grazing. So he took his gun and shot it. At this the bride felt quite strange; and then and there she formed a resolution that, come what might, she never would contradict her husband. A little afterwards her husband took a green twig, bent its two ends together, and gave it to her, telling her to keep it till he asked it back. Then they went the rest of the road on foot, till they came to their farm.

There they lived happily many years, for Metty did not forget the resolution she had made in the wood, viz. that she never would contradict her husband. She was always so gentle and docile that nobody would have said it was "crabbed Metty." So one day the good man says to her, "Mightn't we take a drive to your father's, Metty, and see how your mother and he are getting on?" Well! the good wife thought there was nothing she would like better; so the good man had the horses put to, and off they set. On the road they came to a number of storks all standing

together. "What a fine lot of ravens!" says the good man. "They're not ravens—they're storks!" says his wife. "Turn and drive home again!" cries the good man to the lad; so they drove back to where they had come from. A while after he asked her again. Wouldn't she like to go and see the old folks. Metty, of course, was very willing. On the road they came to a flock of sheep. "What a mighty big pack of wolves!" says he. "They're not wolves!" says she—"they're sheep." "Turn and drive home again!" cries he to the lad; so neither did they get any further that day. Well! a third time he asked her whether they shouldn't go to see her parents; and, as she very readily agreed, the horses were put to once more. When they had got on a long way they came to a flock of hens. "What a parcel of crows!" says he. "That's very true, I'm sure!" says she. So they drove on, and when they reached the old folks' house there were great rejoicings. Karen and Maren, with their husbands, were there too. Mother led her three daughters into her own room, for she was longing to question Metty about her new way of life, and to find out how she liked it. Meanwhile, father filled a jug with money, and placed it on the table before his sons-in-law, telling them it was to go to him who had the most dutiful wife. At that the eldest directly began calling out, "Karen, my love, just come here for a minute—do! dearest Karen." But for all his calling there came no Karen. Not even when he went into the bedroom, and, in a kindly sort of way, began to pull her, could he get her to move. The second fared no better with his Maren. So it was the third one's turn. He merely went to the door, knocked gently, and said, "Come here, Metty!" and out she came in a trice, asking whether he wanted anything. He said, "Only the twig that I gave you that day in the wood." Well, she had it by her, and handed it to him, and he showed it to the rest, with the words: "Look! I bent the twig when it was green: you should have done the same."

One is by contrast reminded of the indignant lady's sarcasm : "You block-head! you should have killed the cat on the wedding day."

There is plenty of broad humour from the plough and spade in this. Though local in character, it may not be uninteresting to ourselves, throwing, as it does, a gleam of light on regions with which few of us can ever hope to become conversant. We are informed, for instance, that

In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go to Assens one day with a load of barley ; so one of his neighbours, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching home some goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottar followed the cart on foot ; and as it was a very hot day he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church which stood on the roadside. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that, as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon ; he could soon make up to the cart again.

He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him ; so he stood inside of the door. The Gospel for that Sunday was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church, the minister shouted out, "But what became of the rich man ?"

The Ebberup man thought the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said :

"He drove on to Assens with a load of barley."

"No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell."

"Mercy on us!" cried the other, running out of church ; "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

In Mr. Campbell's Gaelic Tales, we

read of the brownie on the island of Inch, near Easdaile, who has so long taken care of the cattle belonging to the MacDougals of Ardincaple. His perquisite is two Scotch pints of warm milk every night. If the dairymaid happens to neglect it, he pitches a cow over the rocks before morning. It would seem that brownies in the Highlands and in Jutland are wonderfully alike.

At Toftegaard there used to be a brownie who brought good luck to the house. But neither did the folk ever forget to put down for him at night in the stable a cupful of sweet brose, with a lump of butter in it. One evening the kitchen-girl had put the butter rather deep into the brose, so that the brownie thought she had forgotten it. At this he grew so angry that he went to the cow-house and wrung the neck of the best red cow. But, feeling hungry by-and-by, he came back to the brose, found the butter, and was sorry for what he had done. So he hoisted the dead cow on his shoulders, carried it across the Nyaa to a farmyard in Jetsmark, took in its stead another cow that was as like the dead one as two pins, and brought it to Toftegaard.

We shall conclude with a pleasing variation on a familiar theme. It is entitled "A Moment in Heaven."

There were two young fellows who had long been the best of bosom friends, and they agreed that wherever they should be, or however far separated, they would come to each other's wedding. But one died, and years passed before the other was married. On the wedding day, as he sat at table by his bride, and the feast was nearly ended, the bridegroom saw his deceased friend enter the room ; but no one else could see him. The bridegroom rose, went to meet his friend, and led him outside. His friend said, "See! I have come to your wedding, as I promised." The bridegroom asked, "How is it with you where you now are?" His friend answered, "It is so well with me that I cannot

describe it. But if you like, you can come yourself for a little and see.” “But,” said the bridegroom, “I am just going to dance with my bride.” “The dancing won’t begin for a little,” said the other; “come away!”

So they went together to Heaven, and there all was more beautiful than tongue can tell. Presently the bridegroom’s friend turned to him and said, “You had better go; your bride misses you.” “Oh, I have hardly been here a moment yet,” replied the other. His friend turned to him again and said, “Make haste now and go; they are all anxiously seeking for you.” But he answered again, “Oh, I have hardly been here one moment yet.”

His friend said the third time, “Now, you *must* begone!” So he returned to earth and went to the house where the bridal was held; but it all

seemed changed. He saw no chaises waiting outside, nor could he hear any music. Then he felt quite strange, and asked a woman who was coming out at the door, “Isn’t there a wedding here to-day?”

“Wedding!” said the woman; “it’s many a long day since there was a wedding in this house. When I was a little girl, my grandmother told me that there had been a wedding here a hundred years ago; but, just when the dancing was going to begin, the bridegroom disappeared and never came back.”

Then he perceived that he had been in Heaven for a hundred years, and that all his friends on earth were dead and gone; so he prayed to our Lord that he might return to the place from which he had come. And our Lord heard his prayer.

“THE PEAL OF BELLS.”

In olden times, beside the Rhine,
There dwelt an artisan, who wrought
A peal of bells, and made them take
Sweet echoes from his thought.

So soft, so musical they were,
So touched with thoughts of other
years,

The voiceless air grew eloquent
To melt the heart to tears.

And where the convent crowns the crag
That rises from the vine-clad dells,
And reddens to the summer dawns,
They hung that peal of bells.

And, when the frozen breath of morn
Still wreathed the convent and its
trees,

Their silver octaves, note by note,
They loosened on the breeze.

And, when the eve had hushed the dells,
And lowing kine did home repair
A benediction soft and low
They breathed along the air.

And he who wrought them built hard by
A lowly cot wherein to dwell,

That he might hear at morn and eve
The bells he loved so well.

Erelong, her head upon his breast,
With blissful tears the sweet eyes dim,
A fair maid listens at evensong
To those clear bells, with him.

And soon glad children’s voices blend
With them, mirth that no cares de-
stroy;

Dear chimes, that to a father’s heart
Ring back his childhood’s joy.

And thus, with those he loved on earth,
He lived calm days with blessings
fraught—

Days that in music swan-like die,
Wept by the bells he wrought.

Till in his absence came a foe,
Who that fair convent overthrew,
And bore away the peal of bells,—
His wife and children slew.

Nor groan, nor murmur uttered he,
But straight the pilgrim’s staff he took;
To alien countries bent his way,
His home, his land forsook.

He wandered east, he wandered west,
 Crazed by a sleepless, inward woe—
 A poor, heart-broken, homeless thing—
 With feeble steps and slow ;

Until it chanced green Erin's shore
 He reached, and down the Shannon's
 tide,
 One still and balmy summer eve,
 Past Limerick's towers did glide.

Then suddenly the vesper chimes
 Came on the breeze in fitful swells ;
 He knows their voice—they are, they are
 His own beloved bells !

Folding his arms upon his breast,
 His head a little drooped the while,
 He listened—all the woe-worn face
 Lit by a quiet smile.

Old scenes, old forms, old friends crowd
 in
 Upon his brain from happier times,
 And little children's laughter low
 Rings in between those chimes.

His face turned towards the waning
 towers,
 His arms still folded on his breast,
 The boatmen found him cold and still :
 The weary heart at rest.

NEAPOLITAN PRISONS, PAST AND PRESENT.

It is no small thing for a traveller, or even for a tourist, to belong to a nation of recognised respectability, more particularly when he tours or travels (for they are two things) in a country whose nationality is rather vague and unsettled. However small he may be at home, some of the light of his country is reflected on him, and not only makes him think himself a great man, but not unfrequently makes others think so too, if it happens to suit their purpose. An Englishman, in particular, when travelling in a country in a more or less revolutionary state, is very apt to be laid hold of, and filled to the brim, like a jug, with new and valuable information as to what is going on, in the hopes that some of it may be carried home and poured out before an enlightened British public. He is apt to be by no means careful in the sifting of his information. Anything learned on the spot must be true ; and he finds plenty of people, in fashion and out of fashion, from dukes and duchesses down to cavalieri and ladies of doubtful reputation, quite ready to give it him. And if he be an M.P. he vows that Parliament shall hear o't, and goes to sleep with anticipated "Hear, hears," and cheers ringing in his ears.

It is a wonderfully pleasant sight for

those a little behind the scenes, and who are indifferent enough to the game to make good lookers-on, to see people gradually swell and dilate as the soft breath of the trained flatterer is blown into them ; to mark how the whispered colloquy in the corner of the drawing-room—horribly, deliciously dangerous !—gains every day a sweeter zest ; how the private and particular information to be used "in another place," murmured furtively and clandestinely (of course for fear of a brutal secret police, and not at all because if uttered openly it would be flatly contradicted on the spot), penetrates into the very soul of the awed and flattered listener. Little does he think that, if it be worth the while, everything is carefully arranged beforehand by astute plotters far away in the background of whose existence he knows nothing—the people he is to meet, the things they are to say, how his weak points are to be studied ; and, luckily for him, he little dreams of the way in which he is mentioned in childishly mysterious cipher letters, and how those, "who know," marvel where he has picked up the odd and disreputable people he is seen going about with.

I have a very good illustration of this sort of thing now before me.

It is an authenticated copy of a letter in cipher lately found, with much other perilous stuff, in the possession of a Bourbonist princess, who is at present receiving the wages of her amateur postmanship in a cozy suite of rooms in an "official" building in South Italy. It shows very clearly that one cannot be too cautious about information, even when picked up "on the spot," and how necessary it is to prove one's authorities before quoting them. It is not a very nice or straightforward sort of letter. There seems to be no anxiety to "let the truth, the whole truth, and nothing "but the truth" be shown to the Englishman—no, he is to be "fished for and surrounded." He was surrounded; he was fished for; he was caught, landed, and basketed—if all I hear be true. As I merely give a part of the letter as a specimen of how these things are done, and wish to hurt nobody, I carefully suppress names.

Translation of a letter in cipher, seized on the Princess ———.

"6th of Feb. 1863.

"95 to Clarenzio,

"This letter will probably reach you before another which I delivered to ———, but her departure has been delayed. If you permit, for the future, I shall call you 96, and the resolution (?) 99, for the sake of shortness. An Englishman has arrived here who calls himself a relation of Normanby. He is staying with Lady ———.

"He has refused every civility of La Marmora, and wishes to visit the prisons and to know our state. He has joined himself to Ventimiglia. *We shall fish for him and surround him.*"

The rest is mere small twaddly intrigue and notices of those of the party who had been arrested, and hints as to how scruples—priestly and others—might be removed.

Bearing these things in mind, during a recent visit to Naples, I very much gave up believing what I was told on either side of the question.

To a man at all interested in discovering whether the world he lives in grows better or worse—whether the religion he believes in shows its truthfulness by gradually civilizing and humanizing his fellow-men, or its want of truth by keeping them in a state of moral and, what is much the same, physical degradation—it is no slight thing to be unable to believe, at most, more than half what he is told. Seeing with one's own eyes being generally considered a tolerably safe way of arriving at facts, I thought that I should find in the prisons of Naples a fair test of advance or retrogression.

I went to see for myself. What I saw I say I saw, and what I heard I say I heard. I certainly believe what I saw; what I heard must be taken for what it is worth.

We will begin our tour with the Castle of St. Elmo, the apex of the pyramid of Naples. It will start us in a good humour; for its cells and crypts have received the greatest improvement they could by any possibility be capable of—there are no prisoners in them! I am afraid that I have already shown so strong a bias in favour of the new state of things by this hint of improvement that my evidence will be put out of court. I am sorry for it; but I must iterate and reiterate that the absence of human beings from these most abominable torture-holes is an improvement.

When one saunters through the *obliettes* of the old German castles, say those of Baden or the Marksburg, one feels a pleasant mixture of honour and gratification. It was so long ago since any one was confined in these stone boxes without light or air; the abominations of the place belong to such an utterly remote and bygone state of things, impossible in our time, as we fancy! In St. Elmo one is brought face to face with things as bad, if not worse than anything you see in Germany. You grope your way by the flickering light of the sergeant's lanthorn through passages and corridors; through exercising grounds—heaven save the mark!—hewn out of the solid rock, so dark as to ren-

der it impossible to recognise a human face at twenty feet distance, and into which open cells—without any light or air whatever except what they gain from this dank “darkness visible”—used as prisons for gently-nurtured men barely three years ago, and still reeking with the stench left by the last sweltering mass of misery. The man who shows you these horrors is the gaoler who turned the heavy bolts on the prisoners; the gentlemen whom you meet in society—the doctor who attends you, the lawyer who defends you—were the prisoners he guarded; and yet say the people, who threw up their caps for the new *régime*, hoping for place, and now send out their money to Piloni because they are placeless, “There is no improvement.” Bah! The mere absence of prisoners in the cells of St. Elmo is improvement enough for three short years.

It would take too long to describe all the ingenuity of iniquity lavished on the cells of St. Elmo; but one of them is worth special notice.

In the centre of a lofty vault is a square well-like opening, with a low parapet around it. Descending a staircase passage cut in the rock (and, by-the-bye, with cells partly built, partly hewn in its walls, without light or air), we arrive at a lower dungeon, which communicates with the one just left by the well mentioned—like two bottles, the neck of one fitting into the bottom of the other, the staircase winding round their sides. In this almost dark crypt fifty gentlemen of Palermo were placed, chained in pairs, in 1848, without bed or furniture beside the stone shelf running round it.

“Did they use the stick to them in those days?” was asked of the gaoler.

“No; after they had been down there a few hours they were quiet enough; and, besides, the sentinel placed at the well-mouth above fired down on the mass at the slightest disturbance.” No improvement since then, O reactionist?

Descending the hill, we arrive at the prison of Santa Maria Parente, infamously famous from having been the place of Poerio’s confinement during his

mock trial. (A cell, and one of the worst and most fetid in the upper prison of St. Elmo, was also pointed out to me as having been tenanted by him; but this is doubtful.)

Like all the prisons of Naples, it was not originally built for its present use, being a “converted” monastery. In the centre is a fair-sized courtyard, now being cleaned and whitewashed, with a cloister running round it, both of which are used for exercising, or rather lounging, yards by the prisoners. Out of the cloister open the principal cells, those looking south containing the political prisoners, those to the east the more ordinary criminals. In one of the former we found Bishop, condemned for conspiracy and carrying treasonable letters. His case was so fully reported at the time, and the general feeling in England was so decidedly in favour of the justice of his sentence, that I need not enter into particulars. He certainly has no cause to complain of any undue severity or strictness of supervision. He was smartly and nattily dressed, and, when I entered the room, was discussing the newspaper with a gentleman-fellow-prisoner, a man of some position. His room was of very sufficient size, very clean, and well furnished, with every comfort, including a “tub.” He had, moreover, from his window one of the loveliest views in Europe—over Naples, across the purple sea to Capri, and all the glorious coast-line from Castellamare southwards.

It is possible that the sight of the free white sails and the sound of the busy streets below may be additional sources of misery to an imprisoned man. I do not think that the Bourbons thought so, from what Arrivabene tells us of the state of this or the next cell in Poerio’s time:—

“It would have been airy enough had not the window, from which the monks enjoyed the view, been denied to the prisoner. Heavy shutters were placed against the glass, and these shutters were locked night and day, the room being lighted by the four round holes pierced at the top.

"Boards were fixed in the wall at the side of the cell, on which a filthy mattress, about six feet long and two feet wide, was placed."

This was the first prison in Naples, with prisoners in it, that I visited; and I was much struck with the perfect freedom of communication which was permitted between ourselves and the prisoners. I got used to it afterwards. I was surprised at being left by the officials in Bishop's room, to say or hear what we liked, and, if we chose, to plot the downfall of Victor Emmanuel. It was the same in the case of the other prisoners; and the officials were evidently sincerely anxious that we should have an opportunity of hearing what was unjust and wrong, in order that, by our making things public, good might follow.

The stone cell, or rather box, mentioned by Arrivabene, the roof of which was too low to permit the occupant to stand upright—in which Saro, the Albanian priest, was confined for more than a year, under the Bourbons—I forgot to ask for. Possibly it was bricked up for very shame, as many of the old "little eases" are. I may be told that I was not permitted to see it because there were at least two political prisoners in it. It may be so; but, had it been, I think that some of the communicative gaol-birds would have told me.

The Infirmary is situated in what, I believe, were the summer cells of the monks. Bare and crude to an English eye, it is certainly not to be compared to a ward in St. George's Hospital; but, judged from the latitude of Naples, there was nothing to complain of. It was clean and well ventilated; the bedding was clean and warm; and, as for the cells themselves, we must remember that they were built for monks, and, with all respect, they are a class of persons who, in Italy at least, have a very decent idea of making themselves comfortable. The patients made no complaint, and it is a question whether they were ever better off in their lives, liberty apart. In it were a Hungarian officer and two

or three of his men, and in the contiguous cells some more of their countrymen. It so happened that amongst our party was a Hungarian gentleman, who disclosed his nationality to them. He reported no complaint as having been made, even in Hungarian. They had, of course, been arrested without the slightest idea of the why or because, and had been kept there, according to their own account, without any examination whatever. They were—and herein they were in accordance with almost every man I met with in Neapolitan prisons—perfectly innocent of everything. I really believe that perfect virtue is only to be met with in these prisons, if you will but believe the prisoners. Their countryman exerted himself and procured their liberation. On my return to Naples, it was confessed to me by their deliverer, that, nautically speaking, there was a foul turn or two in their hawse—that there was but little doubt they were all, officer included, little better than sad rogues; that it was pretty certain they had deserted from the army and incontinently joined the brigands as a profession admitting of greater freedom and more profit; and, moreover, that their arrest was much more justifiable than their dismissal.

Here we find two great sins of the old régime still existing. The first is the mixture, more or less, of political prisoners with the more ordinary class of felons. I confess that the only reason I can see for the separation is that the educated man suffers more from the mixture than the pickpocket. One must, however, go into the distinctions between mere selfish and paid sedition and the real heartfelt struggles of a patriot wishing to improve his country, to discuss this question, and I have no room for it. The thing itself is not a new discovery of the Piedmontese. The Chevalier d'Aloe, himself a worshipper of the old family (one member of which, though as yet uncanonized, is worshipped as a saint, and does miracles; I have seen it with my eyes—the worship, not the miracles)—writing of this

same Maria Apparente, in 1853, tells us that it is "pour les criminels d'état, et pour les voleurs, comme aussi pour ceux auxquels la police inflige des punitions temporaires."

The second and greater sin is without excuse, except the lame one of expediency—the prolonged imprisonment of men without previous interrogation. It is of no use to use the "Tu quoque" here, and say that the same thing has been done over and over again both in France and Prussia whenever circumstances seemed to require it. The thing is wrong, and should be mended. The best remedy would be the granting the habeas corpus act, and then suspending it, whereby you might bag your game legally. I wonder what the head of the Berlin police would say to me if I proposed wandering amongst the cells of Spandau and talking confidentially to the prisoners there! Or whether the Emperor of the French would give me a visiting order to Cayenne, with "liberty of free circulation," in case I wished to ascertain how these things are managed in those countries! This, however, is political more or less, and no business of mine.

I should notice that, by a recent order, a visitor-book is kept at the prison, in which you are requested, nay pressed, to write your impressions as freely as possible, and particularly to point out any evils which you may consider as existing, with a view to their being remedied.

Our countrymen should be cautious how they commit themselves to this book, unless they are quite sure that they can believe their own eyes. Recorded eulogies are very inconvenient things when, for some reason or another, the recorder finds it necessary or useful to look at the subject through a new pair of spectacles—carefully tinted for him. Such things have happened. On the whole, I can fairly state that the general prison is decidedly clean—for Naples; that Bishop's cell is so clean and comfortable that I should not hesitate to hire it myself, particularly with its view; that the food supplied by Government

is equal, if not superior, to that consumed by far the greater number of prisoners when free; that the prisoners are permitted very free communication with their friends, and allowed to buy any addition to the prison fare they please, or can afford; that, with every opportunity of hearing, if it had existed, I had no hint of harshness or cruelty; that the most perfect confidence seemed to exist between the prisoners and their keepers; and that I was permitted any extent of communication, unwatched and unattended.

Here, again, I can state, if I am permitted to believe Mr. Arrivabene's eyes, that the improvement since the exit of the Bourbons is most decided.

The largest, and in some respects the most interesting, prison of Naples is the old "Castel Capuana," called also the "Vicaria," from its having served in old times as the palace of the Spanish Viceroy. The building itself is of great age, originally finished in 1231. Its exterior is fine and massive, a typical prison-palace of the middle ages. It was transformed into the seat of the law courts by Pietro de Toledo, in 1540.

Nowadays, part of it is taken up by public offices; and in one of its large rooms the "Lotto Reale" is drawn every Saturday with great ceremony, religious and otherwise; a priest being present, in full canonicals, to bless and besprinkle the small boy who, with naked arm, draws the number from the box—relics of the Bourbons which Garibaldi tried in vain to abolish. From the barred windows, looking into the courtyard, the prisoners can see each Saturday the greasy mob of monks, citizens, priests, prostitutes, and pick-pockets, surging towards their unhealthy excitement, and can shriek greetings to their friends without fear of interruption from their keepers.

As might be expected from its age and history, the Vicaria is unfitted for the requirements of a modern prison. The prison part consists of two separate sets of wards—one on the left on entering the courtyard, more particularly devoted to prisoners as yet unjudged; and a

smaller on the right, used for the baser sort, camorristi, and others. When I visited it, there were 300 camorristi, and 760 other prisoners in the whole building.

The left-hand prison consists of an upper and lower series of vast corridors, crowded with men, but for the most part lofty and well ventilated. In their present state, classification and supervision are utterly impossible. The prisoners herd together and do as they will—drink, smoke, gamble, fight, and murder each other with but little chance of detection; yell to their friends in the courtyard or the street; and even, if the director be believed, gamble with them as they sit in the deep embrasures.

There seemed to be a considerable amount of rough comfort in these corridors. The bedding which the remanded and unjudged found for themselves, as they did also their clothes, was, of course, as good as they would have had at home; and all I examined was clean and warm. A large number had their chests and boxes with them, and had evidently made up their minds to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Some were dining, with those mighty green bottles of red wine beside them which every visitor of Naples knows so well, and out of which a Neapolitan only can drink without spilling the liquor down the outside instead of the inside of his throat. Some were writing; a very few reading; most of them doing nothing, in the perfect way that a Neapolitan alone can do it.

On entering one of these wards the noise at first was tremendous, but soon silenced by two or three peculiar cries, not from the gaolers, but from amongst the mass of the prisoners themselves. It was a strange, wild scene; there was a movement and a life more like a *salle d'attente* for conscripts than a prison. The men were utterly free from that dull, sickly gloom, that miserable life-in-death look, so familiar to those who have visited our model prisons. There was not a shade of conscious guilt or shame to be seen; the faces were brown and

healthy, eyes bright and eager; and there was a ready civility of manner which made one feel at ease alone amongst scores of as utter ruffians as could be found in Europe. It was only after a little study that one saw the depth of rattlesnake treachery in the glittering eye, and the cold cruel villainy of the thin-lipped smile.

A large number of men in these corridors are merely confined under suspicion; and a large number of these suspect are likely to be kept in durance vile for some time on mere suspicion—a sad piece of illegality, only to be palliated for this reason: any man, woman, or child, giving the slightest particle of evidence against them would firmly believe that he, she, or it would either be scarred or stabbed, and with every chance of impunity. This crowd of bright-eyed, good-tempered-looking, civil men is composed of 'camorristi.'

The foul secrets of this curious sect have been lately (thanks to that genial spirit Marc-Monnier) exposed to the open air—let us hope, to be desiccated, deprived of their evil savour, and ground into some sort of useful matter for the new Neapolitan police to flourish on. Already—thanks to arbitrary arrests—the camorra is, to the grief of those wont to make use of them, sadly on the decline. I watched most carefully for a sign of its existence during two recent visits to Naples, and saw nothing of it: others, also on the look out for it, were more fortunate; but even they only reported two clear cases of their having seen money received for the camorra. The thing is scotched, at any rate; and though, doubtless, the wriggling vermin may still bite if you go within his own length, his area of mischief is much circumscribed.

For this institution, amongst others, Naples is, doubtless, indebted to the Spanish Bourbons. The origin of the name is evidently Spanish—"camorra," a row, a quarrel; "buscar camorra," to provoke a fight. The existence of a sect strikingly resembling the camorra of Naples has been found fully stated in a novel of Cervantes, "*Riconete et*

(certadillo," in which he paints the manners of Seville from 1588 to 1603.

Working still further back, Marc-Monnier finds, on consulting Neapolitan and Sicilian vocabularies, that the camorrist is a rogue, living on the money he extorts from the gamblers in low hells; and Ford, in his "Gatherings from Spain," introduces exactly the same character, using the same language—a fact which I present to Marc-Monnier in return.

When we find anything very original in Spain, it is pretty certain that it did not originate with the Spaniards; and so it is a matter of course to find an Arabic word "kumar," a game of chance prohibited by the Koran. (*Alea*, says the Arabic and Persian dictionary of Meniuski, and *aleatorius quivis ludus peculiariter quo captatur lucrum*), which piece of learning I get from Marc-Monnier. Wherever it took its origin—Africa, Spain, or Naples—it is, evidently, suited to a cozy, lotos-eating, don't-bother-yourself-with-work-or-trifles country.

Of the three great non-working professions, it is perhaps the best. Stealing—that is, taking what you may be in want of—may seem an easy way of living in this work-a-day world, but it has its disadvantages. It is so difficult to steal just what you want at the moment you want it; you must steal what you can and trust to a rude barter, for the chance of satisfying your cravings. And then it is so difficult to know beforehand whether the thing you steal be worth the stealing—witness Bardolph, who stole a lady's lute-case, bore it for three leagues, and sold it for three halfpence—to say nothing of the discomforts of imprisonment and the barrier it puts to the exercise of your mystery. Begging, or mendicity also, though not without its advantages—particularly in that it requires neither capital nor coinage—has its drawbacks; the greatest of which is the police—for even in Naples the police have swept the streets very nearly clean of beggars. Another, almost as great, is that the passer-by may not see the necessity of the prolongation of your existence in the

same clear light that you do yourself. But "demanding" money, openly and boldly, as an indisputable right from all and sundry, claiming and getting a settled percentage from every shilling gained by hard-handed labour or soft-hearted shopkeeping, is indeed the royal road to comfort and ease, and sleeping in the sun, and endless macaroni and strong red Capri wine. And, moreover, in prison or out of prison, the allowance from the chest of the society is equally certain.

It is clear, however, that there are reasons which prevent this agreeable mode of life being open to all. I am not learned in political economy; but it seems to me that, if everybody "demanded" and got a heavy percentage from everybody, on everything they sold, bought, or did, nobody would be a great gainer. And this fact was early discovered by the camorristi. In order to prevent all the world taking to the profession, they made the preparatory steps to initiation so difficult, and even dangerous, that comparatively few had the courage to face them. The small pick-pocket had to work long and hard before he could be admitted as an apprentice, or *picciotto di sgarro*; and to rise from that position to the envied one of *masto*, or master-camorrist, which alone gave the right to participate in the public spoil, required very clear proofs of courage and discretion—a murder, at command; a bold case of cutting and maiming; in want of these, a duel with another *picciotto*, or the taking on himself the consequences of a murder committed by a *masto*.

It is clear that, in order to "work" the camorra properly, the locality must be favourable. It would not do to try it hastily in new localities. Were I to ask Jacques Bonhomme, "Fort de la Halle," for a tenth part of his day's wages, as a right, he would give me so enormous a kick, that I should be very shy of repeating the request; and, if I made a similar request of Mr. Patrick Macguire, on Saturday night, I should not only be kicked, but danced upon, to an extent which would probably pre-

vent my ever repeating it at all. Fancy waiting quietly in Storr and Mortimer's till a duke had finished arranging the purchase of a diamond rivière for his duchess, and then asking Storr—or it might be Mortimer—to hand over a percentage of the purchase-money! Yet things as strange have been done in Naples over and over again. In fact, to succeed, you must have a people capable of being bullied to any extent—a people who, from long oppression, cower under the slightest threat, and who believe that any appeal to a recognised tribunal will avail them nothing. Such are the Neapolitans. M. Bonhomme and Mr. Maguire would not be a bit afraid of me, and would show it by not paying me; the Neapolitan would be most horribly afraid of me, and would show it by paying me at once. Why the Neapolitans are so horribly afraid of each other, and of everybody else, may, I think, be made out by those who have the time. Most horribly afraid of each other they certainly are, and for ever under the influence of some tremendous bogey or another. The upper class bow before the political bogey, the lower before the camorra bogey, and both before the priest bogey.

“Honour amongst thieves.” Yes, there may be such a thing when a failure of honour is certain to be punished by a few inches of cold steel; and, from this and other causes, there was “honour” enough to give the camorristi a terrible power of cohesion. The feeling of confidence amongst them was so strong that it rendered possible the formation of a fund, into which all the sums gained were paid, and which was regularly and carefully shared amongst the masters, sick or well, free or in prison. For the way in which the money was earned I must refer to Marc-Monnier's book, merely hinting that, from the gambler who won a few grains at the street-corner up to the shopkeeper, and higher still, all had to pay a percentage of their gains into the hand stretched out before them, and backed by the simple demand “For the camorra.”

The time of the police was far too

much taken up by their political work to permit them to wage war against so extended a conspiracy; and, indeed, they occasionally delegated their authority to the camorristi. During the interregnum between the flight of the late king and the advent of Victor Emmanuel, the whole police of Naples was placed by authority in their hands, and for a time they did their work well and honestly. As one might expect, when the thieves were well paid, crime diminished. Gradually, however, the influence of their old training overcame their good resolutions; and, as with the cat in the fable, the first mouse that appeared brought out their true nature in full force. The temptation was great. The customs of Naples, which were worth 40,000 ducats a day to the state, returned under their fostering care barely 1,000; and, on measures being taken against them, the octroi, which had returned the sum of twenty-five halfpence to the civic coffers, rose to 800 ducats or 3,400 francs the day after the arrest of ninety camorristi in December, 1860. Who could remain a policeman with such a Tom Tiddler's ground at his feet? Since then an uncompromising razzia has been carried on against them, and the Vicaria is crowded.

The Vicaria used to be the headquarters of the camorra: it has flourished there for at least 300 years. Every miserable wretch who entered the prison had to pay or fight; in fact, it was something like the old “garnishing” system of our prisons. He had to pay for everything—the right to eat, drink, and smoke, the very right to sell or buy—and in old times the camorristi shared the spoil with the head-gaoler. It was in vain that the prison officers searched for and removed the knives of the camorristi; new ones were forthcoming at an instant's notice. If the supply of knives happened by any chance to fail, daggers of hard wood, scraped sharp with broken glass, were used—the points being rubbed with garlic and salt, with the intention of making the wound more dangerous. I have some of these weapons in my possession, given me by the

director of the prison. In his private room is a table covered with every imaginable form of stabbing and cutting implement—hard-wood daggers ; files sharpened (a very popular weapon, being good English steel) ; every form of villanous knife, many of them so made as to be useless for any but stabbing purposes ; lancets ; bradawls, carefully sharpened and kept in leathern sheaths ; iron forks, with one prong broken off ; pewter forks, with the prongs hammered down and the handles notched into sharp saws ; razors, with the blade fixed into the handle ; and endless other forms, many of them with the blood-stains still on them—a most villanous collection. These, he told me, were taken from the prisoners in the prison itself, after they had been carefully searched on entering ; and he was always discovering new ones.

Besides the large corridors, there is, on the same side of the prison, a smaller compartment, better tended and regulated than the rest—a set of cells permitting some extent of division and classification. In one of these I saw a man who was supposed to have committed a camorrist murder in the upper prison. There was of course no clear proof ; but that white blank face, with its restless eyes, and those nervous twitching hands, tearing food to pieces with uneasy jerks, told of something very uneasy within. In another cell were a number of men employed in shoemaking.

The worst of the camorrists are confined on the opposite side of the courtyard ; and a most hopelessly villanous set they are. The punishment here is nominally bread and water and solitary confinement (fifteen days, the extreme permitted) ; but, as there is but one punishment-cell, we found three rogues in it at once. There is on this side a courtyard surrounded by lofty buildings, in which the prisoners take some small exercise ; it is very confined and exceedingly dirty. The men seemed cheerful enough, and many of them were employed in making persiennes. On one side of this yard is a door leading to a

long range of dungeons, unused since 1815. They are at present perfectly dark, but in old times were feebly lighted through a few small holes opening from the ditch. A stone bench was the only bed of the prisoners—in fact, the only furniture (there is the same style of comfort at St. Elmo)—and along the centre runs an open drain, to which the two sides of the floor slope rapidly. There, indeed, was no floor, properly so called, and it is not even easy walking. We were warned, without affectation, not to put our hands on the walls for fear of scorpions. I was shown the remains of a hole in the roof made by desperate prisoners from above, in order to reach those below, and, with their assistance, to escape through the lateral wall into a well, and so into the free air. It was a marvellous attempt, but unsuccessful. I think this must have been the worst of the Bourbonist prisons. I was, however, shown several places in the Vicaria, where cells had been built up by the new authorities, which might have been as bad.

There is a very fair infirmary in this prison, apart from the rest ; and the sick seemed well cared for.

Much has been altered here, if I am to believe what I am told. I was informed by an Englishman—on whose authority I have the right to place perfect confidence, and who has been in the habit of visiting this prison for some years—that he has frequently seen lads of eighteen or nineteen lying stark naked on the bare stones in the old times. I saw none. The power of the camorra is certainly broken. They can no longer take from their fellow-wretches their last sou and even their last miserable rags. They are carefully weeded out, and a considerable number of them were sent to Ponzo during my stay at Naples. Their political power, which was very great, has much diminished—the new King of Italy not seeing the advantage of bribing cut-throats to pillage his own people ; and it has been this playing into their hands by the Government and the police which has done so much to give them importance.

Since this persecution of the camorristi, the crime of Naples has diminished by two-thirds. I saw no men of the rank of Avitabile the dramatist, Persico, Fittipaldi, or Baron Poerio, mixed up *pêle-mêle* with thieves and murderers, as I should certainly have done a few years ago. I saw not the slightest trace of cruelty or hard usage. I mixed freely with the prisoners, with liberty to extract what information I could. I saw them giving petitions, with the permission of the authorities, to an English gentleman, well known to them for his kindness and anxiety to relieve them as far as lay in his power—these petitions passing unread by the governor. I saw the prisoners permitted to see their friends. I saw the men at work, altering part of the prison. I saw where dungeons had been lately walled up as unfit for use, and I saw the pleasure of the authorities when they received the sanction for still further improvements. There is much, very much, that is bad here; but the great error is certainly on the side of over-laxity, and not of over-severity.

The new plan will divide the large corridors into separate cells. Whether many of the prisoners will like the new state of things is questionable. When I next visit Naples I shall hear the Bourbonisti complaining of the barbarity of isolation.

This prison has a book for the remarks of visitors.

San Francisco is another old-world building, in the style of the Vicaria, but smaller. Originally it was used as a hospital for the various prisons, but now for the detention of prisoners sentenced to—I can hardly call it hard labour—but to the necessity of working. The interior is better suited to the requirements of a prison than most of those in Naples, and, with a little alteration, now commencing, will answer its purpose very well. It is to be divided into cells, and the dormitories so arranged that a guardian will be able to pass through them at night, and keep a constant watch on his prisoners. At present the windows of the dormitories open at once

on to the street, and communication is even more easy than at the Vicaria; but these things are all to be changed, and indeed are changing.

The prison at present contains ninety-eight condemned prisoners; two hundred and eleven "*giudicabili*," who have not yet been tried, moved here from the Vicaria, to diminish the overcrowding caused by the *razzia* on the camorristi; and ninety-three sick, not, of course, all from this one prison.

The condemned are "in" for comparatively short periods, and are for the most part thieves, pickpockets, and, of course, homicides. They are all obliged to work, and are stimulated to do so by a progressive system of rewards. Those who do not choose to work at all are punished by bread-and-water diet, and solitary confinement; those who gain less than thirty centimes a day are obliged to content themselves with the prison allowance, which, by-the-bye, is ample and excellent; those who gain more than that sum have an increase of their rations; and those who gain more than fifty centimes a day have an occasional allowance of wine.

Besides these indulgences, a large percentage of their earnings is put by and handed over to them when they leave the prison, so that they may have some little start in life. Under the Bourbons the system was the same as that which for the present obtains at Nisida; every grain gained was squandered on the indulgence of the moment, and the discipline of the prison was seriously endangered. The introduction of the new system did not take place without difficulty. So serious a riot was raised—evidently by the camorristi, who were thus deprived of their perquisites—that one man was killed and several wounded. At present it works admirably: I saw the men working quietly and industriously at shoemaking, carpentering, and tailoring. There is, besides, a corridor fitted up with looms weaving the different textures for the prison dress; which, in the case of the condemned, is warm, comfortable, and clean.

That the bread-and-water system

answers, I had proof whilst in the prison. Passing a cell door, I saw a sharp, glittering, rattlesnake eye peering through the keyhole. I had the door opened; and there was my friend extended on his pallet at the other end of the cell, to which he must have darted like a shot, limp and penitent. Half an hour afterwards I met him in the weaving department, intensely busy. The way to a man's heart is sometimes through his stomach, even in decent society; and the route is still straighter in the case of these wretched brutalized semi-cretins.

The food here is abundant and excellent. Twenty-four ounces of bread, two large tins of minestra—a most excellent soup, made with prasta, haricots, lard, and other things—and water *ad libitum* to drink. In addition to this, those who chose to earn it have an extra dish. On the day I visited the prison this was a composition principally consisting of rice and lard—a dish which, for savour and flavour, would be acceptable anywhere. I tasted them all, and should have been most happy to have finished my portion.

The improvements here are—extension and development of the workshops—going on; and the entire alteration of the dormitory system, and division into smaller cells of the corridors, each door to have a wicket in it, to allow of nocturnal supervision—commenced. Each condemned man will have a neat little commode, with drawers, at his bed's-head, to contain his brush and comb and little personal comforts. I saw some of them finished, and others being made by the carpenter-prisoners, and the shutting out of the outer world by blinds like those in use in our suburban mad-houses, which admit light and air freely.

The alteration in the system of payments must be looked upon as a great improvement—more particularly as it is a death-blow to the machinations of the camorristi.

As I have already mentioned, there are a considerable number of men and boys here awaiting their trial. Some

amongst them were decent-looking fellows enough; but the greatest number were the lowest order of town rough and pickpocket—very vile indeed.

Through the kindness of the director, one room has been set apart for the manufacture of the persienne mats, so much used in the summer by Neapolitans. These men cannot be forced to work; but a large number gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of earning a few grains, and were interested in and proud of their work. This class of prisoner is merely transitory: as soon as the Vicaria has been put a little to rights, the whole of the St. Francisco will be devoted to the condemned.

Before I quit the prison proper, I should say that the learning to read and write is made obligatory on each prisoner by statute. The new chaplain, whose business it is to see after these things, has been appointed, but at the time I was there had not appeared on the scene of his duties.

It is hardly worth while to say much of the hospital part of St. Francisco, as it will shortly be abolished. It consists of a vast and lofty chamber with two lateral wards branching off from it at right angles. It is very clean and well-ventilated, and has a most lovely view towards Vesuvius; the beds are clean and comfortable, and the sick well cared for. Indeed, I think it quite equal, if not superior, to the great Hospital of the Incurables.

In the good old times, three years ago, the camorra reigned supreme in this hospital: the sick drank, fought, and gambled, as they liked, and that great vaulted hall could tell some strange stories. Some hints of the state of things will be found in Marc-Monnier's work. All these things are now utterly put a stop to, and the patients were as orderly as those of a London hospital.

Apart from the purely criminal part of St. Francisco are some cells which are occasionally used for political prisoners. In one of them I found the Cavaliere Quadromanni, a blind gentleman recently arrested on suspicion of having written a compromising letter in cipher, and

being implicated in the conspiracy—or perhaps more properly intrigue of—the Princess Sciarra, now confined in a suite of upper rooms at the Questura. Of course I have nothing to say for or against his arrest; I only have to do with the manner of his treatment when arrested. Here, as everywhere else, I found the greatest readiness to permit undisturbed communication with the prisoner. I and my companions were left perfectly alone with him, and the door closed. I can only say that he assured us that he had nothing whatever to complain of as far as his treatment was concerned; he expressed himself perfectly satisfied that the officials showed him all the kindness possible; and his only complaint was, that his servant, who was used to his ways, was not allowed to be permanently with him: though, owing entirely to the kindness of the director, he was permitted to be with him for a certain time each day, to serve his dinner and make his bed. He was, however, not alone; an old fellow-prisoner of Bishop's at St. Maria Parente, who curiously enough had been Inspector of Prisons under the Bourbons, was in the same room with him. The room

was perfectly clean, tidy, and wholesome, with decent furniture, clean beds, books, and writing materials. In fact, barring being a prisoner, there was not the slightest ground of complaint. His being placed here at all was from a kindly feeling. "It is impossible to put a gentleman with us" said a higher official from the Vicaria who was with me. Is there no improvement here, O ye readers of Gladstone's letters?

In fine, I have to state that I was most favourably impressed with the frankness, kindness, and readiness to give information shown by every officer of this prison. They are all most anxious to continue their improvements; and the news of the Turin Government having sanctioned the improvements in the Vicaria, which was communicated to them whilst I was with them, was received with evident pleasure. Every door that was pointed at was immediately unlocked, and the utmost freedom of communication allowed. It is impossible to look into the frank honest eyes of the head of the prison without feeling convinced that he is a man determined to do not only his duty, but as much more as may be required of him.

BABEL: A PHILOLOGICAL EXPOSITION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WE are really glad for the English public's own sake to see the Science of Language beginning to claim its fair share of popularity among us. People are, at last, opening their eyes to the suspicion that a cheap and everyday pleasure has been lost by their unacquaintance with the composition of that medium through which their thoughts and feelings are momentarily sent into circulation; and Philology, as has been proved by the success of Professor Max Müller's well-known *Lectures*, is coming into fashion. Not that the subject has ever been absolutely ignored; it has, on the contrary, given rise to

numberless speculations, among which have been some of the most fantastic that ever were broached. Yet why, in England at least, has there been so little of close scientific research in so promising a field? why have people been so ready with guesses, yet never fairly looked facts in the face; and how comes it that we still find persons, sane and sensible on all other subjects, letting nonsense run mad from their mouths, whenever they talk upon this?

Chiefly, we suspect, because the impulse to rational inquiry was overruled at its outset by an impression that language and all its phenomena were

miraculous products, and, as such, not proper subjects for scientific investigation. Thenceforth, no absurdity was too gross or too tumid to swallow. The popular belief settled pretty much to this:—that the language in which the elder revelation was embodied was the primitive one which unfallen man was divinely empowered to compose; and that this prevailed uniformly till after the Flood, when, by a tremendous supernatural explosion, all the world's present languages, struck, with some changes and additions, out of the mass of the old one, were blown, like the tiles of a bomb-smitten house, into the respective places where each still remains in perpetual memory of the way it came there. These new specimens of linguistic creation did therefore in such sort enclose particles of the original material, that in a certain attenuated sense we may pronounce "all languages derived from the Hebrew." This latter, now miraculously rendered meaningless for all the "children of Eber," ran its course as the vehicle of the Jewish Canon, upon the close of which it passed into unexplained oblivion, to be revived perhaps in the Millennium, or at least in the grand Restitution of all things.

We are not aware that this description libels our grandparents' ideas of Glosology; nor does it, as we have good reason to know, caricature those of some of their grandchildren either. Müller, in his valuable lectures alluded to above, treats as an exploded anility the belief in Hebrew as the primitive language. However it may be abroad, we know Englishmen with whom Parkhurst's *Hebrew Lexicon*—a work based and built up on that assumption, and crammed with the most unimaginable etymological fables—is still good authority; and there are many who, when put to it, would sturdily refuse to budge a point beyond the view of the dispersion of languages taken by Cardinal Wiseman in the second of his *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*, which is not far removed from the one already sketched. These worthy folk might listen with fascination to the minor revelations of philology,

but, the first moment they realized that its final deductions never can consist with their treasured belief concerning the origin and diversity of language, would repel with anathemas the strongest syllogism that might disprove it for them, and that all the more vehemently in proportion as they felt the strength of the proof.

And yet, while we smile at the absurdities into which our forefathers were led by their reluctance to pursue this class of researches, we may as well give them credit for the scruples which held them back. No right-minded person could wish to inspect minutely that which he had good reason for believing to be the immediate, and not the mediate, act of God. But the question still remains—have we good reason to regard as miraculous every fact which strikes us as certainly marvellous? and it is here that we cannot acquit our progenitors of some falling off in their duty as reasonable creatures. When a supposed apparition is seen, no better rule can be given than to approach steadily and gaze upon it intently; it will be time to withdraw to a respectful distance when, by the phantom's manifestly preternatural aspect, we are convinced that it is an outstanding object from another world. Not even a ghost can complain of our staring at it hard enough to make sure of its ghosthood; and so not even piety forbids our examination of a professed miracle.

We need then merely suggest one or two simple and practical tests, which, when we find ourselves in presence of a fact supposed to be supernatural, it may be as well to apply before we even think of admitting it into that venerable category. (1.) First, however anomalous or inexplicable the fact in question may appear to ourselves, have we duly consulted the experience of our neighbours or predecessors as to the occurrence of the same or its like on other occasions? Because, should it turn out on inquiry that what we conceived to be isolated and unique in the course of things, actually was frequently recurrent, and elsewhere well known, we have the best possible ground for suspecting that our first

impressions in this instance have hardly been true ones. *Continual recurrence*, proved with regard to an event, is fatal to its pretensions to the miraculous; for a miracle is a marvel intensified, but that which ceases to be rare, is no longer even a marvel. (2.) *A fortiori*, *invariable sequence* as regards something else makes us still less willing to attribute to any event the reputation of a miracle. Thus, if spectral apparitions ever became not only notoriously frequent, but the unfailing concomitants of some other class of occurrences, they would pass still further from the rank of the supernatural; and our principal interest in them would be to trace the link which connected the cause with the effect, and to assign them their proper place in the providential order of the universe. We may in truth compress the value of both our tests into one word, and assume that whatever deserves in any way the name of a miracle,—whether this be defined as a temporary suspension of law, or as the unusual intervention of a higher law; whether it be taken as, in common parlance, supernatural, or as, in Mr. Mansel's sense, natural—must bear this essential mark, that with respect to that established order of things on which human calculations are founded, and for which man's constitution is adapted, such fact must be clearly not the rule, but the *exception*. In applying this test to prevalent impressions concerning linguistic phenomena, we pledge ourselves, since we can neither quote nor name one half the authorities we shall have to use, to employ as data no statements not generally admitted by those who have made the Science of Language their special study.

But, with respect to the first-mentioned of these persuasions—namely, in the words of a public character who, as a preacher from the pulpit and the press, still has his followers, that Hebrew is “that...magnificent...mother-tongue from which all others are but distant and debilitated progenies”¹—we know not

how to deprecate the scorn of the philological world for bestowing on such a notion one minute's grave attention. What is that monstrous shape of many-headed absurdity, or what that grotesque misconception of insane aberrancy, of which, to any eye familiar with the general view of the boundlessly varied field of human speech, it recalls the likeness? To our mind, the juggler who produces, out of one pint-measure, a hundred different lengths of string, ribbon, and ship's-cable, a flock of pigeons, a litter of rabbits, and a score of other the most heterogeneous articles and objects, were not half such a conjuror as the man who with the least show of legitimate deduction could derive all languages from Hebrew. Parents must beget “progenies” in their own likeness, after their kind; or where is the proof of the parentage? If all languages then were the offspring of Hebrew, in Hebrew will the germs of all be found. If Hebrew was the protoplast of speech, after Hebrew will all other forms of speech have been modelled. Was it therefore out of Hebrew—in which, if the idea of a compound term was ever actually realized, it just threw off a few fragmentary abortions and then perished for ever—that Sanskrit unrolled its system of voluminously-polysyllabic composition, by which a single word may be spread over a sentence, or stretch, in simple style into twenty or thirty, in complex into a hundred or a hundred and fifty combined articulations? Was it from the Hebrew verb, in which the notion of mood never existed at all, and that of tense was never distinctly evolved, that the Romans learned those refinements of the subjunctive which cost the modern so much pains to acquire; or was it thence that certain African tribes developed that triple set of preterites and futures, in which the first perfect denotes the events of the bygone portion of to-day, the second those of yesterday, and the third those of the day before that; while in like manner the first future particularizes something as expected in the remaining part of to-day, and the second and third what may be looked for to-

¹ “The Great Tribulation,” by Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. Eighth Thousand. 1860. p. 4.

morrow and the day succeeding? Was it after the Hebrew noun, which, as we find it, has at most but two inflections proper, and those of number, that the Aryan of old fashioned his apparatus of eight case-endings; or did the Caffre elaborate his euphonic concords, by which the first syllable of a noun determines its relation to others in the sentence, out of Hebrew, in which such a principle is utterly unknown? We might go over all the families of language and show that in every one of them, except that to which Hebrew specially belongs, there are formations which never could have come from any ova, which the keenest glossological anatomy could detect in the Hebraic matrix. Out of nothing nothing used to come; nor, we believe, to the end of time will anything come. In fact, of the whole world's languages, Hebrew, in its internal development the poorest member of the least expansive class, is the most unpromising candidate any one could set up for the honour of universal progenitor. Such a notion out-Darwins Darwin a hundred times over. Figs from thorns, palm-trees from carraway-seeds, or banians from raisin-stones were improbabilities of a minor order compared to the bowery ramifications and umbrageous foliage of American polysynthesis and Iranian inflectionism generated from such a very dry tree as the Palæstinian Semitic. So, the stock would be the stunted and "debilitated;" the "progenies" the "magnificent"-ly flourishing and fructiferous. And, if we are told that the theory of miraculous additions at the moment of separation accounts for the superiority of these Hebrew "progenies" over their supposed parent, the answer is, that these so-called additions are part and parcel of the vital constitution of the languages, and sufficient to detach them from any conceivable connexion in the quarter where it is sought to affiliate them. Additions such as these might make an elephant out of a tadpole; but the creature, with so much added to its essence as well as its bulk, would by that very fact pass into a new genus,

and forsake its own identity. But more than enough of a fallacy which to a philological *Punch* or *Fun* might supply a weekly *bonne bouche* of the risible by undergoing a new *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet that we have not been exposing an imaginary folly, the quotation at the head of this paragraph testifies. The book referred to came out only three years ago, and reached at least its "Thirteenth Thousand," so omnivorous in such matters is English credulity; and again, while we write, we find the same nonsense repeated only last year, in a¹ volume with the same notorious name on the title-page.

Let us pass to the problem of diversity of human speech. This is represented in the narrative upon which popular impressions are founded as the result of a divergence. There was a period when language was uniform, and an epoch when it ceased to be so (Gen. XI. 1—9.) We will propose then a simple hypothetical syllogism. A miracle is, with respect to the world's general course, exceptional: if therefore the divergence of language be, in this respect exceptional, it is a miracle—if otherwise, not.

To him who would gather proofs that all the revolutions which human speech has ever undergone were events which took place in entire harmony with the regular economy of things, all history, whether of society or of language (for the two are inseparable), is like a fruit-garden, whose laden branches bend down their ripe and copious burthen into his hand. The encumbrance of such a wealth of demonstration is overwhelmingly greater than he knows how to set out before another. But it is of the divergence of languages that we are now to speak.

1. Reverting then to our first test, if the event we connect with the name of Babel was miraculous, it will cer-

¹ "Things Hard to be Understood." By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. 1862. p. 50. There is in the whole book no "thing" more "hard to be understood," than the audacity of reproducing such an effete absurdity after the merciless and well-merited showing-up it had received in the *Saturday Review*.

tainly not be a recurrent one. Yet what does investigation teach us? That Babel, in the sense of such a splitting-up of language as stops intercommunication among peoples who once could understand each other, has happened over and over again, in times when no mortal, inspired or uninspired, scientific or rustic, ever pretended that supernatural intervention had anything to do with it. Even in Europe, our knowledge of the history of literature enables us to take in review the principal linguistic phenomena of the last two thousand years—a period, according to all credible testimony, quite barren in this quarter of the world of miraculous interference in the general course of things. In the extreme north, within the latter half of that space of time, we shall meet with our most luminous and instructive example. We have only to go back eight hundred years from this date, to find all over Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland one uniform tongue prevalent among all classes. And we have only to look at the present condition of things to discover this singular alteration—that, while the original language has remained without substantial change in Iceland alone, in Sweden it has taken one new form, and in Denmark and Norway another; so that there are now three languages where there was but one, and he who possesses a native knowledge of only a single member of the trio must learn the other two with grammar and dictionary. Here then is at once a “Confusion of Tongues” occurring under the very eyes of history. The power of instantaneously exchanging ideas, and therefore of immediate sympathy, has vanished from among these peoples; there is a Babel of jarring sounds where there was agreement in pronunciation, and a vocabulary in many points different where there was uniformity of nomenclature. And that which gives to this case its paramount right to the place of honour in the list of examples is, that here the ancient language, instead of expiring altogether, still, as if to invite comparison with

the newer ones which have grown out of it, maintains its existence in one province of its old domain. Generally, whenever linguistic unity has been broken up, it has been so broken up that no single member of the plurality resulting from the disruption could make the least claim to substantial identity with the original tongue. Here, however, we have before our eyes the newer formations of recent days, while side by side with them stands, as it were, the primeval rock from which they were hewn, as a visible witness to the possible multiplication of languages, and the process by which the new ones are formed.

For our second case, we need only trace back the stream of time about a thousand years, to find among the languages of Anglo-Saxon England, of Holland and Lower Germany, and of Upper Germany, a resemblance which certainly amounted to mutual intelligibility. The great mass of words in the languages spoken over this area was essentially the same, varied only by dialectic difference; and the structure of the grammar, except in some of the person-endings of verbs, was identical or analogous. Yet now, whatever radical affinity scientific dissection may reveal among the three prominent forms of speech in the countries above-named—i. e. German, Dutch, and English—it is found that, though German has changed least, and Dutch less than English, practically a person speaking only one of these needs an interpreter for the other two. Once a national song might without translation have gained popularity over all these lands; now there are three wholly distinct, and in many points unsympathetic, literatures. So here again is a historical Babel.

Furthermore, in the south of Europe, a retrospect of fifteen hundred years will show us the entire body of the influential classes throughout the modern Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Wallachia, and other countries also, using as their mother-tongue the Latin language with such perfect uniformity, that no scrutiny can

detect among which of the populations above-named a Latin book of that period was produced. Yet now we have, of languages and literatures derived from the disintegrated Latin, no less than six prominently distinct, and, of minor forms of the same, a great many more. A Spaniard and an Italian may doubtless acquire each other's language more readily than a German or a Hollander would that of either of them; but without this special acquisition all interchange of thought and feeling is at an end among these respective nations apparently for ever.

Now it is impossible to look back from these three cases of mutual unintelligibility introduced among populations who originally had the power of intercommunication, and not to see that in their nature and consequences they are exactly parallel to the event described in Gen. xi. 1—9. There is the same loss of the power of interchanging ideas, and the same result—the impossibility of co-operation for the want of it. Yet the chronicles of the times in which these disruptions of language took place, full as they are of the marvellous and the pretended supernatural of all kinds, contain not even a hint of linguistic miracles, and the actual divergences were effected so quietly that there is hardly a definite notice of their occurrence at all.

But the reasoning stops not here. In two out of these three cases we have before us the original tongue from which the newer ones branched off, and in the second of the trio we know of a condition in which the branches still formed virtually one stem: so that by analysis we can determine with scientific precision the degrees of likeness and unlikeness which these related languages bear both to their original and to each other. Hence, when elsewhere we find in other groups of languages exactly the same relation between the several members of each group as we do here, analogy forbids any other conclusion than that there also we have the results of the comparatively recent disruption of a single language into several fragments;

although of that individual tongue we may have neither record nor specimen. Thus, in the eastern half of Europe, we find among the so-called Slavonic family—viz. the Polish, Russian, Servian, Bohemian, &c.—just about the same degree of difference and resemblance as exists among the six descendants of the Latin; and, therefore, though we cannot produce the older language, collateral with the Latin, from which these Slavonic ones are sprung, we are justified in ascribing their separate existence simply to the occurrence of a Babel. Furthermore we find the same relation prevailing in that class of which Hebrew itself is a member; viz., the Arabic, Aramaic, Ethiopic, &c. In Oceania we hit upon an analagous group comprising the languages of New Zealand, Hawaii, Tahiti, &c.; in Australia the same thing is repeated; and so on in numberless places. And thus, as we survey the globe, we see its surface everywhere dotted with the site of a Babel; until at last we learn that the splitting-up of one language into several is so far from being an isolated or unusual event, that it is as commonly recurrent as any in history—pre-eminently defective indeed in the very first qualification of a miracle—rarity. Compelled, then, to decide that the divergence of language is frequent enough to be rather the rule than the exception, we cannot escape the conclusion, that, tried by our first test, Babel fails altogether to support its miraculous character.

And here we have space only to glance at what, for symmetry of nomenclature, we will call the *Convergence* of Language. If the term divergence denotes the fact that people who originally used but one language come to use several, we may call it a *convergence*, when peoples once using more than one language come to use but one. The immense diffusion of Latin, about A.D. 300 or 400, was a remarkable instance of such convergence. Populations, speaking the Gaulish, the Cantabrian, the Etruscan, the Oscan, the Umbrian, &c., &c., converged linguistically in the direction of Rome, by for-

saking their mother-tongues and taking up hers. And in parts of the same area there have been examples of convergence of a second order since the grand disruption of Latin between the fifth and ninth centuries of our era. Catalonia, possessing a language of Latin descent, converged towards Castille, when she discarded this, the native Catalan, from her law-courts and from all the serious intercourse of life, and adopted another tongue of similar origin—the standard Castilian of the united Spanish monarchy. Southern France also began to converge towards Paris, when the noble and beautiful Langue d' Oc was displaced from its official and literary throne, and the poor and meagre Langue d' Oil was made to reign in its stead. Perhaps the most astonishing instance of this kind was, when Syria, Egypt, Palestine, Babylonia, Northern Africa, &c., so converged in the matter of language towards Mecca, that, at this moment, an author in Arabic may command a public of eighty millions. Literally, the world, "from China to Peru," is as full of convergences as of divergences; and, since this class of changes—the exact reverse of the former—equally with it takes place without the slightest movement of the supernatural, it so far contributes to augment the general impression of the non-miraculous character of linguistic vicissitudes.

These, then, have been proved recurrent, and thus far not exceptional. But can we, in the application of our second criterion, go further, and discover other events with which they stand connected in invariable sequence? And, further still, do these events bear to them the relation of the causes which produce them? Undoubtedly we can.

2. For, when we seek for the causes of these revolutions, we see on the surface of the inquiry the general body of language incessantly changing beneath the sway of two great forces, the *Centripetal* and the *Centrifugal*. Here, in a certain mass of populations, we behold a tendency to draw together linguistically round a particular centre of union;

and there, in a certain other, a tendency to fly off from such a centre. But, penetrating the surface, we find these two linguistic powers to correspond exactly to two social forces, the *Centralization* and *Decentralization* of government and nationality. On the one side, centralization—the centripetal force—convergence of language:—on the other, decentralization—the centrifugal force—divergence; in unvarying order, with regularity as precise as that of the limbs of an engine at work, do the members of these two triple sets of cause and effect hasten after each other. A strong government is erected in a particular spot, it extends its powerful gripe over the peoples around, its seat becomes the nucleus of an empire, and the centralizing process begins. Politically, the populations are drawn closer and closer together; and, linguistically, the Centripetal force now starts into action. Nations brought perpetually into contact at one and the same centre of social and civil relations, need a means of communication; and, as they revolve upon their common axis, they toil and travail to discover or create one; until either they become universally imbued with the language dominant at the central point, or at that point is formed, by the united contributions of all, a language which all ultimately accept. Either way there is gradual unification of speech, or, in our own phraseology, *Convergence of Language*; and this probably lasts for a space. But in process of time the wheel of destiny turns round in the contrary direction. The consolidated empire grows aged, paralysed, and devoid of vigour; it can no longer hold together the masses it has drawn into union, and decentralization sets in. The circle of compacted populations, released from their political gravitation towards a common point, breaks off into independent segments, which either form centres within themselves, or are whirled away by attraction, willing or unwilling, towards other centres external to the general mass. Now then, the Centrifugal forces of language come into play.

The severed portions of the once united community, no longer detained in political association, cease to hold mutual intercourse, and have, therefore, no motive for regulating their speech after the same model. Terms, idioms, and pronunciation, originating at the newly-formed centres, are diffused through the new circles to which these belong; each centre evolves its own linguistic peculiarities, and, as there is no inducement to bring any one circle into conformity with another, in course of time these differences accumulate, until the language of each becomes so individualised that mutual intelligence is at an end. Or those fragments, which have been drawn away by the attraction of centres altogether foreign, converge linguistically towards the points upon which, politically, they gravitate, and become in this respect identified with them. Any way, among the members of the original mass there is constituted, in our phraseology, *Divergence of Language*—in that of the Bible, “Confusion of Tongues,” or, briefly, a BABEL.

The laws then which regulate the variations of languages are the laws which govern the fluctuation of societies. Unity of language among a large population is in itself no more marvellous than the union of so many individuals in one community; and the divergence of language is no more miraculous than the disruption of such a community. Yet let it not for a moment be forgotten that the forces which effect the convergence or divergence of language, are sometimes energized by other agencies besides the political. The fact that the sword and sceptre have been the most potent instruments in linguistic revolutions only represents the homely truth that to ordinary minds main force is the most cogent of all imaginable persuasives. But it remains un-failingly true, that, whenever a certain group of populations has been induced to accept a language not native to them, they did so in consequence of a certain attraction or impulsion—if not political or military, at any rate religious, intellectual, or perhaps ethical—towards

the centre whence that language proceeded. Or, if peoples once united in language became disunited again, we may with perfect confidence aver that they have been so owing to the cessation of some such centralizing force. It is not our fault that we must, at present, rather suggest than develop the laws which govern the agreement or disagreement of mankind in this matter, and that we can afford only the faintest outline of illustration. We cannot in a single paper write the world's history on linguistic principles, and show, as would be quite possible, that all the great alterations of language have uniformly coincided with great social mutations, and that an exact measure of the political coherence of a given population is supplied by the degree of uniformity in its speech. All the most remarkable convergences and divergences which have been already alluded to within the Latin area correspond precisely with the principal turns of the political destiny of those regions. The linguistic fact, that about A.D. 400 all these numerous populations had accepted the tongue of Rome, is only the obverse of the social fact, that Rome had for them become the pivot upon which all their interests, civil, moral, and intellectual, were revolving. And ever since the epoch when, through the Barbaric Irruption, Rome ceased to be this, the number of languages sprung from the Latin has tended to vary as the number of states at that time existing within the ancient Roman territory. In the Iberian peninsula Catalan decays and declines, because the realm of which it was the vernacular has been absorbed by the kingdom of Castile, which, having annexed two-thirds of the Trans-Pyrenean region, and centred its sway at Madrid, has made its language predominant throughout all Spain, under the native and only correct title of “La Lengua Castellana.” Portuguese, on the other hand, still holds its ground, because Portugal resolutely rejected this Castilian centralization. In France, the Provençal only gave way before Nor-

thern French, when the virtually independent feudatories in the South, whose native tongue it was, were swallowed up by the all-engulfing vortex of Parisian centralization. And the cause that in Italy the popular dialects are more numerous and important than in any other country in Europe, is simply that in no country has there been, in mediæval and modern times, less of political union round any one centre. The sole form of the linguistic centripetal force which modern Italy has ever yet experienced, was the intellectually-centralizing power of Tuscany; and this we accordingly find denoted by the true name of the standard dialect of education and refinement, "La Lingua Toscana." All over the globe the same laws hold good. In the dissolution of the old Scandinavian linguistic unity, Norway, in defiance of all antecedent geographical probability, accompanied Denmark and not Sweden, because her political centre was Copenhagen and not Stockholm. The centripetal force was energized by the Danish spirit of centralization, and, therefore, between these two kingdoms no divergence of language took place. Now, on the other hand, Norway chafes and fumes beneath the once welcome yoke of the Danish language, and casts about for any means, natural or artificial, to work out for herself a form of speech the laws of which shall be enacted in her own metropolis, because she has risen into a self-governing commonwealth, under no foreign control but the merely nominal presidency of the Swedish crown. At present, therefore, in Norway the centrifugal force is restlessly active, because the decentralization with regard to Sweden and Denmark is complete. If again we are asked why, throughout the enormous length and breadth of Madagascar, the language is one, the answer is indicated by the vigorous centralization which the conquering race of the Hovas, who first united the island under one sway, have organized in their capital Antananarivo. Or would we know why in Borneo, hardly a larger island, the languages count, it is

said, by hundreds, the reason is found in that total absence of any great centralizing power, which leaves the various tribes practically in anarchical independence. Apparent exceptions there are to these rules, but we have yet to meet one which, conscientiously scrutinized, would not end by contributing to support the law it appeared to contravene. Although we rightly described the linguistic forces as usually "hastening" into activity in the immediate train of the political ones, there are instances where some perceptible delay intervenes. Thus, in New Zealand, where the political phenomena of Borneo are found to co-exist with the linguistic phenomena of Madagascar, the language itself, subjected to analysis, yielded evidence that the absence of a central and unifying force was but recent; too recent in fact, to have set the centrifugal forces of language into any noticeable action. Then, again, there are the cases where the contending attractions of two strongly opposed political centres make it for a time uncertain in which direction the object of their contest will linguistically be drawn. Thus Austrian bureaucracy is powerfully exercised to make Vienna the political centre for Hungary, and therefore to absorb her linguistically into the great circle of German. Magyar nationality, at present with at least equal pertinacity, drags her towards Pesth, and strains every nerve in support of the Magyar language. Still the general principle of the relation of the two classes of forces is maintained: in proportion as Hungary has been in danger of political absorption by Austria, her native tongue has been feeble, corrupt, and in peril of extermination by the imperial German; in proportion as her national spirit was alive and energetically opposed to Austria, her language was vigorous and sturdily maintaining its ground. Slesvig is an exactly analogous instance. Whether that Duchy will ultimately depend upon a Danish or a German political centre, time only can show; yet, that, according as that centre shall be Copenhagen or Frankfort, the language of Copenhagen

or of Frankfort will gain complete ascendancy in the territory, there is no room for doubting.

From what has preceded, it follows that, in proportion as the Centrifugal or the Centripetal forces are more active in the world, so will the tendency of languages be to increase or to diminish in number. But, as these linguistic forces are the direct representatives of the decentralising or centralising influences which prevail in human communities, we may at once express the formula thus:—that, in proportion as society tends to be stable or unstable, so will the number of languages be small or great. In an infinitely unstable condition of society, the number of languages might therefore become indefinitely great. Yet it is a mere truism to say, that at no epoch of its existence can human society have been so abundantly charged with all the elements of instability as at the very earliest. Precisely those disturbing causes which make civil and political life so much more unsettled in America than in Europe—which engender the aggressive arrogance of the (once) United States abroad, and their fratricidal dissensions at home—which produce the chronic anarchy of Mexico, and the endless revolutions of South America—namely, the superb self-esteem of these parvenu peoples, the natural turbulence of their national juvenility, and their ignorance of their true interests, must, whatever notion we form of the human family in its first extension, have operated all through it with uncontrollable power. The New World is socially unstable as contrasted with the Old, simply because it is new; and yet there is no comparison between the Transatlantic states whose founders brought across the sea the experience of ages, and which are still in great measure guided by the influence of the mother-countries, and the absolutely novel position of the race of men, supposed to find themselves for the first time expanding into an unwieldy multitude, without one precedent to steer their course by, or a single memory of national chastise-

ment to curb their excesses. For instance, the hold on the American mind which European literature and traditions, both sacred and secular, still possess, quite accounts for the fact that, though politically those countries have wrenched themselves free of Cis-atlantic centres, no linguistic divergence (notwithstanding the audible warnings of its approach) has yet come to pass between them and us. Unity of speech is still maintained by all such associations as made Washington Irving¹ delight, when a child, in nursery rhymes about London-Bridge, and come, as a man, on pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey; the centrifugal tendency generated by political antipathy, is much more than overcome by the centripetal forces which are energised by the best impulses of feeling and intellect. And so we may conceive a strong traditional reluctance in the growing progenies of men to quit definitively some ancestral seat which they revered as the cradle of the race and umbilicus of the world; and we may well fancy them, as the stringent wants of the whole body, and the thickening conflict of interests among its several portions, expelled each successively from the ancestral centre, to have longed that some landmark might arise of such aerial altitude, that, however far their enforced migrations might drive them, their reverted eyes might never quite lose the local bearing of their ancient home. Such a sentiment might very well coexist with the discovery that a universal human federation was practically impossible: and all analogy instructs us that exactly those causes which forcibly decentralised the living mass, must, without any aid from a miraculous linguistic explosion, have stimulated the centrifugal forces of language into a violence and velocity of action to which after ages can show no parallel. And here let us anticipate the objection, that, since all the cases of divergence of language which have been enumerated required the lapse of centuries for their completion, they can bear no legitimate comparison with a "Con-

¹ "Bracebridge Hall." First and last chapters.

fusion of Tongues" which is described as immediate. The obvious answer is, that, since the decentralising and centrifugal forces act with a power directly proportionate to the immaturity and consequent instability of society, at its origin they must have produced, in an incalculably shorter space, effects for which now their enfeebled activity requires a long one. Yet, even in our own days, we have the testimony of a trustworthy missionary to the fact, that among such unsettled communities as the outcast Bechuanas, who are excluded from the central gatherings of the nation, "in the course of a single generation the entire character of the language is changed."¹ To sum up then, regarding the narrative of Babel in this light, we gather from it nothing more than the natural unwillingness of man to break up the family union of the race; we see this unwillingness overpowered by the invincible necessities of the position; and we find the involuntary separation

embodying and perpetuating itself in such a divergence of language as banished for all time the hope of a restored unity. At length, therefore, in judging of this last occurrence, we are not only enabled finally to dispense with the supernatural, but are obliged to pronounce an event so clearly convicted of the commonplace, to be for ever debarred from competition for the majesty of a miracle.²

¹ Moffatt's "Missionary Labours, &c. in Southern Africa." 1842. p. 11.

² According to Rev. F. W. Farrer ("An Essay on the Origin of Language," p. 26, note), views with respect to Babel substantially identical with these were held both by St. Augustine and St. Gregory of Nyssa. We have not cared to verify his references: for, since neither of these fathers was in possession of the scientific evidence of the case, their inferences must be more or less conjectural. Still it is worth noticing, that both these earnest thinkers well knew how to distinguish between the duty of intellectual submission in matters of faith, and the privilege of inquiry in matters within the province of reason.

AMONGST THE MEDIUMS.

BY EDWARD DICEY, AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS IN THE FEDERAL STATES."

SOME people never look at advertisements; I always do. For my own part, having seen a good deal of the inner life of newspapers, I have come to the conclusion that the advertising columns give you more reliable information than any other part of the paper. The news I read may be true, or it may not; the leaders are doubtless very clever, but then, I cannot help feeling that it is highly improbable the writer knows anything more about the politics of Japan or the law of storms than I do myself; and the telegrams are concocted with an eye to the funds as well as with a regard for abstract truth. But the advertisements express facts and not theories. The advertiser wants either to sell or buy; and from the terms

and subject matter of his announcements, you can tell what it is that sellers and buyers are on the look out for. Now, as the whole of human society rests upon the principle of barter, a knowledge of the condition of the barter market tells you more about the state of your fellow men than any other information you can acquire. It may be a humiliating confession, but I believe the future historian of some centuries hence will gain a clearer insight into the social state of England by perusing the supplements of *The Times* than he would by reading through the more intellectual portions where the leaders and special correspondents' letters figure in all their glory. Whether I am right or wrong, at any rate, I hold the theory;

and acting upon it, I make a point of studying advertisements. Faithful to my principle, on the first morning after my arrival in New York, I sat down to a careful inspection of the advertising columns of the leading journals. The American papers have a system—which might be introduced here with great advantage—of arranging all advertisements under distinct headings, so that if you want anything, from a partner to a pair of boots, you know at once where to look for information. The first heading almost which caught my eye was "Astrology." I plead guilty to having broken through the *nil admirari* rule of polite society. In the enlightened nineteenth century, in one of the most civilized capitals of the globe, and in a community where education is probably more widely diffused than in any other in the world, Astrology could scarcely, I thought, be a recognised profession. So, however, it was. The advertisements which caught my eye were not accidental or local ones. With half a dozen exceptions, there is not a paper in the States, which does not publish daily the card of some Astrological professor or professors. The *New York Herald* had indeed an undue share of the patronage of the soothsaying connection, but hardly more so than corresponded to its immense circulation. Let me quote part of one day's Astrological column as a specimen:—

"ASTROLOGY.

"Astounding cures and divinations. If
"in ill health or trouble, consult Madame
"Clifford, unrivalled Business, Medical
"and Spiritual Clairvoyant, No. 107,
"Dean Street, corner of Hoyt, Brooklyn.
"She foretels events, detects disease,
"prescribes remedies, and finds absent
"friends. Business interviews 50 cents.
"Medical 1 dol. By letter, enclosing
"hair 2 dols."

"Mrs. F. T. Hays, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, can be consulted
"as usual at 36, Leroy Street, near
"Bleecker, to detect disease, find ab-

"sent friends, and prescribe remedies
"for all diseases. Business interviews
"50 cents. Medical, 1 dol. By letter
"inclosing hair, 2 dols.

"Mrs. Addie Banker, Spiritual Medium, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, continues to give satisfaction, to numerous visitors day and evening, at her rooms 282, Fourth Avenue, near
"Twenty-second Street, second floor."

Probably these specimens will suffice. Any day there were some dozen such advertisements in the New York papers, and in the newspapers of the smaller cities there were generally two or three of a like description. Of these let me take one which appeared in a Western paper daily, and then the reader may consider himself adequately "posted up" in the advertising literature of American astrology.

"Astrology! Look out! Good news
"for all! The never-failing Madame
"Judith Feist is the best. She succeeds when all others have failed.
"All who are in trouble; all who
"have been unfortunate; all whose
"fond hopes have been disappointed,
"crushed, and blasted by false promises or deceit—all fly to her for
"advice and satisfaction.

"In love affairs she never fails. She
"shows you the likeness of your future
"husband or wife. She guides the
"single to a happy marriage. Her aid
"and advice have been solicited in a
"hundred instances; and the result
"has always been the means of securing
"a speedy and happy marriage. She
"is, therefore, a sure dependance.

"It is well-known to the public at
"large that she was the first, and is
"now the only, person in this country,
"who can show the likeness in reality,
"and who can give entire satisfaction
"on all the successes of life, which can
"be attested and proved by thousands,
"both married and single, who daily
"and eagerly visit her. To all in
"business her advice is invaluable.
"She can foretel, with the greatest
"certainty, the result of all commercial
"and business transactions. Madame
"Feist is a *bonâ fide* astrologist that

"any one can depend upon. She is the greatest astrologist of the nineteenth century. Some ladies may be a little timid, though they need not fear, for she practises nothing but what is reconcileable to philosophers. In fact, a single visit will satisfy the most fastidious of her respectability, moral rectitude, and of the purity of her profession and practice. All interviews are strictly private and confidential; therefore, come one, come all!"

Throughout my life I have had a hankering after fortune-tellers and clairvoyants. I cannot say that I ever did see anything which surprised me. I can state still more positively that I never expect to see anything of the kind; but yet I still retain the feeling that it would be extremely gratifying if I only could see anything. Actuated by this mixture of scepticism and curiosity, I have always taken the opportunity of visiting any of these professors of mysterious powers, whom I came across; and in consequence I resolved to go and see what these American astrologists had to say for themselves. In relating my experience I have altered the names and localities, as I have no wish, in case these lines should be read across the Atlantic, to say anything that might affect the trade of these dealers in *diablerie*. I paid my money, and they gave me what they could in return, so that I have no cause to complain of them.

It was, I remember, on a cold winter day that I visited the celebrated Madame Z. in 100th Avenue, New York. The snow lay piled up on either side the streets; the ground was so slippery it was impossible to walk fast; and yet, unless you moved very rapidly, the cold seemed to get right into the marrow of your bones. However, at last I reached my destination—it is one comfort that you never can fail to find your way in New York—and on a rather dirty door I saw the name of Madame Z. inscribed on a brass plate, with the word "push" scrawled under it. I followed the direction, and found myself in a nar-

row and still dirtier vestibule, with another door in front of me, on which a placard was hung, calling my attention to a bell-rope dangling beside it. The object of this arrangement, I learnt on inquiry, was that timid visitors, who might not like being seen waiting at the astrologer's door, could drop in here when nobody was looking, and wait out of sight till the door was opened. On ringing the bell it was answered by a slipshod negro girl, the natural blackness of whose complexion was heightened by a long-continued abstinence from water, and who conducted me up a very tumble-down flight of stairs into a small back room, and there left me, telling me that her mistress was engaged, and would see me very shortly. The apartment where I was left to wait had a suspicious resemblance to the ante-chamber of a dentist's torture room. Over the mantelpiece there was a picture of the death of Washington. On the table there was a wax model of fruit and flowers, covered by a broken glass, and of a generally dilapidated appearance, as the roses had guttered down upon the pears, and the grapes had seceded from their stalks and amalgamated themselves in an unnatural union with the petals of the tulips. On a side-table there was a greasy backgammon board filled with address cards; a prayer-book which had lost one of its covers; a last year's number of Leslie's illustrated newspaper, with its middle page torn out; and a tattered edition of Emerson's "Representative Men." The only signs of the trade visible were a number of printed testimonials to the merits of Madame Z., several of them from persons described as clergymen, and a long handbill, which consisted of an ungrammatical attack on her brother or sister-professors in the black art, and especially derided the pretensions of a Madame X. who professed to be the seventh daughter of a seventh son. It was not a lively scene to wait in, and the rocking-chair creaked so abominably that it gave one the horrors to sit in it. The only diversion afforded me was that a small and impish-looking child used to open the door every two or three

minutes, grin at me, and then run away. Even this grew tedious by repetition, and, having warmed myself thoroughly, I was thinking of taking my departure, when the door leading towards the front room opened, and a very cracked voice summoned me to enter. I tried to look as grave as possible, and obeyed the summons. I was beckoned into a small alcove, very dark and singularly unsavoury in smell, lighted with a single jet of gas. In a sort of ticket-taker's box in this alcove Madame Z. was seated, dressed in black, and her face covered with a veil. Then, for the first time, I own I did feel uncomfortable. My fear arose not from nervousness, but from a simple reminiscence. There used to be at Naples, in the Garibaldian days, a veiled woman. In the day-time you never saw her. But late at night, as you were going along the deserted streets, and especially in the "Largo del Palazzo," you would find her treading noiselessly at your side. In a low, whispering voice she would begin begging alms "per la carità della Santa Madonna," and if you remained obdurate she would plant herself before you with the words "Vedi! vedi!" and then begin slowly, very slowly, to raise her veil. The effect was overpowering; the dread of what it was whispered you would see or rather what you would *not* see, overpowered all other considerations, and you gave gladly to escape the vision. Now when I looked at Madame Z. I fancied I saw the veiled woman of Naples again before me: and the idea that she might begin and lift her veil now, in this room where there was no possibility of escape, was too horrible to contemplate. However, the sound of her voice reassured me in a moment. That grating New England accent had never been bred in Southern Italy; and I took my seat in the chair placed in front of the opening, fearless of anything but fleas. I was asked whether I called for love, or business, or adventure. The last appeared to me the most hopeful topic, and I selected it forthwith. "The charge, sir, will be "one dollar paid beforehand, and fifty

"cents more if you like a magical "charm calculated to secure the wearer "health, happiness, and wealth." The charm I declined, and stated that my sole wish was to know my fortune; and I added, that, before entering on my future, I should like to hear something from her about the past. My soothsayer first inspected the dollar note, satisfied herself it was a good one, and then informed me, rather curtly, that my request was unreasonable. To learn the past required all sort of preliminary ceremonies, which demanded extra time and expense, whereas the future would be known with much greater facility. However, to show me that it was not want of power, but of will, which made her decline my request, she volunteered the information, that I came from a distant country and had taken a long voyage and was expecting letters. I grieve to add, in depreciation of this miraculous acuteness, that when I pressed her as to the name of my country, she first suggested France, and, seeing by my eyes that she had made a mistake, corrected herself to Holland. It was clear that her "forte" lay in the future, and so I awaited the disclosures with chastened impatience. A very dirty pack of cards were introduced from the lady's pocket. My hand was felt, the bumps of my head examined, and then, in a sing-song voice, I was told that I should be married—I forget how many times, but I know that it was more than twice; that there were people who wanted to do me an injury, and others who wished to do me good; that I should take a journey which would turn out to my profit; that I should get a letter with money in it, should beware of a tall man and a fair woman, and so on. I own that I thought my dollar cheaply earned; so I turned a deaf ear to the urgent entreaties that I could pay an extra quarter for a lucky number, and left Madame Z. not much the wiser for my interview.

My next visit was to the "beautiful "and accomplished Signorina X., the far-famed Zingarella of Castile." This time, there was very little pretence at mystery.

I was shown at once into a clean and respectably-furnished room; and in a very short time, the lady, who was advertised as having created a most unprecedented sensation in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, made her appearance. She was not very young, and I daresay had been good-looking enough some years before. As it was, in a strong light, and with the aid of paint, she would still have been a handsome woman on the stage, and her complexion was just brown enough to give some show of probability to her Zingarella origin. She assumed at once I wanted my fortune told, and began laying out the cards. There was something so ludicrous in the scene, that a smile passed over my lips. All of a sudden, to my amazement, my fortune-teller turned round to me with the words, "You don't believe all this stupid nonsense?" Thus interrogated, I confessed I did not. "Well, then," she answered, "no more do I." After this, all idea of learning the mysteries of the future was laid aside. But I fancied I might learn something of the present. So, on assuring the lady that I did not know a soul in the town, I told her that I had only come there as a literary man, anxious to make out something about the profession of fortune-tellers. The Signorina appeared flattered by the confidence, and proceeded to tell me a most romantic story about her own birth, and life, and marriage, of which I believed as much as I thought fit; and then, after explaining how reduced circumstances had induced her to take up the trade, she stated that since the war began her business had been a very good one. Ladies, she said, were her chief customers, and their object in visiting her was to obtain news of their sons and relatives who were in the war. She always made a rule, she stated, of telling them that the persons they were anxious about were safe and well; and so, at any rate, she sent them away happy for a time, and there was no great harm done to anybody. Her poorer customers came for lucky numbers in the lottery, and, as she truly added, she was as likely to

guess them as anybody. Every now and then people visited her to know their past and future, and then she made the best guesses she could; and what astonished her most was to find how often she guessed right. People had told her frequently that she must possess the power of second sight; but her own impression was—though she did not exactly put it in these words—that she only possessed a power of boundless impudence. Altogether, she impressed me as a very harmless impostor; and, if people are to fool away their money on fortune-tellers, I think it might have gone into many worse hands than those of the Zingarella of Castile.

I saw several other astrological professors both male and female. But only one gave me the least impression of being anything more than a vulgar charlatan. The one in question was a German Jewess, who carried on the business of astrologer in a town in the Far West. This lady had obviously made a good deal of money by her business. She had a carriage, and a farm, and negroes, and was much looked up to by the German population of the town, which was very large. When I went to visit her, the antechamber of her rooms was filled with well-dressed ladies, and her charges, as far as I remember, varied from eight shillings to a pound. The trick she exhibited to me, which consisted in displaying the portrait of a dead friend, was cleverly done, though not more so than many conjuring experiments I have witnessed; and the portrait itself was so very indistinct a one, that it might have served for the likeness of half a dozen persons I knew during their lifetime. The curious thing was—that, as far as I could judge, she really believed in her own powers of predicting the future. The fact that I knew the little town in Germany, where she told me she had been brought up, created a sort of acquaintance between us, and, during the half hour I spent with her, she spoke to me very openly; but I could not perceive any evidence of her disbelieving in her own professions. She

expressed great reluctance to using her power as a medium, on account of the exhaustion it entailed upon her. On the other hand, I should state that there was a wildness and excitability about her look and manner, which caused me to doubt whether she was altogether in her right mind. I overheard, by the way, two very lady-like women, who were waiting in the ante-chamber when I was there, whispering to each other that the astrologer in question had been known to raise the devil.

I made many inquiries as to the status of these American professors of the Black Art. Of course in its lower stages the business is not a very reputable one, and I suspect that the astrologers do a great deal in writing love letters, and raising small loans for their customers. Still fortune-telling is the staple of their trade; and, as a trade, it was completely recognised, and allowed to be carried on with absolute freedom. It was this fact which struck me most in connection with the whole matter. In this country we have "wise women" and obscure fortune-tellers, who carry on their business under cover, but they never get beyond the kitchen, and are constantly in trouble with the police. In America, any medium would be liable to punishment, if it could be proved that he had swindled his visitors out of money; but the mere fact of taking fees for fortune-telling is not considered either by the law or by public opinion as equivalent to obtaining money under false pretences.

In justice to the spiritualists, I should say that they would not recognise fortune-tellers as exponents of their creed. These astrologers are a sort of outsiders not admitted to the spiritual stock exchange. It is possible, so an orthodox believer would assert, that they may possess medi-istic powers; but their character deprives them of all authority. It so happened that accident threw me a good deal in the States among persons who believed more or less firmly in spiritual manifestations. Truth bids me add, that in the number of these persons

I found several of very remarkable force of mind and acuteness, whose testimony on any other matter I should reckon as of the highest value. The great difficulty I found in deriving information from them lay in the fact that the genuine believers were all enthusiasts on this particular point. It is not unnatural it should be so. If you hold a conviction which the rest of the world regards not only as untrue but absurd, it is impossible for ninety-nine men out of a hundred to bear the ridicule attaching to such a faith without becoming morbidly susceptible. When a man has got to that state of mind in which any objection as to the credibility of his statements is regarded as a personal offence, all that an inquirer can do is to take his evidence for what it is worth without endeavouring to sift it. I therefore attached comparatively little value to the remarkable incidents which believers told me they had witnessed with their own eyes. All I can say is, that the same amount of testimony as to any other series of facts would convince me there was some amount of truth in the stories circulated; and I do not know why I should except the evidence as to the spiritual manifestations from the operation of this general rule. One fact I learnt with regard to the subject—that from a certain popular point of view, the theory of spiritualism is not so childishly absurd as we are apt to regard it. Of course, to any educated mind there is something so utterly imbecile in the notion of a wilful table, that dances the polka at unseasonable hours, and a truant arm-chair, which runs up and down the kitchen stairs, that one's first tendency is to reject the whole subject as a tissue of twaddling absurdities. This tendency is aggravated by the fact that the creed of Spiritualism has attracted to it a perfect host of quacks and charlatans and a still greater multitude of fools. Anything more feeble than the American spiritualistic literature can hardly be conceived. The professors of the doctrine, the editors of its newspapers, and the lecturers on its truths are for the most part ignorant,

half-educated men and women, who have no notion what the laws of evidence really are, and who, even if they had a strong case, would ruin it by their inability to expound it plainly. Still for all that, the doctrine, as educated men explained it to me, is not one which it is impossible for a person of sense to admit as a hypothesis. As far as I could understand, it amounts to this:—Between this life and the next, there is—to use a physical phrase—no solution of continuity. After death and before death, the spirit, or whatever it is which constitutes the human entity, is exactly the same, subject only to certain differences in its external condition. The spirit can hardly be styled disembodied; it would be more correct to say that its body is invested with new and increased faculties. In a different medium the life of earth is continued, and the mortal character remains the same. It is not impossible, I think, for a thoroughly religious man to believe this doctrine, however little evidence it may rest upon. At any rate, in its elevated form, there is nothing in the belief inconsistent with a faith in the Divine government of the universe. If the reader grasps clearly this doctrine, he will perceive that its believers may think it removes many of the commonplace objections to Spiritualism. The spirits which the medium places in connexion with the earth are not, say they, beings of a different order from ourselves, but ordinary men, with all their faults and follies and vanities. They know very little more about the secrets of existence than we do ourselves; and indeed are hardly spirits at all in the received meaning of the word. It by no means follows that these visitors from another world should speak the truth. On the contrary, judging by the example of humanity, the probability is that they will not do so. The self-dubbed ghost of Shakespeare or Sophocles may be that of Smith or Simpkins, and the stories told by them under these aliases may be as false as their names. Moreover it is quite possible, or even probable, that

the mediums themselves may be guilty of exaggeration and deceit. The most candid advocates of Spiritualism admit that the laws by which communications between our sphere and another are regulated are but imperfectly known. A professed medium, therefore, whatever his powers may be, cannot always command success in his attempt to elicit responses from the spirits, and is under an immense temptation to make up for his failure by artificial deceptions.

Still, though I grant the logic of this argument, I never advanced far enough in my spiritualistic studies, to lose the sense of ludicrousness in the peculiar manifestations which I read and heard of. In the American organ of the Mediums, a certain New York banker—who, I should add, is a man of high character and good business repute—used to publish weekly accounts of his interviews with his deceased wife's spirit. Except that a vein of real though morbid feeling ran through his narrative, there was something inexpressibly absurd in the account of how his wife used to project herself before his vision with different degrees of distinctness, varying, as far as I could understand, with the composition of the atmosphere, and how on one occasion she evolved herself, so to speak, with such intense vitality as actually to implant a kiss upon his forehead. Then, too, there was a disembodied cobbler, who used to communicate his celestial experiences to the editor in the most delightful manner. He had not learnt spelling in a higher stage of existence, and had preserved what appeared to be—for spirits—an unusual degree of common sense. "Tell Jack and John," I remember his writing once, "that I often think upon 'the 'sprees' we had together. If 'they'll take my advice they won't have many more such goings-on; on 'the whole, I don't find that sprees pay 'up here.'" The exact words of the advice I cannot recall, but I know that the above convey the cobbler's meaning. I remember, too, a very distinguished American—whose character I respect too much to quote his name unneces-

sarily—telling me gravely the following anecdote. He had been speaking in the afternoon at a political meeting, and had to speak at another in the evening, so that the time for dinner was extremely limited. Just as he and his friends were sitting down, a spirit began rapping about the room and lifting up the tables. Thereupon my informant communicated with the unseasonable visitor, complained to him, that, honoured as the company were by his appearance, still the time chosen was a highly inconvenient one, and induced him to retire into space and call again after dinner. Now this story was told me with perfect gravity by a man who possesses talent of a very high order, and has played no unimportant part in public life. That such a man should tell and believe such a story, is almost as astonishing a fact to me as that the story should be true.

While I was stopping at Boston, I was asked to witness a spiritual *séance* given by Mr. Foster, on his return from England. The performance was considered to be an eminently successful one; and I trust, that my kind friend Mr. F——, the gentleman at whose house the exhibition took place, will pardon my recital of our joint experiences. Personally, Mr. Foster did not impress me favourably; but then I should own that the renowned medium—to use a slang phrase—“shut me up” more completely than I think ever happened to me before or since. Before the *séance* commenced, it so happened that I was left for some little time in company with Mr. Foster and some of the visitors, who came to be present at the exhibition. For want of something to say, I began asking the Professor whether he had known certain literary friends of mine in London, who, I knew, took an interest in Spiritualism. For some cause or other the inquiry did not appear a pleasant one, and Mr. Foster put a stop to it by a stroke of genius. “No, sir,” was his reply, “my acquaintance did not lie amongst that class. Perhaps *you*, sir, were acquainted with my intimate friends, the duke and duchess of W——.” No retort

was possible, and the best course I could adopt was to subside into silence; and, after this, I felt no doubt that I was going to witness the exhibition of a very clever man, whether impostor or not. My criticism being thus silenced, Mr. Foster gave us some very gratifying intelligence as to the state of spiritual faith in England, from which I learnt that half the Peers and Cabinet Ministers in the United Kingdom were searchers after spiritual truth.

The party assembled to witness the performance was a very small one, there being only, including myself, six persons in all, three of whom were ladies. One of the gentlemen present was a very fervent believer in Mr. Foster's talents. The rest of us were, I think, perfectly impartial, and inclined to doubt the whole matter. Knowing, as I do, something of all the people present, the hypothesis that there was collusion between any of them and the medium would be more incredible to me than any conceivable explanation of what I witnessed. The process adopted for putting us in communication with the spiritual world was, I presume, the ordinary one. We all wrote down a number of names of dead persons on little slips of paper, rolled these up into pellets, and threw them into a heap on the table. During this time Mr. Foster had his back turned to us, and, I am convinced, could not, unless he had the power of seeing through the back of his head, have seen what names we had written. An alphabet and pencil were handed to us, and the spirits made themselves manifest by rapping as we touched in succession the letters of their names. These names were almost invariably spelt out correctly. Now, I am quite aware that what may be called the mechanical part of the performance might possibly be done by sleight of hand. The reading of the name inside the pellets, the spirit-writing on the paper, the marking of the name upon the arm in red letters, and the rapping itself may have been accomplished by a dexterous piece of conjuring. If I were asked my private impression, I should

say they were so accomplished. Still, though sitting close to Mr. Foster, and watching him intently, I utterly failed to catch any indication of the way in which the trick was done; and, if it was conjuring, all I can say is, that it was a very remarkable performance. Intellectually the exhibition of our spiritual visitors was not astonishing. We had the regular stock callers. Mrs. Hemans, if I remember rightly, appeared walking on the arm of Wordsworth; and, though no great admirer of either of these poets, I confess that their mental powers—to judge from the scraps of conversation they vouchsafed to us—did not appear to have improved by a residence in the unseen world. We had only one visitation which, whether from coincidence, or whatever cause, was really remarkable in itself. Amongst our company was a Miss H——, a young lady who had written one or two stories under a feigned name, which had attracted some share of attention. Her reputation, however, had not yet made its way beyond a very small circle; she had lived all her life in a distant State, many hundreds of miles away from Boston; and belonged to a family utterly unknown out of their own locality. She had just come on a short visit to Mr. F., whose acquaintance with her was solely of a literary character; and she was not known to a soul in Boston before her arrival there. The lady in question was a singularly simple and straightforward person, and, from what I saw of her, utterly free from affectation of any kind, and disposed to look upon the whole exhibition as a farce. At the moment when the rapping was the loudest, and the spirits were at their liveliest, and had discarded the slow process of spelling for the more expeditious one of direct communication through the medium, Mr. Foster turned suddenly to Miss H——, and told her that there was a spirit standing over her who wished to speak to her; and then, in language much more natural than that usually adopted by his communicants, proceeded to tell her that it was the spirit of a near relative. Now the lady,

whose name he then mentioned, had died some dozen years before; her name had not been written down; in as far as we could discern, the fact of such a person ever having existed, was utterly unknown to any single being in Boston except Miss H—— herself; and we could discover no reason to suppose that Mr. Foster could have expected to meet Miss H—— on this occasion till within a very few hours previously, or that there were any available means by which he could have obtained any information as to her family history. Of course this *coup* was a great success, and even the most sceptical among our party began to look astonished and feel uncomfortable. However, happily for our nerves, the excitement was cooled down by the next essay at spirit-divination. Amongst the names which one of our party had written down was that of a fictitious Mary Smith. In process of time a spirit bearing this appellation announced herself to the person who had written it down, and began to deliver a message of unctuous affection. Unfortunately the writer, who was an eminently truthful person, grew ashamed of the deception, and informed the company that she never knew a Mary Smith, and had only written down the name as an experiment. We all looked rather black, and fancied Mr. Foster must feel uncomfortable; but, to do that gentleman justice, he rose equal to the occasion. "You Miss——," he rejoined severely, "may not know Mary Smith; but how can you tell that the spirit of 'a Mary Smith is not present now?' How indeed? The argument was unanswerable, and my opinion of the great medium's cleverness was raised to a higher point than ever.

Still the failure, *re* "Mary Smith," does not explain the success, *re* "Miss H.'s relative." My personal experiences were not remarkable. An old acquaintance of mine, who died of consumption, informed me that he died by drowning, and then explained that he only meant he perished by a sudden death—a statement which was rather new than true. Spirits, however, do not take kindly to

me individually, and I am used by this time to their want of sympathy. And now, if the reader should ask what I believe about the matter, I must tell him plainly, that I do not know. I incline to total unbelief; but, then, my reason tells me, that it is very difficult to reject the testimony on which some of these mani-

festations rest. A very shrewd observer, who had studied the subject carefully, told me that, though he could never convince himself that there was anything in spiritualism, he could still less satisfy himself that there was nothing in it. And this, I own, is about my frame of mind.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Though feeling some hesitation in approaching (metaphorically) the editorial sanctum, there are occasions when diffidence is out of place; and I think you will allow that this comes under that category. But, without any further preface, I will plunge at once *in medias res*, and tell you my whole story from the very beginning.

The gentleman (and scholar) whom I wish to introduce to your notice is Mr. Henry Broughton, my earliest and most attached friend. Throughout our school career—which we passed together in the classic groves and along the banks of Radley—to call us Damon and Pylades would have been to ‘damn with faint praise.’ Together we chased the bounding ball; together we cleft the yielding wave (that is to say, until I was turned out of the fifth boat); together we studied; together we attended Divine worship; together we should have passed the hours of the night, had not the regulations of that excellent institution confined us to our separate cubicles. Our characters were admirably fitted to supply what was wanting in the other. My mind was of the class which develops late, and which, while it gives abundant promise to the observant eye, too often fails to be appreciated by those immediately around; his reached its maturity early. I was the more thoughtful and the intellectualler of the two; he the more practical and the quick-sighted. I

ofttimes found myself unable to express the high thoughts that welled up inside me, while he carried off all the school-prizes. In the fullness of time we followed each other to college—to the college ennobled by more than one enduring world-wide friendship—to the college of Tennyson and Henry Hallam. In our new phase of life we were still as intimate as ever at heart, though, outwardly speaking, our social spheres diverged. He lived with the men of action; I with the men of thought. He wrote and talked, wielded the oar and passed the wine-cup, debated on the benches of the Union high questions of international morality and ecclesiastical government; I conversed with a few kindred souls about, or pondered out in solitude, the great problems of existence. I examined myself and others on such points as these: Why were we born? Whither do we tend? Have we an instinctive consciousness? So that men would say, when they saw me in the distance, “Why was Simpkins born? Is he tending hither? Has he an instinctive consciousness that he is a bore?” I gloried in this species of intellectual persecution. I was the Socrates, Broughton the Alcibiades, of the University. His triumphs may be read in the Cambridge Calendar and the club-room of First Trinity; mine are engraven deep in the minds which I influenced and impressed with my own stamp. However, to come to the point, as we were loafing in the cloisters of Neville’s

Court on an evening in March, 1860, the conversation happened to turn on an Indian career. Broughton spoke of it with his wonted enthusiasm, maintaining that the vital object to be looked for in the choice of a line in life was to select one that would present a succession of high and elevating interests; I, on the contrary, was fired at the idea of being placed with almost unlimited power among a subject-race which would look up to me for instruction and inspiration. What a position for a philosopher! What for a philanthropist! Above all, what for a philosophic philanthropist! We forthwith sent in our names for the approaching competitive examination. For the result of that examination I do not pretend to account. Broughton, who was lamentably ignorant of modern literature; who was utterly unable to "give a brief summary of the opinions held by, and a sketch of the principal events in the life of Heraclitus, Dr. Darwin, Kant, or Giordano Bruno;"—Broughton, who, when asked for the original source of the quotation, "When Greek meets Greek," said that when Greek met Greek he probably inquired whether he intended to vote for Prince Alfred, Jefferson Davis, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, Panizzi, or any other man;—Broughton, I say, passed third on the list, being beaten only by a student from Trinity College, Dublin, and a gentleman educated at Eton, where he resided exactly three weeks, and a private tutor's, with whom he passed seven years. As for myself, I have since been convinced that an examiner, whose name I willingly suppress, was shocked by my advanced opinions on the destination and progress of our race. This fact, together with a certain dash and freedom of style which continually peeps through, and which is more prone to disgust than to fascinate those with whom my fate lies, sufficed to exclude me from among the successful candidates. Our readers may possibly have heard, when the fire burns low on a winter night, and ghost-tale succeeds ghost-tale, and the trembling circle draw

closer in round the blazing hearth—on such an occasion my readers may have heard a story of two friends who made a compact in life that, if one of them died first, he should appear to the other and disclose to him what he knew of the secrets of the grave. While the result of the examination was still pending, we agreed, in imitation of these friends, that, if one only of us survived the ordeal, he should write to his home-staying comrade a full account of his Indian experiences. Broughton has been true to our contract; and, knowing that you had formerly expressed your willingness to insert a production of his pen (you may remember that your wish was conveyed in the same letter in which you informed me—with thanks—that you could not find space for my article on "The Subjectivity of Buckle"), I determined to send you his letters for publication. He will not be over-pleased when he gets scent of this step; but, as he depends on me for his *Macmillan*, I will take care that it shall not reach him till some months have elapsed.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES SIMKINS, B.A.

Trin. Coll. Cant.

P.S.—I send you under cover a trifle which has occupied a few of my idle moments. It is somewhat in the vein of Browning. If you think the imitation too pronounced, or if, on the other hand, the originality of the little thing appears too marked to be graceful in a young author, pray do not hesitate to reject it."¹

LETTER I.

Calcutta, Jan. 24, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—Indian travellers usually commence their first letter by describing their earliest impression upon landing in Calcutta. With some it is musquitoes; with others, Warren Hastings; while others, again, seem divided between an oppressive consciousness of heathendom and hot tiffins. My pre-

¹ On the whole, we seem to detect some slight traces of the fault in question.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

vailing feeling was negative: it was the absence of Dundreary. The sense of relief at being able to ask a question without being told that it was "one of those things no fellah could understand," was at first delightfully soothing. On the whole, the current English slang is at a discount in the market here. "Any other man," which at first showed some firmness, is now rarely quoted; but there is a tendency towards doing business in "your poor feet," checked only by an inability to account for the origin of the expression.

I did not write during the first fortnight, as I was in very low spirits, and nothing encourages that state of mind so much as trying to communicate it to others. There is no doubt that the situation of a young civilian has much in it that is very trying. His position is precisely that of a new boy at school. I was continually expecting to hear the familiar question, "What's your name, you fellow?" Nobody, however, seemed to care enough about me to ask. There are so many young civilians that older residents cannot afford to show them attentions until they have earned themselves an individuality. Every one has been a "student" in his day, with the same hopes, the same aspirations, the same anxiety about passing in Persian. Just as the magnates of undergraduate life at the university refuse to see in an ardent freshman the future Craven Scholar or Member's prizeman; just as the full-blown vicar smiles at the energy of his curate, burning to emulate the fame of a Philpotts or a Close; even so the judges of the High Court and the Secretaries to Government are slow to extend their favour and encouragement to budding Metcalfes and possible John Peters. As a set off, however, against the insignificance of student-life, there is the certainty that each year will bring with it an increase in importance and social position. A civil servant of ten years' standing who has not plenty of friends and a sufficiency of admirers must either be singularly undeserving or exquisitely disagreeable.

The sensation of loneliness is much

aggravated by the present system of selecting and training the members of the Indian Civil Service. In old days a writer came out in company with a score of men who had passed the last two years of their English life in the same quadrangle as himself. He found as many more already comfortably settled and prepared to welcome and assist their fellow-collegian, and in his turn he looked forward to receiving and initiating a fresh batch at the end of another six months. Haileybury formed a tie which the vicissitudes of official life could never break. In the swamps of Dacca, in the deserts of Rajpootana, amidst the ravines and jungles where the Khoond and the Santhal offer an intermittent but spirited opposition to the advance of civilization and the permanent settlement, wherever two Haileybury men met they had at least one set of associations in common. What matter if one wore the frock-coat of the Board of Revenue, while the other sported the jack-boots and solar topee of the Mofussil Commissioner? What matter though Brown swore by the Contract Law and Sir Mordaunt Wells, while Robinson was suspected of having lent a sly hand in pushing about the Nil Durpan? Had they not rowed together on the Lea? Had they not larked together in Hertford? Had they not shared that abundant harvest of medals which rewarded the somewhat moderate exertions of the reading-man at the East Indian College? This strong *esprit de corps* had its drawbacks. The interests of the country were too often postponed to the interests of the service. But the advantages of Haileybury outweighed the defects.

Our situation is very different. Few of us are lucky enough to have more than two or three acquaintances among the men of our own years; and, while our seniors persist in looking on us as a special class, we have no bond of union among ourselves. At Cambridge you must have observed that freshmen regard freshmen with a peculiar suspicion and shyness; and I sometimes think that it is the same with the novices of the

Civil Service. It is some time before we acquire the aplomb, the absence of which characterises the reading-man of the University. I use the word "aplomb" in order to avoid your darling term "self-consciousness," that treasured discovery of a metaphysical age. When a man describes himself as "self-conscious" I always think of the American fugitive bawling out to an officer who attempted to rally his regiment, "For Heaven's sake, do not stop me; I am so fearfully demoralised." The stories against the Competition Wallahs which are told and fondly believed by the Haileybury men are all more or less founded on the want of *savoir faire*. A collection of these stories would be a curious proof of the credulity of the human mind on a question of class against class. They remind one of nothing so much as of the description in "Ten Thousand a Year" of the personal appearance, habits, and morals of the supporters of the Reform Bill.

For instance :

Story showing the Pride of Wallahs.

—A Wallah, being invited to dinner by a member of Council, went out before the whole company.

Story showing the Humility of the Wallahs.—A Wallah, on a visit to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, being urged to sit down, replied that he knew his place better. (Be it observed that the Lieutenant-Governor denies the story with all its circumstances.)

Some anecdotes are more simple, such as : a Wallah, riding on a horse, fell into a tank ; or, a Wallah, seeing a rifle, thought it was a musket.

The idea entertained by the natives is droll enough : they say that another caste of Englishmen has come out. A common complaint among the magistrates and commissioners up country is, that many of the young men who have lately joined lack the physical dash and the athletic habits that are so essential in India. When some three or four Englishmen are placed over a province as large as Saxony, an officer who cannot drive a series of shying horses, or ride across country, is as useless as a judge who suffers from headache in a badly-venti-

lated courthouse. A Commissioner of Police told me that on one occasion, when a district in Bengal was in a very inflammable state on account of the Indigo troubles, he marched up in hot haste with a strong force, and requested the civil officer to meet him on the way. To his ineffable disgust that gentleman came to the rendezvous in a palanquin. It was not by travelling about in palanquins that Wake and Mangles and their fellows, in the midst of a hostile population, with small hope of succour, bore up against frightful odds through the long months of the great mutiny. It is impossible to believe that any class of Englishmen are deficient in natural courage ; but familiarity with arms and horses can only be acquired by men constantly exercised in field sports ; and to field sports the new civilians are not addicted as a class. The individual members of an imperial race settled in small numbers throughout a subject population must be men of their hands. What the Enniskilleners were in Ireland, what the soldiers of Cortes were in Mexico ; that are our countrymen in India. It is well for a Mofussil civilian that he should have cultivated tastes and extended views ; but it is well likewise that he should be ready at need to ride fifty miles on end without seeking for road or bridge, and that in villages and bazaars of the most evil reputation he should feel secure with a favourite hogspear in his hand, and a double-barrelled Purday slung across his shoulders.

In the earlier days of the new system, stories were frequently told against the competitioners, accusing them of the grave crimes of frugality and foresight. One competitioner had set up house-keeping with a dozen of beer and a corkscrew. Another was seen walking with his arm round his wife's waist in the bazaar. We no longer hear anything of this class of anecdotes, for the plain reason that society has come round to the competitioners, and acknowledged that they were in the right. If a young couple in the first year of wedded life cannot be happy without a carriage,

their love can hardly be so warm as to justify their marrying on three hundred a year. Many of those who laughed loudest had bitter reason to regret the want of the prudence which they ridiculed. In old days, it was no uncommon thing for men of advanced life—high in office—to be tormented with debts contracted during their first eighteen months in the country. With minds of a certain class, to have “turned your lac”—that is, to owe ten thousand pounds—was conventionally supposed to be a subject of mutual congratulation. Whether the contemplation of that achievement afforded equal pleasure to the father of a large family down a vista of thirty years may well be doubted. A civilian who has the self-command to live within his income from the very day on which he lands, after a very short time, will never know what the want of money is. But to live within his income is no easy thing for a student within the Calcutta ditch. To him iced champagne is as pleasant, and hired palkee-garries are as dirty, and promising colts in the last batch landed from the Cape are as good bargains as to any collector and magistrate in the receipt of nineteen hundred rupees a month. It is sweet to quaff Moselle-cup on Sabbath afternoons in the Botanical Gardens; sweet to back one’s opinion with fifty gold mohurs within the palings of the Grand Stand; sweet—oh, passing sweet!—to whisper soft something in the ear of the beauty of the cold season as you rein in your chafing Arab by her carriage on the course. Facile is the descent of Avernus; subservient is the native banker; easy is it, and withal somewhat dignified, to borrow on official prospects. But it will not be so pleasant a quarter of a century hence, when Harry, poor fellow, has to be written to and told to give up the Balliol Scholarship because you cannot afford to pay his college-bills; and Tom must be kept on at that private school where he learns nothing, because Rugby is too expensive; and Margaret’s marriage has to be put off another, and yet another year, because you cannot spare

the couple of thousand for her settlements; and, worse than all, the little ones are growing paler and more languid every month, but the fares of the P. and O. are so heavy; and that infernal Baboo is growing so insolent; and your head was not quite the thing last hot season; and mamma It is better to pinch a little, while one is young and hopeful; and the competitors have discovered this principle, and are acting upon it honestly and well.

We must not close our eyes to the undoubted advantages of competition. Short of competition, the old system of appointment by individual directors is far the best that ever was devised. A gentleman in very high office out here, of great experience and excellent judgment, proposes that the Secretary of State should name twice as many candidates as there are vacancies, and that the half of these should be selected by a searching competitive examination. But it is impossible for a statesman, with his hands full of work, however well-disposed, to make, on his own judgment, a large number of appointments. He must rely on the recommendation of others. He might, indeed, request the head-masters of the great public schools to send in the names of those of their best scholars who fancied an Indian career—which, after all, would only be an irregular competitive system under another name. But he would be far more likely to ask members of parliament, who were undecided which way to vote on the approaching stand-and-fall question, to assist him with their valuable advice in making the nominations. The prizes of the Civil Service are too rich to be placed in the lap of any one man. Suppose twenty vacancies, and a secretary for India with free opinions on the matter of patronage. What would be easier than to nominate twenty favoured candidates, and twenty youths who had failed three times running in the preliminary examination at Cambridge? The only chance for a man, without interest, would be to feign extreme incapacity; to get flogged at

school and plucked at college; and then to burst on the horror-struck examiners with a flood of unsuspected information and latent genius. It would be necessary to imitate the elder Brutus, in order to deceive the Tarquin of the India Office. Now the system of appointment by directors worked well, because it was founded on the principle of personal responsibility. Each member of the board wished his *protégé* to do him credit. He chose the most promising of his sons or nephews: and a public-spirited man would often go further, and nominate the most likely young fellow of his acquaintance. The chief disadvantage lay in the fact that the lads, brought up in Anglo-Indian families, and among Indian associations, from an early age, looked upon India as their birthright, and failed to acquire the larger views and wider interests of a general English education. Any one who has observed boys closely cannot fail to remark the unfortunate effect produced on a growing mind by a special line of life constantly in prospect.

Is there, then, any plan which would unite the advantages of the old and the new systems? Why not appoint men by open competition, between the ages of, say, seventeen and nineteen, and afterwards send the successful candidates to an East Indian college at one of the universities? By choosing your civilians at an earlier age, you will get hold of a class who now slip through your hands. A man of first-rate powers, who has once tasted the sweets of university success, will never be persuaded to give up his English hopes. By the time he is five-and-twenty, when he has begun to estimate his position truly, and to see that a University Scholarship is not a certain step to the cabinet or the woolsack, then, indeed, he would be glad enough to take the Civil Service by the forelock. But at two-and-twenty, in the full conceit of a glorious degree, in the full view of a Trinity or Merton fellowship, who would consent to exchange the Common-room *in esse*, and Downing-street *in posse*, for the bungalow and the cutcherry? Warren Has-

tings and Sir Charles Metcalfe were among the best scholars of their time at Eton and Westminster. If they had once worn the gown, once known what it was to be the pets of the Union Society and the favourites for the medal among the knowing ones at the scholars' table, they would have been lost for ever to India. Under the existing system, such men are lost to her for ever. Put the limit of age some three years earlier, and you will have a fair chance of getting a Metcalfe every other year and a Hastings once in a decade.

Such a college as I propose would retain all that was good in Haileybury, without its capital defect—an excessive *esprit-de-corps*, a way of thought too exclusively Anglo-Indian. A set of lads, fresh from the great public schools, imbued each with the traditions and tone of the place in which he had been brought up, the heroes of Bigside, the aristocracy of the Philathletic Club at Harrow, would be in no danger of turning into a community of young Quihies. Future judges of the Zillah Court, with livers as yet unenlarged, would drive their eight-ear past the Plough with all the zeal of Caius and something of the dash of third Trinity. Sucking assistant residents would vie with any in acquiring that style, so exquisitely compounded of Pope's "Odyssey" and Brady-and-Tate, which used to characterise the Cambridge Prize Poem until the heir of England inspired the University lyre. Such a college would obviate all the defects in the present system, that are so strongly felt both by its enemies and its well-wishers. A sense of brotherhood would again unite the members of the Civil Service, bound together by the most indissoluble of ties, the memory of what Horace beautifully calls "a boyhood passed under not another king." Such an institution would prove an admirable corrective of a pedantic, unpractical turn of mind, or of a sedentary effeminate habit of body. The innate evils of a close college would have no existence there. A society of young fellows, picked by merit from the great places of education, would be a credit

and an example to either university, and Cambridge would be lucky, indeed, to secure them for herself.

I have been very long and dull about my competitors, but it is consoling to think that you would have been much duller. You may take your revenge by writing eight sides upon any subject in which you are interested, excepting only the American war and the destinies of our race, provided only that you prepay the letter. My next shall be more amusing, as I start this day week on a visit to my cousin, the collector and magistrate of Mofussilpoor, in Bahar, so that you shall hear something of up-country life. Go on and prosper in your mission of reforming society, even unto martyrdom. But, if you are condemned to drink hemlock, for Heaven's sake do not expect me to stand by and listen to you talking about pain and pleasure for the last six hours of your existence. Be assured that my affection for yourself, and my indifference to your theories, continue unchanged.

"Jecur, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

It is not worth while altering the line for your benefit, as you never had a strong opinion on the question of quantities. It has sometimes occurred to me that your having fallen short of excellence as a writer of Latin verse may be partially accounted for by your neglect of prosody.

Ever yours,

H. BROUGHTON.

P.S. You asked for a description of life on the overland route. I send you the prologue written for a play we acted on board Captain Weston's ship, the *Nemesis*, on the evening of the day on which we stopped at the coral island of Minnicoy, to pay a visit to the poor people who had been wrecked in the Colombo some six weeks before. It will tell you as much as it is good for you to know about the habits and pastimes of the "P. and O." travellers.

Fair dames, whose easy-chairs in goodly row
 Fringe either bulwark of the P. and O.
 Whose guardian angels with auspicious gales
 Swell the broad bosom of our outward sails,
 Or, as a metaphor more strictly true,
 Direct the revolutions of our screw;
 As the long day wears on, and nothing brings
 To break the dull monotony of things,
 No fresh delight, no genial Christmas fun,
 Save water-ices or a casual bun,
 Just like our watches, as we eastward go
 We're growing slower still and yet more slow.
 In search of sport these join the circle full
 That smokes and lounges round the game of "Bull,"
 Chaff if Smith get a B, and marvel when
 Jones, flushed with triumph, scores a lucky ten.
 Those train their muscles, spite of bruise and rub,
 With two old dumb-bells and a broken club,
 And, like true heroes, undergo in play
 Work that were cheap at five rupees a day.
 Some loftier natures court a nobler care,
 And sit in judgment on the bill of fare,
 Sigh for fresh butter and abuse the ghee,
 Sneer at the ox-tail soup and praise the pea,
 And for discussion find a boundless field
 In Irish stew hermetically sealed.
 Then blame us not if we exert our powers

To charm away *ennui* some two short hours.
Excuse our faults. For time most sorely prest
We've done but roughly, though we've done our best.
To dye our lover's waistcoat in a hurry
We stole a spoonful of the purser's curry,
And left the after-dinner wine and fig
To pick the hemp that forms our villain's wig.

Is there one here who, when his spirits droop,
Recalls his broken slumbers on the poop;
Roused from the rugged plank on which he lay
By humid Lascars ere the break of day?
Is there a maid who lives in nightly dread
Lest some dire cockroach drop from overhead,
And in the fevered fancies of her sleep
Sees the foul insect towards her pillow creep?
Let them to-night, while laughing till they cry,
Lay cares and cockroaches and Lascars by.
If thoughts of those we left on Mimnicoy
Infuse some bitters in our cup of joy,
Let us at least this consolation rest on,
Through their mishap we sail with Captain Weston.

While friends at home through dank Tyburnia's fog,
Their flanks protected by a trusty dog,
A stout alpaca o'er their shoulders spread,
Alert and armed, are marching back to bed,
And scheming to avoid, as best they can,
The fell embraces of "the nasty man;"¹
Here shall the mermaids who pursue in play
Our track of phosphor stretching miles away,
When burst of merriment and jocund stave
Come floating by across the Indian wave,
Cock up their tails and cry, 'Full well we know
Some lark's afloat on board the P. and O.'

¹ This is the professional title of the gentleman who actually gives the hug.

EXODUS OF MUSSULMANS FROM SERVIA.

SERVIAN FRONTIER, *October 21st, 1862.*

THE dispute between Servia and the Turkish Government has been what the newspapers call "satisfactorily adjusted for the moment." That is to say, the difficulty has been split, each party being obliged to abate somewhat of its claims. The Great Powers decree that Servia shall yet a while tolerate a Turkish garrison behind the old walls of the Danubian castles; but at the same time they enjoin the Porte to deliver her from the presence of those Mahometan populations still lingering within certain

of her towns. Moreover, the Turks are to evacuate and raze those two inland, mediæval keeps, commonly called the fortresses of Uzice and Sokol.

Sokol lies in the mountain passes close to the Bosnian border; and on our way to Sarajevo we resolved to turn aside and visit it. We expected to arrive there the same day as the Servian and Turkish Commissioners, who had already done their duty by Uzice; and we bore with us letters to a gentleman deputed to accompany them on the part of the English Consul-General at Belgrade.

From Belgrade, so far as Valjivo, the

carriage-road is as good as one would wish to see in England; and the lawns and oak trees on either side would grace an English park. In the larger villages where we spent the night, new houses are springing up; the inhabitants seem well-to-do, and the streets are clean. Among other contrasts which strike the traveller, when passing into the autonomous principality from that part of Turkey still governed by Mahometan officials, I may mention the following. On the Turk-ruled side, even new houses are built of wood, and window-panes are rare; the narrow streets are heaped with impure matter, and often form the channel of a filthy stream; the highway is but a track, and you require guards to protect you from robbery. On the Servian side, the lately-erected houses are of brick or stone, with glazed windows; the streets are wide and scrupulously clean; the public roads are worthy of Europe; and even in the forest-path you walk safe and free, as if at home.

Each day we achieved but a short distance, two good hours being engrossed by dinner in the house of a rich peasant. The programme on these occasions is the following:—At a turn of the road, you find a man waiting to bid you to the feast. He leads you to a glade in the wood, dotted over with white houses. Probably all these are peopled by one family; and on the green in the midst stands to receive you the house-father, heading his goodly tribe of sons and brothers. Stalwart figures, these Servian yeomen, broad of brow and dignified in bearing; well becomes them their bravery of fur-trimmed jackets and silver-mounted pistols! Near the door of the principal dwelling, you perceive the women of the family. In the district their dress consists of white tunics and crimson aprons; and they wear on the head a sort of diadem, set with gold pieces, and finished behind with a white linen veil. The way is led to a beautifully clean chamber, wherein the furniture shows a mixture of Oriental and European. The divan occupies one side; on the other stand tables and a chair; and the wall displays, in fair array, the

gold-bordered, fur-lined pelisses of the household, also the household weapons. Among the latter you may remark some old guns of Bosnian and Albanian fabric, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl: these are heirlooms transmitted from the War of Liberation, whereon the Serbs entered with scarce any weapons but their staves, and which they ended with arms taken from the enemy. Dinner begins with an *entrée* of cheese and clotted-cream; then comes chorba, *i. e.* chicken-broth, with a flavour of acid. Next you have boiled meat, with vegetables; then roast chicken or turkey—the latter bird being here plentiful and excellent. But the glory of the repast is the dessert. I never saw anything like the fruit here. Your own dinner finished, you must yet tarry; for the order of the feast consists in a succession of tables, beginning with the principal guests, and ending with the drivers and guides. While one division of the party eats, the other chats; and, in the case of the “elders,” chatting merits the name of debate. Often as they sit before the door, the newspapers are read out to them and the heads of families; the Kmets and the Capetans pass judgment on the conduct of statesmen and officials with all the deliberation and earnestness of men who feel that it is themselves who make the nation. The peace lately proclaimed, and its conditions, form at present the chief subject of discussion; and it must be confessed that few have a good word for either. The opinion of the Serbs of the Principality is given in broad terms: “It was a sin and a shame “not to support their brave brethren “the Serbs of Montenegro. The bombardment of Belgrade should have “been a signal for war.”—“It is ill “policy,” say they, “to desert a true “friend, and make peace with a treacherous foe.” On the other hand, great reliance is placed on the patriotism and judgment of the present Prince Michael Obrenović. Of his patriotism they are sure; for he is a man of large fortune, independent of the Principality; and, if he has accepted the difficult and dangerous office of her ruler, it can only

be in order to serve her.¹ Of his judgment they have had proof, during his repeated travels through the country, in the detection of abuses, and in the wise measures for promotion of industry, which, proposed by him to the National Assembly, are now being actively carried out. Such are Prince Michael's personal merits; but, in what respects his dealings with the Turk, confidence is placed in him as "the son of old Milosh." "Let him alone," they say; "his father went slowly to work, but surely—to-day one step, to-morrow another."

And, now that we are on the topic of Servian yeomen, allow me to recommend them to the acquaintance of such of your friends as would like to see the realization of liberty and equality, without the subversion of society—a loss of reverence for family ties. The Servians of the Principality started on their autonomy as a nation of peasants: Prince, ministers, soldiers, employés—all are the growth of one generation. Some of the elder statesmen now in office themselves began life in the white tunic; and, for the rest, their fathers were keepers of flocks and tillers of the soil—their brethren and kinsfolk are so still. But the people which, in the nineteenth century, glories in calling itself a nation of peasants, would, in the Middle Ages, have called itself a nation of nobles. Every Servian has the rights which, in the Middle Ages, distinguished a noble. He may own land, bear arms, give his voice in the National Assembly; and, should the Prince break the laws, he is authorized to oppose him. Nor has this last-mentioned right been suffered to remain a dead letter. Since—little more than thirty years ago—the Principality entered on its autonomy, its people have thrice discarded their elected rulers; once for tyranny, and twice because they could not hold their own against foreign interference. And yet, as I said before, the Servians are not revolutionists; in no case has a change in the person of the ruler entailed inversion

of the social system. Far from it; subordination, and an almost patriarchal respect for the family, form elements as innate in their popular organization as the right of self-government and municipal freedom. Every district, every village, every household is a little state, self-governed, under magistrates elected or hereditary; the administrators are surrounded with reverence, and clothed with real authority. In the division of labour the head of the family assigns to each member his task. When taxes are raised, the elders of the village apportion to every family its share. This popular organization is as old as the Servian nationality, nay, as the Slavonic race.

The yeomen of Servia furnish the country with a militia of a hundred thousand men, each of whom is bound to provide himself with two pistols, a hangiar, and rifle, which are hence called house-weapons. Half of the militia has lately been called out, and at the time of our visit exercised three times a week. It was impossible not to be struck with their enthusiasm and martial spirit. No doubt, however, there is a shady side to this picture. In Servia there is no pauper class—you never see a beggar, very rarely a man in rags; there is no dangerous class; every man wears arms without offence to the peace of society. Yet, there is no denying that the warrior-yeoman has more taste for soldiering than for husbandry. His wants are few; and, where these are not concerned, he is indolent, impatient, wasteful. In many districts the fertile soil is rather scratched than cultivated; the grand old forest-trees are cut down for fences, or even wantonly slashed and burned. Measures for the improvement of agriculture and the protection of forests were enacted by the last National Assembly; but, in the meantime, persons with a natural penchant for "coercion" call out on the mischiefs of a system which leaves the peasant his own master. Others, however, who knew the country when Turkish Spahis were lords of the manor, point to lands since cleared and drained, to roads and

¹ When a few months ago the probability of war necessitated an increase of expenditure, the Prince at once resigned his Civil List.

schools yearly multiplying. Such are content to rely on education for creating in the people new wants, and on new wants for stimulating to new labour; while, in proof of what has already been done for the national character by freedom, they adduce the absence among Servian officials of that corruption which underlies administration in every other part of the Turkish empire.

When we arrived at a few hours distance from the Bosnian border, we were met by the Capetan of the district of Krupan, who escorted us the rest of the way with a troop of his pandours. He told us that preparations had been made for our visit to Sokol; next day we could ride over to dinner and return in the evening. "But" we asked "is it not true, as we heard at Valjivo, that the garrison of Sokol is in revolt, refusing to give up the fortress even at the order of the Sultan?" He answered "Only yesterday I sent off a trustworthy messenger to the Mudir or Governor of Sokol. He, the Mudir, is of opinion that, when his Sokolites shall be certain of receiving an equivalent for what they now resign, they will go out quietly. Lately they sent a deputation to the Vezir of Bosnia; and Osman Pasha has answered, promising them good lands, and kind treatment. The commission is expected at Sokol daily; and, meanwhile, if you go over, the Mudir promises you dinner and otherwise hospitable entertainment."

Next day we started. Our escort, besides our servant, an old soldier, including the Capetan and his pandours, also divers inhabitants of Krupan, well-armed and mounted, coming partly to do us honour, and partly to rejoice their hearts with a sight of the Mussulman Exodus. It was a thick autumn morning; but as, from time to time, we caught a glimpse beyond the boughs of the forest, we could see the mists gathering themselves together, and rolling off the hill-tops in clouds of sheen. After riding nearly two hours—that is to say, about half the distance—we arrived at the verge of the territory, comprehending nine villages assigned to the garrison of Sokol for subsistence. Here,

under magnificent oak-trees, we found a detachment of the frontier guard, picturesque figures in white tunics with caps and girdles of crimson; we found also what by no means pleased us—a message from the Mudir of Sokol to inform us that the garrison had revolted against his authority, refusing to quit, refusing to admit the Commission, and threatening all who should approach their walls with death. I don't think at first that we gave the Mudir credit for sincerity. Having had a good deal of Turkish excuses we half suspected this to be one of them; and the old Sub-Capetan was loth to turn back. "Decide for yourselves" he said; "if you will risk it, let us go on." We asked "Don't you think it likely the Turks will shoot at you?" "Bah," cried one of the bystanders, "what does he care for that, they have shot at him twice already." Again we consulted the messenger. He confirmed the Mudir's warning with emphasis, and added that the Commissioners now arrived in the neighbourhood had not ventured further than Servovia, a village on the Sokol frontier. On this, it was resolved to turn our course. We would ride round on Serb territory to Servovia, hear from the Commissioners what they thought of the matter, and, if next day the Sokolites agreed to receive them, visit Sokol in their company. The Capetan promised us that on the way we should at least see the "Falcon Keep."¹

So off we set again, riding, or rather scrambling on horseback, over forest and bracken, steep earth-bank and stony ledge, the woods ringing with the loud songs of our escort, the echoes startled with their pistol-shots fired off for glee. On the road we gathered details. First, coming on an old man and his son walking armed in a small field of curies, we halted to ask what news they had of their neighbours. The old man came forward and answered. "I am now seventy years of age, and never has a year of my life passed without houses being burnt, and cattle robbed, and men slain in strife with the Turks of Sokol. But yesterday

¹ Sokol-Falcon.

the men of the village nearest to ours came and said, "We are going up to Sokol to hold counsel with our brethren whether we shall give up our Castle, or whether we shall refuse. Should it be decided for war, we will let you know by firing off two cannon. Last night," added the old man, "two cannon-shots were heard." "Well," said the Capetan, "you have lived to see the day when the Sultan has to order his Turks out of Sokol; now mark well, and tell your children and your grand-children, that on that same day you saw English people riding with the Servians." The old man and his sons lifted their caps and cried, "Thank God."

On we rode, when, all at once, from the top of a knoll we were skirting, out peeped a turban, while a rough voice challenged us. Those riding foremost stopped; and, the Capetan himself spurring forward, the turban-coifed figure emerged from the bushes, and the usual salutations were exchanged. "God help you." "How are you all at Krupan? at Sokol?" "How is the Mudir?" Presently up came a Servian who happened to be a neighbour of the turban's; they embraced, and the captain called out that raki should be given to the Turk. At the sight of the raki other Turks, hitherto concealed, forsook their lurking-place, and stole down the hill towards us.¹ A conversation ensued. The Turks in ambush were of those left behind as outposts when their brethren went up to Sokol; they had seen us approaching, and came out to reconnoitre. The superior numbers of our party imposed civility, and they rather apologized for the contumacious behaviour of their friends. It was all, they said, the fault of a few hot heads, who cared neither for the Commission, nor for the Sultan, nor for God; but they would soon find that this would not do. Our Capetan condoled with

them on their hard lot; "but," added he, "we all know that even heroes must yield to fate." "Kismet, kismet," answered the Turks, and drank again—"It is true." We were then introduced, and permission formally asked for us to ride through the next wood, whence we were to have a view of Sokol. The poor Turks had nothing for it but to acquiesce, and we bid them good-bye. They were wretched, ill-clothed, hungry-looking; and the hatred in their eyes accorded ill with the blandishments on their lips. However, I shall always be grateful to them for not having fired on us before challenging. It is evident there was among them no coward like the Pasha of Belgrade, who, without warning, fired on a defenceless city, full of women and children.

Soon after leaving the Turks, we came to the point commanding a view of Sokol. There it perches on a lonely crag among the hills, and above the river. Well does it deserve its name of Falcon's Nest. Only, as the Servians say, would that it were tenanted by a real falcon! You most know that *falcon* is the epithet used in Serb poetry to designate the "best heroes"—fierce and fearless, but true to country and creed. A falcon of pure breed is the Montenegrin; but the Turks at Sokol are the offspring of renegades. Sprung of Serb stock, and speaking the Serb tongue, they are the enemies of their brethren, the scourge of their fatherland.

To understand this, as also their position with regard to their fortress, we must take a peep at the history of the Mussulman in Servia. When, nearly five centuries ago, the Turk was pouring his hordes upon Europe, the Serbs staked and lost their all—empire, Czar, and the flower of their chivalry in one fatal field. What hope of salvation from Moslem yoke remained lay in the aid of the Hungarians and Germans. But German and Hungarian belonged to the Latin Church, and the price of their help was submission to the Roman Pontiff. In this dilemma the then

¹ The Mahometan's objection to *wine* does not extend to other spirituous liquors. We more than once saw Turks intoxicated. No doubt, however, the Sokolites are unusually liberal-minded, for no religious prejudice interferes with their stealing their neighbours' pigs.

ruler of Servia asked the Mahometan Sultan what degree of toleration he would agree to accord. His answer in tone much resembled the declarations of the Hatti-Sheriff and Hatti-Humayoun. "I would build," said the Turk, "a church near every mosque, and leave each man free to bow in the mosque or cross himself in the churches." From this original promise of toleration down to the truce signed before the bombardment of Belgrade, it may be said sweepingly that the Turk has not kept to the Serb one parole, except when chained to it by the interference of some European Power. So soon as the Turk had obtained possession of Servia, lands and rights were forfeited by all who did not accept the conqueror's creed. Then the best blood in Servia rallied to the Black Mountain of Zela,¹ where unto this hour they hold out for the "Cross and golden freedom." Great numbers of the Servian noblesse emigrated; and of those that remained, the most ransomed land and social position by the abjuration of their baptism. The Serb peasantry stood firm, bided its time, and, as we know, finally turned the scale on the renegades. During the war of Liberation many of the Mahometans fell, many left the country; and, in the treaty by which the Porte recognised the autonomy of Servia, she bound herself to remove such as yet remained within a certain term of years. It was her evasion of this engagement in the case of the Mussulmans at Belgrade that led to the late complication. However, in the same treaty it was stipulated that Turkish garrisons should continue in the Danubian fortresses, and in those of Uzice and Sokol; and whereas, on the Danube, these garrisons consist of regular troops, the inland castle was entrusted to the native Mahometans. These men owned nothing over them, save a nominal allegiance to the Sultan; they paid no taxes and were amenable to no tribunal except that of their own Mudir; what wonder that their fortresses grew to be robber-holds, places

¹ Called by the Venetians "Montenegro."

of refuge for every escaped criminal or disaffected citizen in the principality. All the same, so far as the Sultan was concerned, they held his castles stoutly in his name; and in former times Sokol defied alike Serb and Austrian, even when once the garrison was reduced to seven men. It is in reward for such good service that one fine day the Sokolites are ordered to march forth without striking a blow! Who can refuse them a certain sympathy when they answer that, if the Sultan has deserted them, they will stand by each other, and vow to perish to a man rather than give up their "Maiden" Keep?

From the hillside we descended to the river Drina, which, at this part of its course, forms a boundary between Servia and Bosnia. Close on the farther side Osman Pasha was said to be encamped; and, on our way towards Serbovia, we met two deputations sent by him to admonish the contumacious Sokolites. One of these was led by a Turk of Uzice, kinsman to some of the most unruly; he was to mollify them by a description of the arrangements made for their well-being on the other side of the frontier. He was very sanguine of success, and even promised that we should enter Sokol next day.

After skirting the river's edge, we came out on a little plain, whereon lies the village of Serbovia. Here we found the Servian Commissioner, the Natchalnik of the district, a Servian officer, &c., also a Turkish officer, and the Dragoman of the Turkish Commission. The Turkish Commissioner himself had gone over to Osman Pasha. The English deputy of the consul was not there. Many were the congratulations that greeted us. It had been known that we were to be in Sokol that day, and no one expected we should ever again be seen alive. As it was late, we determined to remain the night at Serbovia, and next morning cross the river, present our letters to Osman Pasha, and request his sanction and assistance for a projected tour in Bosnia. Next morning, as we were on the point of starting,

arrived a message from the Pasha, bidding us wait a while, and he would send over for us his own horses. Being already mounted, we saved him that trouble. The crossing of the Drina proved a very tedious operation—no mode of passage, save a flat-bottomed ferry-boat, too small to carry us all over at once. Now that we were a large party, our escort of the preceding day wished one and all to have ridden to the Pasha's camp; but the Capetan forbade it, in consideration for the Turkish nerves. As it was, we were one too many by a bard—one of the wild children of the frontier who fight and sing, and turn every skirmish into a "piesma;" he would not be denied crossing, and at first demeaned himself like an ordinary mortal. But when, on the opposite bank, he espied a body of Turks from Uzice in the very process of evacuating Servia, the spirit became too strong for him; within sight of the camp of the enemy he burst forth in a song of triumph. It is needless to say that for this exploit he is certain of a Turkish bullet the next time he rides alone; however, like the Capetan, he was probably in for that already.

About half an hour's distance on the other side of the river, we espied the white and green tents of the Turks, rising on a plain of some extent, and surrounding the house where lodged the Vizier. Osman Pasha received us courteously, and promised all that our letters desired. Then we had some talk with the Turkish Commissioner.

This personage was carefully disguised in the French language, and what appeared to be intended for an English cut of clothes. Though a man in the prime of life, he lisped out that he had been ill-lodged for nearly a week, and that the whole Turkish Commission had caught cold! How different from the Servian Commissioner—an aged man who insisted on giving up to us his room in the best house in the village, and laughed at the idea of any one objecting in fine weather to sleep out of doors! Certainly on this occasion the Ugrian did not show well beside the Slav. I do not say

the "Turk;" for that conventional name would include the Bosnian Mussulman in the suite of Osman Pasha, who seems to have brought with him all such Beys as he could not trust behind his back. These, like the Sokolites, although Mahometans by creed, were in type as in language Serb—tall powerful fellows, unaffected, dignified, and manly. As for our friends who accompanied us from the east side of the Drina, they distinguished themselves pleasantly among their adversaries, by an open cordial bearing. All such sympathy as was expressed for the ejected Mahometans came from them; for the old and weak among the population care was taken to provide carriages—it is said they found none on the Bosnian side—and, whereas the Servians as free patriotic men had a fellow-feeling for the veterans of Sokol, the officials from Constantinople showed nothing but peevish impatience at the discomfort entailed on themselves, and qualified their luckless co-religionists as "des gens incroyables."

At Servovia we remained till after dinner, and thus had an opportunity of learning from their own lips what befel the various deputations sent the preceding day to Sokol. First, news came to the Capetan that certain deputies from Osman Pasha, including an officer of the Turkish army, had escaped during the night from Sokol to Krupan, and themselves under Servian protection. Word was despatched to send them to Servovia. The poor men arrived before we started; the officer, too crestfallen to show himself in the village, slunk off at once to the other side of the water. But one of the native Turks came in and told his story. We all gathered round him. He looked a picture of woe, and related that he and his comrades had been shut up in a tower, and only escaped as by miracle. Perceiving us, he added that he had been present during the council wherein our visit was discussed. The Sokolites had vowed that, if the Queen of England, with Sultan Adul Aziz at her side, were to ride up the castle, they would turn the

cannon on them. In proof of sincerity, they actually did point two cannon on the road by which we were expected to approach, while they soundly beat the Turkish officer as representative of the Padishah. On the way home, we fell in with both the parties we had met yesterday; neither had been allowed to enter the fortress, and the Turk from Uzice, who was to convert his relations, had to turn back late at night and take shelter in a Servian guard-house.

And now, leaving Sokol on the right, we struck into the good broad road that leads from Serbovia to Krupan. Climbing ever higher and higher, it carries you through a scale of beauties, from the picturesque ferry and steep-wooded bank of the Drina, to the mountain-top whence your eye can range over the endless furrows of the border-chain. I do not know that we ever saw a view so really grand as this; it has two features—forest and mountain. The Rhenish countries in their variegated loveliness present nothing equal to this splendid monotony.

The Drina rises in the Herzegovine, parts Bosnia from Servia, and falls into the river Save, which, in its turn, falls into the Danube. By the removal of those Mahometan populations, whose unfriendly tenements broke up the frontier, the Servian government will now be able to carry on to the mouth of the Drina that road which already runs along the Servian part of the right bank. Nay, there are enterprising spirits who contemplate such a regulation of the bed of the stream as might render it navigable to small steamers. Thus might a line of communications be opened to countries which, rich as they are, and beautiful and peopled by Christian nationalities, have hitherto been utterly shut out from the intercourse and sympathy of Christian Europe.

I cannot conclude this sketch of the exodus of the Mahometans from Servia, without adding the judgment on its consequences given by a Servian "Vracara," a prophetess. This "Wise Woman," as she would be called in Scotland, enjoys high consideration, even

among those who see in her predictions no more than the result of accurate observation, joined to great natural sagacity; but among the multitude her words are oracles, and we were informed that she had gained new fame by her insisting, all through the late excitement, that there would be no war "this year." The Vracara, hearing of our arrival at Krupan, came to visit us, riding gallantly, with a pistol at her girdle. Once dismounted, however, the amazon disappeared, and she stood before us a calm and reverend matron, dressed like other matrons of the district, and with nothing striking in her countenance, save the passionless, foreseeing glance of the wise, steady eye. Her spell consisted in the cutting of a root, from whose fibres she professed to read; but she made so little show of her charm that it was evidently used merely as a tribute to the imagination of the vulgar. After some conversation we asked her opinion on the matter of Sokol. She answered almost carelessly, "That will be settled quickly enough—in little more than a week. The unyielding are few, and the rest only stand by them through fear; a week will tire them out; the leaders will be left alone, and must give in. But that is not the end." "And what will be the end?" we asked. "In winter fresh quarrels will arise, and these will not be settled quickly. It will go on and on, and grow greater and greater, and many heroes must fall—many Serb heroes." We asked, "Will the greater loss be among the Serbs or of the enemy?" She answered steadily, "Of our people, *many many of our sons must fall*—of our bravest sons; but the end is victory."

* * * * *

Three months have elapsed since the above was written, and we can record the accomplishment of the first part of the Vracara's prediction. By the time we reached Laragevo, we found Osman Pasha returned thither, and heard that the surrender of Sokol had been brought about by the desertion of a great part of the garrison. But lately a new dispute has arisen, relative to the evacuation of

Little Zvornik, a district which undoubtedly forms part of the Servian territory, but which the Porte refuses to surrender, because it commands a Turkish fortress on the opposite bank of the Drina. Suppose this disagreement adjusted, that of the Danubian fortresses remains; and, even were the Principality itself emancipated, who can think that the question will stop short of the cognate populations of Bosnia and the Herzegovine?

Too likely it seems, alas! that the second part of the prediction will not be suffered to fail; for how dire must be the ravage of the blooming principality, how great the slaughter among the champions of freedom if, as in the war with Montenegro, England supplies money and arms to the Turkish army, while Austria cuts off the means of defence from its antagonist! No doubt, the end will, as the Vracara prophesied, be *victory*. But, in the name of humanity, cannot any measures avoid the terrible intermediate stage? Why should there be war to the knife when the interest of all parties dictates *compromise*? The Porte, not to speak of her loss in soldiers, spends on keeping down her Slavonic provinces more than she derives from their revenue; and the Servians had far better close with advantageous conditions than with a disastrous campaign. The Mahometan population itself—especially the Bosnian Beys—would find their interests best consulted by an amicable arrangement; for, having already lost power and prominence by the transference of the administration of their countries to Ottoman officials, they fear daily to lose lands and life by a Christian conquest or a servile insurrection. Under these circumstances, were it not better for the Porte to accord to the Slavonic provinces the autonomy already enjoyed by the United Principalities? Why should not the Prince of Servia be delegated as the Sultan's Viceroy to govern the Slavonic population even as the Prince of Wallachia and Moldavia governs the Rouman? It is evident that the chances of amalgamation between Christian and Mussul-

man would thus be doubled. Whereas it is now attempted to reconcile them by reducing both under centralized despotism, the Government of Servia would elevate both by the proclamation of constitutional liberty. Whereas the agents of the Porte are Orientals, bred in bribery and in corruption, the Servian officials are European, regularly paid and strictly disciplined. While to the Slavonic Mussulman, as well as the Christian, the Turkish rule, together with the Asiatic dialect in which it is administered, is odious because foreign, a national government would depend for aid on the one sentiment which in these countries Christian and Mussulman have in common—the sentiment of their Slavonic nationality.

I know there is an impression in some quarters that the Mahometan would not on any terms submit to Christian Government; but—without insisting on the fact, that in other parts of the world there are at this moment millions of Mahometans living under Christian administration—I would point out that the continued recognition of the Sultan as *suzerain* is sufficient to obviate offence on this head. Besides, the same argument must exclude Christians from every office of authority throughout the Turkish empire. Finally, you must not suppose that material considerations—the prospect of reduction in taxes, cessation of war contributions, and such-like—appeal less strongly to the Slavonic Mussulman than to other mortals. During our journey through Bosnia, it happened that among the drivers of our luggage, was a Turk from Uzice. He had been a merchant, but, during the exodus and its preceding disturbances, lost almost everything, except the horses now hired out to us. On discharging this man, we requested him to give us an account of the events that forced him to emigrate, and he complied, speaking before several other Mussulmans, our servant, and a priest, both Roman Catholics: there was no Servian present. The Turk proved to be a good orator, and told his tale picturesquely and vehemently. First he re-

lated the burning of Uzice, throwing the whole blame on the Servians, and concluded with a hope that there would be war in the spring, when he should avenge his expulsion. Next he described the sorrowful exodus—bearing, however, testimony to the consideration shown by the Servian Government in its mode of removing the emigrants. Lastly, he dwelt on the miseries that awaited the emigrants in Bosnia—the wretched state of the country, and the breach of a promise given by the Turkish Government that in the first half-year they should be exempt from taxation. The sorrowful story being concluded, we asked the narrator if it was true that the Turks of Uzice had received an offer to remain where they were on condition of becoming Servian subjects, but that they had preferred to go rather than stay on such terms. The poor merchant absolutely shrieked. “Who told you that?” he cried. “Who said that such an offer was made and that we refused it? Never, never, were we offered such terms.” On this we told him what we knew of M. Yarashanin’s mission to Constantinople, and how the Prince had distinctly offered that the Mahometans should remain in Servia on condition that they obeyed the Serb laws. We added, “You know the Prince: he is

not the man to drive any one away because of religion—Christian and Mussulman are to him alike Serb.” The merchant listened with breathless attention, and replied, “That is true; we do know the Prince, and that he is a just man. It is also true that we are all one nation. Do we not all speak one language, and is not the same land our home? How then came you to believe that we should have quitted Servia if we might have remained on condition of obeying the laws? *Are not the taxes paid to the Prince far lighter than what we must now pay the Sultan?* Believe me, believe me, I will swear it to you, no choice of remaining was put before us.”

And believe me, were the choice put before them, most of the Slavonic Mussulmans—all the intelligent and hopeful—would be as ready to negotiate as the merchant of Uzice. Rather than brave the chances of future expulsion by the Christians, rather even than submit any longer to the insolence and exactions of Ottoman officials, they would come to an understanding with their brethren on the recognition of common interests and common ties, and share the benefits of a free, tolerant, and national government under an enlightened and patriotic Prince.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COUP DE GRACE.

THE beginning of the month brought with it welcome and unwelcome tidings for Vincenzo. The glad ones were conveyed in a letter from Onofrio, written by the desire of his chief. The Minister, so wrote Onofrio, had read with interest and pleasure the first part of the report sent in by the young Consigliere. It had afterwards been laid before the President of the Council, who had been pleased to express his approbation, and had asked sundry questions as to the author. As a proof of his satisfaction, and as an encouragement, the Minister had promoted Vincenzo to the rank of paid Consigliere, his pay to begin from the 1st of March. Onofrio added from himself, privately, that this favour was almost unprecedented, after only six months' service; and Vincenzo's fortune was made, if the second and last part of his report confirmed the expectations raised by the first. Vincenzo must strike while the iron was hot; that is, work hard, and send in the complement of his memoranda as early as possible. Then followed affectionate congratulations and assurances of friendship.

Enclosed in the letter was an order upon the Treasury for four hundred francs—a hundred for the emoluments of the current month; the remainder as an indemnity for travelling expenses and for those on first taking possession of

his office. Four hundred francs!—an enormous sum in the eyes of one who had never yet possessed a farthing of his own—gained too by his own exertions; the money was fairly his. Vincenzo, be it known, was as poor after his rich marriage as before; he had shrunk from any present or future pecuniary benefit to himself, to be derived from that source. Without entering into tedious particulars, it may be as well to state here that the settlements had been so arranged, at his express desire and instigation, as to give him no legal claim to a penny of his wife's fortune. Well! this money, and the far more valued approbation of his services, which, but a few months ago, would have made him leap for joy, left him unmoved now; nay, even added to his depression. Both as coming from the Government which stood condemned without appeal in Rose's eyes, and as creating further obstacles in the way of her fervent wishes, these rewards could not but widen the chasm between her and him, a chasm wide enough as it was. From the day of that final explanation which closes our last chapter, Rose had given up all voluntary communication with her husband. She never spoke to him unless he spoke to her first, and then her answer was restricted to the words absolutely indispensable; even in the presence of a third person she never addressed him. They had now, to be sure, few evening visitors; but during the day the lady received and returned

calls pretty often. For all this, Rose's attitude towards her husband had no shadow of provocation in it ; still less was it indicative of anger ; it was more like that of a resigned victim. She had taken the habit of withdrawing for the night very early, sometimes almost immediately after dinner. Vincenzo, on his side, never interfered with her movements. We must, in fairness, allow that his efforts at conciliation were neither many nor very energetic ; he was too full of resentment for that—resentment at the unjust treatment he received at her hands—resentment at her threat of making her father a party in their difference.

That threat was realized. Rose had written to her father ; which had procured for Vincenzo a letter from his father-in-law that had in it the germ of a rich crop of worries. This is the unwelcome news to which reference was made above. The Signor Avvocato mentioned that he had received a letter from his daughter, pressing him to keep his promise of coming to see her, and begging that he would allow her to return with him to Rumelli. The present precarious state of his health made his undertaking any journey at that season of the year difficult, but one across the Mont Cenis an absolute impossibility. March and April were the months when the mountain was most unsafe on account of the avalanches. Still, if, as he feared, the climate of Chambery did not agree with his daughter, some way must be found of meeting her wishes. All other considerations must yield to the important one of her health. His principal motive for writing to Vincenzo was to know all the truth about this most interesting point. Rose's letters had for some time been sad and depressed. He took it for granted, of course, that Vincenzo had nothing to do in causing this dejection, and that he remembered and fulfilled his promise, never to cost his wife a tear. The Signor Avvocato begged that he might be relieved from the state of anxiety in which he was, by a speedy answer. The last page of this epistle was covered with high-flown declama-

tions against Cavour's insensate policy in the Oriental Question.

Vincenzo wrote back without delay, that, in fact, Rose had lately expressed a wish that her father would make out his promised visit to Chambery, that she might avail herself of his return to Rumelli, to accompany him and spend some time there. This wish had a natural explanation in her love for her father, and her attachment to her native place. Impaired health, he was glad to say, had no share in it. Rose bore the severe climate of Chambery very well ; and, except a slight touch of fever, which had lasted only a few hours, she had been perfectly well ever since her arrival. He assured the Signor Avvocato that he quite agreed with him, that all other considerations were as nothing compared to that of Rose's health. That her letters should be sad and depressed he very much regretted, though it did not surprise him. Rose had very decided views as to religious matters, and objected strongly to certain measures lately brought before Parliament. Most of the persons of her acquaintance entertained the same opinions, and confirmed her in them. At this moment religious party passions ran very high in Savoy, and Rose carried her opposition to the Government so far as to consider holding office under it as a disgrace, and one she would fain spare her husband. He, on his side, saw the points in question in quite another light, and naturally this dissonance occasionally caused some discomfort between them. But Rose had too much good sense not, sooner or later, to feel that the same liberty of judgment and action which she claimed for herself her husband was also entitled to. Leaving this topic, Vincenzo gave a summary of Onofrio's letter containing the Minister's golden opinions of his report, and mentioned the high token of favour he had received. The son-in-law then ended his letter by a spirited vindication of Cavour's policy with regard to the East, expatiating on the bright prospects it opened to the nation.

With a deep sigh, half of sorrow, half of vexation, Vincenzo sealed his long

explanation, and took it himself to the post; for he had received both Onofrio's and the Signor Avvocato's letters at his office. All the way to the Bower he was busy revolving in his mind how he could best break the news from Turin to his wife, so as to run the least possible risk of a disagreeable ebullition of feeling from her. The result of his reflections was, that he kept the knowledge of his good fortune to himself until the next morning after breakfast, when he placed the letter open before Rose, saying she would oblige him very much by reading it, and fled. This Parthian method is that, alas! to which more husbands than one have resort. Did she read it or not? Probably she did, though she made neither remark nor allusion to prove that she had; nor did Vincenzo proceed to any interrogations. The letter when he sat down to table was lying by his plate; he took it up and thrust it into his pocketbook. He made no mention of the Signor Avvocato's despatch; but the recollection of the new hornet's nest she was bringing about his ears did not tend much to sweeten his temper towards her.

The month of March of the year 1855 was one of great rejoicing throughout the Catholic world. Pope Pius IX. had, to use Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain's words, conferred an everlasting benefit on all Christians, by the definition and promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Bells were tinkling, torches blazing, incense smoking, sermons spouting, congregations swimming in and rushing out of all the churches in Christendom night and day. Nowhere was the movement taken up with more fervour than in orthodox Savoy. Great religious excitement prevailed there, and not alone of an un-mixed religious character. The Glorification of the Holy Virgin could not be complete, it seems, unless enhanced by an increased feeling of bitterness. Indeed, the *enfants terribles* in the Ultramontane camp turned it into a political counter-demonstration. Through their newspapers, from their pulpits, they called to the Government, "See the

faithful who flock to us; count their numbers, and grow wise while it is yet time. Rome is all-powerful, and no force on earth can prevail against her. Be warned."

It was from no fault of the young benefactress of the parish, as Madame was wont to style Signora Candia, if the display at the neat little church fell short of the grandeur of the occasion. Signora Candia had grudged neither money nor time nor personal exertions for that purpose; and she had the consolation of hearing it said on all sides, that not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the village had any *fête* ever gone off with so much *éclat*. The weather was beautiful on both Sundays; a circumstance almost miraculous, considering that it had done nothing but rain in the interval; and, further, on both Sundays, Father Zacharie was in the pulpit, giving it soundly to the Amalekite. Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain, who had been absent for a fortnight in Lyons, could only be present on the second Sunday. Her graciousness to Signora Candia was extreme. She regretted more than she could express having missed the Signora's last two visits—she had been much occupied; she had a great deal to say, and would soon do herself the pleasure of calling. To have done with the *fête*, Chambéry and its environs were splendidly illuminated on the *fête*-days mentioned above: as for Rose's Bower, it was in a blaze. Perhaps Vincenzo would rather have had it otherwise; but, in the state of incandescence which mistress and maid, cook and gardener, had reached, a word of opposition might have cost the master dear—supposing even that he had intended to hazard anything of the kind. He refrained, and shut himself up in his study.

Not long after this Signora Candia went again to call on Mademoiselle de Pontchartrain. The two ladies had not had a *tête-à-tête* for months; they now indulged in a long and confidential talk.

"I am sorry," said Mademoiselle, "to hear from Madame that your husband favours all these abominations."

A look of intense deprecation, addressed to the ceiling, was the young wife's only answer.

"But that must not be," continued Mademoiselle. "You must convert him. My dear, what are husbands good for, except to be converted by their wives?"

"I have tried," said the Signora, with a despairing shake of the head.

"You must try again, my dear; if a pious and charming wife like you does not carry every point with her husband, it is her own fault."

"Perhaps," said the Signora. "But, you know, it is possible to feel the full evidence of a truth, and still lack the power of persuasion, so as to impress it upon others."

"True; but, if that is your only difficulty, I can easily remove it. I will give you some of the newspapers which are on our side, and in them you will find plenty of unanswerable reasons ready-made."

"He will find an answer, though," said Rose. "He is clever, and somehow or other he always gets the better of me in every argument."

"Then send him to me," said Mademoiselle.

"I thought of that long ago, and I have begged him more than once to come with me to call on you. I am ashamed to say he would not."

"Ah! he would not," repeated Mademoiselle; "I suppose he is afraid of me." The great lady fell into a fit of musing. Presently she asked, "Do you think your husband is such a determined sinner as not to take the sacrament at Easter?"

"I don't think so."

"In that case, my dear, he must go to confession first; persuade him to choose Father Zacharie as his confessor; if you succeed, your husband is saved."

"I will try; I will do my best," said Rose; "but I doubt . . ."

"That is exactly what you must not do, my dear. What? doubt, with that pretty face and sweet voice of yours! Why, my dear child, they would coax

the Grand Turk himself into becoming a good Catholic."

From this date, there was a partial thaw of Rose's icy manner to her husband. The drooping mouth of the victim drooped no longer; the lips even curved into a smile now and then. She condescended occasionally to speak to him without being first spoken to, and even asked after Ambrogio, and how it was he had been so long in calling. She still persisted in the habit she had lately adopted of going early to her own room, but she no longer left Vincenzo alone immediately after dinner. They had rarely any callers of an evening, since Ambrogio had ceased coming—once or so, perhaps, in the week; but, during the day, Rose received visits as usual from her neighbours, principally from the ladies, and at dinner she regularly told Vincenzo whom she had seen. Vincenzo was at a loss what to make of this unexpected rainbow in the heaven of his home. Was he to see in it a token and a covenant of renewed peace? He knew not; nevertheless he welcomed it, as though he were certain of its bringing him nought but good. Forbearing and generous as it was in his nature to be, Vincenzo had nearly forgotten his late great cause of irritation against Rose—that letter which she had brought upon him from his godfather. The wound it had inflicted was healing fast under the influence of time. A month had nearly elapsed, and there had been no fresh communication from Isabella. Vincenzo gave his wife the credit of this peaceable result; and his gratitude towards her disposed him the more to hail, and encourage, and meet in a kindly spirit, her conciliatory advances.

One evening, during the whole of which Rose had been unusually talkative and lively, she suddenly said, "By-the-bye, here's Easter close at hand already; how time does go! We ought to be thinking of preparing ourselves for taking the sacrament, Vincenzo."

"We ought, indeed," replied Vincenzo.

"I should be so glad," said Rose, "if we could take the Communion together."

"With all my heart; nothing to prevent us," said Vincenzo.

"And also confess together," she went on.

"We can do so on the same day, but not together, since we have different confessors."

"Why, you have none, have you?" asked she.

"Yes, I have; the chaplain of Amrogio's regiment."

"But you have not been to him yet?"

"Not yet; but I know him well."

"Why should we not have the same confessor? Try mine instead, will you?"

"Father Zacharie!" exclaimed Vincenzo.

"Yes, Father Zacharie. Do, pray do, go to him, if only for this once," urged she, coaxingly.

Vincenzo turned pale, as if he had been stabbed; he had had an instantaneous revelation that his wife's late sweetness had been part and parcel of a scheme.

"I am sorry to refuse you," said Vincenzo; "but I have a prejudice against Father Zacharie."

"Oh!" protested Rose.

"Yes," he went on, "a prejudice which excludes the chief requisites for a good confession—implicit confidence, and entire giving-up of self on the part of the penitent."

"But what is the reason you can't have confidence in him?" asked Rose, deprecatingly.

"Because, right or wrong, I look upon him as a party-man, and therefore likely to call me to account not only for my sins, but for my political opinions."

"Well, and, suppose he does, you can defend your opinions?"

"Ay, and change the confessional into an arena of political controversy. To argue and contradict is essentially destructive of that spirit of unlimited submission which a penitent ought to bring to the feet of a confessor."

"How can you be sure that Father Zacharie will lead you into a controversy?"

"I don't say that I am sure; I have my doubts that he may, and, doubting, I abstain. Father Zacharie is not the only man, is he, to whom power is given from above to bind and to loose?"

"Certainly not; but he is a man of superior piety and learning; everybody allows that. What sacrifice could it be to you to go to him?"

"Penitence, my dear, is a sacrament, and ought not to be made a matter for experiments. My conscience says, No."

"Your conscience! your conscience!" cried Rose, in a burst of passion; "say rather your obduracy in sin, which shrinks from the remedy."

"To listen to you, Rose dear," said Vincenzo, resentfully, "one would suppose your husband to be the blackest sinner under the canopy of heaven."

"Oh, no! that you are not; don't mind what I said. I know you are not that; but even the righteous sin seven times a day; and it would be such a consolation to you, such a consolation to me, to know, and to know it from so holy a quarter, that you are in the right path."

"Such a consolation you shall have, I hope, from lips as authoritative. I promise you, before communing, to bring my confessor to you—a pious and enlightened man—that you may hear from him whether I am in a fit condition for communicating."

"Oh! But how can I make sure from any one else—from a person I don't know? If you were to commit a sacrilege!"

"Yours is a perverse predetermination to drive me mad!" cried Vincenzo, springing to his feet with a jerk of desperate impatience. He strode distractedly across the room, and bending forward, leaned his head against the window. The moon was shining beautifully: he did not see it. His whole frame was vibrating with contending emotions. He stood with his head

against the cold glass for a few minutes ; then turned round, his face pale as death ; went to his wife, and, kneeling down before her, put both her hands on his head, and said—said with tears in his voice—“On my knees, I implore peace. I am weary and spent. This perpetual warfare is killing me by inches. For pity’s sake, let us be good friends again : lately we have been such good friends. Why shouldn’t we be so now, and for ever ? I am not exacting—that I am sure of ; I shall become even less so in future. I wish to content you—only, oh ! . . . let us have peace.” And with both hands he pressed the hands he held in his convulsive grasp upon his head.

“If your longing for peace were as earnest as you say,” observed Rose, freeing her hands, “you would do something for its sake.”

“Is there anything that I have not done, that I do not daily do, to secure it ?”

“Indeed ! as your ready acquiescence to the prayer I made you a moment ago testifies !”

“Implacable !” cried Vincenzo, starting to his feet, and striking his forehead with his clenched hand. “It is not enough, then, that I have sacrificed for her my best friend, my very self-respect ; I must also sacrifice my conscience, endanger my soul, risk the committing a sacrilege, to please her. Never ! never ! never !” And in a paroxysm of uncontrollable passion he flung himself upon the sofa, and buried his head in the cushions. Rose mused a while ; then, rising, lighted a candle, and said—

“I shall start for home to-morrow. Good night.”

“Good night !” After such a scene, the words sounded like a mockery. Vincenzo spent the greater part of this night in wishing that he was dead. As the hours went by, the cold became intolerable in the drawing-room ; so he stole, with chattering teeth, to his little study, made a great fire there, and sat gazing into it. Whichever way his mind’s eye turned, it could see no out-

let to the magic circle which encompassed him ; or rather, no outlet but one—to resign his appointment, renounce all chance of usefulness, of independence here below, to wrench from himself the best part of himself, return to Rumelli, to live and die there. A terrible sacrifice, the mere prospect of which made his hair stand on end, and drops of cold perspiration start on his brow ; still one a man might make to purchase his own peace and that of his wife ! But would it accomplish that end ? That was the awful question. Would not the causes of antagonism survive the sacrifice, and infallibly beget fresh strife ? Would not passing events at Rumelli, as well as at Chambery, strike out of the incompatibilities of two such opposed minds sparks which would burst into a blaze ? And, if so, would it not be a fool’s bargain to throw away his occupation, his last consolation—for what ? For a respite of a few months, perhaps—for a little enlargement of the magic circle in which he turned.

Amid this conflict of thoughts, Vincenzo fell into a heavy and uneasy sleep, sitting in his chair. When he awoke it was broad day—a grey, misty, rainy day, well suited to the colour of his thoughts. Somebody was stirring in the adjoining drawing-room. It was Marianna putting things in order. Vincenzo asked if the Signora was up.

“Up and gone,” said Marianna.

A qualm of terror chilled Vincenzo’s heart.

“Gone ! And where, pray, in such weather ?”

Marianna could not tell.

“Had the Signora taken the gig ?”

“No ; the Signora had gone out on foot.”

There was an undercurrent of anger in the tone of Marianna’s answer. She belonged to that species of uneducated hirelings whom the favour of a master or mistress disposes to be insolent. Vincenzo had more than once repented having placed this girl near his wife. His regret would have been greater, could he have guessed the baneful in-

fluence she exercised over her mistress. She detested Savoy, longing after Rumelli, where she had a sweetheart. The only idea in her wooden head, on which she enlarged continually when alone with the Signora, was this: "What could induce a man who might live in peace and plenty at the Palace to choose instead to stay at Chambery, and work like a slave?"

In order to account well for Rose's infatuation, we must keep in mind the variety and continuity of action brought to bear upon her, and which, from whatever side exercised, always came to the same practical conclusion—the giving up his situation by her husband, and their return to Rumelli. Vincenzo went to his wife's room. Everything was in its place; not the least trace of the disorder incident to the preparations for a journey: he breathed more freely. Rose appeared at the usual hour for breakfast. She was quite collected; there was even a tinge of solemnity in her look, but no hostility. She spoke more than was her wont during the meal, but on indifferent subjects; spoke with a new addition of condescending unctuousness in her voice, just in the tone of a kind superior to an erring inferior. When breakfast was over, she made the remark to her husband that he was not dressed for going out. Vincenzo said that the weather was so bad, he was not sure whether he should go out or not.

"I know what detains you," said Rose; "you may, however, go in all security to your office, without any fear of a rash step on my part during your absence. I forgot last night, for a moment, that this was Passion Week, the season of all others for meek behaviour and forgiveness. Fortunately, I have some good friends who have reminded me of my duty."

Vincenzo guessed perfectly well that Rose had gone to the parsonage to consult about the flight she meditated, and had been advised against it. He said, "I am happy to find you in such a truly Christian frame of mind, more happy than I can say. In so far as I can,

I shall make it my study so to act as to secure its continuance."

"I have no doubt you will. Thank you. Now you had better go. Adieu!"

He went, but came back the next instant with his hat on, and said, "If you will tell me on what day you mean to take the sacrament, I shall so arrange that we may be able to do so together."

"No, thank you. I can fix no day; and then, upon second thoughts, I think it best that we should fulfil that duty separately."

Vincenzo went away much disappointed. What he had believed to be a living fire was only an *ignis fatuus*; the spirit of meekness and forgiveness which was on Rose's lips had not penetrated to her heart. He had not gone far before he met Ambrogio striding along most vigorously. Since Ambrogio had given up calling at Rose's Bower, it was by no means unusual for him to meet his friend halfway to town, or to accompany him part of the way home. As soon as they now came in sight of each other, Ambrogio shouted, "I have got them," and cut a caper.

"What is it you have got?" asked Vincenzo.

"My epaulettes, my dear friend. I am sure of them now; I am going to the Crimea."

Ambrogio's regiment forming no part of the expedition to the East, he had volunteered for the service, and the Minister of War had been pleased to grant his petition. This was the news he had received that very morning, and which had caused his elation. He was to start from Chambery at three in the afternoon of that same day. Vincenzo, as he listened, felt as if he could cry like a girl. Instead of that he took his friend with him to the Intendenza, and, having asked and easily obtained leave for the day, accompanied Ambrogio on his several errands, saw him take a hasty meal, and at last went with him to the coach-office. The two friends formed a striking contrast—the one so buoyant, so sanguine, so full of life; the other so dejected, so spiritless, so worn-looking.

"I wish I could take you to Sebas-

topol ; it would be a fine cure for all the blue-devils," said Ambrogio, observing Vincenzo's depression.

"I wish to God you could !" said Vincenzo, with a sigh.

Ambrogio was too discreet to put any direct questions, and too clear-sighted also ; he well knew where Vincenzo's shoe pinched. Solemn promises of writing were interchanged ; a last squeeze of the hand, and . . . there was poor Vincenzo wending his solitary way home.

Ambrogio's departure was a heavy blow, heavier still than he had at first imagined. He knew not, until he missed it, all the comfort he had derived from that friendly presence, that lively talk, that silent sympathy. Vincenzo strove manfully to conquer the despondency which was daily stealing more and more upon him, but with little or no success. The temperature he found at home had nothing in it to raise drooping spirits. Rose, looking down upon him benignantly from her cloud of saintly forbearance ; Rose, communicative out of duty, with about as much spontaneity as an automaton or a parrot, chilled him far more than Rose scowling or scolding. In the latter mood she was, at least, true to nature ; while in the former she was—should he avow it?—artificial. For that she played a part, consciously or unconsciously, in opposition to her real feelings, Vincenzo had ample proof in the flashes of anger which not unfrequently darted from her cloud.

To add to his discomfort, a letter came from the Palace, containing the sad intelligence that Don Natale had breathed his last. Vincenzo was desired to break the news to Rose as gently as possible. The Signor Avvocato wrote that he missed his daughter much in this moment of sorrow. Could not Vincenzo ask leave of absence for a month or so, and bring his wife home ? The Signor Avvocato added that "he felt he was breaking fast ; all his friends were going one after the other. It would soon be his turn. Don Natale's death was a warning." A more mournful letter could not be. The shadow of

death lay on every line. A postscript, probably written a little later, lauded to the skies the devotion and unremitting attention shown by Don Pio to Don Natale up to the very last. Don Pio was the young priest, Don Natale's assistant, whose acquaintance we have already made.

Had they been on the best terms, Vincenzo could not have used more care and tenderness in telling Rose of Don Natale's death. She was greatly affected, moved even to shedding abundant tears. Vincenzo's answer to his godfather was one full of heartfelt condolence, full of sympathy. Yet he did not dissemble his repugnance to apply for a holiday after so short a period of service, and scarcely six weeks after being promoted to the paid list. He promised, however, to write to Onofrio, leaving it to his friend's discretion to forward the request or not, according to precedents, and to Onofrio's own impression of the likelihood of its being granted or not. At all events, if it was necessary, could not Rose, entrusted to the care of the guard and accompanied by Marianna, undertake the journey without him ?

Onofrio wrote back at once that leave of absence, as a rule, was never granted under a year's full service, except in cases of the death of very near relatives. Onofrio felt sure that, much as the Minister might wish to oblige Vincenzo, he would not feel himself justified in acceding to his request under the circumstances. This being so, Onofrio had come to the conclusion that what there was no hope of obtaining it was safer not to ask for, the more so as a petition of this kind might create in the Minister's mind a prejudice far from favourable to his *protégé*. Vincenzo inclosed Onofrio's letter to the Signor Avvocato, and waited with a beating heart for the result. He could not but apprehend fresh and disagreeable complications. The opportunity seemed too good for the Signor Avvocato not to use it as a battering-ram against that appointment which was in everybody's way. Rose's appearance also caused him some un-

easiness. Surely, her colour was not so brilliant as hitherto it had been, and, at times, she looked wan and dejected. His anxious inquiries on the subject elicited the invariable answer, "that she was very well—that she had never been better;" an assertion, so evidently exaggerated as not at all to reassure him. What with misgivings about Rose's health, and what with anticipations of some disagreeable communication from Rumelli, Vincenzo had not a moment's peace of mind. Even the solace he had constantly found in applying himself to the report failed him now. Care sat beside him at his writing-desk, and interfered with his work.

About the middle of May arrived the dreaded letter from the Palace. Vincenzo opened it with trembling fingers. The contents surpassed his worst expectations. An ultimatum, diluted in a sea of phrases, was given him. The Signor Avvocato put an absolute veto on Rose's travelling, as Vincenzo had proposed, with her maid, and in charge of the guard; at the same time the old gentleman insisted on it, as a matter of urgent necessity, that his daughter should go to him without delay. Thus, he said, there remained no alternative but for Vincenzo himself to accompany her. If Vincenzo could do so with the consent of his superiors, so much the better; if not, so much the worse for his appointment, for do so he must. After all, there was little profit or honour in serving a Government which did its utmost to disturb the conscience of the nation, and made itself the blind tool of the ambition of England and France. Rose's health ought to be the first consideration, to which all others should yield—especially so in her present interesting situation. . . .

Vincenzo bounded from his chair, as though a thunderbolt had fallen on the desk before him. A stab through his heart would have left more colour in his face. What! Rose was . . . and had told him nothing. . . . Impossible! She could not have been so unnatural as that. It was a delusion of fatherly fondness. It could not be . . . Out

he dashes, speeds through the streets like mad, reaches home, lays her father's letter before Rose, his finger on the momentous passage, "Is that true?"

Rose changes colour, and falters a "Yes."

"And you did not tell me!" came in a cry of anguish from his heart, with a storm of tears and sobs. "And you did not tell me! You withheld that blessed announcement, which I would have fain received on my knees, which was mine by right; you withheld it from me, your husband, the father of your child—kept it from me, deliberately, as from your worst enemy!"

"Don't be so hard," stammered Rose, hanging her head. "I was wrong. . . . didn't think . . . then you were so cross."

"I cross," groans Vincenzo; "I cross, who implored peace at your feet!"

"I mean before that—when I begged you so hard to give up your appointment."

"Confound the appointment!" thundered the young man, striking his forehead in a new burst of passion; and out of the house he rushes, and down the hill like a dart.

Where can he be gone? thought Rose, recovering from her surprise: to send in his resignation, perhaps. From the curse fulminated against his appointment, this was no improbable hypothesis. At the end of another hour she recollected having heard of volunteering for the Crimea, and she took a sudden panic that he had gone to enlist, and would never come back. Enlistment for the Crimea was the utmost stretch to which her imagination could reach. That he might possibly have gone to throw himself into the first well in his way, or to buy a pistol and blow his brains out, never crossed her mind for an instant.

He had done neither, thank God; for here he comes at last, reeling with emotion and fatigue, and as blanched as if he had been his own ghost. He sank upon a sofa, and said, "I have sent in my resignation."

"Have you, indeed?" cried Rose.

There was in her voice (unconsciously so, probably), a ring of exultation too naively selfish not to be offensive. All the sediment of gall which had been gathering at the bottom of his heart for months now rose to his lips.

"Yes," said he, with concentrated bitterness ; "I have ; it is written and signed by my own hand, and in the post by this time, all safe. The King himself could not get it back again. So you may set your heart at rest, and so may your father also. You have, both of you, your wish. Be happy. And, if what makes your happiness breaks the heart of a poor wretch, what matters it ? It is only your husband's."

Nature will assert itself. After all, Vincenzo was only made of flesh and blood.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WELCOME HOME.

ONCE the first shock of uncontrollable anguish over, Vincenzo set himself to consummate his sacrifice with dignity—to put as much method as he could in his wreck. It was, above all, urgent that he should communicate to his god-father the decided step he had taken, and to communicate it so as to keep to the truth, and yet spare his wife. He accordingly wrote a few plain lines to the following effect :—

"I hasten to inform you that I have done what you implicitly advised me to do in your last letter—that is, sent in my resignation. And yet I must disclaim all credit for a docility which is only apparent, the motive impelling me to take so extreme a resolution having nothing in common with the reasons put forth by you in support of your views. The fact is that, simultaneously with the receipt of your letter, I acquired the certainty that my continuance in office in this country injured far more important and precious interests than those involved in the office itself. Inexpressibly painful as was the sacrifice, I could not and did not hesitate to make it. May it not be a barren one,

at least ! Do not, I pray you, take it unkindly if I have referred the determination to which I have come to a motive quite distinct from any of those suggested in your letter. I should have been better pleased to say nothing on this head, did I not fear to give you, by my very silence, the erroneous impression, were it only for a moment, that I shared in your unfavourable opinion of the Government ; which emphatically, do I not. There may be, as you urge, little profit, but there is plenty of honour to be earned in its service ; and it is a great consolation to me, in my present trial, to think that I am still young enough to make some of that crop of honour mine, when this transitory cloud has passed away. On this point I reserve my full liberty of action. Believe me, in the meantime, &c."

There was also another danger to be guarded against—namely, the possible, nay probable, misinterpretation which his wife's acquaintances would give to his sudden retirement from office. To prevent all ambiguity on this subject, next morning, at breakfast, he handed to Rose his letter to her father, adding by way of comment, "I wish you to read what I have written, as I am anxious there should be no mistake as to the spirit by which I am actuated, and that you may undeceive such of your friends as might be disposed to see, in the course I take, either a recantation, or a desertion, or a conversion—anything, in short, little respectful to the Government, or honourable to myself. There is nothing of the kind. What I was yesterday I am to-day. What I do I do *you* know why ; but I cannot let the public into the confidence of our domestic squabbles : and yet the step I have taken must be accounted for somehow or other ; first of all to the Intendente, and that, too, this very day. As far as I can see, there's no better way of saving appearances—supposing they can be saved—than to plead your health and your present situation as calling for a change of air, and my natural unwillingness, under the circumstances, to be

separated from you for any length of time."

Rose promised to abide faithfully by the version he proposed—one, she said, more founded on fact than he was aware of, considering how often she had felt more poorly, of late, than she had chosen to say. She spoke submissively—nay, humbly. Her tones and looks were those of one who, sensible of having offended, seeks to propitiate. The sin of omission, of which she had been guilty towards her husband, weighed heavily on her conscience. The more so, as it was the first of which she believed herself to be guilty—yes; the first and the only one. She, *bonâ fide*, gave herself credit for having been, up to this day, a dutiful and an exemplary wife. Had she not left father and home for her husband's sake? Had she not zealously and assiduously watched over his salvation? Repulsed, had she not returned repeatedly to the charge, and wrested him at last out of the road to evil-doing? We beg the reader's attention to what we would fain call the young woman's conscientious infatuation, if the words were not at such direct odds with one another. Rose was persuaded that she was not only perfectly justified in what she had done, but bound to do it. She laid the flattering unction to her soul, that whatever pain she had inflicted on her husband she had inflicted for his ultimate good. She had well deserved of him, and this, thank God! he would some day himself acknowledge. Did not the end—and what an end! his salvation—justify the means? It was only because unnecessary to that end that Rose condemned herself for the reticence which had so upset her husband.

Vincenzo went to Chambery to fulfil his disagreeable task of making known his resignation of his office to the Intendente. The interview was as trying a one to his feelings as can be imagined. He returned at his usual hour for dinner, which was nearly over, when a messenger arrived with a telegraphic message. It was addressed to Vincenzo, and was couched in these terms:—"Are

you mad? You are throwing away a position the like of which you will never find again. Reflect once more. I have intercepted your letter to the minister, and shall keep it back until I hear again from you. Onofrio." The poor young man was not prepared for this. When he believed that all was fairly over, to have this chance of escape opened to him, to have again to go through the agonizing process of closing, one after the other, all the doors of hope behind him!—it was really too hard. A mist swam before his eyes, and his hands trembled as if with palsy, as he presented the telegram to his wife. O that she might have a generous impulse—that she would only say, Let it be as you wish, Vincenzo! And how he would press her to his bosom, and thank her and bless her, and weep for joy at her feet! It seemed so natural that she should yield; he yearned so much that she should do so, that, for a moment, he actually began to believe that she would.

Rose ran her eyes over the message, and immediately a twist of disappointment contracted the corners of her mouth; and, as she returned the paper to him, she asked, "And what answer do you mean to send?"

"Whatever you wish," replied Vincenzo, in a faltering voice.

"After writing as you have done to papa," said Rose, "I don't see how you can draw back."

Vincenzo's heart seemed to turn into a lump of ice. "You are right," he said; "I'll be off to Chambery this minute, and telegraph to Turin."

A few hours later, Onofrio received the following:—"I am not mad, though I am compelled to act as if I were. Thank you for your kindness; but let my letter of resignation take its course. I'll explain *vivâ voce*.—Vincenzo."

That night there were tears of rage, and gnashing of teeth, in the little study in Rose's Bower. Another six-and-thirty hours later, and a ministerial despatch came to hand. "Your resignation of the office of Consigliere to the Intendenza of Chambery, in date of the 16th

May, is accepted." This, with the signature of the minister, was all the contents. The laconism of the communication spoke volumes. Vincenzo had estranged his powerful patron for ever.

There remained nothing now to be done, but to take leave and go. Always an unpalatable task, that of leave-taking; but more peculiarly so when it has to be accomplished, as in Vincenzo's case, under a necessity for a certain amount of dissimulation, which added not a little to the real pain it gave him to part with acquaintances, some of whom had ripened into real friends, and by whom—political adversaries as most of them were—he had always been treated with the utmost kindness and cordiality. With these, Vincenzo's more particular friends in town, as well as with his neighbours in the village, hearty and sincere was the exchange of goodwill and kindly regret. The Curé and Madame even, in spite of politico-religious differences and their consequent coolness, now thawed altogether, and from their hearts wished him all manner of happiness. A singularly gifted, warm-hearted race, these Savoyards; and with whom it is impossible to come in contact without, whatever their crotchets, liking and respecting them.

Happy those who have never had to enter upon a course of action so glaringly in contradiction with the dictates of reason and their own inclinations as to be startled by, and almost to doubt, the unnatural results which nevertheless have been brought about by their own exertions. Such persons will not understand the mixed feelings of bewilderment and alarm with which Vincenzo, a few days after the acceptance of his resignation, stared from the inside of the mail at the rapid flight of the poplars skirting the road to Turin, with half a mind to protest against the flagrant breach of logic which forced him away from the natural field of his labour; just as if his being in the Turin Mail was not the consequence of acts of his own extending over nearly a week, and the last of the series of which had been to secure three places in this same coach

and to pay for them beforehand. Had the weather only been a little more in unison with his gloomy mood, he thought his regrets would have been less harrowing. But no; the day was beautiful, the sky clear, the air bracing: the sun, near its setting, cast a golden halo around the wooded hills; the birds chirped their evening farewell to the waning light. All in nature betokened joy and repose, while all within him was sad and restless. He leaned long out of the window in fond and silent contemplation of a particular point in the long ridge of chestnut trees on the right of the road, the top of a steeple gilt by the sun peering above the foliage. There was the quiet haven where he had thought, poor fool! the bark of his hopes seemed secure; and there it was his hopes had gone to wreck. It was a last, bitter pleasure to him to look at the spot where he might so easily have been happy, where he felt he had deserved to be so. Presently a turning of the road robbed him of the view, and he drew in his head, pulling his cap over his eyes.

It was once more broad day when they entered the pass of the mountain. The grandeur of the Alpine scenery, to him quite a new spectacle, revived his spirits for a moment; but even that failed to kindle any lasting enthusiasm: his soul was too much out of tune to take in the sublime harmonies of nature. His poetic vein, usually so excitable, was now as though it were muffled. Marianna's screams of terror, her cries to stop, her ejaculations and invocations to the Madonna, whenever the coach swept swiftly round the corners of the zig-zags forming the descent, were enough, to say the truth, to conjure away all poetic associations. There was nothing for it, to prevent her growing frantic, but for Vincenzo to give her his place in the inside, and climb up himself to her elevated situation near the guard outside—an exchange which was not effected without difficulty, and an immense deal of blubbing on Marianna's part, and reproaches from Signora Candia at her making such a goose of herself. Signora Candia had steel nerves,

and could look into any depth without wincing.

She was not, however, proof against the fatigues of the journey, as she perceived to her mortification when they reached Turin. Her strength so completely failed her that she was forced to give up her original plan of going straight on to Ibella without stopping, and had, instead, to put up at the nearest hotel, and submit to stay in her bed till the next day. Hence the necessity, in order to avoid inflicting anxiety and disappointment, of sending a telegram to Rumelli, *via* Ibella, to make known this change of programme. Vincenzo's first business in Turin took him to the telegraph-office—the second, to Onofrio's office. He had promised to explain, and explain he must. He must do so, under the penalty of writing himself down an ungrateful ass, unworthy of the interest his friend had taken in him. And yet how explain, we do not say satisfactorily, but at all intelligibly, without drawing up a formal and terrible case against his wife? Seen in the light of a confession to a friend, his wife's conduct assumed a character of heinousness quite new to himself, such as he shrunk with horror from imparting to any living soul. There is a treatment which, received from a deadly foe, can be acknowledged, but not when suffered at the hands of a wife, and a wife still dear.

Fortunately, he was spared alike the distress of an avowal repugnant to the delicacy of his nature, or the remorse of an intentionally ambiguous statement. Onofrio was a man of the world; and we may guess, from the query he put to Vincenzo long ago as to Rose—"are you sure that this young lady will never become a clog in the path of a political man?"—we may guess, from this query, that he had had some experience of cases in which the wife had proved a shackle to her husband. He was, besides, a shrewd man; and even the little he had seen of Signora Candia before her marriage, at Rumelli and afterwards, when she passed through Turin, had left the impression that the lady

had none of the largeness of views which characterized her husband—a want of equilibrium always fraught with danger. This was sufficient to put him on the right track the instant the unexpected news of the resignation exploded like a bomb about his ears; and when, in answer to his question, "Are you mad?" Vincenzo telegraphed back, "I am not mad, but compelled to act as if I were," it was just as if he had said in so many words (at least in Signor Onofrio's opinion), "I am the victim of my wife's religious scruples."

"And so here you are, my poor friend," said Onofrio, warmly grasping in his both Vincenzo's hands. "I was just thinking of you. Bless me, how you are altered!"

"No wonder. I have suffered cruelly," said Vincenzo, turning away his face. He fought hard against his emotion. When one's heart is full, nothing so sure to make it overflow as a word of sympathy.

"That I can easily believe," resumed Onofrio. "No wounds so cruel as those dealt by a dear hand, and in mistaken kindness. Is *your* wife well, at least?"

"Yes—that is, not altogether so. She has been rather poorly of late; there is, however, a natural reason for her not being strong. That will help you to understand my having yielded. It was not without a struggle, I can assure you. You may imagine what it cost me. But there are situations in which a man, worthy of the name, is completely disarmed. We lived in an atmosphere of fanaticism; she caught the infection; contradiction injured her health; she became every day more estranged; her father wished her to return to him—in short, I could not help myself."

"Of that I have no doubt. There's no tyranny like that of weakness. Well, I wish it could have been otherwise; that is all I can say. With such an opening—and Cavour to push you on! ah! it's a thousand pities. However, we'll say no more about it."

"Why not? Let us hope that what is deferred is not lost. You are to

understand that I have not renounced public life for ever. As soon as Rose's health is re-established, I shall resume my liberty of action. I have taken care to make a formal reservation of all my rights on this head ; and, when the propitious moment arrives, I rely on you, my dear friend, to assist me."

"You may do so with confidence ; but I must candidly tell you beforehand, that it will be next to impossible to re-instate you in a position only half as promising as that you have thrown away."

"Never mind that," said Vincenzo ; "I shall rest contented with an inferior one, with anything. Young as I am—only twenty-four—and possessed by a very demon of study, it will go hard with me but that I make up for lost time. Ah ! one thing I must not forget to say—the first half of the second part of my report is ready, and I have by me all the materials necessary for the second half. Shall I finish it and send it to you ?"

"Yes, do," said Onofrio.

"Could you obtain for me a five minutes' audience of the Minister ?"

"I think I could, but I would not advise you to seek to see him. The Minister, I need scarcely say, is extremely annoyed with you, and I believe that time will serve you better with him than an interview just now. Such extenuating circumstances as you would, in your innocence, plead, would only make matters worse, by further lowering you in his estimation ; it being one of his crotchets—a pardonable one in a bachelor—that men should be masters at home."

Vincenzo, when, after a long visit, he left his friend, was a little less wretched than when he had come to him. That which had done him most good, next to those marks of affection so precious to one in his predicament, was the contract he had entered into with himself, taking his friend as a witness of the same (and from which he could not draw back without disgracing himself in that friend's eyes), to re-assert his liberty of action within a short period of that

time, and Onofrio's acquiescing in his so doing as a matter of course. Onofrio perhaps entertained some doubts as to Vincenzo's being able to carry out his present intentions ; but he did not choose to express any. Suppose the young man was deceiving himself, where was the use of throwing cold water on a hope which did him who harboured it good ? Vincenzo's case was an incurable one in Onofrio's eyes ; and he felt in charity bound to act the part of a humane physician, who humours the harmless whims of a patient past recovery.

Rose was greatly disappointed, and not a little alarmed, when on reaching the Ibella station she saw the familiar faces of Don Pio, Barnaby, and Guiseppe, but not that of her father. Don Pio hastened to reassure her. He was there, he said, for that purpose, at the desire of her father. Nothing serious was the matter with the Signor Avvocato—only a slight, and, as Don Pio hoped, a temporary increase of the former weakness in the old gentleman's left side, from which, as the Signora was aware, he had suffered more or less for years. The Signor Avvocato had gone through more exertion last week than it was perhaps prudent for him to do, on the fête day of St. Urban, the patron saint of Rumelli, and had complained of fatigue ever since. And therefore Don Pio had taken the liberty of advising him against a drive which could do no good, and might do some harm ; and the Signor Avvocato, with the practical good sense which distinguished him, had seen fit to act upon the suggestion, though it was at the expense of his feelings.

Rose thanked Don Pio with warmth, and insisted on his taking a seat in the close carriage which Giuseppe had brought for the travellers. This arrangement increased to its maximum of intensity the cloud of annoyance which had gathered on Vincenzo's brow at the very sight of Don Pio, and which the slight dash of premiership in the young Reverend's harangue had not tended to dissipate ; but, like the well-bred man

he was, he showed as little of his vexation as he could. To make room for Don Pio, Marianna was consigned to the care of Barnaby, who had been bribed to drive Don Pio in the gig by the prospect of being among the first to welcome the young couple back—a task, this last, of which we must say he acquitted himself but indifferently. His mind was caught in a cobweb of doubt whether the event was really one for rejoicing or for condolence. From some words occasionally dropped by the Signor Avvocato Barnaby had imbibed a sort of notion that there was some one who was being unfairly dealt by.

Giuseppe, guessing his mistress's impatience to reach home, kept his horses at the full trot. Don Pio, on his side, turned the time to account by giving Signora Candia a graphic and touching description of what he styled Don Natale's enviable end, a description which repeatedly filled the Signora's eyes with tears. He then glided into a glowing picture of the splendour of St. Urban's fête. Altogether, Don Pio's conversational powers certainly helped to abridge the drive to Rose. Vincenzo had expected that Don Pio would alight at his own parsonage door, and had even ventured on the sufficiently broad hint that the reverend gentleman need not put himself to further inconvenience by accompanying them to the palace ; but to no purpose. Don Pio jocosely pleaded the engagement he had taken to see the daughter bodily into the arms of her father, and his firm determination not to be debarred his share of pleasure in the happy meeting.

The palace, as we said before, stood on a raised terrace, accessible from the avenue by a short flight of steps. The Signor Avvocato, who had been sitting at the door, at the sound of wheels hurried to the top of the steps, crying—"Is that you at last?" Rose, in her impatience, did not wait for the carriage to stop, and, in trying to get out while it was still in motion, fell heavily to the ground ; but the echo of the four cries of horror elicited by the accident had not quite died away before she was on

her feet again, and hanging on her father's neck. With what a passionate embrace they clung to each other! Rose especially—undemonstrative, cold-mannered Rose—vibrating with emotion from head to foot, and transfigured by it, was quite a new sight to Vincenzo. He could not help thinking, with a feeling akin to envy, "If she loved me only half as well!" Certainly, whatever their shortcomings in other respects, no one could deny to this father and daughter that great redeeming point of filial and parental love. Rose was not hurt—so she said in answer to her father's repeated inquiries—she was sure she was not a bit hurt ; but the ill-dissembled difficulty with which she walked, leaning on her father's arm, towards the house, and her instantly sinking into a seat on entering the dining-room, told a different tale to Vincenzo.

"How pale and thin you look, my poor child!" exclaimed the Signor Avvocato, gazing tenderly on his daughter ; "you are not half the woman you were. And you"—turning round to Vincenzo—"and you had the assurance to tell me that she was well!"

It was by this gracious address that the Signor Avvocato first showed that he was aware of the presence of his son-in-law. Had he received a blow in the face Vincenzo could not have crimsoned more deeply. He said, "There was no great stock of assurance needed to tell the simple truth. I have never, that I know of, given you any reason to doubt my veracity."

"Plenty of reason to doubt your clearness of vision henceforth," retorted the Signor Avvocato. "No eyes like those of a father, that's certain. Isn't she sadly changed, Don Pio?"

Don Pio admitted that Signora Candia did not look so well as she did formerly, but this might arise merely from the fatigue of a long journey ; "nor," added the priest, in corroboration of this view of the matter, "nor does Signor Candia look half so well as he used to do, and probably from the same cause."

"In fact, he does not look well,"

assented the Signor Avvocato, after a lengthened survey of Vincenzo. "The climate of Savoy agreed with neither the one nor the other. Thank God, they are quit of it at last."

It being now close upon eight o'clock, supper was served—but, in spite of the most pressing invitations from father and daughter to stay, Don Pio took his leave, though not without first going through a round of queries about the present state of each and all the limbs composing the ponderous body of the Signor Avvocato, winding up by pointing out Signora Candia as the panacea for all her father's evils. This interrogatory served as an opening for the Signor Avvocato (as soon as the priest had departed) to enumerate all his bodily ailments, which were legion ; and also to confess how much he owed to Don Pio's kind care and excellent advice, by both of which his sufferings had been much alleviated. Don Pio had more than a superficial knowledge of medicine, and excelled in all that related to Hygiene. Notwithstanding all his maladies, the Signor Avvocato had a healthy mien and a capital appetite ; indeed, he was the only one of the party who did much honour to the meal. His old enemy alone, obesity, had gained any advantage over him. Such desultory conversation as took place during supper—Savoy, the appointment, and the resignation were three topics carefully avoided—passed chiefly between the father and daughter. Few and far between were the opportunities given to Vincenzo to join in what was being said ; and, as for seeking to do so of his own accord, Vincenzo was far too exasperated for any such thing : so that there he sat, between his wife and father-in-law, in the uncomfortable predicament of one who feels himself *de trop*. What could there be at the bottom of this seeming predetermination first to provoke and then to slight him thus ?

Nothing but the embarrassment arising from a troubled conscience. That of the Signor Avvocato reproached him loudly enough with having done all in his power to evade and annul, under

false pretences, an engagement freely entered into with Vincenzo. Now, embarrassment, especially that of a superior towards an inferior, rarely exists without a tinge of resentment. One does not acknowledge oneself in the wrong without feeling a little bitterness against him who is in the right. Then, resentment helps us to put a good face on the matter, and also excuses us from making inconvenient admissions. Vincenzo's letter from Chambéry added to the stock of the Signor Avvocato's embarrassment and resentment. What the deuce did the boy mean by his airs and reservations ? Was it his place, forsooth, to propose conditions ? To a man in such a quandary the alteration in Rose's looks was a perfect godsend. It afforded him a ready-made, plausible *casus belli*. The occasion was too good not to be snapped at, and made the most of ; and the first shot was fired.

Supper was soon over, and then Rose and her father left the room together. Vincenzo, loath to be in their way, went out in search of air : he was suffocating, less from heat than from inward rage. His blood was boiling with indignation. This, then, was the return that was to be made him for all he had endured, for all he had sacrificed ! An unjust rebuke in the presence of a stranger—cold indifference and disdain. A pariah would have been treated with more respect. If it were his godfather's intention to drive him to some extremity, let him try it. Vincenzo felt ready to confront any attack—nay, even any scandal. Under the lash of such ireful thoughts, he strode for some time hurriedly up and down the terrace, until, wearied out, he seated himself on the top of the balustrade running round it, and fell into a brown study.

"What art thou so deep in thought about ?" asked a voice by his side.

"Is that you, Barnaby ?" said Vincenzo. "You wish to know my thoughts, do you ? Well, I was thinking how much better it would be for me to be dead."

"That's an unnatural thought for a youngster like thee," said Barnaby. "What ails thee ?"

“Disappointment, my old friend. I wanted to make myself a credit to them and to myself, and—they will not let me ; that is what ails me.”

“I don’t understand thee. Thou art an *Avvocato*, ar’n’t thou ?”

“Yes.”

“Pray, then, what canst thou wish for more ? Is not being an *Avvocato* all that a man can be ?”

“Yes, so far as knowledge and social position are concerned. But, Barnaby, what is knowledge worth if it is not to be made use of ? Of no more value than a purse of gold which may not be spent.”

“I don’t understand you a bit better now than before,” answered Barnaby, with a shake of his head.

“I’ll try and make you understand,” said Vincenzo. “You are a gardener—that is to say, you are acquainted with everything which concerns gardening. Now, of what use would your knowledge be to yourself or others if you had not a garden to which you could apply it ?”

“I see now,” returned Barnaby.

“Well, then,” went on Vincenzo, “what the garden is to you, the situation I have just left in Savoy was to me—a means of applying, honourably for me and usefully for others, the knowledge I acquired by studying to become an *Avvocato*.”

“But,” objected Barnaby, after a pause employed in scratching his bald pate—“but the Signor *Avvocato* never had any place under Government, and yet has been a useful and honourable man.”

“But the times were very different when the Signor *Avvocato* was in his prime ; the priests and the nobles were then all in all ; but now we have the Statuto, and every citizen counts for something. It is, therefore, every citizen’s duty who values the rights it gives to support it and defend it ; and that’s best done by using in its service all the talent God may have bestowed.”

“That seems to me well said,” remarked Barnaby.

“Then you must remember,” pursued

Vincenzo, “that the Signor *Avvocato* was rich, and rich people can find ways of being useful and honourable without following any particular profession ; while I am a poor devil, with nothing in the world but my brains by which to earn myself a name and an honest independence.”

“As for independence,” said Barnaby—“your wife is rich enough for two.”

“Were she rich enough for ten,” burst out Vincenzo, “is that a reason why I should not try and suffice for myself ? I shall never feel like a man until I do. Do you think it is pleasant or praiseworthy to go on till one’s grey asking one’s wife or one’s father-in-law for a pair of shoes, or a coat, or a hat ?”

“There I must say you are right again,” cried the old man, emphatically. “What an old donkey I am never to have seen all this before ! It’s clear enough to me now that thou must have some situation which will give thee both credit and money. Now, how long dost thou think it will take thee to make a name and a fortune !”

“How long ? Why, all my life.”

“But thou canst not keep the father and daughter always asunder—that’s impossible.”

“Who speaks or thinks of keeping them asunder ? Cannot the daughter go to the father and stay for a while with him ; cannot the father come to the daughter and remain with her, as he said he would ?”

“Ah, that he never will—he’s too heavy and sluggish to move.”

“Why, then, did he promise to do so ?” asked Vincenzo, impatiently.

“Why did he agree to my accepting an office under Government ? Am I to rot in idleness and uselessness all my life because he is heavy and lazy ?”

“Thou art forgetting, my dear boy,” said Barnaby, in a tone of mild remonstrance, “that the Signor *Avvocato* is getting oldish and shaky.”

“I see he isn’t what he used to be,” replied Vincenzo, “but not to the extent of being unable for a four or five hours’ journey—it isn’t more from Rumelli to

Turin ; and the odds are that, in a year or two, I should have been promoted to Turin. Ask any medical man you like, and I'll bet you what you please he says that a little moving about would be beneficial to the Signor Avvocato's health."

"I make no doubt of it ; still he would never do it : habit is too strong for him ; just the same with me. I would rather die here than live elsewhere."

"Rose, at all events, could come to him, couldn't she, and spend half the year with him ?"

"Ay, but six months out of the twelve would be too much for you, and too little for him. It won't do."

"I see what will," cried Vincenzo, impatiently, and rising to go back to the house. "Nothing short of my being sacrificed will do. What does it matter that such an insignificant creature as Vincenzo Candia should die of a broken heart ? Well, so be it, that others may have their case."

"Those are foolish and wicked words," said Barnaby ; "the first that have ever passed thy lips in my hearing. Thou must be indeed wretched to speak thus, and to thy oldest friend."

"That you are ! my oldest and truest friend—forgive me," said penitent Vincenzo, catching hold of Barnaby's hand and pressing it forcibly to his breast. "Ah ! Barnaby, you don't know through how many gaps this poor heart of mine bleeds—that's my excuse. Good night."

Vincenzo had remained out of doors until he saw a faint glimmer of light peeping through the blinds of his god-father's bedroom windows. He felt pretty sure then of finding his wife alone. He hurried up to her room, and found her already in bed.

"You hurt yourself when you fell," said Vincenzo.

"No such thing," said Rose, hurriedly.

"It's no use denying it," insisted Vincenzo. "I saw from your way of walking that you were hurt."

"Only slightly, very slightly, I assure you," replied Rose. "I-shan't feel anything of it to-morrow."

"I hope it may be so," said Vincenzo ; "still, in your situation, a hurt, however trifling, should not be neglected. I shall sleep more tranquilly, if you will allow me to go for a doctor."

"For God's sake," exclaimed Rose, sitting up in her bed, terrified—"for God's sake, don't. Papa would be so uneasy—he is enough so already."

"To spare your father a little uneasiness, you have no right to run the risk of inflicting a serious injury on yourself, and not on yourself alone. This is a matter in which I ought to be allowed a voice. Really, I must go."

"Don't, I implore you. I give you my word, there's not the least cause for alarm. All I require is repose ; and how could I rest if I thought papa was alarmed ?"

"Yield, Rose, if only to screen me from undeserved reproach. This is the last consideration I would urge, if I could think of any other. Your father is prone, too prone, to hold me responsible for your altered looks. You heard how harshly he attacked me on that point. Suppose you were really ill to-morrow, how furious he will be with me !"

"Set your heart at rest on that score," said Rose. "I promise you, whatever happens, that he shall not blame you. Now do, I beg of you, say no more on the subject ; you really do me harm by insisting ; let me go to sleep. Good-night."

As Vincenzo laid his aching head on the pillow, he could not help muttering to himself, "Yes, she, too, has got her share of the divine element of self-sacrifice—only, as it seems, exclusively for the benefit of her father. As for me, whether I sleep or not—break my heart or not—it is a matter of supreme indifference to her, so that her father has a quiet night. What a consoling thought for a husband !"

Rose felt too tired and bruised next day to get up ; it was only the effect of the journey, she declared, and that in all other respects she was well, and greatly disposed to enjoy her breakfast. All this show of buoyancy and high

spirits did not go far to re-assure Vincenzo. If she chose to stay in bed, with so many reasons as she had for rising, it was evident that she could not do otherwise ; in other words, that she was suffering. He accordingly pressed her again and again to have medical advice—which she might very naturally have, without mentioning to her father that it was on account of her fall. He even threatened to fetch a physician, whether she wished it or not. Whereupon, Rose threatened him in her turn, that, if he did, she would get up, and refuse to see the doctor. Reasonings, entreaties, and threats, were shattered to pieces by her rock-like determination.

Vincenzo was more vexed at this issue of the contest than he dared to show ; and a little of the vexation—unreasonably, to be sure, yet naturally—could not but be added to the stock of resentment which he entertained against the Signor Avvocato. The old gentleman, on his side, when he heard of his daughter's indisposition, was no less vexed than Vincenzo ; and nine-tenths of his vexation went to swell the amount of resentment which rankled in his breast against his son-in-law. For had he not here a tangible and unanswerable evidence that his unworthy son-in-law had wittingly and designedly played with his godfather's feelings, by constantly representing Rose's health as excellent ? All the assurances which Rose, faithful to her word, gave, that Vincenzo had not used any deception, went for nothing with her father ; and the promise she forced from him, not to call her husband to account for an imaginary offence, only served to make the Signor Avvocato set down all she said as dictated by a blind fondness, which was endeavouring to screen the culprit.

It was in these dispositions that father and son-in-law met at dinner, *tête-à-tête* for the first time. Frowning, swelling, swaggering, the one wore his wrath on his sleeve with provocation ; natural, self-collected, unobtrusive, the other held his in abeyance. Sham force and real force in presence for a duel.

For a while the clatter of knives and forks alone broke the ominous silence. At last the elder gentleman said—

“Have you lost your tongue ?”

“I was waiting for your pleasure to speak,” said Vincenzo, quietly.

A pause.

“There are some passages in your last letter from Chambery,” resumed the Signor Avvocato, “as to which I shall be obliged to you for an explanation at your leisure.”

“With all my heart,” said Vincenzo, taking up the gauntlet with a will. “I am at your orders.”

Had he stumbled on a long-coveted treasure, the sudden flash of his eye could not have conveyed a keener delight. The Signor Avvocato felt cowed, and attempted to beat a retreat.

“Not now, not now,” said he, in his most dignified tone. “We had better avoid all irritating topics for the present. I am provoked enough as it is.”

“I am sorry for that,” said Vincenzo. “I am at a loss, however, to understand how my letter can afford matter for an irritating discussion, or, indeed, for discussion at all.”

“But I do, and that's sufficient,” said the Signor Avvocato, curtly.

“So be it. Allow me, then, to say that I maintain every word in my letter.”

“We'll see about that by-and-by. All your airs of braggadocio won't succeed in goading me into a quarrel. My poor girl shall not have her sufferings increased by the recoil of her father's agitation. I know the regard which is due to her state, if others don't.”

“On what occasion, at what time, or in what manner, have I failed in the regard I owe to my wife, either ailing or in health ?” asked Vincenzo, in a quiet voice, his eyes rivetted on the Signor Avvocato.

“I have mentioned no name, have I ? Why should you take what I said to yourself ?”

“Because in that phrase, if *others* don't, the word *others* can apply to no one but me. Dare to say you didn't mean me ?”

"Dare!" repeated the Signor Avvocato, looking very big indeed. "You might, I think, use a more respectful mode of asking an explanation."

"You see that you dare not deny it," continued Vincenzo, reckless of his godfather's pompous looks or words. "You hurl injurious insinuations at me, and, when called upon to substantiate, them, you extricate yourself by a *qui pro quo*. I leave it to yourself to give a name to such tactics. Last night, too, the first words you addressed to me, your son-in-law, after an absence of ten months, was to accuse me, before a stranger, of deceit. Was it just? Was it decorous? Was it manly?"

The Signor Avvocato rose, saying, "I see what it is—nothing short of a

quarrel will satisfy you, and I will not quarrel. One of these days I shall be at liberty to speak, and then you will have to listen to me. For the present I leave you master of the field."

It is provoking to be beaten when one has the best will in the world to beat. The Signor Avvocato felt as if he could have made a mouthful of that indomitable son-in-law of his, who, somehow or other, always got the better of him. Vincenzo was no less incensed by the conviction he had acquired that his resumption of office would be furiously opposed by his father-in-law. The split between the two had widened considerably.

To be continued.

ANIMAL-DESIGN AND LANDSCAPE: ASPECTS OF THEIR CONTEMPORARY TREATMENT.

BY W. M. ROSSETTI.

EVERY work of art is subject to be regarded from three different points of view: the artist's point of view, the casual spectator's, and the critic's. The artist looks upon the work as something which he has himself done, or might have done, or which would fall within the sphere of his own activity by some not very considerable change of its direction. The casual spectator looks upon it as something which he simply likes or dislikes, or does not care about. The critic looks upon it as a specimen; a positive or negative exemplification of what was, or ought or ought not to have been, in its producer's mind—a work having a certain definite relation to other works of the same class. These points of view necessarily converge to some extent. The artist is essentially the best of critics, though he contemns the apparatus and principle-mongering of criticism. The critic is not inhuman enough to be unaffected by the mere likes and dislikes of the casual spectator; and the latter, in the ratio of his igno-

rance, supposes himself to be an adequate critic. But, *quoad* artist, spectator, and critic, these are the points of view, and lines of thought, which each adopts and follows out.

In this matter, as in others, the important phase is the practical one. The artist's view of the work of art is of immeasurably more consequence than the critic's. It rests on a more positive basis; a clearer knowledge of what can and therefore ought to be done, and what cannot; and its application, which is to the artist's own aims and processes, is alone of any serious value. The better the artist is, the less he cares about what the critic has to tell him, and the more certain he is to work out his own purposes while the critic's storm in a tea-pot is subsiding as best it may. On the other hand, the critic, the better informed he is, is the more likely to sink the personal question. He will feel that what he thinks is of next to no importance because he thinks it; and that his proper business is not to invent theories,

but to study and discriminate phenomena. He must deduce his opinions from a wide acquaintance with works of art, as compared with those of nature; not start ready equipped with opinions of his own, and complain if the artist's productions do not tally with them. Such opinions would be sure to bear the worst of stamps—that of self-importance and ignorance combined; and, indeed, this is the character of the verdicts which come so “trippingly on the tongue” of the persons whom we have above designated “casual spectators,” when they assume, as they constantly do, the office of critic at a moment's notice. It may be safely asserted that the great faculties of perception, of mind, and of hand, which have been exercised upon works of art in the various ages of the world, have shown pretty conclusively what art can accomplish, and what it ought to set itself to attain—shown this, not finally as to the actual limits of achievement, but suggestively as to the things right and possible to be achieved. The critic should recognise and abide by this truth, and consider himself an exponent of the artistic power, not a dictator to such as possess that power in any consummate degree. The born artist for ever looks down upon him, with eyebrows raised at first serenely in superiority; if he insists, then perhaps with a more angular emphasis of irritated scorn. It is not for the critic to teach the born artist anything which the latter, one-sided as he may be, can profitably adopt into his own practice. The best of critics, Ruskin, exalting skyward the best of landscape-painters, Turner, gave him no satisfaction. “What is it all about?” was probably the painter's mental query. To the mangier critics who snapped at his heels the response which he gave is recorded upon his canvasses—each more unintelligible to the pack, and more barked at, than the one which it succeeded.

Perhaps my candid reader may ask me, who am now sitting down to write some pages of art-criticism:—“Why, if you entertain so poor an opinion of the function, do you bore yourself and me

by exercising it?” I reply:—Though the critic was never intended by a beneficent Providence to dictate to and overbear the born artist, there is, nevertheless, reasonable cause for art-criticism, on at any rate three grounds. Firstly, Fine Art is one of the great typical manifestations of human intellect; and people who lack either the faculty or the opportunity for practising it are yet quite blameless if they take and express an interest in it. The Art deserves to be considered and investigated: the critic, if not its lawgiver, may still be its expounder. Secondly, though the critic can do no direct good to the great artist, or to the born artist of special faculty, but would only do him harm if not wholly disregarded, he can, under favourable conditions, produce some effect upon the general current of public feeling as regards art, thus influencing to good or evil new artistic aspirants, and those artists of ordinary and level powers with whom the ranks of the profession are filled. Ruskin may be again cited in proof. Upon Turner, or the original-minded men who founded Pre-Raphaelitism, he had no influence whatever. He frequently lauded their merits, and not seldom denounced their defects: they painted on as if nothing had happened. But upon public opinion regarding these and other artists, and upon numbers of more or less able practitioners, Ruskin's influence was very great, and with slight exceptions for good. Thirdly, art-criticism comes natural at the present day to a man who takes considerable interest in art, because some art-critics whom he holds to be ignorant and harmful are already blatant, and he fancies, poor man! that he knows and feels a little more about the subject, and may help, in his time and his small way, to strip a few quacks, artistic and critical, and to procure elbow-room for a few true men.

These brief preliminary remarks have been placed before the reader with the view of showing that an art-critic is not necessarily a dogmatic sciolist. A sciolist he almost invariably is, so far as practical aptitude for art goes; and dog-

matic he would be, if he thought his expressed opinions, *as such*, were of importance to the community, and especially to born artists. A frankly professed conviction that the reverse is the fact may perhaps save what I have further to say from invidious construction. My subject will be the arts of Animal-design and Landscape, with regard to some of the more salient characteristics of their treatment at the present day, especially as exemplified in the works of two living practitioners. These are the German animal sculptor and modeller, Julius Hähnel, and the landscape-painter, Philip Gilbert Hamerton. The latter gentleman, in his remarkable book recently published, the "Painter's Camp in the Highlands," expresses for unprofessional art-criticism in general¹ a scorn to which the present art-critic, at any rate, is not inclined to demur as misplaced. Such scorn is justified by the futility, the obtuseness, the sheer ignorance, and often the ill-nature and ill-breeding, of the mass of our current art-criticism. The more impression such strictures as those of Mr. Hamerton produce, the better satisfied ought the sincere art-critic to be. It is no credit or advantage to him that his craft should be left in prentice-hands, equally recognisable by bungling and by indocility; or that, knowing as he does how much in need he and his colleagues are of modesty and self-distrust, he should be mixed up with vapourers to whom insolence stands in place of knowledge. Besides, Mr. Hamerton can brandish a two-edged sword before the critics. He is not only an artist, and in that respect a qualified man beyond their competition: he is also himself a critic, and one of no mean calibre. The "Thoughts about Art" which fill his second volume, and give it a distinct title, abound with sound views and efficient writing, and may fairly claim to take the foremost place in the art-criticism of the

present day, vocal no longer with the eloquent fervour of Ruskin. Thus much may be said in fairness to Mr. Hamerton, without, of course, implying unvaried assent to his opinions; and one may be permitted to add that his first volume mixes up with a good deal of valuable and unique practical matter a ponderous ballasting of flighty commonplace. It is the old case of the pound of feathers as heavy as the pound of lead—every grain as heavy. Indeed, the too-clever-by-half urchin who thinks to outwit the tentative questioner by responding that the pound of feathers is the heavier of the two would not be far wrong in this instance.

To proceed to our main subject, Animal-design and Landscape. And first of Animal-design.

Most persons conversant with archaic or unsophisticated art have probably noticed its remarkable excellence in animal-design. This, if we exclude merely decorative art from consideration, appears to be the first class of subject in which excellence of a thoroughly satisfactory kind is attained. As examples one may cite the Nubian lions in the Egyptian-room of the British Museum, than which nothing more mighty in conception and impression is to be done; the Egyptian paintings in the same room, of a fowler hunting with a cat, and of the tribute of geese; the stupendous lion-hunts and other animal-subjects of Assyrian sculpture; Lombardic chases; early Gothic grotesques; or the perfect refinement, ease, spirit, and fancy, with which animals are treated in Japanese art of past and present time. If we compare any of these representations with the human figure-design of the same date, we shall be sensible of a great difference in the amount of satisfaction afforded. The reasons may not be far to seek. The facts that the animal form is easier to represent than the human, and that we are not so entirely familiar with the former as with the latter, count for something. Besides this, the amount of expression needed is much smaller and less subtle, and the forms are more amenable to a treatment so far conven-

¹ As Mr. Hamerton properly says, Mr. Ruskin does not come in among art-critics incapable of art. He is an artist to some extent, and that not an insignificant one, as his published productions prove.

tional as to tend towards the decorative. And on this, in many instances, much of the excellence of the representation depends. If the magnificent Nubian lions, already cited, could not be accepted as in part conventional, not literal forms, we should be compelled to demur to them in some degree; whereas now we can admit them as monumental work of unsurpassable kind.

Without dwelling farther upon the particular qualities of archaic animal-design, to which my space would not suffice, it may be stated that the animal-design distinctive of the present time has wholly lost the conventional character referred to, and the characters which succeeded to that in mediæval and more modern times—the heraldic, and what may perhaps be termed the typical characters. As late as the times of Titian and Velasquez, and even Snyder and Jan Fyt, the typical character of animal-design was kept up: a dog by Snyder is a dog of the pictorial breed, a representative of the canine in physical nature, so to speak: a dog to be used on the broad scale for the purposes of the picture, and dropped after his pictorial juices have been extracted. Heraldry, too, is by no means to be despised as a preservative of types of animalism. A lion rampant, a lion couchant, were often not lions at all, in an accurate sense; but they served to keep up an acute perception, in the artistic mind, of rampancy and couchancy as leonine conditions; and a deal of sturdy design, blending the typical and the arbitrary, is connected with leading notions of this sort. The tendency of our own day is wholly in the opposite direction. It individualizes the animals; passes from types to genera, and so to species, varieties, and single specimens; and its outcome is the dog Toby, rather than the mammal Canis. This is the inevitable course for our animal-design to follow, in connexion with our design of all sorts. Its advantages of truth and nature are indisputable; but it sheds by the way some of the dignity and breadth of type of animal life, preserved in the older styles.

One of its consequents is the minute attention to varieties of hide and surface—softness, downiness, wiriness, and so on—most true, as far as they go, and not to be lightly omitted, yet not truth of the highest kind. The pursuit of them betrays the art towards knicknackery, and often propels it over the brink.

On the whole, Landseer continues the most distinguished animal-painter of our time in Europe, and the one who has most thoroughly embodied and fixed the modern point of view for animal nature. He unites all the tendencies above indicated, though the precision of the style of painting which has arisen in England since his prime carries some of them to further or modified developments. He is peculiarly modern, too, in the fullness of his sympathy with the real individual incidents and feelings of animal-life. His dog is not Snyder's dog—the sort of creature whose best known propensity is to snap in packs at a boar's ear, and get ripped up by its tusks. His dogs have each a personal character to maintain and exhibit, and will even become almost human, without ceasing to be canine. Landseer's specialty and eminence in this respect have been pointed out again and again, but cannot be omitted from mention when modern animal-art is in question.

Such principles of animal-designing, with all their manifest merits, have this disadvantage—that they tend to reduce animals from their grand typical proportion in art, and from their serviceableness for art in its larger or more abstract forms. What is the counter-acting remedy? The movement of modern art forbids us to return to anything which can be fairly called conventional, unless in works of a monumental, architectural, or decorative character. The medium course, exactly corresponding to the demands of our time, seems to lie in a careful development of *zoological* character, as distinct from the conventional, on the one hand, and from the merely individual, with its ingenious personality and

comparative tenuity of impression, on the other.

Now, this is the very thing with which the excellent German sculptor, Julius Hähnel, supplies us. Londoners have had from time to time various opportunities of acquainting themselves with his singular completeness of power, but have been tardy to profit by them. The occasion presents itself again this season, and ought on no account to be neglected by any who are interested in the subject; a selection of Hähnel's bronzes being placed in the French and Flemish Gallery, 121 Pall Mall, along with the exhibition of pictures there. The works are small in size, but are unsurpassed, not to say unmatched, by any other animal-sculpture extant. They are equally consummate in zoological and in general artistic truth and power. Nothing is missed, nothing overcharged. Fullness of perception and understanding of the brute-nature, largeness of design, minute perfection of realization and detail, distinguish every subject. The works are sixteen in number. No such rushing ostrich or stately-pacing giraffe, no such obese hippopotami or prowling lion, are to be seen elsewhere. There are besides a camel, three other lions and a lioness, two stags, a golden eagle, a group of hens, a monkey, and an elephant; and last a group of leopards, which we select for description as a sample, not a superior, of the rest.

Two leopards are at their repast over what remains of the carcass of a stag: a repast which combines a sort of surly and savage companionableness with a rooted intention on the part of each feline aristocrat to have all the rest of it to himself, and leave his neighbour fasting. "The best friends in the world, apart from considerations of dinner: but this is for me, not you." One of the leopards is evidently the more redoubtable champion of the two. His competitor crouches and cowers in the shelving sand. He seems to have been the first to begin the meal; his teeth are still tugging in the flesh, his claws still in the haunch. But, as the other slouches up, with flat extended

body which almost grazes the ground, thrown forward from the curved hind leg, and poised upon the columnar left fore-leg, the first comer divines a superior. His hair bristles with grudging indignation, his eyes crimp up into compressed slits, his ears lie back flat against the head; a low snarling growl conspires with the interrupted action of eating to wrinkle the nose and the rounded folds of the lips. The right paw and leg, with which he clutches the haunch, will not yet withdraw: the claws protrude the farther from their sheaths. Close against this weaponed paw is planted, heavily and graspingly, the massive and no whit less fully armed paw of the interloper. Louder and more aggressive his growl, prompter his forestalling pounce, more menacing the ridges of his twitched visage, glaring his eye, stiff the sweeping curve of his upcurling tail. His hide does not bristle, like the other's, with rancorous inferiority; but, with conscious supremacy, can afford to lie smooth and sleek. His mighty bones and joints consent all in the single movement of rapacity, stealthy and sudden.

To have described this group with tenfold vividness would still be to present its excellence from only one of its two sides; the one more easy to express, but less conclusive of the real fact of Mr. Hähnel's merit. Many persons can make out of, and can even manage to see in, very inferior works of art, as much as I have crudely endeavoured to put into words, or more. The real superiority of the work consists not only in the truth of the facts represented, but in the lofty power of the representation; the perfection of design, drawing, and modelling, and the entire truth, equally artistic and scientific, of the realization. These qualities can only be appreciated by personal inspection: they are stamped upon the group with a fullness which any eye probably can recognise, but which only the most informed can test and value aright.

With Mr. Hähnel I may be permitted to name his fellow-countryman Mr. Wolf, the painter, long domesticated among us, as another master in the

zoologically natural treatment of animal-design. The French sculptor, Frémiet, whose group of a Cat and Kittens was in the International Exhibition, should also not be omitted: he will not easily be forgotten by any who examined that delightful group with adequate attention. These excellent artists, however, must not now detain us; and, leaving with the above slight suggestions the subject of contemporary Animal-design, I pass to that of Landscape-painting.

Two leading impressions may be noticed as lying at the foundation of much that has been done among us in landscape-art of late years, and which has made the art present an aspect very distinctive of the time, and unlike anything that preceded it. A step onwards, say some—backwards, say others—a question which shall not concern us here:—at any rate, a step. The first of these impressions is a feeling that every scene and phase of nature contains something that is worth looking into, studying, and recording; not so much because it lends itself to the purposes of pictorial art and composition as because it is actually there in nature. The second impression is that not only the external facts, but also the mental effect, of a natural scene can be best realized by very close adherence to its several constituent parts—the real, direct facts of form and arrangement, of colour, relative tone of objects, and so on. And with this is united—not quite consistently perhaps—a preference for the mapping-out of the scene in colour and tone, by strict realization or careful suggestion, over the grouping or even the simple exhibition of form. Not that the form is neglected, for it is, on the contrary, very resolutely and imitatively striven after; but the conception of natural, and, to some extent, of pictorial, colour has taken possession of the artist's sympathy; and we feel that he would not pursue the form with so much persistence, but for its bearing upon the colour and tone, and would rather sacrifice the former to the latter, when the copyism of both clashes, than *vice versa*. The teaching of Ruskin, and the example of Turner

(but chiefly as interpreted through Ruskin, without an exact balancing of all that that writer says on the subject), have been potent in this result; for this is one of the cases adverted to in the earlier part of my remarks, where the influence of a critic tells upon the rising race of painters, the majority of whom have no such definite starting-point and innate artistic impulse of their own as would enable them to resist, or even resent, suggestions not consonant with their own likings or practice.

The impressions referred to deserve to be regarded as mere notions, or as real convictions, in proportion to the earnestness and originality of mind of the artist who acts upon them. Where these mental gifts are at a low ebb, the painter can hardly be said to do more than acquiesce in a notion which he finds abroad, and can claim but a very subordinate share in the movement wherewith he is carried along. Where the gifts are high or substantial, we recognise a genuine conviction. Such is the case eminently with Mr. William Davis and Mr. Inchbold. Mr. Brett is a leader in the class of men who, without being originators, are yet so thoroughly and pertinaciously in earnest as to entertain a real conviction, such as nerves the hand to achievements which would otherwise be beyond the range of their general power. Mr. Anthony is an example of an artist of strong original gifts who has not, on the whole, benefited by the degree in which he has allowed an influence, naturally alien to him, to modify his practice. Of the less vigorously qualified rank and file, it would be superfluous, as well as ungracious, to cite examples.

In fact, the feelings which govern our latest school of landscape are in part sincere and well founded; in part they are a corollary, or even a disguise, to the mere literalism which copies because it can do no more. The literalists are more than contented to have a theory discovered to their advantage which would vindicate for them the title of artists, and even allow them to suppose that they are better men than their

betters. Yet, whatever may rightly be said in derogation from such complacent assumptions, the contemporary movement in our landscape is a healthy and honest one, and exhibits, above all others, the principles which should be upheld in teaching. These are principles which can be taught, and can be applied to practice by any student of ordinary skill. The student grows gradually into an artist, and may then adhere to or modify the principles as he pleases; incomparably the surer to modify them to some good purpose, if he has laid to heart and fairly established a basis of the lessons thus taught him in his experimental stage. Design, composition, sacrifice of one item of the subject to another, are things to be discovered and invented, not taught: accurate truth, deliberate transfer of fact by fact from the scene to the canvass till all the facts are there in the nearest attainable semblance of their natural relations—these are the things to teach and to learn.

The readers of Mr. Hamerton's "Painter's Camp in the Highlands" will be aware that he is a sympathiser with the new school of landscape here referred to, and which is currently termed Pre-Raphaelite—a sympathiser, and, to some considerable extent, a disciple; but, at the same time, one who is perpetually exercising his own mind upon the questions of art which come before him for practical solution. A man who does this, or one who has any considerable force of pictorial faculty within him, is sure to modify and extend in many points the simple code of principles above indicated. As an artist of energetic and elaborate diligence, and as a writer primed with experience, and ready in speculation and suggestion, Mr. Hamerton has taken a position which bespeaks more than common interest for anything which may be shown as the product of his perception, labour, and pondering. Next to nothing of his had as yet been brought before the public: he has himself now got up a semi-private exhibition whereby he may be judged. Its locality is No. 196, Picca-

dilly; its contents, as yet, only two oil-pictures, although the catalogue leads one to expect that in course of time other pictures, with "drawings, etchings, &c.," will make their appearance.

Mr. Hamerton, with an amount of self-concentration which produces in his writings a tone approaching to egotism, is, nevertheless, too candid and too self-respecting to allow his readers to suppose that he has as yet produced works of art which satisfy himself. If, therefore, the reader, impressed with the knowledge and enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Hamerton, and his tone of ambition and aspiration, leaps to the conclusion that he is a great painter, whose works will delight and astonish, he must not charge to the artist's account any disappointment which the reality may occasion. Mr. Hamerton is, in fact, not to be set in competition, at present, with our finest landscape-painters; but rather considered as one who is fully conscious of what he is and ought to be about, and who is still striving for means of expression complete enough to exhibit this consciousness in an adequate concrete form. Some readers of his book and Pre-Raphaelite devotees will certainly be surprised at one thing—Mr. Hamerton is not in the least, as here displayed, a laborious painter of minutiae; but, on the contrary, more addicted to the French practice of solid and rather heavy use of the brush, indicating details firmly and variously, but by no means working them out toilsomely to demonstration. The quality which lends a charm to such labour—its appearance of hearty, humble, self-forgetful love of the subject-matter, and perennial openness to the beauty of the smallest things in Nature—does not therefore belong to Mr. Hamerton's work.

The pictures are both large oil-pictures—7 feet by 3—painted last year. The first is named "Ben Cruachan, with Clouds Rising—Morning;" the second, "A Gamekeeper's Cottage, Loch Awe-side." The former is the more attractive picture, especially in tone of colour; it was painted mainly with the view of expressing the "relation between the

illuminated mountain and the intense depth of the lake." Without making any effort at describing it—an effort at "word-painting," such as Mr. Hamerton, in one chapter of his book, has shown to be always unsatisfactory in comparison with form-painting—I would note down, as the merits which he shows in both pictures, a general character of breadth and largeness of system; the look of size, distance, and light; and chiefly the aim at obtaining, as nearly as may be, true *relations* of light and colour, with specific *expression* in the objects. To this aim at true relations Mr. Hamerton avowedly sacrifices minor individual truths on occasion; and he modifies the size, position, &c. of his objects, not recklessly but freely, as the picture appears to him to require. In both of these points he assumes a licence to which an artist is undoubtedly entitled—which, indeed, he is bound to exercise as one of the acts which divide paintership from studentship: any professional man who sticks so close to the letter of the modern principle, before referred to, as to deny himself a conscious and unstinted, though always cautious, exercise of this licence, confesses himself thereby to be still in leading-strings. However, it can hardly be said that Mr. Hamerton succeeds in making of his subjects pictures rather than studies; they are studies intelligently controlled in the direction of pictorial results, but not thorough pictures as yet. Perhaps their leading deficiency in this respect is a lack of anything like the feeling of Association; the scenes look as if they had no history save that of morning, noon, afternoon, evening, and night; cloud and sunshine; wind, rain, and

fair weather; cold and heat. To put this forward as an objection raises a question on both sides of which much may, no doubt, be said. I will not venture to discuss it; for to give a fair analysis of the nature, and influence on the human mind, of what is termed Association, would cover a considerable area in metaphysics, to which an art-critic may be content to confess himself unequal. I will only say that some landscapes—those probably of *all* the greatest men—do seem to depend upon Association for no small part of their power and beauty; and that, to the best of my perception, these landscapes of Mr. Hamerton do not. For some executive defects, such as opaqueness of light and of handling, and scantiness of form in the foregrounds, he is probably his own most persistent critic.

Of the much which has been left unsaid in these remarks upon Animal-design and Landscape, or which has been imperfectly or disputably said, the reader has the opportunity of judging for himself. Criticism upon art is of value to the reader only in so far as it sends him to the works under discussion with a clearer perception of the qualities which are or should be present in them, and with a more tangible clue to the threading of his own feelings and ideas regarding the works, and the art to which they appertain. To accept criticism untested, or with a self-imposed acquiescence against which the inner convictions rebel, is one of the many forms of insincerity under which Fine Art suffers and languishes, and which the critic who cares more for the art than for his own dicta should always be foremost in deprecating.

THE GREAT CITY APOSTASY ON GOLD.

BY BONAMY PRICE.

THERE are times when the human intellect seems unaccountably to go back; when truths, which appeared firmly established, suddenly lose their hold upon mankind; and when progress, that was thought to have been secured for ever, without notice, and often without explanation, is reabsorbed by the returning flood of ignorance and error.

Every one knows how Macaulay noticed this strange law of humanity in the region of politics, and can recollect his famous simile of the advancing tide, with its alternating levels of the advancing and receding waves. But politics are commonly the prey of violent passions and conflicting interests; aberrations there are less startling than in the more serene domains of science. In point of inconsistency, however, and wilful apostasy from light and knowledge once acquired, I know nothing that can be compared with the backsliding of our bankers and merchants—and, indeed, of the whole City—in respect of gold. It is very hard for a man, who reads the doctrines universally current in commercial circles, and still more in the City articles of the press, to believe that he is living in the country of Adam Smith, or that “The Wealth of Nations” is proudly pointed to as the foundation of the vast expansion of England’s riches. A generation has sprung up that knows not Joseph. It is but too plain that editors and writers on money, and the manufacturers of doctrines on gold for the City, have long ago ceased to read or to think of Adam Smith.

To what cause must this strange defection from acknowledged truth be attributed? England has struggled through hard battles for Free Trade, and won them. There was no magazine of arms so richly supplied and so freely used as “The Wealth of Nations.” No

weapons were so sharp and so destructive as those forged by the great Scotch Professor. The world had been reluctantly, but still effectually, enlightened. The mercantile system seemed to have been killed off for ever. It was fondly believed, by political economists, that no man would ever again declare that wealth consisted in gold and silver—much less that it ought to be the care and effort of every Government to make laws for insuring incessant supplies of the precious metals. Who could have expected that distinguished political economists would have been the foremost to relapse into fallacies which it had been the glory of their science to dispel? Yet so it is. The City is devoured by one universal anxiety to have a large stock of bullion at the Bank; and names of great reputation ratify and encourage this most absurd of delusions. How is all this to be explained? What is it that makes men, and able men too, think and speak about currency as if Adam Smith had never lived? A profound confusion of currency with banking lies at the bottom of this matter. If the currency of England had remained purely metallic—if it had been left entirely in the hands of the Mint—this astonishing apostasy could not have occurred. The accumulation of unemployed sovereigns would soon have put all mistake to flight. No one could then have imagined that England was in want of gold, when she already had more than she knew what to do with. The appeal to ocular proof would have been irresistible. The sovereigns would not have been in circulation, because nobody had any use for them. It would have been seen that the best thing to do with them was to send them abroad, and purchase useful commodities with them; and thus the arrivals of gold would have been hailed, not as

happy events, but as events entailing the trouble and expense of re-exportation. Shiploads of food and clothes, of wool, timber, and corn, would have been welcomed with joy, as sustaining and increasing the wealth of the nation; whilst additions to a metal, of which there was already a glut, would have been regarded as anything rather than the most enviable result of trade.

But the currency did not continue under the exclusive control of the Mint. Bank-notes came into circulation along with coin, and then the confusion began. The ignorance which prevails respecting the nature of a paper circulation is quite deplorable. The difference of view exhibited by the varying practices of England and Scotland in regard of one-pound notes of itself reveals the uncertainty which broods over the theory of a mixed circulation. Bank-notes had been issued, not by a Government establishment, but by private banks—the Bank of England included; and the currency being thus mixed up with banking, a kind of twilight arose, under which every kind of shallow and artificial theory was spread. The mischief began more or less in 1825. In 1819, Sir Robert Peel, following the light which parliamentary discussion had evolved on inconvertible paper, passed the grand and salutary law which compelled the Bank of England to return to cash payments. But there was no interference with the issue of notes by private bankers; no security was taken for the solvency of the issuers. In 1825 a terrible crisis occurred. An immense mass of country banks became bankrupt, and the unfortunate persons who held their notes lost their money. The disaster was so great, and it fell so heavily on the lower classes—among whom the one-pound notes circulated—that public feeling, in its wrath and sympathy, swept away every one-pound note at a blow. This was a measure which, in point of science and statesmanship, stands on a par with a law which might enact that no more ships should go to sea, because many ill-built and ill-found vessels had been lost.

Many crises of great intensity followed that of 1825: and, ever since that period, countless writers have groped about for laws which could be relied upon as governing the issue of paper currencies. The result has been singularly unsuccessful: the conclusions were ruined by the assumed connexion of a paper currency with banking. Scarcely a single writer could shake off the influence of this confusion. Clear principles were never reached, because the position of an issuing banker, and his obligation to find gold for the payment of his notes, were never fairly eliminated from the discussion. In this way, an ample supply of gold rose to the height of a primary maxim of the highest importance. The mischief was immensely aggravated by some writers of great ability, who assailed the evil of insolvent issues upon the opposite principle. They attacked the issues as excessive. They strove to reduce their numbers; and pushed their doctrines so far, as to fall into the glaring absurdity of wishing for the substitution of a paper currency for a metallic one, and then providing that it should be limited and curtailed by every possible means. No persons have done so much to mystify the City, and to render all scientific understanding of the subject impossible, as Lord Overstone and his school. The harm they have done by enacting the waste of so much capital at the Bank—heavy as is the annual loss—is a trifle compared with that done by the doctrines on which their proposals were advocated. They never correctly analysed the facts of currency. They wrote with considerable power; and the consequence was that, partly by their ability, and partly by their authority, they made a rational understanding of currency a thing almost to be despaired of.

Light failing from the doctors, merchants surrendered themselves to the irresistible tendency, so strongly pointed out by Adam Smith, to think that money—that is, gold and silver—was wealth. They were paid abroad for their merchandise in gold and silver; they realized their profits in coin; coin

deposited at their bankers gave them power to purchase what they pleased : was not, therefore, coin true riches ? They entirely lost sight of the fact, that the same pieces of coin often circulated in the same day through a vast number of hands, and were only instruments of exchange, the means by which property passed from one person to another ; and in the place of this fact, they grew to regard coin as the property itself, and the wealth which every effort was to be made to acquire.

And then, lastly, there came on the back of this tendency to confound wealth with gold a strong craving for some practical rule by which traders should be able to prognosticate coming fluctuations in the supply and cost of capital. They wanted to learn how to foretell when money was likely to be cheap, and when it might be expected to be dear : many a mercantile operation depended for gain or loss on this fact. The want of an infallible money guide was felt as keenly as ever was the want of an infallible Pope. It was little better than mockery to tell a busy broker, and through him, his impatient clients, to study the supply and consumption of capital all over the world : they had neither time nor knowledge for such investigations—investigations, too, which had to be incessantly renewed. Was it not much more convenient, and much more practical, to say at once that plenty of gold at the Bank meant cheap money, and a low return of bullion threatened scarcity of discount ? That was an easy rule to understand at any rate ; and did not Lord Overstone encourage them in the belief that it was so ? Had he not inveighed against “an inflated circulation” as the herald of disaster ? Had he not prescribed, by his Bank Act of 1844, the colossal accumulation of gold in the cellars, as the pavement on which prosperous merchants loved to tread.

It cannot be a matter for wonder if all this confusion of thought ended at last in the old Adam of the mercantile heresy—in the fond belief that, after all, there was nothing like gold. Adam

Smith had been decorously buried, and living oracles of vastly inferior lights had usurped his place : the result we see in the daily language of the City about gold. But now let us consider what this language is. The main idea which pervades it is that an abundance of gold in the Bank of England tends to lower the rate of interest, to facilitate discount and loans, and to render the money-market easier ; whilst, on the contrary, a low stock of bullion sends up interest, deafens the ears of money-lenders, and creates uneasiness and high rates for all who are borrowers of money. The events which occur daily in the bullion trade are carefully recorded. The general public hears nothing about ship-loads of wool from Australia, or of timber from America ; but every arrival of gold is duly chronicled, every sum of money carried to or taken from the Bank diligently noted. When the rate of discount is hardening, the notice is sure to commence with a mention of some gold sent abroad, or of some reduction of the bullion in Threadneedle Street : when an easier feeling overspreads the market, some vessels arrived or to arrive with gold, some influx of the precious metals, are ostentatiously paraded. Whatever the effect, the cause is always ready at hand : more or less gold always implying low or high interest. A drain is held in the utmost horror ; the very sound of the word brings agony to the trading mind. Governors of the Bank, directors, peers, every man who talks on this mysterious subject, warns Parliament, in never-ending evidence, that a drain of gold is the greatest of national calamities, and that to avert such a misery is the highest of parliamentary duties. To make gold flow into England is the loftiest art of the financier : to stop its exportation the supremest benefit he can confer on his country. Would he avert crashes, let him turn the precious rill into London. If the horrors of 1847 and 1857 are not to re-appear, let the cellars of the Bank groan under piled-up ingots. A thriving trade is one which carries its balance to England's favour, and pays the surplus of exports above imports in gold : a dan-

gerous trade, on the contrary, is that which at its close compels the Englishman to part with his yellow treasure to the happy foreigner. It matters not whether the gold is circulating among the population, or is reposing in peace in the vaults of Threadneedle Street: all its virtue lies in its invigorating presence. It is the consciousness that there it is, in the Bank's cellars, which makes every man rich. Less educated foreigners, like the Bank of France, may trust to buying gold in the general market whenever the want of it occurs; but Englishmen, bred in the school of Lord Overstone, will exclaim with him, that "no man would think of adopting such a system." Is not gold the very breath by which trade lives? How much wiser to keep millions stored in prudence, to guard against the commercial death which a single day's deficiency of the one vital element might produce. At all times, and by every means, let there be plenty of gold.

It is difficult to write down such a tissue of absurdities without a smile. Never was there such a modicum of bread in such an incredibly large quantity of sack. The assumption and the inferences derived from it are alike so absolutely fictitious, so empty of all science, that it becomes a really difficult task to know in which, out of so many ways, their absurdity can be best exhibited. It might be enough to ask the propounders of these theories, what specific thing it is that this metal can do for them so as to reduce or raise the interest on capital at its pleasure? One need only wait patiently for the answer, to witness the distress which it would cost to find that answer. Let us look at the matter under two suppositions—first, that of a purely metallic currency; secondly, that of a mixed currency of coin and notes.

1. Let us imagine then the currency to consist only of coin. There is, let us say, a full supply of coin needed for carrying on the process of exchange. Demand and supply are in equilibrium: no one is short of gold-change. A million of sovereigns now arrives from Australia. The newspapers rejoice; but

what do they expect these sovereigns to do? They cannot go into circulation, for no private gentleman wishes to load his purse—no shopkeeper has any further demand for change—no banker requires more to pay short over his counter—no merchant is eager to place more in his iron-safe, because he has read in the *Times* or *Daily News* that another vault in the Bank cellar is stuffed with sovereigns. Why should they? What motive have they for so doing? Obviously none, and they will not do it; they will leave the gold to lie where it is deposited, in the dark places of the Bank; and then, of what more use are these sovereigns, *as long as they lie there*, than so many pebbles? In respect of that million of bullion, the currency being already full, and every man having as many sovereigns as he needs as instruments of exchange, England occupies the identical position of Australia and California. She possesses more of a particular metal than she can use; the only useful purpose she can apply it to is exportation for the purchase of commodities which can be brought into consumption. England has a glut of a million of sovereigns, exactly as Australia has a constant glut of a still larger quantity.

But then, it is replied, these sovereigns which I pronounce to be in excess, possess value—every kind of property may be purchased with them. But that is precisely the case of sovereigns in Australia also. Nobody asserts that they are exported from Australia because they have no value there. They come to England because they cannot come into consumption in Melbourne: there is no demand for them for use; hence they fall in price, and can be exported to Europe with profit. This is, and must be, the position of all the countries which produce the precious metals. When the business of buying and selling possesses a complete supply of the machinery of coin, it can employ no more, let people do what they will. The men who receive the excess carry it back to the Bank cellars as quickly as it emerged from them. There are no pockets or

tills in the kingdom which will keep them. We are all familiar with gluts of other commodities—why should gold and silver be exempt from the common fate? Because one can buy goods with them, is the usual answer. But one can do the same with tea, sugar, or timber, even when they are in the state of glut, and there is no demand for them. One difference, indeed, there is between them and the precious metals, but it is one not of essence or of kind, but of accidental circumstances only. Tea and timber are heavy commodities, and cannot be exported to another country without much trouble and expense: gold and silver possesses small bulk and weight, compared with their value; and, consequently, they can be sent abroad at a trifling cost. Two effects flow from this distinction—first, gold and silver are never sold at rates much below their value in adjacent countries, whilst there may be a considerable difference between the price of timber in England and in France; and, secondly, the steadiness of value enjoyed by the precious metals prevents them from commanding, in one particular country, an increased consumption through a fall in price. A fall of ten shillings a quarter in wheat would promote a much greater consumption of bread, and thus the excess of wheat would speedily disappear; but a similar fall is not possible with gold, compared with its price in foreign countries, and no increased consumption therefore can follow its redundancy. Hence a supply of gold will always fetch its true value within the fraction of its cost of freight to another country, whilst an excess of timber or tea will sell only at a considerable reduction of price. Hence, however, arises a peculiarity that distinguishes the precious metals. The abatement in price, generating increase of consumption, does actually empty the warehouses, and clear away stocks of tea or sugar. Gold and silver, when in excess above the uses to which they can be applied, cannot be cleared away by any process except exportation. They must go into store and remain there—there is no help for them—they must

accumulate and spend their time in wasteful idleness in the Bank's collars. But, in both cases, the main point holds true; gold, silver, tea, timber, can always, even when in excess, be exchanged for other property, at a price, whatever that may be, for each according to its nature.

The grand truth which the City seems unable to grasp, is this: that gold and silver are commodities, of the same general nature, and in precisely equal degree with all other commodities. The properties of gold are, no doubt, not identical with those of wood; but neither are those of wood identical with those of sugar. For each commodity required by man's wants, there is a special and definite use, and a corresponding demand; and when that use is satisfied, and that demand ceases, all further stock of the commodity is pure surplusage in that market. A nation cannot use more than a certain quantity of hats; neither can England use more than a certain quantity of sovereigns. If more sovereigns are made, they must lie as idle as an excess of hats. They must go abroad if they are to be turned to any account; they must go, like Californian gold, to countries which have not a complete supply of coin.

We are now in a condition to perceive the enormous absurdity of reporting, in a special manner, the arrivals of gold in London. If change ran short—if people were inconvenienced by a deficient supply of sovereigns—if travellers were puzzled how to procure sovereigns enough for paying their railway fares, no doubt a timely arrival of Australian gold would be a most welcome event. But, when no such scarcity is felt, whom can it concern, except the dealer in bullion, to learn that a ship has brought half a million of gold from Australia? In what possible sense is it more important than the arrival of an equal worth of Australian wool? can it be half as important as a similar importation of cotton? The wool and the cotton pass at once into the manufacturer's hands; workmen obtain employment, the manufacturer a profit, and the nation clothing.

But what in the world can be done with superfluous sovereigns? They can't be kept out in circulation by any art; and, if they could, they would serve only to enable property to pass from one hand to another; they would feed no one, they would clothe nobody, they would do only the same work as so many bits of paper turned into cheques. The function of an instrument of exchange is one that is necessary for society; but the cost of the instrument is a pure loss, to be set off against the utility of the function; and, if the function is already fully discharged, the cost of additional, but unneeded instruments, is an absolute waste—a waste as real and as great as if a man chose to use a steam-engine of 100 horse-power, with its proportionate consumption of fuel, to perform work which could be done as easily by one of fifty.

I have purposely abstained from alluding to the consumption of gold in the various arts which employ that metal. Its use in them is insignificant compared with its use in the form of coin. It is, indisputably, a simple commodity in that relation, and is subject to the general laws of trade, like every other commodity.

And now let me ask the question, what effect on the money-market the arrival in London of a million of sovereigns, the currency being supposed to be already full, can produce? The almost universal belief of the City is that such an arrival must be hailed as an increase of resources to that market, and consequently as an event which must exercise a power in augmenting the supply of capital, and reducing the rate of interest charged on the discounting of bills. I maintain this to be a most thorough delusion.

Let us examine the assertion under the hypothesis of a purely metallic currency, no bank-notes being in circulation. I have shown that, when the supply of currency is complete—when every gentleman, every tradesman, every banker has enough for his wants—these extra sovereigns cannot be made to circulate: they must betake themselves

to their slumbers at the Bank. Does not this statement at once settle the question? In what way can sovereigns, which for the time are as non-existent as if they were still in the mines of California, affect the course of the money market? What conceivable effect can a locked-up thing produce? What does it signify whether it be sovereigns or stones which are lying in those vaults? Oh, but the Bank can discount with them; it can pay them across its counters in furnishing accommodation to trade; it has something to lend to an eager borrower! But is it not seen that this is to assert, in fact, that the sovereigns can be got out into circulation; that it is a contradiction to the proposition, that an excess of sovereigns beyond the requirements of their use as instruments of exchange must perforce go into store, and that the excess constitutes a true and incurable glut? The man who fancies that this million of unneeded sovereigns confers an increased power of discounting on the Bank, must refute the analogies I have given above. He must prove that some one will be willing to keep these sovereigns in his purse, and not send them back to the Bank as an article for which he has no use. He must undertake to show that a country which produces gold will not send its gold to lands which produce none. What will, what can the borrower do with the bags of gold which he has obtained by the discount of his bills? Whom is he to take them to? To some dealer, to some wool-merchant, it will be said, whose goods he has bought. But will not that dealer immediately send off so dangerous an article to his banker, and this banker pass it on to the Bank's vaults? The plethora of gold is uncured. Into the cellar the sovereigns must go; there is no other home for them. But what has happened in fact? The Bank now owes a million to Thompson, the importer of the sovereigns, who lodged them at the Bank. Secondly, it owes a second million to Smith, the wool-merchant, who has sent the same million back a second time to the Bank. It owes two millions, and

against that liability it has a million of sovereigns, and Jones's bills for a million. Will any man in his senses pretend that the Bank, by such an operation, has acquired any increased power of discounting or lending? Jones could have had his bills discounted just as readily by depositing the dock-warrant of the wool at the Bank, and on that security obtaining money to pay Smith. There would have been the same amount of bills discounted, but the position of the Bank would have been decidedly safer and easier. It would have been relieved from the necessity of keeping an extra reserve to meet cheques which Thomson may draw upon his million of sovereigns.

2. So much for these questions under the hypothesis of a purely metallic currency. Let us now bring bank-notes into play; let us take the supposition of a mixed currency of notes and coin, such as exists in England at this moment. This is the region which must be carefully explored, for here it is that confusion of thought, obscurity, and error, have crept in. Two elements exist here which have been unwarrantably mixed up together. A set of ideas which belong to one has been unjustifiably transferred to the other. Two very distinct wants come into action. A supply of currency is needed—whether purely metallic or mixed, matters not—to serve as instruments of exchange; and a reserve of gold is required for contractors, that is, banks of issue, who have bound themselves to furnish gold on demand. These two wants have no necessary connexion with each other; yet they are everlastingly mixed up in one single group of associations. Even that question of reserve has been itself muddled by a similar process of confusion: the reserve required to meet bank-notes presented for payment being jumbled up with the reserve necessary to meet the other demands of all its creditors against a Bank of Issue.

It is obvious at once that if the arrival of a million of sovereigns cannot produce any effect on the money market when a purely metallic currency is al-

ready full, and cannot add one single pound more to the circulation, neither can it if a part of that currency is composed of paper instead of coin. The bank-note is merely a subdivision of detail; it introduces no new element into the question; it calls for attention on one subordinate point only—that the issuer shall always have gold enough to meet any notes which may be presented for payment. The problem, how the convertibility of a paper currency is best accomplished, is a pure detail; it does not affect the general principles of currency; in fact, it merely involves an application of them. No doubt it may be, by the force of circumstances, an extremely interesting question to a banker who has contracted to supply gold, to know whether he can, at a particular time, when a demand for gold has set in, through war, or some other similar cause, feel quite sure of obtaining a supply sufficient for the fulfilment of his contract. Such a man may hear with pleasure of an arrival from Australia, just as a man who has contracted to deliver cotton may rejoice over every ship that runs the American blockade. These are private affairs. At the same time it cannot be disputed that the public has an interest in a national currency of bank-notes being placed on a basis of perfect safety as to convertibility; and, so far, it may be glad to hear of an influx of gold from time to time. But, manifestly, this feeling has no legitimate existence in England under the Bank Act of 1844; for that law has rendered the whole currency metallic (omitting country notes), with the exception of fourteen millions of bank-notes; and no alarmist has ventured to proclaim the possibility of the Bank of England notes dwindling down to that quantity, unless a French invasion obtains possession of the country. It is certain that it is not fear for the safety of Bank of England notes which causes the City to hail with joy the golden cargoes that reach our shores. In 1825, when the bullion had descended to a million, the public caught eagerly at a million of unburnt one-

pound notes. In 1847, when panic and distrust were at their height, it was Bank of England notes which her creditors were eager to get from the Bank, and hoard. The real feeling which transports the City is the belief that the swelling millions announced in the weekly reports of the Bank, prognosticate cheap money, easy loans, and prosperous speculation.

Let us try to trace the course of the ounces just landed from Australia. They are carried to the Issue Department of the Bank, and a million of notes, let us say, is given in exchange. It might be asked, Wherein do these notes differ from receipts? would not a credit in the Bank's ledger answer every purpose equally well, and save a world of trouble? I will pass that by, however, and I will inquire, rather, supposing the supply of currency to be already sufficient for performing the work of exchange, what is to become of these notes? It is clearly as impossible to get them into circulation as it was the million of sovereigns which were discussed above. No one hastens to put more notes into his purse because he has heard the glorious news that a million of additional notes is announced among the Bank's assets. Why should he?

The arrival of the Australian gold has generated two facts: it has deposited a million of sovereigns in the vaults of the Issue Department, and it has placed a million of notes in the till of some banker, let us say of the Bank of England. The first fact is, in reality, the extinction, for the time, of so much property. The locked-up sovereigns resemble exactly an uncultivated though valuable estate in New Zealand, or the pictures in the National Gallery, or a set of family jewels, or the like. They produce nothing; they contribute nothing, till sold abroad, to the national riches. So long as they lie in the cellars, whether they are made of gold or copper is of no importance to any one. They do not contribute one single pound to the money market, for they themselves are not lent; the receipts only for

them move about; they themselves are pieces of dead, useless matter.

The second fact expresses the creation of so many bits of printed paper. It is perfectly idle to pretend that these bits of paper are wealth. They are only instruments for distributing and circulating wealth. They can make property pass from one man to another—from a lender to a borrower; from a man who has sugar, or houses, or horses, to one who has nothing but these pieces of paper themselves. It is not within the limits of possibility that they should do anything beyond this. However they may be handled, whatever wanderings they may perform, the ultimate result can never be any else than this; that by their moving about they have placed material objects, actual wealth, positive commodities, in the possession of persons different from those who previously held them. They have changed the owners; but the things owned remain precisely the same—not one iota larger or smaller than they were before. In other words, they have had no active or real existence; they have not affected capital; they have not given a single pound to a single man to lend; they have not touched the national wealth one particle more than the acquisition of a million of acres of waste land in Australia.

Indirectly, indeed, this accession of gold to the Bank may influence the money market; but it will be in exactly the opposite direction from what the City supposes. If they act on the rate of discount, it will be to raise, and not to lower it. This assertion will seem pure paradox to most people: it is strictly true, nevertheless. The gold will have been accompanied by orders for goods of a corresponding value to be sent out to Australia. That country requires manufactures of every kind from Europe, and it pays for them with its produce, gold. Orders fly from London to every seat of English manufacture: Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, are set in motion; labourers proceed to work; food, clothing, and raw materials are consumed;

that is, the stock of capital is lessened, whilst nothing is added to the country except the gold, which is as dead and lifeless as if it had no existence. What is this but to render capital scarce and to augment the demand for it, and to raise the cost to be paid for its use? The very same result will ensue if the gold is owned by Englishmen, and not by Australians. They will betake themselves to buying horses, and carriages, and wines, and every kind of commodity. The shops will have more buyers, their wares will be reduced and require replenishing, the wines and other perishable articles will be destroyed, the wealth of England will be lessened, and, as before, the useless gold will be doing nothing to fill up the gap; nor can it, till it is sent abroad to purchase a fresh supply of the articles which its owners have consumed. Sovereigns in circulation have one effect, and one only: they carry on the distribution of the public wealth; they do nothing else whatever to increase it; so that, whether the sovereigns lie idle, or whether they circulate, they do not increase the national capital. They can accomplish that result in one of two ways only—by being exchanged for commodities abroad, or by being worked up in the useful arts.

This statement ought to suffice to settle the question; but I feel, nevertheless, that the City will not even yet consider itself refuted. It will retreat into its citadel: it will exclaim, and does in fact every day exclaim, This is all very fine, but we see that the Bank does get a million more of notes along with the deposit of the gold. All the world will take these notes and give their commodities for them. This is the very article which those who own bills are eager to obtain by discounting. The reserve of notes in the weekly account is larger, and the position of the Bank stronger; and, therefore, this gold, and these notes, must do good, and furnish increased facilities for discounting. The money market must be made easier by them.

Let us see then whether we cannot drive these obstinate combatants out of

their last stronghold. We have to deal now only with bits of paper: for his argument has proceeded on the supposition that the gold goes into the cellar, whilst the notes pass into the hands of bankers. These notes cannot circulate, any more than a surplus of sovereigns, when there is currency enough to satisfy the wants of the country in carrying out exchanges. What takes place, therefore, when a bill is discounted with these notes? Has any commodity come into use, any capital been added to the pre-existing stock? Not a particle. The notes are merely certificates of ownership; the property itself is far down in the cellars. The Bank practically says to Jones, who offers the bill for discount: "I have certain mortgages here, certain titles to property, some certificates which confer the right of claiming property; I will give them to you in exchange for your bill: one security is as good to me as another, and I will charge you interest on the transaction. My object will be accomplished, and so will yours; for you will find no difficulty in passing on these mortgages to the dealers and shopkeepers whose goods you wish to buy." Jones takes away the notes. Has he acquired any property with them? Not yet. All he has got is an instrument which will enable him to procure the capital; he has only a mortgage, a debt transferred, a promise to pay, nothing more. He goes to Smith, who has wool to sell. He presents the notes and carries away the wool. Smith sends the notes to his banker, and the cycle is complete. What is the net result? That Smith had property, but has parted with it; that Jones possessed nothing, and now has got a quantity of wool; that the wool is all the capital concerned, and its transfer from Smith to Jones the only effect produced; that Smith, in the place of his wool, possesses a single line to his credit for so many pounds in his banker's ledger; that the bank has lent to Jones, on the security of his bill, the certificates or notes, which Thompson deposited with it, and for

which it is indebted to Thompson; and, lastly, that it also holds the notes, now restored to its possession, as a security for its liability to Smith. Nothing more than this can be made out of the affair—a transfer of the wool, and a change of ownership; a redistribution of property, but not a trace of any increase of wealth, of any augmentation of the fund available for discount, or of any influence on the rate of interest. One step more remains. The million of notes has returned to the Bank. Again its till is full, and again it repeats its discount. In ten days ten millions of bills have been discounted—always by the help of the same process—the notes which recur each evening in the till. By this time the Bank owes Smith and nine other depositors ten millions of money. It has lent to Jones and nine other bill-owners ten millions of pounds, and it has exactly one million of notes for the sole foundation of these operations, and no more. Is such banking possible? What if Smith suddenly draw cheques for six out of his ten millions of deposit? Can anything save the Bank from rediscounting Jones's bills, or else selling out its resources?

The truth must now be plain to all. All bankers are intermediary agents between depositors, that is, lenders, and borrowers; and the rate of interest depends, not on the shuffling backwards and forwards of the same cards, but on the amount of the actual fund of capital which the lenders have to dispose of. That fund is not, and cannot be, increased by annihilating gold, and manipulating bits of paper. The notion is an absurdity—a pure mystification.

At the bottom of all these errors lies a radical misconception of the nature of currency. Coin and notes are machines, simply and absolutely; nothing else; possessing no other value in the world, so long as they continue currency, than the worth of the functions they discharge. They are a pure outlay; a portion of the necessary expense required for carrying on the business of society. They are worthless in this

state for everything else except their usefulness in enabling buying and selling to proceed. Society could not exist without exchanges; it must have exchanges, and it must pay for the instruments that effect them. Currency is to the general public what ploughs and drills are to the farmer, and his horse to the doctor; an outlay necessary for carrying on their business. And just as ten ploughs are a waste for the farmer, when eight will do his work; and two horses for a doctor, who can go his rounds on the same steed; so fresh millions of sovereigns or notes added to a currency which is already large enough to perform its work thoroughly and provides change enough for everybody, is nothing but waste, and must lie in the cellars, just as the unused drills repose under the farmer's shed. There is no difference. If that useless gold is to be turned to any account, or to have any valuable existence bestowed on it, it must be treated as the superfluous drills would be by an intelligent farmer; it must be sold to the only buyer who can use it, the foreigner. It must be exported; and it is not the increase, but the export of the Bank's stock of gold, which ought to be desired.

But it will be a long time before the mass of men will be able to shake off their uneasiness at seeing gold and silver depart from their shores. The very idea of a drain of gold excites a shudder in most minds. The delusion is astonishing since the publication of "The Wealth of Nations," and the canonization of Adam Smith as the apostle of Political Economy. The old persuasion has rushed back as if he had never written. In vain has he proclaimed that gold is a pure commodity, capable of serving certain useful purposes, just as other commodities have each its own use. Equally in vain has he shown, that of all the national capital the least productive is the gold and silver currency; for it does nothing else for the community than enable buyers and sellers to exchange their wares. Men still obstinately cling to the belief that gold is the very life-

blood of all commerce, that by its presence alone trade exists, and that a scarcity of gold is a calamity far transcending in disaster the scarcity of any other conceivable commodity. Hence, statesmen, legislatures, and commercial institutions are expected to fence it round with every defence that the most anxious jealousy can devise. As I have hinted above, much of this marvellous feeling must be ascribed to the mixing up of currency with banking, and the confusion of what is required for banking with what is needed for currency. Before 1844, notes were issued in England—as now by the Bank of France—by bankers, on the strength of their general resources. Bankers were often bankrupt; the gold demanded for their notes was not forthcoming; and ruin befel many families. No wonder that the delusion grew up, that the first of banking duties was to have ample supplies of gold. Men have failed to perceive the difference between the insolvency of an issuing bank, and the temporary scarcity of one commodity in a debtor of unquestionable solidity. The one is a simple and transitory inconvenience, the other ruin. Both fail to produce gold at the required moment, but under conditions as far asunder as the two poles. The history of the Bank of England might have taught them better things. Since 1819, however much its gold may have ebbed, at what period have the notes of the Bank of England suffered the slightest discredit in public estimation? When have merchants and traders taken its notes less readily than gold? The almost universal rule has been, that people have preferred its paper to sovereigns, exactly as Scotchmen, in most cases, would rather be paid in one-pound notes than in gold. And to what has this pre-eminence of credit been due? Solely to the conviction of the perfect solvency of the Bank. That feeling once rooted, men have thought only of their convenience in asking for notes or gold.

The Bank Act of 1844 renders this anxiety about gold at the Bank ridi-

culous in England; it reveals how profoundly unknown to the commercial world is the arrangement by which Bank of England notes are issued. Few seem to be aware that the Bank itself, and its directors, have no more to do with the operation, except providing the mechanical apparatus, than any one of my readers. Suppose the gold to have been run down to one million instead of sixteen, what has befallen the community? It has lost fifteen millions of bits of paper, fifteen millions of little machines, and absolutely nothing more. It has not lost the gold, because it never had it; it has lost so many instruments of exchange, and that is all, and of what importance is this loss? Lord Overstone and his school have sonorous things to say about a circulation, and its inflation, and contraction, and the wondrous effects which are to flow from these phenomena; but they are merely grand words about a very small affair. The loss of the bits of paper will be an inconvenience, no doubt; but an inconvenience which a trifle will remedy. A few more cheques, a little more book credit, a clearing-house at the West End, a few more bills of exchange, and all will go on as smoothly as before. The gap created by the disappearance of one instrument of exchange will have been filled up instantaneously by the enlargement of others. Bits of paper are not wealth or capital; their work can be accomplished by many other agents. The City believed that America would soon come to a standstill, when gold was at a premium of 10: it is at 60, and the combatants find as ample means to carry on the war as ever. It is a very easy matter to explain. Gold is always a very trifling portion of the national wealth: so long as the Americans can get supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition, they can go on perfectly well with the war, whatever may happen to the currency.

But I shall be met with the reply, that, whatever may be said to the contrary, men of business practically find the rule, that

a large stock of bullion denotes abundance in the money market, to be sound and true. I answer, that this statement is false in fact, and destitute of all general reasoning to support it. It is not true that a low rate of discount is the invariable concomitant of piled-up hoards of gold: and the man who trusts that doctrine will often find, to his cost, that he is building his speculations on a foundation of sand. A few months ago the *Times*, the staunchest advocate of this principle, expressed, day after day, its bewilderment at the aspect of the money-market: gold was ever flowing in, and yet discount was becoming less and less easy. A little reflection might have taught the *Times* that it was assuming a relation of cause and effect, where only the relation of accident and coincidence subsisted. Who ever heard that a large import of tea was to make money, as it is called, easier? Why should the influx of a particular metal have a different effect from an abundance of tea? It does hold good often; in fact, I readily admit that a large decrease of gold is frequently accompanied by a stiff money-market: but the rate of interest is high, not because the gold has fled, but because capital, from whatever cause, has become scarce. It is well known that a very deficient harvest is almost sure to be followed by a diminution of gold, and a high rate of discount: nothing can be more natural, nothing easier to explain. Capital has been consumed in the tillage of the fields. Men and horses have been fed, tools have been worn, clothing has been gradually destroyed: and the grain, which was to replace them all, has not been produced. The stock of capital has been vastly reduced, whilst the corn that was to restore it has not come into existence. Grain is imported from abroad, and must be paid for; that is, the ordinary supply of bread has to be paid for twice over. It is this second payment which tells on the money market: the English commodities which have to be sent out in order to buy a second time what has been purchased

twice already by the expenses of tillage. Here is the true cause of the high rate of interest. On the other hand, when the payment for the foreign corn has to be met, the first and easiest thing to send is the superfluous gold, which nobody is using; and, besides this, the foreigner requires time before he increases his consumption of English manufactures, in consequence of the augmented purchases which have been made of his corn. He takes the gold at once; and it is only after a little while that he sends it back to England for the purchase of English wares.

But the opposite coincidence may also easily occur. Take, for instance, the long-continued flow of the precious metals to the East. How diligent are the newspapers in chronicling the loss. Yet that flow of gold and silver only shows the real action of English trade with the East—an exchange of the precious metals for tea, sugar, and rice. No trade can be more legitimate or more wholesome. If it had been an exchange of iron against tea, no one would have thought it worthy of notice: why, I ask, should people trouble themselves any more about a barter of silver for the same commodities? England, it is true, does not produce gold: but neither does it produce the cotton of which many of her manufactures are composed. If, by any chance, a diminution in the consumption of West Indian or Brazilian sugar was compensated by increased purchases of sugar in India, the result would almost certainly be a corresponding increase in the efflux of gold to India, and a diminution of the quantity at the Bank: but would there be also a rise in the discount market? Nothing of the sort: there would be no cause at work in this fluctuation to exercise any influence on the supply of capital in Lombard Street. There would be the same amount of purchases made as before, the same quantity of money spent. Gold would have been exported, but the money market would have remained steady.

Or, again, the English Government may suddenly require some five or ten

millions to be sent to India or China. It might obtain the supply from the Bank by presenting bank-notes for payment. The stores of gold will have been immensely reduced, but no disturbance will have ensued in the money market. The favourites of the City—the sheaves of bank-notes—will have vanished in large numbers: but what then? This loss is only an artificial creation of Lord Overstone's law of 1844, and of no importance in the world, beyond a little temporary inconvenience: the public will quickly have supplied their place, as I have pointed out above, by a freer use of other instruments of exchange.

It is high time that the foolish mystery with which gold has been wrapped should be dispelled. It is simply a commodity, like any other, needed for one specific purpose; and, when that purpose is fully provided for, all that is in excess is mere surplusage. It is possible doubtless for gold to become scarce, as any other commodity, although that is an event of excessively improbable occurrence in a country like England, to which the streams of supply first converge, to be afterwards distributed over the world. But, if that scarcity takes place, what and how great is the harm? Adam Smith pointed out nearly a century ago that, of all commodities, none could be so easily imported as the precious metals; and, if a little delay should occur, what would be lost? A scarcity of cotton, wool, or corn, at once inflicts severe mischief on a population, throws labourers out of employment, and threatens many with cold and hunger: but a scarcity of gold—what harm would it create? Scarcity of change for a while, some trouble in managing payments—but not insolvency—and some inconvenience to such bankers as had contracted to supply gold by issuing bank-notes. These people no doubt might be put to some expense in buying back the gold from abroad, and that would be the extent of the mischief done. For, even if any of the issuing banks could not for the moment procure gold enough for the de-

mand on them, if their business were otherwise well conducted, no public evil of any consequence would ensue. No one would be kept out of his money beyond a few days at the longest. When Lord Overstone calls this a suspension of cash payments, he terrifies the world with a chimera.

A great practical interest, in addition to the theoretical, is involved in the question which has been here discussed. The belief is general that, in raising or lowering the rate of discount, the Directors of the Bank of England are influenced mainly by the state of the bullion, in the Issue Department. Whether this belief is well founded or not, is a matter on which I have no knowledge. One thing, however, is quite plain. The slenderest acquaintance with the Bank Act of 1844 will have shown that the Bank of England has no nearer connexion with the Issue Department than any other banker, or any other person in the kingdom. The notes are issued by a self-acting machine under the orders of the State; and neither the notes nor the bullion, in any sense whatever, belong to the Bank of England. No one has explained this point with greater distinctness and precision than Lord Overstone in his evidence before Parliament. The notes issued belong to the public collectively, of which the Bank gets whatever share its ordinary business may bring to its till. As a banker, therefore, the Bank is no more authorized to be guided by the state of the bullion, than the London and Westminster, or any bank in Scotland or Ireland. When the stock of bullion is diminished, the one sole fact which the public feels is the diminution of the number of bank-notes in circulation; for, whether the bullion is in the cellars of the Bank, or at Paris, or Amsterdam, it is entirely inoperative. The argument I have developed has demonstrated, I conceive, that the quantity of bank-notes in circulation exercises no influence on the rate of interest; and it follows therefore that, so far as the Directors of the Bank may raise the rate out of regard for the state of the bullion,

they proceed on a perfectly groundless assumption, and levy a profit on the community which no actual fact justifies. Merchants and traders, it is thus plainly seen, have the strongest interest to study and understand this question of the presumed connexion between the supply

of gold and the rate of discount ; for, if there be ignorance on that question, be it in the Directors of the Bank, or be it in the public, the trading and mercantile classes pay a tax to the banking community, which is exacted on a supposition that is totally unfounded.

FILIOLE DULCISSIMÆ

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

SAY, wilt thou think of me when I'm away,
Borne from the threshold and laid in the clay,
Past and unheard of for many a day?

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,
Further each year from thy vision withdrawn,
Thou in the sunset, and I in the dawn?

Wilt thou remember me, when thou shalt see
Daily and nightly encompassing thee
Hundreds of others, but nothing of me?

All that I ask is a gem in thine eye,
Sitting and thinking when no one is by,
Thus looked he on me—thus rung his reply.

Ah, but in vain is the boon that I seek :
Time is too strong, or remembrance too weak :
Soon yields to darkness the evening's last streak.

'Tis not to die, though the path be obscure ;
Vast though the peril, there's One can secure :
Grand is the conflict, the victory sure :

'Tis not to land on that region unknown,
Thronged by bright Spirits, all strange and alone,
Waiting the doom from the Judge on the Throne :

But 'tis to feel the cold touch of decay,—
'Tis, to look back on the wake of one's way,
Fading and vanishing day after day :

This is the bitterness none can be spared :
This, the oblivion the greatest have shared :
This, the true death for ambition prepared.

Thousands are round us, toiling as we,
Living and loving—whose lot is to be
Past and forgotten, like waves on the sea.

Once in a lifetime is uttered a word
That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard,—
Once in an age is humanity stirred :

Once in a century springs forth a deed
From the dark bands of forgetfulness freed,
Destined to shine, and to bless, and to lead :

Yet not ev'n thus escape we our lot,—
The deed lasts in memory,—the doer is not :
The word liveth on, but the voice is forgot.

Who knows the form of the mighty of old ?
Can bust or can portrait the spirit enfold,
Or the light of the eye by description be told ?

Nay, even He who our ransom became,
Bearing the cross, and despising the shame,
Earning a name above every name,—

They who had handled Him while He was here,
Kept they in memory His lineaments clear,—
Could they command them at will to appear ?

They who had heard Him, and lived on His voice,
Say, could they always recall at their choice
The tone and the cadence which made them rejoice ?

Be we content then to pass into shade,
Visage and voice in oblivion laid,—
And live in the light that our actions have made.

Yet do thou think of me, child of my soul :
When the dark waves of forgetfulness roll,
Part may survive, in the wreck of the whole :

Still let me count on the tear in thine eye,—
"Thus bent he o'er me—thus went his reply,"—
Sitting and thinking, when no one is by.

CANTERBURY, *March*, 1863.

FURNITURE: AN AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE HOST, Mr. PLUMPTON, a rich country gentleman.

MR. MANTLEY, the clergyman of the parish.

MR. BURLEY, a London merchant.

AN ARTIST.

Mr. Plumpton. My new house in London is just finished, and I am going to furnish it. I am in much perplexity about it. I should be happy to leave it all to my wife, but she is as much puzzled as myself. What am I to do ?

Mr. Burley. You country gentlemen make difficulties out of everything. It is the simplest thing in the world to furnish a house, when you've money enough. I furnished mine in a week, and very cheaply too. I said to myself, "If I give up my own time to it for a day or two I shall save as much as will pay me about a hundred pounds a day for my trouble; so it's worth my while." I took a quantity of notes and sovereigns and went about to a good many

upholsterers and furniture-dealers that I knew were in difficulties, offering generally about half as much as they asked for the things, but always in ready money. By this means I furnished my house very handsomely indeed for about fifteen hundred pounds. The furniture would fetch two thousand by auction.

Mr. Plumpton. You managed very cleverly; but my great difficulty is the question of taste. The old house here is provided with an immense quantity of miscellaneous furniture, and somehow does not look so bad after all, though the things, judged severely, are, no doubt, incongruous. But my superfluous things here would not do in the new London house, which I must furnish newly, because it is a new building. It is a most embarrassing question.

The Artist. It is a most splendid opportunity.

Mr. Plumpton. Perhaps so, if one knew how to seize it. An opportunity, I suppose you mean, for the exercise of good taste. But I have no confidence in my own judgment in these matters. I have sense enough to be aware that my æsthetic faculty is exceedingly small.

Mr. Burley. My way of buying would not suit you, because you want the things all to be in the fashion, I suppose. But, as for taste, you can buy that for money like everything else. Go to a good upholsterer—a respectable man, mind. It is his trade to understand the rules of taste, and he will give you the benefit of his knowledge, only he will make you pay handsomely for it.

Mr. Mantley. That would scarcely be safe. A man may be a respectable tradesman and still have vulgar tastes. Upholsterers usually provide things to suit the majority, but you would scarcely furnish in a manner creditable to your taste by so easy a process as putting the whole matter into the hands of an upholsterer.

The Artist. Hear, hear!

Mr. Plumpton. I quite believe you; and that is exactly the cause of my peculiar anxiety at this moment. Of

course if I thought that an upholsterer could help me out of it I should have no trouble. I am very unfortunately situated. I have got a smattering of art-culture, as it is called, which prevents me from resting satisfied with vulgar ostentation; and yet I feel that my knowledge is very imperfect, and my private judgment not, as yet, to be relied upon. My father would have had no such anxiety. He lived in an unæsthetic age, and would have furnished like everybody else, and felt sure it was all right provided only the things were made of mahogany. My son will, probably, understand the fine arts better than I do; and, perhaps, even enjoy such an occasion as this as an opportunity for the exercise of his taste. But I, who stand between darkness and light, do not see my way very clearly.

The Artist. So far as I understand you, then, you wish your town house to be in some degree artistic.

Mr. Plumpton. I should like it to be in perfect taste throughout. I do not care about ostentation, but I must have everything right and good; and, as you say, in some degree artistic.

Mr. Burley. Your house will be very exceptional, for very few houses are artistic, especially in town. I don't care about art; I like comfort. I never could sit down on an artistically-carved chair. Mind you have your house comfortable, and never mind what our friend the artist tells you. Have good easy chairs—that's the sort of thing—and good bedding. I'm not particular to colour; and carving is a bother; besides, as servants say, it takes twice as much cleaning as smooth furniture; and, therefore, it costs a good deal, annually, in wages. But comfort, in our age, is necessary. A comfortable chair relieves anxiety. A chair should support all the frame without calling any muscle into action. As for wood, have smooth mahogany; that's the best.

Mr. Mantley. Furniture, with you, seems to be purely a physical question. I think you are quite right in requiring it to be comfortable; but might it not also be in some way expressive of intel-

lectual feelings, and even capable of affording them gratification?

The Artist. A house ought to be a work of art, just like a picture. Every bit of furniture in it should be a particle of a great composition chosen with reference to every other particle. A grain of colour, a hundredth of an inch across, is of the utmost importance in a picture; and a little ornament on a chimney-piece is of the utmost artistic importance in a house.

Mr. Burley. You are going quite beyond my depth now. My view of furniture is, that it ought to have a respectable, hospitable appearance, and to do justice at once to the wealth and good feeling of its owner. I like a fine sideboard, covered with costly plate, because it looks substantial; and I like a good dining-table, surrounded with comfortable chairs, because it looks hospitable. I go little farther than that. It is right, no doubt, for ladies to have elegance in their drawing-rooms, but that is beyond my province. A man's study or place of business should always be orderly and well-arranged, but it need not be elegant. Men, as it seems to me, ought to express, in their furniture, the three virtues of wealth, order, and hospitality. I would have no poor material of any kind—everything quite substantial, and rich, and good. And mind to have plenty of drawers and cabinets; they are the whole machinery of order.

Mr. Plumpton. I should like to unite your different requirements. One of you wants art; another intellect, perhaps erudition; and another comfort, and that most desirable virtue order. These things are not necessarily incompatible, though seldom seen in combination. My ambition shall be to combine them.

Mr. Mantley. Furniture is very expressive of moral qualities, and I think you never know a man accurately until you have seen the inside of his house. However you furnish yours, it will in the end only be an expression of yourself, or of those sentiments and ideas which may happen to be predominant when you furnish.

Mr. Burley. A pretty theory, but

not, I think, applicable in the majority of cases. Most people's furniture expresses nothing whatever. It is simply ordered from the upholsterer, and there is an end of it. Still, of course, some people express themselves in their furniture—those, at least, who pay any attention to it.

Mr. Mantley. I am sure everybody who furnishes expresses himself one way or other. The mere fact of his leaving it to an upholsterer expresses a great deal, for it proves that the buyer has no taste of his own, and, therefore, at once excludes him from the æsthetic class.

The Artist. All who care about art pay great attention to furniture. A friend of mine, who really understands painting, is so exquisitely alive to harmony of colour that I have seen him exclude a penholder from a large room because its colour was discordant. To an eye so delicate as his every particle of colour is of consequence, and, therefore, of course, he could never leave anything to an upholsterer—not even the minutest detail.

Mr. Plumpton. I should feel obliged to you, Mr. Mantley, if you would develop your theory a little. Your idea that all men express themselves in furniture seems worth dwelling upon.

Mr. Mantley. The habits and feelings of whole classes imprint themselves on their furniture. The English aristocracy, for example, has certain ways of its own which other classes do not imitate successfully. A gentleman's house is always, evidently, a gentleman's house, though the owner may be quite poor. I do not say that it is always in good taste, for our gentry do not always distinguish themselves in the artistic department of furnishing; but still the objects, however ugly, and even shabby, all bear witness together that their owner is a gentleman. And a rich tradesman has another standard to which all his furnishing tends, so that you may know him at once by it. One difference is that a gentleman safely leaves many things with a frank aspect of age and wear on them—a habit brought on by

living in old houses and constantly using old things; whereas everything in a thriving tradesman's house is either quite new or at least in perfect repair. Another difference is that a gentleman's furnishing, though it be shabby and disorderly, is pretty sure to have some poetry about it—something of antiquity or culture, some tint of history, either belonging to his own family or the state; whereas a rich tradesman's house is generally comfortable, but very prosaic. But it is easier to feel these differences than to describe them.

Mr. Burley. You are right so far. For example, here is this old dining-room with hints of history enough to occupy an antiquary for hours; whereas in my dining-room, I, being a tradesman, have only the creature comforts of good chairs and tables and an uncommonly handsome carpet.

Mr. Mantley. I think it is there where you rich tradesmen are so expressive. Even in leaving the matter to the upholsterer you betray a strong love of the prosaic side of wealth. Your furniture generally expresses a high degree of satisfaction in the possession of money, combined with some indifference to poetry.

Mr. Plumpton. The poetical side of furniture seems to be separate from, or at least independent of, the artistic. The little plain chess-table in the drawing-room here that you and I played upon last night is not at all an artistic piece of furniture, but it is poetical—that is, it excites a deep emotional interest, for it once belonged to Napoleon I., and its chequer of ivory and ebony has often served him for a mimic battlefield. One's ideas run from that to other fields of other combats—to Marengo and Waterloo; and so the table is a poetical object, for it excites emotion. But it is not artistic, being in the worst extreme of a wretched epoch in art, the false classicism of the first Empire.

Mr. Mantley. It is observable, too, that poets furnish with reference to the feelings, and artists mainly for the gratification of the artistic eye. It is

intensely agreeable to an intellectual man to be frequently reminded of great men whom he admires by objects which either belonged to them or are, in some obvious way, associated with their memories.

The Artist. But are the two aims incompatible? Could not a house be furnished both intellectually and artistically?

Mr. Mantley. The aims are not necessarily incompatible, but in practice they very much interfere with each other. People generally have to obey some leading idea when they furnish. The leading ideas of our middle class are the expression of wealth and the love of regularity and order; hence the richness of the materials they employ, the formal arrangement of absolutely similar objects, their faultless cleanliness and polish, their perfect mechanical design, and the total absence of intellectual, or even æsthetic interest in all of them. On the other hand, the poet or scholar is, as a rule, given to the chance accumulation of odd things as they please him, by recalling some cherished association; and these things can give no pleasure to the eye whether of the artist or the housekeeper. And then again we have the artist-nature, which, of course, pleases itself by arranging about it forms and colours, so as to afford itself endless delight in the quiet contemplation of them. The difficulty of combining the two last is that the severe eye of the artist would, in nine cases out of ten, exclude as discordant some piece of furniture that the scholar might love for reasons having nothing to do with its appearance.

Mr. Plumpton. It is very amusing to study character in furniture. What very great virtues may be shown in very poor things! I have a neighbour, an old maiden lady, whose furniture is not what our friend Mr. Burley would call handsome, and it is certainly not artistic; nevertheless, it inspires in me the utmost respect and esteem for its possessor, for it is so simple and unpretending, and yet so useful, and orderly, and comfortable. Probably at an auc-

tion the whole household of furniture would not fetch fifty pounds; and yet it is so well arranged, and harmonises so well with the quiet, unaffected, and somewhat methodical habits of the lady of the house, that every bit of it has, in my eyes, a value far beyond that of the best new furniture in a cabinet-maker's shop. Indeed, I have heard the old lady declare that she would not on any account admit a piece of new furniture into her house, because it would spoil her old things by contrast; and once, when she wanted a sideboard, instead of ordering one at the cabinet-maker's, she hunted about for months to find something that would go with her other things. At last she hit upon a quaint old structure of dark mahogany, of a form at least thirty years out of fashion. This exactly suited her, and it now looks as if it had always been in the house. Proofs of the same good taste and right judgment may be found in everything about her.

Mr. Mantley. I have as great a dislike to new furniture as your friend the old maid. New furniture is as bad as a new house—it has no associations. Still, even new furniture may express character. For instance, Mr. Burley, what should you say that drawers express?

Mr. Burley. The love of order. The main use of furniture in a business point of view is, that it is such a help to order; indeed without it order would be altogether impossible. The business habits of men may be guessed from their furniture. The great object is to keep things at once separate from each other, and easily accessible to their owner. Disorder and confusion are always the punishment of people who will not be at the pains to understand this theory. No amount of disorder ever conquered me, and I know by practical experience in affairs that I am able to cope with any amount of details, but not single-handed. I require the assistance of the cabinet-maker, and he is the first man I call in when there is a difficulty. Some time since, being with a country gentleman of moderate estate, who had a fancy for managing his own property, and who,

consequently, had got it into a state of awful confusion, I helped him out of it in a fortnight in this way. I got him to assign me a particular little room in his house to do what I liked with. I sent for the joiner. I had the room lined all round from top to bottom, with small drawers varying in depth, made of common deal, and so arranged that four locks locked them all.¹ When this was finished I had the front of the drawers, that is, the whole wall of the room, painted dark green. When the paint was dry I admitted the owner of the house. "What are all these drawers for?" said he. "To get your papers in order; fetch me all your papers." Well, he brought thousands of different papers, all in great tin boxes. Now a box, especially a deep one, is a barbarous piece of furniture for purposes of order; you may pack it in a very orderly manner, but how are you to get at the things afterwards? A box lacks the necessary quality of accessibility. You have to turn out twenty things to get at one; hence inevitable disorder. My friend's tin boxes were all in that state; there were papers in them that ought to have been kept quite accessible, that nobody could have found without a week's labour. He and I emptied all the boxes, and arranged the papers in the drawers according to a definite plan of mine, estate by estate, with subdivisions of farm by farm. I chalked the contents of every drawer on the outside of it; then I locked all the drawers, and sent for a painter who painted the words in great white, legible capital letters. After that, I left the house; but a year afterwards my friend told me that he managed his business with surprising facility, and could at any time get at any little fact he wanted—thanks to the drawers.

Mr. Plumpton. The law of order^a appears to be, *divide and subdivide, but keep accessible.* People generally do not subdivide enough. They imagine that a very rude and broad subdivision will suffice; but, if things are to be instant-

¹ Quite possible by means of a simple arrangement of hinged slips, vertical and horizontal.

neously accessible, the subdivision must be carried very far. The old rude system of deep boxes is a case in point; if you subdivide them much, the things are no longer accessible. I think the shopkeepers teach us a very useful lesson if we would only profit by it; the order in a well-kept shop is really very admirable. And it is all managed by three articles of furniture—the shelf, the box, and the drawer. Boxes on shelves are indeed drawers in another form.

The Artist. Studios are generally very disorderly; I think we don't pay sufficient attention to furniture as a help to order.

Mr. Burley. You painters always seek the picturesque in furniture, not the useful. You could not endure a rational chest of drawers; you must have carved cabinets with griffins, and suits of sham armour hanging over them under pretext of painting armour, which most of you never paint at all.

Mr. Plumpton. Pray don't be hard on carved oak, for my house is full of it.

Mr. Burley. Here it is a different thing. You never bought any carved oak; and yours is really ancestral, and therefore respectable. But artists' studios are furnished from Wardour Street. I have a great dislike to modern antiques; I think it is affectation to buy them.

The Artist. There is no affectation at all about it in our case. We like carved things because their varied surfaces are more pleasing to the eye, and more like nature, than dull flat mahogany. In the same way we are very fond of tapestry; nothing is better for a painting-room than carved oak backed by rich tapestry, because in the carved oak we have a delightful mystery and variety of form, and in the tapestry the same mystery and variety in colour.

Mr. Plumpton. Should you think the love of carved oak an indication of artistic taste? I know many men who like pictures and are indifferent to carved oak, and, conversely, others who, though passionately fond of carved oak, care nothing whatever for painting.

The Artist. Refined painting and

rough wood-carving appeal, in many ways, to two different ranks of mind. It is possible to enjoy the quaint richness of carved wood, without any very delicate sense of either form or colour, such as is necessary for the appreciation of pictures. On the other hand, a lover of pictures might easily become too fastidious to enjoy the uncouth and barbarous forms of ordinary Elizabethan wood-carving. A connoisseur, in whom the love of form was stronger than the love of the picturesque, would have plain furniture of exquisite form and concentrate all his sculpture in marble statues.

Mr. Mantley. I think it a pity that the simple country art of quaint wood-carving should be lost to our common joiners; I have tried to teach one or two. I can carve tolerably myself, and have made a wardrobe which Mr. Plumpton offered me two cows for.

Mr. Plumpton. I would have made the offer in money, but I thought your reverence might be offended; the wardrobe is really an admirable specimen of inventive, quaint wood-carving. Mantley chose the story of Joseph for his subject, and worked it out panel by panel, quite in the spirit of genuine Gothic art.

Mr. Mantley. I was inspired by the study of the wonderful choir at Amiens, the most perfect achievement in wood-carving which has descended to us. I intend the wardrobe for the vestry of my church. But about teaching men to carve; the difficulty is, that they are all mechanics in these times, whereas the old fellows were really artists, though quite rough ones. Set modern workmen, for example, to carve a running pattern of vine leaves. All the leaves are sure to come exactly alike, and you might as well get plaster mouldings at so much a foot. In England at present we have a few exquisite artist-carvers, but then they are gentlemen-sculptors in wood. What we want is a class of plain workmen, able to do rough and picturesque, but inventive and effective wood-carving for furniture; and that class does not exist here. I am aware that our rich people are as much in fault as

the poor ones. A carver once told me that his employers would not allow any variety in his flourishes, but measured them with compasses. According to their ideas, good carving meant accurately mechanical cutting of curves out of mahogany. Such training is nothing short of a systematic suppression of genius; and that is the way our ordinary furniture carvers are trained. Every mahogany sideboard has two little flourishes on the sides, with an absurd central flourish on the top of its back. To produce those ornaments is the beginning and end of ordinary cabinet-maker's carving.

The Artist. The career of an artist is peculiarly difficult to follow; and, unless he has private fortune, or the assistance of liberal friends, he is for many years in continual danger of being compelled to fall back upon something else. In England, the unsuccessful artist usually becomes a teacher of drawing. In France he often becomes a sculptor of house fronts, a decorative painter, or a wood-carver. Wood-carvers, who have tried to be artists, like to be artists still, and they work in wood artistically. Add to this the fact that taste and invention are much sought after, and highly appreciated, in Paris, and you will account for the contrast. Artistic workmen-carvers abound in Paris, and are very rare in London. Carved oak in Paris is no modern-antique—no piece of affectation at all. It is a flourishing contemporary art, full of life, and proving its vitality by an immense production. And it is not the mechanical reproduction of old forms. The variety and novelty of the products prove the vitality of the art, even more than their multiplicity. Every day hundreds of pieces of carved furniture are sent into the market, and not at high prices. This furniture is just as honest in material as that of the days of Queen Elizabeth; it is all in solid wood—there is no veneering.

Mr. Plumpton. This is practical, and may suit my case. That furniture is cheap, you say, in Paris.

The Artist. There are some shops on

the Boulevards where it is very dear; but, if you hunt up the workmen themselves at their own houses, and get acquainted with them, you may obtain good work at very moderate prices. You may get a very pretty carved chair for about a sovereign, a good carved bookcase for about eight, and a rich cabinet for sixteen or twenty. The bookcase in my painting-room has a carved cornice and frieze, carved frames to its glass doors, a large drawer, (the foot of which is massively carved,) two carved panels to the lower part, two human heads, four lions' heads, and two full-length statuettes. Add to this four rich bunches of fruit, and some carving on the edges of the shelves, and consider the dimensions—nearly eight feet high—and the fact that every scrap of wood about it is genuine oak, guiltless of veneer, and you cannot think it dear at eight pounds. I have a table, with massive twisted legs and connecting pieces, carved at the intersections, a large drawer, a band of effective carving all round as deep as the drawer, and a carved moulding above; the whole in perfectly solid oak. I bought that table quite new of the man who made it. I gave him exactly two pounds for it. A dealer in London asked me ten for a very similar table.

Mr. Mantley. The modern carving in Paris is all either *renaissance* or modern naturalistic. They can't carve Gothic. They don't seem to me to understand Gothic.¹

The Artist. The wood-carvers are trained in the *renaissance* school, and produce work like the best of the later *renaissance* carving, modified to a considerable extent by the modern study of nature. I had a curious instance of how incapable a true *renaissance* carver is of reproducing Gothic ideas. I designed a piece of furniture in the true old Gothic spirit—full of quaint Gothic

¹ There is a school of Gothic stone-sculptors in France, trained under Viollet-le-Duc in the old cathedrals, who have really caught the true Gothic spirit. However, these men do not produce furniture; so I cannot speak of them here.

inventions, especially a great battle of griffins and serpents—that I very much wished to see realized in wood. I could not get it done in all Paris. The carvers would not work from my design, but always asked permission to make a design of their own from it. They produced very clever designs indeed, but they entirely eliminated the Gothic feeling: they translated the design into *renaissance*. At last I abandoned the project.

Mr. Mantley. The specimens of French carving at the Exhibition were very dear, though exquisitely beautiful. The price of one small black cabinet was over twelve hundred pounds.

The Artist. That was not merely carving in the ordinary sense; it was excellent sculpture in wood. Furniture of that sort is a product of fine art, just like pictures, and naturally brings high prices. But that I was speaking of is rude in execution.

Mr. Burley. I have seen first-rate carving done by a machine, and cheaper than your Frenchmen could do it.

Mr. Mantley. All machine-carving that I have seen loses its charm at the second glance. Just at first you may fancy that there is something in it; but, as soon as the eye has had time to wander over its details, the cheat is discovered, and your interest is gone. There is no life in the touches—no expression.

The Artist. You might as well try to paint by a machine.

Mr. Plumpton. What do you think of the modern substitution of the beauty of wood for the effect of carving? In Queen Elizabeth's time, men sought richness by cutting their wood into different shapes. Now we get the most richly marked woods, and show their natural beauty by polishing them. Is this an advance or not?

Mr. Mantley. I think it a sign of the decline of art. It is the substitution of a beauty ready-made to hand, and easily come by, for the intellectual beauty of man's labour. Fancy the difference between a Gothic panel containing a bas-relief and a moderate sideboard panel containing a piece of well-selected and

prettily-veined mahogany: in the one is much thought and intellect, in the other nothing but a pretty piece of wood.

Mr. Plumpton. Yet I think the use of beautiful woods, simply polished, is quite as justifiable as the old Venetian use of polished sheets, or veneers of marble. There is no difference between the two cases; for in both man takes a natural product, and cuts it into thin slices, which he polishes to show their beauty.

The Artist. Yes, but the Venetians used their marble artistically, and we use our mahogany without any sense of its artistic availableness. I have rarely seen sheets of beautiful wood employed, with a just sense of their value, as decoration. There are possibilities of great achievements in this way, for the field is almost untried. Wood of different kinds gives a great variety of good colour.

Mr. Plumpton. There are two other debateable questions connected with this. Ought we to veneer? and ought we to encourage painted imitation of particular woods?

Mr. Mantley. I am not so severe as Mr. Ruskin on these points. His laudable love of honesty in art carried him, in this instance, much too far. Veneering is a natural consequence of the love of beautiful woods, and is not dishonest, because everybody knows that very beautifully veined furniture is sure to be veneered, if its form will admit of it. I consider veneering to be the exercise of a wise economy, and no more dishonest than gilding. Again, as to painting imitations of woods, why not? There is no fraud about it. None but a very unobservant person would ever imagine that painted deal was oak; but the graining gives more variety to the eye than one colour could, and it is in its way an imitation of nature, and therefore indicative of an appreciation of natural beauty, though of a very humble order. Of course, if it were done to deceive, I should condemn it, and veneering too.

The Artist. But modern English

furniture is really dishonest. A friend of mine paid thirteen guineas for a table that will not bear any comparison with the one I got for fifty francs of that honest French carver. My friend's table is veneered, of course, all over, and has two borders of machine-carving running all round it that are simply glued on. The table pretends to be of oak, but the carved borders are stained beech, because beech is easier to work. My table is all solid oak and carved by the hand. I would not exchange mine for his if he gave me a sovereign into the bargain.

Mr. Burley. Our cabinet-makers carry veneering very far. They sometimes veneer wood on both sides and on the edges. It takes rather a keen eye to find them out, for they contrive to follow the way the grain would run in solid wood. That is fraudulent; at least it deceives many purchasers. I know people who have bought furniture under the impression that it was solid, which furniture I found, on examination, to be artfully veneered on common white wood. I think, though, our English cabinet-makers turn out, as a rule, work unsurpassed for accuracy of adjustment. Their measurements are true and careful, and their work is practically convenient, because it runs smoothly. I have no doubt your French carver makes more picturesque furniture, but I should be much surprised if his drawers work as well as those my cabinet-maker turns out.

Mr. Plumpton. We have kept long enough on generalities; let us get to something definite. I want to furnish my house in London. I beg you all to give me the benefit of your advice. Let us begin with the dining-room.

Mr. Burley. Mahogany, of course. It is warm and comfortable-looking. Have dark red cushions and a green flock paper. I hate a chilly dining-room. The French, who love good eating, don't seem to understand how necessary a comfortable dining-room is to the enjoyment of a good dinner.

Mr. Mantley. Their dining-rooms

are very simply furnished, because they never sit in them either between or after meals. But, as we sit here in council over Plumpton's port, we enjoy his thick carpet and soft seats. So I should agree with you in recommending a comfortable dining-room, but not as to the taste in which you would furnish it. Plumpton is not a rich merchant, but a country gentleman, with a turn for art. He should have carved oak.

Mr. Burley. That's because you carved the wardrobe. Do you want Plumpton to have the history of Joseph in his dining-room? Carved oak may be right enough here at Plumpton Court; I don't say no; but in London, with cabs and omnibuses in hearing, it is out of place.

The Artist. I recommend carved oak, but not such rude work as you have here. In London it should be modern, graceful, and artistic, not Elizabethan and grotesque. I think Mr. Burley is right in objecting to Elizabethan oak in a modern London house, because the house and its contents would be incompatible with each other. Mr. Plumpton should employ the best artist carvers, and have exquisite modern furniture in solid oak left of its natural colour.

Mr. Plumpton. Neither stained nor varnished?

The Artist. Neither. It is right to stain and varnish rude work, because that adds richness and hides defects. But the glitter of the varnish and the darkness of the stain are an injury to really delicate work, because they prevent it from being seen. It would be as barbarous to stain and varnish a piece of really fine sculpture in wood, as to paint the Venus de Medici dark brown and give her three coats of copal.

Mr. Plumpton. Well, and about the walls?

The Artist. The best thing with new carved oak is dark green velvet. Have your walls divided in panels with frames of exquisitely carved new oak, and fill these panels with green velvet. The cornice all round the top should be

of carved oak too; and in it you might introduce a series of armorial shields from your pedigree, either carved in the wood and left without colour, or else illuminated in gold and colour on plain shields, but not both carved and painted.

Mr. Plumpton. Any pictures?

The Artist. Of course. I want the dark green velvet in the panels for the pictures. You ought to have a series of pictures connected with each other by their subjects, and, if possible, painted by the same hand.

Mr. Mantley. Old portraits from here would do very well.

The Artist. No, they would be incongruous. They are better where they are in the old house. Modern portraits, on the other hand, would be hideous. A series of illustrations of some place, if landscapes, or of some poet, if figure subjects, would do better. For example: a set of illustrations of Mr. Plumpton's most picturesque estate, or a series of subjects from Tennyson. I would not have many pictures. Three very large ones would look more majestic than a crowd of little ones. One great picture on each wall is my ideal, and none, of course, near the windows. The dislike to large pictures is very general and quite groundless. People who have plenty of room for large pictures tell you they have no room, with great blank spaces of wall everywhere. For such a dining-room as yours I would have three pictures, twelve feet long each. Your velvet panelling must, of course, be arranged expressly to receive them. The pictures should be warm in colour on account of the green walls.

Mr. Plumpton. But the chairs and carpet?

The Artist. The chairs green velvet like the walls, the oak carved richly, yet not so as to interfere with comfort; the carpet ultramarine blue with a broad border of green oak leaves, and the curtains ultramarine velvet with a border embroidered in green silk.

Mr. Plumpton. Blue and green together! Mrs. Plumpton will never hear of such a violation of good taste.

Mr. Mantley. Where did you ever see such an unnatural combination?

Mr. Burley. You artists sneer at upholsterers; why, any upholsterer knows better than to put two such discordant colours as blue and green together.

The Artist. I am sorry to have irritated you all; but you asked my advice, and I gave it. Shall I go on or not? If I go on, I am sure to offend you. I had better have held my tongue.

Mr. Plumpton. Go on, go on; we want to hear what you have got to say for yourself. We have him now, eh, Mantley? Blue and green together! I wonder how he will reason us into such a strange theory as that!

The Artist. I will answer you one by one. If Mrs. Plumpton dislikes blue and green together, it is merely because her milliner told her to do so, and she, out of pure humility, obeys. But her own feelings are right, because her senses are sound. Only this very morning, as we were looking at the humming birds in her little room, she particularly called my attention to one, coloured exactly on the principle of my carpet—dark azure, with touches of intense green; and she liked that the best of all of them. In answer to Mr. Mantley's question, where did I ever see such an unnatural combination, I may say, everywhere in nature. Green hills and blue sky, green leaves against the intense azure overhead, green shores of lakes and blue water, green transparence and blue reflections on sea waves, green shallows and blue deep water in the sea, blue plumage of birds with green gleaming in it, blue flowers amongst their own green leaves, blue bells in the green grass, green and blue both at their brightest on the wings of a butterfly, green and blue on a thousand insects, green and blue wedded together by God himself all over this coloured world. There, Mr. Mantley, there have I seen what you please to call an unnatural combination! And you, Mr. Burley, how can you possibly think that artists who own no law but that of the Divine example can concern themselves with the dicta of tradesmen, who refer nothing to nature. If you want to

colour well, either in furniture or anything else, go and study colour in God's works, not in tailors' fashion books and upholsterers' shop windows.¹

Mr. Plumpton. If I put green and blue together, every lady will say I have no taste. They don't believe in nature; they believe in milliners. But now about the drawing-room?

Mr. Mantley. Very delicate and dangerous ground. The drawing-room is a lady's own territory. Mrs. Plumpton may not particularly care to have other influences than hers brought to bear upon you on that question.

Mr. Plumpton. She will be glad of good advice. Let us think the matter over. Pale colours, of course.

The Artist. Why so pale? I protest against the pallor of English drawing-rooms. They are all grey and white, and at once chilly and frivolous.

Mr. Plumpton. I may begin by saying that I shall hang my best modern pictures in my town drawing-room.

The Artist. Then have dark colours. They make the splendour of splendid things tell. My ideal of a drawing-room is derived from French *salons*, but mainly with a view to help the effect of works of art. It is a common error to spend money in pictures, and then begrudge the outlay necessary to show them to advantage. Better buy one picture less, and spend the money in velvet and ebony. The walls should be panelled with frames of ebony filled with velvet of a rich violet colour. There

¹ People who are not artists, and have no confidence in their own judgment about the employment of colour in furniture, may overcome the difficulty by a simple obedience to the Divine answers to all artistic questions which exist so profusely in nature. The combinations of colour in nature are, on the whole, better than those of our carpet-manufacturers and paper-stainers. Select a beautiful bird, or butterfly, or plant—that which pleases you best; take the colours you find in it, and of them compose the colouring of your room. Mind you match the colours exactly (no easy matter); then take care to keep the same proportions as to quantity, and, as nearly as possible, the same relation as to juxtaposition. Thus, by humbly accepting the teaching of nature, you shall colour your room well.

ought to be magnificent mirrors, let in here and there in place of the velvet; and round the mirrors the ebony should be enriched with the most delicate carving. The chimney-piece should be of pure white marble sculptured by some great sculptor. Against your violet velvet beautiful statues should relieve themselves, and between each pair of statues a noble picture should hang. All round the room, silver candlesticks of exquisite design should spring from the ebony frames of the panels, each a separate invention.

Mr. Plumpton. Very good. And the furniture?

The Artist. It might be either ebony with orange damask, or gilded with violet velvet. In the one case, you would carry the wood work of the walls into the furniture; in the other, the hanging. The carpet might consist of a chequer of alternate lozenges of needlework, in one of which an orange pattern was presented on a violet ground, and in the other the same pattern heraldically counterechanged to violet upon orange.¹

Mr. Mantley. Mrs. Plumpton has too much good taste to cover her drawing-room table with frivolous toys; but many ladies would ruin the effect of such a drawing-room as you suggest, by the introduction of many little frivolities entirely out of harmony with the sober grandeur of your idea. Your room seems fit for women of high culture, but not for all women. It would be too grave and artistic for many. Light papers, miscellaneous needlework and toys, and showy ornaments give a general appearance of trifling which is more popular, because more in harmony with tea and small talk. Character, after all, governs furniture, and frivolous people will always furnish frivolously, do what you will.

The Artist. I have no objection to needlework in itself; but ladies often spoil their rooms by the introduction of

¹ In a certain French house, the carpet of the *salon* is formed of needlework and velvet in broad bands. The velvet is the same as that on the walls; the needlework recalls the prevailing colours of the furniture.

it, because they are not able to colour. The colour-faculty is very rare in England. But a lady who was really a colourist might find infinite employment for her needle in such a room as I should like. The curtains and carpet and cushions might be all of tapestry done with the needle, but done in obedience to a dominant note of colour, given in this case by the violet velvet of the walls of the room. Toys on the table are intended to help people to something that they can talk about; so they have a certain social use. But they should be exquisite little works of art or relics of antiquity, such as ancient Roman or mediæval jewellery, or Italian goldsmith's work, always possessing either an intellectual or artistic interest—not mere children's playthings bought at toy-shops.

Mr. Plumpton. We are getting on very slowly. We have the library and bedrooms to do yet.

Mr. Burley. I think you are going very fast. Those two rooms will cost you ten thousand pounds if you carry out all these artistic suggestions. Such doctrines as we have been listening to are not for people of moderate fortune.

The Artist. They are for everybody's house and everybody's pocket. People who cannot afford velvet can afford paper, and good colour is obtainable in very humble materials. The artist instinct works in clay and iron as well as in marble and gold. The arch-enemy of art is not poverty, but vulgarity. A poor woman may prove herself a colourist by the wise employment of a few threads of dyed wool; a rich one may proclaim her incompetence in the arrangement of the costliest tissues.

Mr. Mantley. For the library, have intellectual associations. Furnish for the mind. Have busts or pictures of great authors; have objects illustrative of history. The chairs and tables should be comfortable and convenient for study, the bookcases orderly and well-arranged. In a modern house I should recommend mahogany for the library, with pomegranate-coloured morocco. The carpet a pleasant green, for contrast.

Mr. Burley. Good; we are coming to common sense at last! It was high time we did! Don't forget to have a great writing-table with lots of drawers.

Mr. Plumpton. A good plan for bedrooms is to furnish them according to some dominant colour; it gives a name for each. Here we have the amber-room, the crimson-room, the blue-room, &c. I intend to follow the same plan in town. It is a good old-fashioned country plan.

The Artist. It is also eminently artistic, and might be carried out with the greatest advantage. You will have some difficulty about papers and carpets. You will probably have to get them all made on purpose.

Mr. Plumpton. Very well; you shall have the ordering of the colour. Mrs. Plumpton will be glad to have it in such good hands; only you will have to use all your eloquence to reconcile her to your heterodox views.

The Artist. I shall take her to the humming-birds, and deliver a short lecture upon them. If the humming-birds don't win my battle for me, I have two strong armies in reserve—the butterflies and moths in the museum, and the flowers in the garden and conservatory.

Mr. Mantley. We were talking about the poetry of furniture. English bedrooms are peculiarly deficient in poetry. With rare exceptions, they are only fit for sleeping in. I think a bedroom should be very beautiful. A young lady's bedroom, especially, should be delicate and gay, with all sorts of pretty evidences of the refinement of its occupant.

Mr. Plumpton. In nearly all English bedrooms the bed occupies too large a space, and the use of the room is quite undisguised. That is because we never receive friends in our bedrooms. The unquestionable superiority of French bed-rooms is chiefly due to the fact that the French receive their friends there. I sometimes spend a week or two with an old friend of mine in a French château, and my bedroom there is really very pretty. A fine piece of tapestry drawn across the alcove hides the bed

during the daytime ; and the rest of the room is furnished as a pleasant mixture of the salon and library, all the apparatus for washing being in a bath-room close at hand. In houses where you cannot give a private sitting-room to each guest, I think the bedrooms certainly ought to contain everything necessary to a man who may wish to spend some hours every day in privacy, and either write or read as he likes.

Mr. Plumpton. We have entirely neglected one little fact about furniture—the astonishing hold it gains on our affections. I don't know whether you are like me, Mantley ; but I could not part with my old furniture without a bitter pang. It seems to me that one of the saddest things about coming to poverty must be to separate oneself from all these dear old silent com-

panions, these dumb sharers and witnessers of our privacy that inhabit our rooms with us. I never could sell my old mother's favourite chairs and tables ; and then the bed she died in, how sacred it is, Mantley !

Mr. Mantley. Yes ; all the power that wealth and genius give to furniture is nothing to the power of that kind of association. A king's throne may dazzle and overawe us ; but the simple chair of a dear friend who is dead moves us far more deeply. We get so attached to some pieces of furniture that they become to us as if endowed with a kind of affection themselves, and we half believe not only that we love them, but that they love us. We should not like to sell them to people for whom they were only pieces of wood, not friends.

HELEN'S TOWER,

ERECTED BY LORD DUFFERIN, IN HONOUR OF HIS MOTHER,
AT CLANDEBOYE, IRELAND.

Fair Tower, that standest dark and cold
When clouds obscure the day,
But shinest like the gleaming gold
In sunset's crimson ray—
By what sweet image shall be told
Thy beauty, in my lay ?

A Moorish maiden ? darkly bright ;
Who folds her stirless hands,
And, lifting her appealing sight
To know her lord's commands,
In his hot eyes' enamoured light
With deepening blushes stands ;

Who, when her Sultan turns to go,
Is straightway pale again,
And faithful to the vanished glow,
No glory doth retain,
But in the shadow of her woe
Doth patiently remain ?

Away ! the fanciful is naught—
The True is bright and sure :
The love which THY creation wrought,
No sensual dreams allure ;
The gentle image hither brought
Is holy, calm, and pure.

O Sea-mark ! paint upon the air
His thought who bid thee rise ;
HE built no plaything, standing fair
To deck the distant skies ;
The altar of his heart is there,
For daily sacrifice.

As jubilant stars sang thro' the vast
And voiceless depth of Heaven,
A LANGUAGE to those walls hath past—
Mysteriously given :
The silent shadows which they cast,
Speak love from morn to even.

The love that dawns with dawning life,
And lives till Life is done ;
A watchtower in the weary strife,
Where Fate's rough billows run ;
The changeless love, where change is rife—
A Mother's for her Son !

Oh ! whether gleaming from the hill,
When stars the night adorn,
Or reddening with the silver rill,
Tinged by the rosy morn—
Repeat the gracious legend still
To children yet unborn !

Tell how the wisest and the best
Have owned its holy power ;
Tell how the worst—in wild unrest
Of some repentant hour,—
Its spell of comfort have confest,
With tears in bitter shower.

Like that great love—(whose strength hath made
The feeblest bosoms warm)
THOU givest only mortal aid,
Thou canst not rule the storm ;
But eyes of souls that are afraid
Shall bless thy steadfast form !

When lurid lightning glimmering flecks
The elemental war,
Drenched sailors, treading slanting decks,
Shall hail thee from afar !
Even so, the drifting HUMAN wrecks
Turn where their watch-towers are.

Who knows how much life's fragile bark
Owes to that love's control ?
How oft that blessed seaward mark
Hath shown where breakers roll ?
How oft, when mists were gathering dark,
Warned from the fatal shoal ?

Who knows what mother's prayers prevails
 O'er wild temptations past,
 When, beat by passion's frantic gales—
 Lost rudder—broken mast—
 It still strains on, with tattered sails,
 And gains the port at last!

Happy are they who never knew
 The fury and the wrath;
 But, to the well-marked bearings true,
 Have sailed the trackless path,
 Their homeward haven full in view,—
 As he who built thee hath.

Then stand, in thy unconscious pride,
 Upon the thorn-crowned lea:
 And bid the wave-tost vessels ride
 Safe o'er the uncertain sea,—
 Emblem of what a steadfast guide
 A mother's love may be!

Praise the dear mother; widowed young—
 But not too young to train
 The ardent heart whose boyish tongue
 Spoke comfort in her pain:
 The love that o'er HIS cradle hung
 Watched well—nor watched in vain!

And praise the son: who bid *THEE* prove
 Thought's emblematic birth:
 A visual sign set high above
 All common things of earth;
 Record,—not only of his love,
 But what *HER* love seemed worth!

C. NORTON.

UTILITARIANISM AND THE SUMMUM BONUM.

BY T. E. C. LESLIE.

THE two questions—what is right? and, what are the motives to do right?—or, what is the foundation of the moral sentiments? and, what rule should regulate their dictates?—or, again, what is the *summum bonum*? and what leads men to pursue it?—are now generally opposed as philosophically distinct. They are not so, indeed, according to the theory of an innate sense of right and wrong which assumes that every man's conscience informs him of his duty. But it is of more importance to observe that

neither can the two questions properly be opposed according to the theory of moral progress suggested by the study of history upon the plan illustrated in Mr. Maine's *Ancient Law*. The conclusion to which that historical theory would seem to lead—and it is one to which other considerations also tend—is, that no complete and final philosophy of life and human aims has been constructed; that the world abounds in insoluble problems, and man's ideal of virtue is both historical and progres-

sive; and that the circumstance at which Mr. Mill has expressed a mournful surprise—namely, that “neither thinkers nor mankind at large seem nearer to being unanimous on the subject of the *summum bonum* than when Socrates asserted the theory of utilitarianism against the popular morality,”¹ is what might have been expected, and could not have been otherwise, from the nature of the subject. Another conclusion to which the considerations referred to lend at least a probability is, that happiness is not the sole nor even the chief constituent of the *summum bonum*, as the utilitarian doctrine asserts. Moral progress may be taken to mean an improvement either in men’s knowledge and ideas of duty, or in their dispositions and practice. Taken in either sense, it has been often denied. The reasons given by Sir James Mackintosh for denying it in the former sense, and for asserting that morality, in fact, admits of no discoveries, deserve attention. “More than 3,000 years have elapsed since the composition of the Pentateuch; and let any man, if he is able, tell me in what important respects the rule of life has varied since that distant period. Let the books of false religions be opened, and it will be found that their moral system is, in all its grand features, the same. Such as the rule was at the first dawn of history, such it continues till the present day. Ages roll over mankind; mighty nations pass like a shadow; virtue alone remains the same, immortal and unchangeable. The reasons of this fact it is not difficult to discover. It will be very plain, on the least consideration, that mankind must so completely have formed their rule of life in the most early times that no subsequent improvements could change it. This is the distinction between morality and all other sciences. The facts which lead to the formation of moral rules are as accessible, and must be as obvious to the simplest barbarian as

¹ “Utilitarianism,” page 1.

“to the most enlightened philosopher. “The motive which leads him to consider them is the most powerful that can be imagined. It is the care of his own existence. The case of the physical and speculative sciences is directly opposite. There the facts are remote, and the motive that induces us to explore them is comparatively weak. It is only curiosity or, at most, a desire to multiply the conveniences and ornaments of life. From the endless variety of the facts with which these sciences are concerned it is impossible to prescribe any bounds to their future improvement. “It is otherwise with morals. They have hitherto been stationary, and, in my opinion, are likely to remain so.”² A later reasoner has not only acquiesced in this view of the stationary character of speculative morality, but has denied that any improvement has taken place upon the whole in the disposition or practical virtue of mankind, and has attempted to construct a philosophy of civilization by reference to the merely intellectual progress of the race. It is particularly remarkable that this writer should have argued forcibly that mental philosophy can be successfully studied only by historical methods, and yet should have overlooked the application of historical investigation to moral philosophy, and the contradiction which it gives to the doctrine of the unchangeable nature of human morals, either speculative or practical. The absence in the records of very ancient society of anything resembling our standard of right and wrong, and the entirely different direction given to the sentiments of approbation and disapprobation from what we deem just and reasonable, can hardly fail to strike any reader of Homer. An individual, in heroic Greece, was good or bad in reference not to his personal character and conduct, but to his birth and station in society. The chief was estimable because, however cruel, licentious, and treacherous, he possessed the esteemed qualities of rank and power; the com-

² “Life of Mackintosh.”

mon man was base, vile, and bad because the class to which he belonged was despised.¹ To this day the moral ideas of barbarous communities have the same peculiar aspect which Mr. Maine discovers in the vestiges of primitive society. There is hardly a conception of individual responsibility, merit, or demerit. "The moral elevation and abasement of the individual appears to be confounded with or postponed to the merits and offences of the group to which the individual belongs."² The offence of a Red Indian is the offence of his whole tribe and to be visited upon the whole tribe. And, so far from the moral sentiments of mankind having been always and everywhere alike, there are living languages which lack names for the feelings essential to the rudiments even of a low morality. Affection, benevolence, gratitude, justice, and honour, are terms without equivalents in the speech of some savage societies, because they have no existence in their minds. The Englishman is so early taught that he should love his neighbour, that he is ready to think the knowledge of that duty comes to him by intuition. But the African savage thinks that he, too, has intuitive knowledge—but it is of the art of rearing cattle and of making rain; and he cannot believe that God

meant him to love any one but himself.³ But the nations of Africa can recognise the duty of hospitality; and among the Makololo, says Dr. Livingstone, so generally is it admitted, that "one of the most cogent arguments for polygamy is, that a respectable man, with only one wife, could not entertain visitors as he ought." The facts upon which the modern morality of Europe is based are not, in truth, as Sir James Mackintosh argued, before the eyes of the barbarian; nor, if they were, would they attract his observation. The structure of the society in which he lives is based upon radically different rules from those by which a civilized society is kept together, and his ideas are generated almost exclusively by his appetites, antipathies, and ceremonial customs. If he has treacherously murdered many men of another tribe in this world, the Fijian thinks he will be happy in the next world, for that is his idea of virtue. His wife or daughter will, he believes, be fearfully punished hereafter, if she has not been properly tattooed in this life, for that is his estimate of wickedness and sin.³ The idea of consummate virtue entertained by our own ancestors is described in the famous death-song of Lodbrog, the Scandinavian chief. Shut up in a dungeon filled with venomous serpents, he sings, as a viper tears his breast—

"From my youth I have shed blood, and desired an end like this. The goddesses sent by Odin to meet me call to me, and invite me. I go, seated among the foremost, to drink ale with the gods. The hours of my life are passing away. I shall die laughing."

³ "God told us differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you many things about which we know nothing. He gave us nothing except the assegai, and cattle, and rainmaking, and He did not give us hearts like yours. We never love one another. God has given us one little thing about which you know nothing. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. You ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it."—*Livingstone's South Africa*.

¹ "The general epithets of good, just, &c. signify (in legendary Greece) the man of birth, wealth, influence, and daring, whatever may be the turn of his moral sentiments, while the opposite epithet bad designates the poor, lowly, and weak." . . . "The reference of these words ἀγαθός, ἐσθλός, κακός, to power and not to worth, is their primitive import in the Greek language descending from the Iliad downwards. The ethical meaning of the words hardly appears until the discussions raised by Socrates." . . . "Throughout the long stream of legendary narrative to which the Greeks looked back as their past history, the larger social virtues hardly ever come into play. There is no sense of obligation there between man and man as such, and very little between each man and the entire community of which he is a member; such sentiments are neither operative in real life, nor present to the imagination of the poet."—*Grote's History of Greece*.

² Maine's "Ancient Law," p. 127.

How could the human mind, while carnage was the highest enjoyment and the noblest occupation, conceive or comprehend the moral creed of our time? The laws of this country show how slow the descendants of the fierce Northmen were to acquire the mild temper and humane spirit which characterize Englishmen now: and they fully refute the position of the historical writer referred to before, that although there may be an ebb and flow in the good and bad feelings and habits of mind of successive generations, the tide of good never gains ground in the end. Daines Barrington, commenting on our ancient statutes, observes, that they prove that the people of England were formerly more vindictive and irritable than they are now, and asks whether it can be supposed that, in the thirteenth century, any one would have thought of subscribing for the relief of the inhabitants of Lisbon after an earthquake, or to clothe the French prisoners? There is scarcely, again, a page of the history or literature of the seventeenth century, says Lord Macaulay, which does not prove that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The code of honour, in the eighteenth century, we may add, commanded a gentleman to commit murder; and drunkenness was then little short of a duty to society.

It has been urged, however, as a decisive proof of the stationary character of moral principles, that "the only two principles which moralists have ever been able to teach respecting war, are that defensive wars are just, and that offensive wars are unjust."¹ But it is sufficiently obvious that the words defensive and offensive have no fixed and definite meaning, and may mean one thing in one age, and another thing in another.

The same verbal proposition does not always carry the same import. The law of Moses commanded the Israelite to love his neighbour as himself; but, fifteen hundred years after, the Jew asked "who is my neighbour?" and learnt, for the first time, the length and breadth of the duty of humanity. By

the justice of defensive wars, might be understood, wars like the Crusades, for the defence of the christian faith; or, wars for the defence of one's country; or, again, wars for the defence of humanity, human liberty, and civilization. The fundamental doctrine of the present code of nations—that of the right of independence—as on the one hand, it had a purely technical origin, so, on the other, there is nothing in it of immutable expediency or justice. Men have talked, indeed, and still talk vaguely of the law of nature and nations; but so they have talked and talk of the natural rights of individuals to life, liberty, and property, although there has never been any fixed or general rule respecting the just limitations of human liberty, or the nature and degree of the sacrifices which society may, in the last resort, exact from its members. May a man be compelled to fight against his conscience, for his country? if so, where is the recognition of his right to life and liberty? if not so, where is the immutable line to be drawn between the domain of individual independence, and that of public authority? If there were a natural right to private property, how are taxes, poor-laws, and railway acts to be justified, or the communism of the first Christians? By analogy, it follows that nothing but the good of mankind at large, according to the estimation of the time, entitles the Government of any single nation to exclusive dominion within its territory. And it is surely conceivable that convictions of public policy and duty, different from those now entertained, and deeper sympathies between mankind, may lead civilized states to make territorial sovereignty conditional upon not making the territory over which it extends the scene of outrages sickening even to read of. As humane sentiments gain ground, as international jealousies and antipathies wear out, as the interests of countries are perceptibly reconciled, may we not reasonably suppose that a clearer and better code of international morality will commend itself to the public conscience of the world, than any

¹ Buckle's "History of Civilization."

of which even wise men dream at present? Or is there any probability that the conceptions of the nineteenth century respecting individual duty have reached perfection; that no new duties, now unthought of, will hereafter be recognised; and that no claims of man upon man, as of nation upon nation, other than those at present allowed, will be hereafter entertained?

But, if progress in both public and private morals can be proved in the past and shown to be probable in the future, can the Utilitarian formula of general happiness be accepted as the final measure of right and wrong, and the sole guide of human conduct? If Mr. Mill has failed to establish this, there is antecedent reason to believe that the theory is essentially defective, and that, if it could have been proved, it would have been proved by the reasoning of so powerful and persuasive an advocate. The common objections to the doctrine must, in fairness, be admitted to be weak. For example: when M. Victor Cousin says that the ideas of justice and expediency—if they often go together—are sometimes opposed, he instances the answer of Aristides to the proposal of Themistocles, to burn the ships of the allies in the port of Athens to secure supremacy to the Athenian State. "The project would be expedient," said Aristides; "but it is unjust." The Utilitarian denies that it would have been expedient, even for the interests of the Athenians themselves, to establish a precedent for treachery toward confiding neighbours and friends, and to make the citizen of Athens, wheresoever he went, the object of suspicion, retaliation, and cunning and cruel surprises. Or, again, when it is argued that a piece of furniture, or any other inanimate object, may be useful, yet that no one ascribes to it moral rectitude or virtue, and that it follows, that intention and not utility is the criterion of morality, the Utilitarian fairly replies that things without feeling are not fit objects, however useful, for gratitude or indignation, for reward or punish-

ment, because they cannot feel either, and neither is therefore expedient; because such things tend to do harm as well as good, to hurt or inconvenience as well as to do service; and because no praise or censure bestowed upon senseless matter tends to make the class to which it belongs contribute to the happiness of life. In the Utilitarian estimate intention is of great importance, because of its consequences or tendencies. The Utilitarian blames a small act of malignity, not in proportion only to the actual pain it causes, but to the general mischiefs to which malignity tends. He does not, on the other hand, blame a person who sets fire to a house by reading in bed, as he does an incendiary; because the general tendency of midnight study is wholly different from that of vindictiveness and treachery; and because, again, the reader in bed is not so likely to burn the house by accident as the person who tries to do so of malice intent. Yet the former is blamed according to the doctrine of utility, and blamed just in proportion to the probability that his negligence will do harm: if he reads by a perfectly safe light, he is not blamed at all. Or take a higher example. "At the cavalry combat at El Bodon, a French officer raised his sword to strike Sir Felton Harvey, of the 14th Light Dragoons; but, perceiving that his antagonist had only one arm, he stopped, brought down his sword before Sir Felton in the usual salute, and rode on."¹ Was this proceeding right or wrong? The first duty of a citizen is to his country, and of an officer to his army. War, too, is not a duel, and the combatants do not measure their swords. Sir Felton Harvey had not lost his head, and the head of an officer is more dangerous to an enemy in battle than his arm. The Frenchman, therefore, ought, it seems, to have cut him down. Yet the Utilitarian would admit that the magnanimous intention alters the character of the act, because it is of supreme importance to human happiness

¹ Maurel's "Life of Wellington."

that a spirit should exist among the strong to spare the weak, and that even enemies should show mercy and courtesy to each other. Take yet another case. It has been argued that the negroes in America are happier as slaves than as free labourers, and, therefore, upon Utilitarian principles, slavery is not a crime. But—apart from the fact that a view of slavery which looks only at the slave at play instead of at work (that is, in his moments of liberty), so far as it goes, supplies evidence only in favour of liberty—a just Utilitarian estimate of slavery includes not only the consequences of oppression and debasement to the slave, but also the consequences to his master of the possession of tyrannical power and ill-gotten gain, and the consequences to the world at large of an empire being founded on the principle that the strong may lawfully trample on the weak. Finally, the theory of Utility, as Mr. Mill describes it, is as free from the vulgar reproach of materialism as it is from that of selfishness; for it not only enjoins on every man to seek the happiness of all mankind, and of himself, only as one of their number, but it insists that the highest pleasures are not those of the body, but those of the intellect and of the best affections of the heart, and that it is these which the individual should chiefly pursue, both for others and for himself. These doctrines are, however, urged upon grounds, and they have applications, which seem to point to the conclusion, that happiness is not the sole end of human conduct, ethically regarded, and that “the happiness principle” is *not* “a comprehensive formula, including all things which are in themselves good.”

To prove that happiness is the *summum bonum* at which virtue aims, Mr. Mill concedes the necessity of showing that the greatest human happiness results from the employment of the highest faculties of humanity; but of this he gives no other proof than the following: “Of two pleasures, if there be one to which all, or almost all, who have experience of both give a de-

“cided preference, irrespective of any
“feeling of moral obligation to prefer
“it, that is the more desirable pleasure.
“Now, it is an unquestionable fact
“that those who are equally acquainted
“with and equally capable of appreci-
“ating and enjoying both, do give a
“most marked preference to the manner
“of existence which employs their
“highest faculties. Few human beings
“would consent to be changed into
“any of the lower animals for the
“fullest allowance of a beast’s plea-
“sures; no intelligent human being
“would consent to be a fool; no in-
“structed person would be an igno-
“ramus; no person of feeling or
“conscience would be selfish or base,
“even though they should be persuaded
“that the fool, or dunce, or the rascal
“is better satisfied with his lot than
“they are with theirs. It is better
“to be a human being dissatisfied than
“a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates
“dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And,
“if the fool and the pig are of a different
“opinion, it is because they only know
“their own side of the question. The
“other party to the comparison knows
“both sides. From this verdict of the
“only competent judges I apprehend
“there can be no appeal. On a ques-
“tion, which is the best worth having
“of two pleasures? or which of two
“modes of existence is the most grate-
“ful to the feelings, apart from its
“moral attributes and its consequences?
“the judgment of those who are quali-
“fied by knowledge of both, or, if they
“differ, that of the majority among
“them, must be admitted to be final.”

It might be asked, where is the testimony to be found of all those who are competent to judge? and, if they differ, why should their opinions be counted rather than weighed? Or what proof have we that those who have volunteered evidence were competent to testify not only for themselves but for others? The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddlerh not with its joys. The philosopher has not the experiences of the fool, nor can the fool have the experiences of the

philosopher. The unselfish and spiritually minded man may find his greatest happiness in pursuits from which less generous and lofty minds could derive nothing but weariness. Even Alcibiades would have found the life which Socrates preferred—if Socrates indeed preferred it for the sake of happiness alone—an intolerable burden; yet Alcibiades had great genius, and most men have none. There is an illusive semblance of simplicity in the Utilitarian formula. The tendency to produce happiness seems to be an easy test; but it assumes an unreal concord about the constituents of happiness and an unreal homogeneity of human minds in point of sensibility to different pains and pleasures. The things that make life a pleasure or a pain are not the same for the Hindoo, the Englishman, the Chinaman, the Arab, the Italian, the Red Indian, the Frenchman, and the Turk, nor yet for all Englishmen, or all Frenchmen. There is a uniformity of character in a tribe of savages, as there is in a flock of sheep or a pack of wolves; but in proportion as society has advanced beyond the simplicity of barbarism, individuality is developed, and diversities of tastes and temperaments baffle the Utilitarian measure. Nor is it possible to weigh bodily and mental pleasures and pains one against the other; no single man can pronounce with certainty about their relative intensity even for himself, far less for all his fellows. And, if it is better to be a sad philosopher than a merry fool, better to be a dissatisfied man than a satisfied pig, it must be so because there is really something better and more to be desired by the elevated soul than happiness, and something worse and more to be shunned than suffering or grief. If the unhappy sage will not change places with the happy brute or idiot, it must be either because he does *not*, as Mr. Mill supposes, “know both sides of the question,” or else because he knows or believes that happiness is not the *summum bonum*. Few men, perhaps, would change their lot with any other earthly being. Partly, this arises from a fallacy of the imagination; they carry in thought

all their present hopes and aspirations into a new state of being, in which those hopes and aspirations would be baffled, but the metamorphosis excludes them altogether; partly, it arises from “the absurd presumption in their own good fortune,” which, according to Adam Smith, is common to the greater part of men. But, if the choice of his own sad lot in preference to the happier lot of the beast is made by the philosopher on rational principles, it must be because he will not descend in the scale of being, although the descent would be unconsciously made, and he would pass at once from a painful into a pleasureable existence. It must be, in short, because the wise and virtuous man does not, nor does Mr. Mill, accept in practice the theory of the *summum bonum* on which the Utilitarian morality is built—namely, that pleasure and freedom from pain are the only things desired or desirable as ultimate ends. For, if the wise and good man thinks there are things better for himself than happiness, and that pleasure is not his highest and most worthy aim in life, must he not think so for his fellow-men also? “In an improving state of the human mind,” Mr. Mill justly observes, “the influences are constantly on the increase which tend to generate in each individual a feeling of unity with all the rest; which, if perfect, would make him never think of or desire any beneficial condition for himself in the benefits of which they are not included.” And surely it follows that, as men become wiser and better, the highest benefits they will seek to confer upon others will be those which they desire for themselves—namely, those modes of life which ennoble and exalt humanity, and which discipline and strengthen the highest faculties, at whatever cost of toil and suffering. It is no doubt impertinent bigotry “to inveigh against the doctrine of Utility as a godless doctrine.” Nevertheless there seems no warrant for “the belief that God desires above all things the happiness of his creatures, and that this was his purpose in their creation.”¹ So far as we may presume the purpose

¹ “Utilitarianism,” pp. 30-1.

of creation from all that science can discover or suggest, it would rather seem that the development, improvement, and elevation of the faculties of terrestrial beings is the plan apparent on the face of nature.¹ It is not indeed easy to see how in the happiest conceivable world there could be any schooling or development of some of the noblest faculties, or any practice of some of the noblest virtues. Heroism, self-sacrifice, and compassion, imply the existence of pain and suffering. And the growth of intelligence brings with it cares, anxieties, and sorrows, which never disturb the happiness of the thoughtless animals.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

Every step in the progress of civilization has by no means been attended by an increase of human happiness; yet the step was a thing desirable in itself, irrespective of ultimate ends. The "merry England," of which it pleases the *laudator temporis acti* to speak, is no doubt, in a great measure, an historical fallacy; yet an England of Miltons and Hampdens, if ever so grave and sad, were better than an England of Falstaffs, if ever so merry on cakes and ale. And, if the good man would not choose the lower and more animal life, however pleasant, either for himself or for mankind, does it not seem that the *summum bonum* and the aim and end of virtue is what disciplines and ennobles humanity, and elevates it more and more above the condition of the brute, rather than what may serve to annihilate most pains and provide most pleasures? Is not the progressive improvement of living creatures the best purpose the world seems to contain or disclose?

The chief quality in the character of

virtue is, in truth, not usefulness, but excellence, rarity, nobleness. If all men were benevolent, and equally so, benevolence would not be thought of as a virtue. The pecuniary value of things in the market depends, not on their utility, but on their comparative scarcity, difficulty of attainment, and superiority; and so the moral worth of actions and qualities is estimated by their rare and peculiar merit, and extraordinary dignity and sublimity rather than their pleasure-giving effects. What we most admire in man is what sets him above the brute; what we most admire and approve in men is ascent above their fellowmen in intellectual and moral rank; and these sentiments of admiration and esteem supply ample motives to sacrifice pleasure to improvement, and tend to make the standard or criterion of virtue the tendency to elevate and ennoble human nature rather than to promote the happiness of human life; so that, for example, in our dealings with inferior races, such as those of Africa and Polynesia, we might be influenced by other and higher considerations of their advantage than their ease and enjoyment.

In a noble passage, Mr. Mill observes that "all the grand sources of human suffering are, in a great degree—many of them, almost entirely—conquerable by human care and effort; and though the removal is grievously slow—though a long succession of generations will perish in the breach before the conquest is completed, and this world becomes all that, if will and knowledge were not wanting, it might easily be made—yet every mind sufficiently intelligent and generous to bear a part in the endeavour, will draw a noble enjoyment from the contest itself, which he would not for any bribe, in the form of selfish indulgence, consent to be without." Whether such a contest could afford what may fairly be called enjoyment to all competent to take part in it, might be doubted; and still more doubtful is it whether, from less arduous and less philanthropic occupations, most men might

¹ "The historical development of the forms and functions of organic life during successive epochs seems to mark a gradual evolution of creative power, manifested by a gradual ascent towards a higher type of being."—*Sedgwick's Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*; cited, Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," page 296. And human history points in the same direction.

not derive more pleasure in their day. Yet the contest may be good, in a sense appreciable to our present moral sentiments, even for those to whom it brings little but care and sorrow and broken health, and loss of ease and rest. It may, too, be better towards the true advantage of the human race that such a contest should take place than that it should have been altogether unnecessary. "Life is neither a pleasure nor a pain, but a serious business, which it is our duty to carry through and terminate with honour." Such was the serious and solemn theory of life which commended itself to the judgment of M. de Tocqueville; and whoever accepts it for himself must repudiate also for others the theory, that earthly happiness is the goal of human effort. But different theories of life must, in this world of mystery and doubt, present themselves to different minds, and the just weight to be attached to earthly happiness can be determined by no human measure. It is in itself a good, but not the sole good. And, in truth, it seems that, as on the one hand the moral sense is not a single sentiment, but a plurality of affections, emotions, and ideas, of different complexion in different ages and different men, so there is no sole and universal criterion either of virtuous actions or of human good. We love, approve, admire, respect, and venerate different qualities respectively; and virtue is, in short, not an abstract name of a single attribute, but a noun of multitude, which includes not only the useful and the loveable, but the

exalted, the excellent, the noble, and the sublime, and the beautiful to the eye, of the soul. All virtue aims, indeed, at human good; but human good seems manifold. It is innocent pleasure and innocent escape from pain, but it is also improvement; it is enjoyment, but it is also discipline, energy, and action. And, if a conflict should arise between the two, if the progressive should become less happy than the stationary state, the virtuous man may be expected to make the choice of Hercules both for himself and for others. The great changes which have taken place, however, in the moral sentiments of successive generations of mankind, and in their estimates of the worth of qualities and actions, might in reason warn us from attempting to fix for ever the standard and ideal of virtue, or to determine the aims of life for all future generations. It was held in ancient Rome, "that valour is the chiefest virtue," and humanity would then have been held nearly akin to vice. So it seems not for us to make certain that our present theories of the right and good are not dwarfed by the imperfection of our sentiments and our knowledge. For this reason alone the claims of Utilitarianism to be received as "a comprehensive formula, including all things which are in themselves good," would seem open to question. The moral progress of mankind is in itself a good, which makes the final determination of the *summum bonum* improbable; and it is, too, in itself, a good which is probably better than happiness.

OUR AUDIENCE.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

THE other day I was riding on the top of an omnibus, which was going at such an exceptional pace that we actually kept alongside of a brougham travelling our way, and did not let it get ahead of us till we stopped to set down a corporal of the Fusilier Guards at the Portman Barracks. It was natural that I should look into that brougham as we drove along by the side of it, and take note of what was going on inside. There was only one person in the carriage—a lady. Perhaps because she was alone, and had no one to talk to; perhaps because she was nervous, and wished to distract her mind from the dangers of Oxford Street traffic; perhaps because destiny had so ordered it for my especial profit and admonition; perhaps because the lady liked reading—she had provided herself with a number of a certain periodical, and was studying its contents. Now, in the current number of that very periodical it happened that there was a brief, and, as I had hoped, a brilliant little “bit” from my own pen; and I must own that, judging by the number of leaves on *this* side of the page with which the lady was occupied, and the number of leaves on *that* side, it did appear to me that she was uncommonly near the exact spot where my own wisdom and eloquence were located.

But to see how that lady treated the Literature of her country! She really seemed to have the power of fixing one eye on the page before her, and of keeping a kind of look-out with the other on what was going on in the street. How, otherwise, did it happen that, whenever we passed a bonnet-shop, she was aware of the fact? By what means did she know, when we were opposite the emporium of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, that there were silk dresses in the window? Down went the periodical at every bonnet-shop; down at Messrs.

Marshall and Snelgrove's; down when a baby passed; down when we came to a Furniture Mart. Now all this was natural enough, and I have nothing whatever to say against it. But why did that lady go through the form of holding up before her eyes a page of print which had cost a considerable amount of labour and thought to the compositor who had set it up?

Was that miserable dipping and skimming of the surface of that printed page to be called reading? Did she not return to the same sentence again and again, not to admire and study it, but because she had forgotten where she had left off? She did. We travelled side by side from the Circus to Portman Street and she never turned over a leaf. In that interval the book was up and down fifty times, but the leaf was never turned over. I watched like a lynx, and I firmly believe that in that time the lady of the brougham did not advance a single paragraph.

Now, a thing of this sort is calculated to make a man reflect; and I did reflect. Long after we had set down the corporal with his handkerchief full of cabbages, I remained buried in thought, and actually suffered myself to be borne a quarter of a mile beyond my destination, so completely was I absorbed. My thoughts were directed to two subjects. First, I reflected over all the different ways in which I had in my time seen literary labour treated, and then I busied myself with trying to imagine what sort of thing one could write that would hold and rivet the reader's attention to the matter under perusal till there was no more of it to read.

Some of the worst instances of cruelty to authors which I have ever witnessed have been intimately connected with domestic life. “Don't mind talking,” says a maiden aunt, one of a large fire-

side group—it is always, by the bye, the ladies who are offending in this way—“Don't mind talking; I can read just as well with conversation going on; indeed, *it amuses me.*” Now here is a pretty state of things. Is it for this that we labour over our compositions—for this that we concoct plots, in whose construction no one can find a flaw—for this that we elaborate character—for this that we make our dialogue to sparkle—for this that we are humorous till our own sides ache with laughing, pathetic till our manuscript is blotted with our tears—to have our polished periods, our humours, our pathos, our eloquence mixed up with questions about washing-bills, anecdotes of little Billy's precocity of remark, and the like vanities? Alas! it is so. As that maiden aunt sits by and reads, she is ever ready to put in a word in the conversation which is going on around. If Mary and Josephine have a difference of opinion as to the number of dresses which their elder sister has had in the course of the season, there is Aunt Eliza, who was, to all appearance, “deeper than did ever plummet sound” in the sorrows of Werther, ready with her statistics—“There was the grey linsey in the early spring, because, I remember, she said, her dark droquet was too shabby for the light days; there was the violet dinner dress, which she had to dine with the Fingerglasses; there was the cheque silk and two muslins, &c. &c.” All this is said in the midst of the tears and agonies of Werther; for your professed novel-reader can absolutely talk and read at the same moment, and will mutter, “that was the year when Tommy had the measles,” without lifting her eyes from the page.

But it is not the novel alone that is thus treated. I have seen other and deeper works, by authors who shall be nameless, sacrificed in the same manner at the domestic hearth. Nor are maiden aunts the only offenders. Mothers, who may have sons who will one day write books themselves, have a knack of reading and *watching* at the same time, which may be very convenient, but which I hereby beg to denounce as a practice un-

becoming to a British matron. Never is mamma so occupied with the volume before her, but that she can see—over, or under, or through it—what is going on among her offspring. Never is she more ready to frown upon them than from behind a book. “Georgy, do *not* pull that unfortunate kitten about so dreadfully.”—“Dear Alice, you really must not sit like that; why, your shoulders are up to your ears.” Has the reader never heard words of this kind from behind a book—ay, and an interesting book too? Is this the way to bring up children? What sort of reverence will they feel in after life for a volume which they look upon as a kind of domestic ambush?

There is another indignity, too, which must and shall be mentioned in this place. It is the custom of some ladies—ladies again—to make use of our works as weapons of offence in certain hostile emergencies, with which the peaceful arts should have nothing to do. A lady, who has differed in opinion with her lord and master, will not uncommonly retire behind a book and erect it into a sort of literary rampart. There is no making complaint of her want of attention to the matter under perusal *then*. The remarks which have been made on the maiden aunt, and the mother of the family, are far from applying to this injured wife. Never was anything like the fixedness of her attention. All sorts of hints, which she was intended to hear, are thrown away upon her; and it is not till after two direct appeals, at least, that she looks up with quite an absent air, and remarks that “she was reading, and did not hear.” In my own heart I doubt whether this lady was at all a better audience than the maiden aunt herself.

It is not agreeable to see a lady—ladies again—reading and knitting at the same time. I cannot help thinking—nay, feeling sure—that the knitting must get into the reading, or the reading into the knitting, in a manner highly unfavourable to both.

I will appeal to the reader—who, I do hope, is not using me as an ambush, or even knitting over me at this moment—

whether it is soothing to one's feelings to have one's works mixed up in the manner I have described with things with which they have nothing to do. Let us put the case a little more strongly, and see how a work, in itself let us hope not devoid of merit, will read with such parenthetical matter interspersed among its graver and more current scenes:—
 “‘And now,’ said the Baron”—I quote from a manuscript which I have by me—
 —“‘and now,’ said the Baron, ‘drawing the Lady Isabel towards him, and’”—you see, dears, being the eldest and going out more, of course she requires more dress—“‘gently stroking with his jewelled hand the fair and silken’”—birth-day before last, I remember it distinctly—“‘tresses, ‘and now, Isabella, let us speak of’”—loose jacket with buttons down the front—“‘love. Now, while the nightingale sings in yonder grove, while’”—children if you make so much noise you will be sent to bed—
 “‘the hushed murmur of the rivulet is heard’”—Lucy, did you put those things away in the room upstairs? No! Then go and do so at once—“‘while the breeze plays among the boughs of the pomegranate-tree, let us speak, I say,’”—smoking his cigar and looking into the fire, wondering, I daresay, why I don't speak, but I shan't—“‘of love!—love! that would make this place, if it were a wilderness, a region of bliss—love that’”—Yes, I hear, but I shall not answer till I think proper—“‘makes the peasant who possesses it more enviable than the potentate who is shut out from its genial influences!’”

I ask, is it pleasant to hear such work as this, which has cost one sleepless nights and anxious days, mixed up in this manner with domestic recollections, with snubbings of children, with matrimonial differences of opinion, or even with the “slip one” and “pearl one” of the gentle knitter? I say it is not pleasant. I am opposed to the practice of doing two things at once. I am opposed to social reading, unless it is reading aloud—of which a word presently—and I hold that, to do justice to any author, it is necessary that you and he should

be alone together, and that you should give him your undivided attention.

And here I am constrained, with much regret, to mention another practice which, it has reached me through a female relative, is sometimes indulged in by that sex whose proceedings I am compelled in this statement to treat with some degree of censure. I allude to the practice of combining the study of literary works with the lighter parts of the toilet. Now this is really a kind of thing which I cannot consent to. I must protest against the introduction of a nail-brush into my strong passages. I really cannot sit down tamely under the thought that a hair-pin may be at this moment blasting one of my tender speeches, lying right across the page in which the Baron denounces Isabel, and abandons her to a life-long remorse. The thought is horrible—too horrible!

I intimated just now that I had something to say on the subject of reading aloud. Has any one ever succeeded in doing this without interruption? Surely not. Not, at any rate, if what you are reading is of a solemn and impressive nature. Perhaps a comic passage, an article in a newspaper, or some light thing of that sort you might get through; but the serious or terrible always come to an untimely end. Try it. Establish yourself comfortably, and, at the same time, majestically in an easy-chair, with your reading-lamp beside you, with the shade drawn down, and all things becoming. Pitch your voice in a good rich bass key; have your right hand ready to illustrate your author with an occasional wave; and get well into Hamlet or Othello—do this, and see what will happen. Either one of the ladies—ladies again—whom you are enlightening, will suddenly exclaim, “Hush, I think I hear baby crying”—or else a servant will come in and announce that the “young man have called to take your order about the re-papering of the back drawing-room.” Who can stand against interruptions of this sort? Who will ever get back again the inspired tones, the fervid manner, the graceful gesticulations which have been thus

rudely interrupted, and who, oh! who, will ever expect again that a servant will look upon him with respect after he has seen his master passionately adoring vacancy, and sawing the air with his arm?

I wonder whether it is the fault of the matter written that "our audience" is so easily distracted. This is an awful thought; it absolutely shakes my confidence in that scene between the Baron and the Lady Isabel, which has been mentioned above. Will that scene—when it comes to be published—hold the public entranced, or will it not; that is the question? Will the maiden aunt be so absorbed in it that she will omit to furnish the date of Billy's measles? Will the lady who has taken up the volume with a view of sulking behind it, become so impressed as she reads, that she will forget her grievance, and say to herself, "Thus might my William denounce me?" Such *ought* to be the effect of that scene. I never saw a baron denounce a lady; but I am quite sure that such a proceeding, if it took place in real life before the eyes of the maiden aunt or the injured lady, would not fail to catch and fix their attention? Why should not the description do so? It will—it must. When the lady in the brougham finds herself face to face with that chapter, she will miss the bonnet-shops, and turn over the leaves with breathless rapidity. When the head of the household reads the description of that situation, his lady-wife will not interrupt him, though baby roared itself black in the face; nay, I believe, that, if the servant entered while that reading was in progress, he would forget what he came to announce, and remain lost in admiration, and insensible to surrounding objects.

But, in saying these few words about "our audience," I have no wish to grumble over-much, or to confine myself to the least satisfactory view of the subject. There *are* times when we have our audience all to ourselves, when it gives us all its attention, when it is happy through our means, and grateful for our ministrations and our help.

It is very well for medical gentlemen to write reports in the *Lancet* concerning the injurious effects of reading in Railway carriages—it is very well to say that it dazzles the eyes, strains the faculties, bewilders the brain. Our audience will not give up that delicious practice whatever the doctors may say. A book is scarcely ever a greater solace than during a long journey by rail. To say that it is as good as a companion is to say nothing. It is a thousand times better. Who would wish to talk, or rather to screech all the way from London to York? How much more delightful to screw yourself in a corner, with your cap pulled over your eyes, with one volume in your hand and the other close beside you. That is the way to enjoy a book, to forget the miseries of a long journey, and also, which is no small thing in itself, to shut out the attack of that intolerably sociable stranger opposite, who, if he found you unprotected by the back of a book, would certainly be down upon you with—the weather. That traveller, huddled up in his corner with the book and nothing but the book to depend upon between London and Newcastle, is most assuredly a highly satisfactory member of our audience to contemplate.

And let us not be too proud to acknowledge another portion of our audience—the Boys! "*Maxima reverentia debetur pueris*,"—in reading. It may not be highly creditable to us—not much of a feather in our caps; but it certainly is the case that these youngsters are ardent and devoted readers. They devour. The butcher is not above being grateful that these adolescents devour his beef; and let me not be ungrateful that they devour also my Baron, or will do so rather when he appears. I believe that that Baron will meet the views of many youths, and I am very glad that it is so. He is the kind of man whom I should have rejoiced in myself when I wore jackets. He is tall, and dark, and pale, and he has a powerful eye, and he never makes a failure, and he can do everything—ride, shoot, wrestle, play billiards, fight duels; look out for that Baron, my boys. He

is the kind of gent whom, if I mistake not, you will find comfort in when it rains, and you cannot get out to cricket, or to the river. He will come home warm to the feelings during a snow-storm. He will read well—I pledge you my word—under the lid of a desk. That scene where the Lady Isabel is assailed in the Forest by Jasper the villain, and the Baron comes to the rescue when he is supposed to be tiger-hunting in the Himalaya district—I don't wish to encourage rebellion against school discipline; but I should say that the boy who could secrete an end of candle, and tackle that scene, would be a happy dog indeed.

There is something perfectly marvellous about the way in which these young chaps will get hold of works intended for their elders, and get rapture out of them, even when perhaps hardly understanding what they read about. That scene obscurely hinted at above—and I expect that these obscure hintings will stimulate the public appetite for the Baron to madness—that scene one would think would be rather over a boy's head. The denouncing scene again; what, you would naturally ask, *can* a boy make of a Baron denouncing an Earl's daughter? More then you imagine. When Giles's governor gave that ball at the end of last holidays, did not my youthful reader attend it; and did not Giles's sister—the beauty of that girl!—promise to dance with my youthful reader; and did she not throw him over for—but no matter? Well, I say that that denouncing scene will be a positive comfort to my youthful reader; and, when he reads that fearful passage, he will think of Giles's sister, and—but no matter—and will breathe more freely.

The extremes meet always; and so we find that the old are a fine audience as well as the young. As the boys' work in life is not begun, so the work of the aged is over, and each has a certain exemption from immediate and pressing cares, and an amount of leisure which reading occupies pleasantly enough. To sit against the sunny wall on which the peaches grow, or by the side of the fire, with a book, and to feel that by your

life's work you have earned a right to such leisure, must be a great pleasure to people. For many of these it is almost inevitable that a good deal of their time should be passed in solitude. The pace of the young ones is too rapid for them, and they like sometimes to step aside out of the way. The habits of the young and of the old are necessarily and rightly different, and neither should interfere with the other. Those who are in the thick of the fight should certainly not drag the old people into the scrimmage with them; nor should the aged involve those whose taste is all for life and change in a retirement which is neither wholesome nor agreeable. That quiet, then, which for the most part is so palatable to the old, they cannot enjoy without being often alone. At such times they make a fine audience indeed. Their attention is not distracted. Jane, the cook, does not come importunate and injured, to ask them for orders for the butcher; nor does conscience reproach them for idleness, and suggest that they ought to be at work instead of sitting over the fire with a book.

And, by what they read—by the mere mention of places, by incidents suggested, by sentiments and reflections let out at random—how are the ancient memories of years gone by brought back to this class of readers! memories, vivid as to the pleasures of the past, obscure and hardly to be recalled as to its pains and sorrows! As the worn eyes fail, and the book is closed for a time to rest them, the recollections of the days that have been fill the mind—a crowd of old remembrances truly, but not a boisterous or unruly crowd: a procession rather, moving tranquilly and solemnly on—a procession of forms seen indistinctly and through a veil which seems to hide the shadows out of view, but bathes the light, by some strange anomaly, in a very blaze and flood of glory.

This goodly work the book has done; and, though it may be said that the chance song of a bird, or the shape of a cloud, or an air of music, would do as much, yet must it be remembered that these may not be had, like the book,

always and under every variety of circumstance. It is a source of no little comfort as well as pride to an author, to feel that the old, the suffering, and the sick, form parts of his audience. There is a higher consolatory mission for his art than for any other.

"Our Audience," includes the sick *par excellence*. When the physician's fiat has gone forth, like a magistrate's warrant committing one to gaol, that you are to keep your room, do you not thus become a grateful and a "constant" reader? What can help you in that emergency but a book? It excites you too much to talk. You are too weak to play at games. If you do nothing, you find yourself watching your symptoms, prognosticating evil about your own sad case, regretting the life in the world from which you are shut out, doubting whether you will ever return to it again. You have but one resource; and, if you do not bless the memory of Caxton, you ought to do so. How could you get rid of thoughts about yourself; how could you get rid of professional anxieties awakened by your compulsory inaction; how, above all, could you get rid of the weary, lagging hours, if we authors did not come to your aid and bring you what solace we can—our best, it is to be hoped, at any rate—to help you through your troubles? When you used to send for that second volume in the old circulating library days, and used to remain in doubt as to whether it was "in" or not, then you felt our value. Now that Mr. Mudie supplies you on more easy terms, you must not forget those periods of suspense or the pleasure of seeing the volume brought in at last.

How is that favourite and not too easily executed part of the physicians' prescription—that you are "to keep your mind quiet"—to be attended to unless you have a book to help you; and how, still more, are those whose sickness is not of the body but of the mind, to get away from themselves for a time, but by means of the same agency? You who

work with a great mental strain, and of whose labour it is an essential part that its results should hang long in the balance, its success or its failure remaining uncertain for days, and weeks, and months—you who, the day's work over, can do nothing more to further your object till another day begins—will not the book help you to subdue that importunate wish to "be doing," which devours you at such times? You, who have some settled source of grief, some terrible anxiety, some domestic sorrow, if you can get away from even an hour of it, and so by resting gain a certain strength of superior endurance, is not that something gained at any rate? And you, who, by "thick coming fancies," by trouble, or anxiety, or what cause not, are kept from rest, when you have lain sleepless till you can bear your own thoughts, your own self, no longer—have you never felt what it was to get away to other scenes and other people and other thoughts by even an hour of reading? Delightful is the click of the match, the light that follows, and the first rustle of the page. You can lie still long enough now for your blood to get quiet; and then you can blow out the light, and, with new images in your mind, turn round and rest.

The boy, the old man, the sick, the suffering—these make up perhaps the best part of "Our Audience." The young man, the maiden, the middle-aged, read it is true, but with more distraction, with more parenthesis of word or action. I speak, of course, of what is called "light literature"—not of books that men read as part of their professional study or with an object to attain. It was light literature which engaged the lady in the brougham, who has given birth to these lucubrations; and it has been with light literature that we have all this time been occupied. It remains only for me to hope that what has here been set down may come under the same denomination, and may, as such, give some small amount of pleasure to "Our Audience."

MORE ABOUT NEAPOLITAN PRISONS.

BELIEVING, from the keenness of the debates in both Houses of Parliament, that the state of the Prisons of Naples possesses some public interest, we will continue our tour through them. I have only to state again that I am answerable for what I say I saw. What I heard must be taken for what it is worth.

In an out-of-the-way part of Naples, near the School of Anatomy, is a prison, which I almost wish I had not seen. It is not a political prison; and, if I had not seen it, no one else would have taken the trouble, and I might have gone on sunning myself in the feeling that improvement had penetrated everywhere. As it was, I did see it, and I am forced to confess that the Prison of St. Aniello is a very nasty place indeed. It is entirely tenanted by masterless rogues, pickpockets, and garzone di *mala vita*, all under eighteen.

The dormitories were tolerably clean and well ventilated. There is a very good infirmary; also a good school-room. The last, however, is used only for a ridiculously short period every week. The food supplied is the same as that at the other prisons, with half the allowance of bread. The abomination of the place consists of two cells, about twenty feet square, opening by a grating, the full width of their front, into a narrow alley not ten feet across. In these cells the boys are kept during the day. The floor was filthy, the walls were filthy, and the atmosphere inside foul and pestiferous to the last degree—a real heavy prison-stench. The only occupation of these poor wretches is picking coarse linen to pieces to make charpie, which they have to place on the foul floor.

This place was once a species of reformatory, and intended to do the work now done by the excellent Istituto Artistico. There is room enough

to turn it into an excellent boys' prison; and, on representations being made to the authorities, promises of prompt amelioration were made. On the whole, I should think that the state of this prison is but little better than that of our public madhouse at Valetta a few years ago. The worst dens of the east of London could not produce a more terribly demoralized set of boys than those confined here. Their faces were to the last degree brutal and sensual; but they were perfectly cheerful, and made no complaints whatever of ill-treatment.

It is refreshing to turn from this vile den to a prison which is the very pink and perfection of order, cleanliness, and even comfort—the female prison of Sta. Maria de Agnone. The matron is one of the most bustling, active, and kindly Sisters of Charity I ever met; and to her the prison owes its excellence. As usual, this prison is a converted monastery, and one, moreover, which was built with an eye to comfort. The floors are of pretty Neapolitan majolica tiles, and painfully clean; and the walls are whitewashed into dazzling purity. The two infirmaries—one for ordinary illness, and the other, distinct, for fever cases—are in as perfect a state of order, comfort, and cleanliness as the wards of any hospital in London. I was struck with the admirable arrangements made for ventilation in the fever ward, and said so to the matron. "Ay," she said, "but we don't want them much; we keep off illness by cleanliness here." A speech which, considering that I was in Naples, filled me with astonishment, and even hope! The warm-hearted woman was delighted with my delight, and took me through the entire building—even through her own rooms and those of the Sisters, with their tidy little tight-tucked-up beds, with their little crucifixes and holy water pots, and coquettish Madonnas—into her sanctum,

where she kept the prison linen, white as snow, and smelling of lavender. There was also much mysterious lace-finery made by the prisoners, which we desired to buy, but were covered with confusion, as with a garment, when we were told, with a cross and half a reverence, that they were intended for the use of the priests. There are one hundred and twenty women here—most of them in a transition or remanded state—in for various offences; also plenty for homicide and fighting—for the Neapolitan women equal, if they do not surpass, the Irish in their love for a skrimmage, and are perfect fiends when their blood is up. One very pretty girl, as gay as a lark, was in for brigandage; and four elderly women, who wept bitterly, for the same crime. These poor women were of the old type, with the small, well-set-on heads and crisp wavy hair that one sees in the antique busts at the Museum. One could not help feeling for them, their bursts of sorrow were so real and intense; but what can you do? Are they to be permitted to aid and abet their husbands and brothers who are “out” with Pilloni, to carry them food and ammunition, to act as spies, and sometimes actually to fight by their sides?

In the Sta. Maria de Agnone there is a ward for those women of the town who have broken the police regulations. This ward is quite distinct from the others, and the women are confined to it. Lord Henry Lennox mistakes when he says that they mix commonly with the rest of the prisoners; they do not do so, unless, indeed, in violation of the prison rules; and, when I saw them, they were rigidly confined in their own ward.

Kindness and consideration are the governing powers here; and the women showed great affection for their matron. There is no compulsory work; but most of the women were spinning with the antique distaff, and a good deal of washing and needlework is done. The adverse criticisms passed on this prison are most undeserved, and, as far as my own observations go, have no foundation

whatever in fact. I have no hesitation in saying that it is admirably conducted; that, with the exception of the foundling hospital, it is the cleanest place in Naples; and that nothing can exceed the kindness of the officials, male and female, to those under their care.

The Concordia is a prison exclusively devoted to priests and debtors; and, at the time I visited it, it contained eighteen of the former and twenty-one of the latter. I do not think this mixture fair; but I think the debtors are most to be pitied. It is part of the old system which made the priest, even when a convicted criminal, superior to the rest of humanity. Here, again, we have the secularized convent (secularized by the old dynasty, be it understood), with its courtyard and fountain in the centre. Aent this courtyard there are great complaints. Formerly the debtors had the right of taking exercise in it; now this is forbidden. The reasons given were rather weak ones. In the first place, the new police had occupied one side of it, which there is no necessity for their doing; and, secondly, if the debtors walked there, the priests would want to walk there too. It is a very hard case for the debtors.

Two out of the four sides are at present occupied; one corridor by debtors, the other by priests. The latter have two sets of chambers—one, a large apartment containing several persons; and another consisting of a corridor into which open some smaller rooms. In these rooms were the better class of priests; in the last, some who had been recently arrested, and of some standing in Naples. There was no necessity at all for their mixing with their fellow-prisoners; nor did they do so. They seemed perfectly aware of the causes which had led to their apprehension, and discussed them with all the oily glibness which is so eminently the characteristic of their class in Southern Italy. Whether their arrest was legal or not I have no right to say, whatever my private opinion may be. They were as well lodged and treated as any prisoner could expect; and, if their room

was stuffy, and had a mixed and rather stifling odour of black bombazine and garlic, why did they not open the window? They made no complaint whatever of ill-treatment. There was a monk or two lounging about. One of them was accused of "reactionary intrigues"—persuading recruits that they had better, for the salvation of their souls, join Pilloni than serve the "accursed" Victor Emmanuel; stirring up the people by lie and sneer, and sweating Madonnas, to murder and pillage; in fact, practising the thousand and one arts they know so well in order to prevent the existence of a government who might one day inquire into the secrets of their houses. Another shrugged his shoulders, and declined to mention the cause of his troubles. In another room—remember, *not* with the priests lately arrested—is a deacon of some sort, incarcerated for "*suspicion* of homicide;" and with him a priest also under "*suspicion*" of "fraud"—which, judging from his face, must have been some very dirty swindling indeed. This information was gathered from themselves, and was afforded with a cheerful grin.

These different classes are in different rooms, and have nothing in common but the corridor. The provisions, found by the State, were good and amply sufficient—as indeed they are throughout all the prisons of Naples. The chances are—as priests are in question, with plenty of friends outside—that there is no lack of good living. I saw no want of comfort. The rooms were clean; the bedding as good as could be found in any ordinary house in Naples. They had books and writing materials, and free intercommunication. The only complaint I heard was, that under the new *régime* they had a stated allowance of food, instead of a carline a day as in the old times.

In the larger room there is a little old priest, whom I felt very sorry for: he had been imprisoned long ago by the Bourbons, and was liberated by the last king of that race, shortly before he left the country—I suppose in the general gaol-delivery that took place at that time. The new Government de-

clared the Act to have been passed when the king had no political existence; and the poor old man was returned to his prison. This was his own account of the matter.

The part of the prison in which the debtors are confined runs at right angles with the priests' quarters; and they have the use of the corridor in common, should they wish it. Their room is light and airy, clean and comfortable—indefinitely more so than our old Fleet Prison. They have this entirely to themselves: no other prisoners, priest or lay, were with them at the time of my visit. They have a prospect of early liberation which was unknown to an English debtor but a very short time ago. By the law of Naples, the "creditor" has to support his debtor in prison, if he persists in putting him there; should he fail in his payment for a single day, the debtor is free, with a protection of a year and a day.

The officials called my attention to the want of an infirmary in this prison, and deplored the discomfort of those who fell sick. As infirmaries are being, or have been, lately introduced into every other prison in Naples, it is curious that so important an institution should have been overlooked in this one.

The Castel Nuovo is no longer a prison. The old corridors and casemates are now used as barracks; and really, except that the bedding of the soldiers was, for the most part, decidedly less comfortable than that of the prisoners in any prison I visited, I could see but little difference between the two classes. The dormitories for the soldiers are quite as crowded, quite as dark, and quite as free from what we should call comfort, as those of the criminals. There are many built-up doorways in these dormitories of the Castel Nuovo, which, I was told, were the entrances to cells occupied by the prisoners of the Bourbons. How true this may be I do not know; I can only state that the mortar was evidently a recent deposit, and that, considering the character of the officer who told me,

I have a right to believe it as true. I saw one of the old cells—a large square stone box, of fair height, approached by narrow, dark, descending stairs, and lighted by a small grating near the roof. In the centre of the floor of this cell is a spot about a yard square, covered with tiles, which formed, before it was closed, the only opening into the famous “crocodile cell,” in which tradition fables that that ancient reptile which hangs over the beautiful bronze gates of the Castle was discovered. With the assistance of the good-natured colonel in command, who went down on his knees and enjoyed the fun, we removed a tile or two, and, poking holes through the rotten covering, dropped lighted paper into the abyss beneath. Contrary to what I expected, it being partly “submarine,” the floor seemed dry; but, of course, having neither entrance or exit, except from the aperture through which we looked, it could have had neither light nor air—a mere *oubliette*, even worse than that of St. Elmo. The absence of prisoners in these two cells, to say nothing of the others now permanently closed, is something in favour of the new regime.¹

The Castel del Ovo, picturesque as it looks, jutting out into the purple bay—and in which the last of the Roman emperors, Romulus Augustulus, died—is within but a mere succession of miserable and dirty dens. It is used entirely as a prison for naval and military offenders; and the lieutenant who showed me round stated positively that he had no political prisoners whatever under his charge. I may state that I had an order, expressly directing that I was to see *all* the prisoners of the Castel del Ovo, without any reservation. Possibly some may claim as political sufferers a considerable number of men, who, on the breaking up of the Neapolitan army, were dismissed with the express understanding that they were to present themselves when called for, either for re-enlistment or permanent discharge, under penalty of being treated as de-

serters. It was a fair bargain; and those who failed in their part of it have no right to complain of having to pay the penalty. It is a pity to see so much excellent *chair à canon* wasted, if even for a time. The term of imprisonment is not a long one. One smart young fellow was pointed out to me as the oldest prisoner in his chamber; and he had been there for eleven months. In a small but decent room, I found a respectable middle-aged man, who, if he was reduced in size by the severity of his imprisonment, must have been very stout indeed when it commenced; and two lads, who were imprisoned for attempting to induce soldiers to desert—a very common offence, particularly instigated by the lower orders of the clergy and the monks. This man, however, was to be released at once. His cell was perfectly comfortable; indeed, the best in the prison.

The prisoners of the Castel del Ovo, are kept in the old casemates and bomb-proofs of the fortress; and very nasty and dirty places they are. Many of them are below the level of the general works, and may, to a certain extent, be called subterranean; but they have invariably one or more windows, open directly on to the sea, and were, we must remember, built for the accommodation of soldiers, not of prisoners. The beds were for the most part of that ordinary continuous sloping guardroom pattern, which always puzzle the unmilitary mind, unable to see how one could sleep on them, without slipping off the lower end on to the floor. In a prison so strictly military I was surprised to see so much disregard of cleanliness; it is really almost as dirty as an ordinary Neapolitan house, and the arrangements for cleanliness are about on a par. I have, however, had to ascend and descend far filthier staircases in Naples to reach the rooms of artists and others, and have been met by far heavier stanches on opening their doors, than at the Castel del Ovo. I do not wish to defend the military authorities for permitting this state of things to exist; but, in common fairness, we ought to remember the dif-

¹ In the Castel Nuovo are two or three women, who had assisted in desertion.

ference between the domestic decency of Naples, and that of England, or even of France. Little do the average run of tourists know of the utterly filthy state of private houses on the continent of Europe. Customs, which to Englishmen are outrages to decency, pass here and elsewhere unnoticed and unquestioned. The Northern element has, however, already effected a great change in these matters, both in Naples generally and in its prisons; and the improvement is going on steadily and surely.

Besides the larger casemates, there are on each side of what may be called the main street of the fortress many smaller cells, from which one sees Neapolitan Jack and Bill peering out disconsolately through the small grilles fixed in the doors. These, though occupied by soldiers and sailors in uniform, are no better than the larger prisons. They are dank, dirty, and stuffy. In one of the worst of these—distinguished by having an iron-door, “more guarded than its fellows”—are the military *camorristi*, the very worst class of criminals. It is a horrible den, more a narrow passage than a cell, almost dark to us coming in from the bright sunlight; and, on the small window being opened, a rush of wind burst in from the sea, really strong enough to blow one’s hat off—showing the impossibility of keeping it permanently open. In this den I was assured, by officers, soldiers, and gaolers, the political prisoners of note—of course not all of them—were kept during the time of the Bourbons. A medical man of position, now connected with the Lock Hospital of Naples, told me that he believed it was so, but that *he* was confined in one of the darkest of the casemates. He gave an irrepressible shudder of horror as he spoke of it.

The prisoners here, as elsewhere, complained of the length of time they were imprisoned without being tried; which is curious, as they are only accountable to military tribunals. In many cases, the mere admission of identity, and the absence of the man at the rendezvous at a given time, are considered

sufficient proof of desertion. In France, I believe, it is considered necessary that the deserter should be brought before a proper tribunal before being imprisoned, however clear the case may be. Be it remembered that I have no evidence except that offered voluntarily by the prisoners themselves. What sort of information, on the subject of British justice, I should get, were I to question the prisoners in Cold Bath Fields, for instance, without further inquiry, I leave the reader to guess.

The rations served out to the prisoners are the full rations of their respective services. Bread and water, and a very black hole are the punishments. The prisoners are permitted to take exercise on the platform of the fortress in squads; and, on the whole, they seemed healthy and cheerful. I may add that I was allowed to mix freely with them and to wander about as I wished.

I was unable to ascertain the existence in Naples itself of any other prisons than those I have mentioned. There are two or three semi-penal institutions—as the *Instituto Artistico*, a reformatory for boys, which I visited, and was very much pleased with; and the “*Syphicomme*,” the most admirably-administered penal Lock Hospital it has ever been my fortune as a physician to meet with. Where Lord Normanby’s 18,000 political prisoners are lodged, I really cannot say; and I must frankly state my disbelief in their existence in Naples itself. I and others, both English and Italians, asked if there were more prisons in Naples than those mentioned in these papers; and we were assured that more did not exist. There are, however, penal settlements amongst the islands of the Mediterranean; and a yachting philanthropist would, I have no doubt, do good work by visiting them and reporting on them. One of the largest of these convict stations, *Pantalleria*, has been relieved from its burden of crime since the flight of the Bourbons. *Ponzo*, *Ischia*, *Nisida*, and other islands in the Mediterranean are still penal settlements, as is also the

island Tremetri in the Adriatic. I was unable to visit more than one of these island prisons, and can only speak of that one with any certainty; but I believe that that one may be taken as a fair type of the others.

Nisida, the pretty green island, with the massive white round tower at its summit, and the quarantine building at its foot, must be familiar to every one who has ever driven from Naples to Pozzuoli. It is reached by a short pull across the calm bay—so calm and clear that the great *Holothurie* and purple sea-urchins may be seen far away down on the bright white sand. From the landing-place a steep zigzag path leads up to a platform in front of the prison, where there is a neat little garden—also the buildings occupied by the officials, all bright and trim as a coastguard station in England. The view from this is one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful views of the Bay of Naples. After waiting for a few moments, the Commandant came to us. He was a bright, cheery, gentleman-like man, in the uniform of an officer of the Piedmontese army, and, as usual, most willing to show us all that there was to be seen.

The prison itself consists of an enormous circular tower, surrounding a courtyard, in the centre of which stands a small chapel. Around the courtyard are numerous stalls, kept by prisoners for the sale of provisions to those who either earn money or obtain it from their friends. As many of the prisoners are sentenced to long terms—some indeed for life—it would be harsh to grudge them this indulgence. This prison has a point of great interest to the “comparative traveller.” One part of it has been entirely remodelled, under the new Government; and the rest, at the time of my visit, was in the state in which the Bourbons left it. I confess that I felt something like a feeling of contemptuous indignation when I saw that this most patent fact had been carefully suppressed in the recent discussion on the state of Neapolitan prisons. Really, after what has passed lately on the subject, I should not be

surprised were I told that what I took for improvements were the relics of the kindly Bourbon rules, and that the foul and pestiferous side had been reduced to that state by the Piedmontese, for some occult reason of their own.

The better part of the prison is on what may be called the first floor; and to it you ascend by a flight of steps from the courtyard. This opens into a corridor which runs round the inner circumference, and from which radiate outwards the cells, or rather chambers. Each of these has a large window opening almost directly to the sea; and the views from these windows are amongst the most beautiful that the world can show. I do not mention these things without reason, trivial as they may seem at first glance. This amount of fresh air and clear pure light has no small effect on the prisoner both physically and morally, and is not to be passed over lightly.

These new cells are perfectly clean and in most excellent order. They are furnished with folding iron bedsteads, mattresses, sheets and comfortable counterpanes, all new and clean, better far than those served out to the soldiers. At the head of each bed is a clean white canvas knapsack, in which is the prisoner's change of linen, and what small private comforts he may possess. Above it are his bright mess tins, and his ration of bread, which is of very good quality; at least as good as that served out to any continental army. The dress of the prisoners is warm, clean and comfortable, with distinctive marks showing the duration of the wearer's imprisonment. Why this last fact has been twisted into an accusation of cruelty against the Italian Government, it would be difficult to say. I believe the same system obtains in England; most certainly it does in Germany and France.

All the criminals here are shackled; and in this matter a great improvement has been introduced, and carried out as rapidly as the supply of new chains will permit. It is always a miserable thing to see a man in chains; but we must not

be carried away by our first feelings in this matter. A convict, sufficiently chained to render his escape a matter of difficulty, may be and is permitted a much greater amount of freedom, than one who has the full power over every limb. When Baron Poerio was confined in this same prison of Nisida, each prisoner was chained to another day and night by a heavy chain some six feet long. *Remember, this was night and day; the chains were never unlocked for any purpose whatever.* The beds of course touched each other in order to render this arrangement possible. Now, of this brutality I saw nothing; and I do not believe that it exists; and for this reason amongst others—that the beds were invariably so far apart as to render it impossible. Neither in the new nor in the old part of the prison did I see two men chained together.

If Mr. Gladstone is to be believed—and, from what I saw myself, I am certain that he does not exaggerate—the weight of the chains borne by Baron Poerio was eight rotoli, or between sixteen and seventeen English pounds; which must be doubled when we count the share he had to carry of the chain which connected him with his fellow-sufferer. I saw no two men chained together: I saw many who still carried the old chain, fastened round the ankle by a brutally clumsy fetter-lock, which, in spite of much padding, gnaws into the skin of the ankle; but I also saw many more who wore the new chain, introduced by the Turin Government, which weighs but three pounds, and which is fastened by so light a ring as to render all “serving” unnecessary. I was assured by the officials that they served out the new chains as fast as they could obtain them, and that they hated the idea of retaining the old one for a moment longer than was positively necessary; they looked on it as a disgrace to civilization.

In the new part of the prison were several men and non-commissioned officers who were “compromised” at Aspromonte: that is, who deserted their ranks to join Garibaldi in his last most unfortunate expedition. Some of these men

left the Piedmontese army corporals and sergeants, and found themselves captains and lieutenants in that of Garibaldi. Though the crime of desertion is a very great one, and though the necessity of severity (if imprisonment be a severe punishment for desertion) is not to be denied, I could not help feeling that in this case there were extenuating circumstances; and I was glad to hear from the officer in charge that the original sentence “for life” had been commuted into twenty years, with a great probability of further grace being extended to them. It got about that we were asking after “Garibaldini;” and certain rogues gave themselves out as victims of the mistakes of the great hero, but were promptly stripped of their plumes by the officials giving the real reasons for their incarceration, which were assented to with a merry grin.

In one of these rooms was a respectable looking man, intent on a work on philosophy. I merely mention this as a proof that books are permitted.

On the opposite side of the circular court are the old cells, more or less in their old state—wretched dens, reached by descending a flight of steps up which welled a sickly pestiferous stench. These cells, being to a certain extent underground, are very imperfectly ventilated; and the smaller end is generally damp from the same reason. From Mr. Gladstone's description, I think that Poerio must have been confined in one of these semi-subterranean cells. There is no real separation between these chambers; they communicate with each other by wide doorways without doors, placed at the outer circumference of the circle. They are dark, dank, and unwholesome. The old bedding and bedsteads are detestable; but there was but little of them left when I visited the prison. Most probably those wretched boards, and those fetid mattresses, have, ere this, been replaced by the trim iron bedsteads and clean bed-furniture which I saw ready in store.

All the prisoners are obliged to work, more or less—some in the open air, and some in the prison itself. In one ward

we found a number of men busily employed in shoemaking; and very good work they seemed to make. This is, I believe, at present, the principal indoor trade exercised; but others are to be introduced, and the workshops entirely remodelled. Of course the party which believes that the world goes backwards will mock at my credulity in believing these repeated promises of amendment. But I saw the walls marked out and perforated for improvements which were already commenced; and the stones and the lime for continuing them were being made ready in the yard close by. The prisoners are encouraged to learn to read and write as much as possible; and I saw many practising these, to them new and recondite arts, with much pride and success.

The infirmary is outside the town, and is perfect. I question whether the sharpest visiting committee of a London hospital could find a fault in it. There are two wards, distinct from each other—one for medical, and another for surgical cases. Both are clean, airy, and cheerful, with a large window at the end opening directly on a lovely little bay, which, from its shape and the lovely green and purple tints that shift and sheen across it, is called the Port of the Peacock. The drug-shop of the infirmary was in excellent order, superintended by an intelligent prisoner, who understood and was fond of his business. All the medicines were excellent; and I observed many out-of-the-way and expensive remedies, the use of which showed that the physician of the prison was well-up to the science of the day. As one well used to hospitals in every part of Europe, I give my unqualified approbation to the infirmary at Nisida.

There is great freedom of visiting allowed at this prison. The friends of prisoners who come from a distance are always permitted to see them at once. In the cases where the friends reside near, and visit so frequently as to interfere with the discipline of the prison, stated times are laid down; but the officer told me that this was very rarely done. Hereagain, I have to bear testimony

to the frank and straightforward manner in which the officers of the prison met our wishes, and the eagerness they showed to point out everything good and bad—for they never blinked the bad—in their commands. We were here, as elsewhere, permitted the utmost liberty of conversation with the prisoners; we were allowed to wander alone where we chose, and to ask what questions we liked.

Passing a guardroom as we were leaving the prison, I remarked, in English, to a friend, that the soldiers, as far as beds, ventilation, and comfort were concerned, were certainly much worse off than the prisoners they guarded. The ready-witted Italian officer caught the meaning of my glance at once, and said, "Si! those fellows inside are better off than we are!" And so they were, barring liberty, and—I was going to say conscience, but that goes for little in those parts!

With the exception of a very few words, this notice of Nisida stands as I wrote it a few hours after my visit. It would be difficult to express the surprise I felt on hearing that in that prison political prisoners were chained to common malefactors. Of course I cannot doubt the fact; I have only to repeat that, when I visited the prison, I saw not a single instance of two men being chained together. It has been also stated that the "arms" of the Garibaldians were manacled. I did not see a single instance of any prisoner wearing any chain, except the leg-shackle I have described. Possibly these things had been altered before my visit; if so, it shows what good may be done in Neapolitan prisons by a little publicity.

As I have already stated, the prisons mentioned in these two papers were the only ones I could hear of as existing in Naples. Let us try to get something like an idea of the number of prisoners they contain. For Sta. Maria Parente, I have no certain information on this head. I am quite certain that I overstate the number of prisoners by putting them at 200. The Concordia con-

tained 18 priests and 21 debtors; the Vicaria, 300 camorristi, 760 other prisoners; St. Francisco, 98 condemned, 211 men from the Vicaria, 93 sick, from various prisons; Sta. Maria de Agnone, 120 women; Nisida, 820 sound, 43 sick; the Castel del Ovo, 396 military and naval prisoners. These numbers were given me by the officials at the various prisons, and are certainly as correct as any others obtained. If I add them up correctly, they amount to 3,080 prisoners of all classes for the third largest city on the continent of Europe. Where the rest of the eighteen, twenty, or thirty thousand political prisoners confined in the prisons of Naples are kept, I leave to the inventors of the statement to point out. I candidly confess that I do not believe in their existence.

If the separation of what are called "political" prisoners from ordinary felons is not yet perfect, it is certainly more nearly so than it was in the time of the Bourbons, when gentlemen of birth and position, for their opinions alone, and not for exciting the ignorant to murder and pillage, were thrust into the worst cells of the Vicaria, *pêle mêle*, with camorristi and pickpockets. I have surely a recollection of political prisoners in England confined in the same gaol with common malefactors; and some yet alive could give us their reminiscences of our penal colonies. Nay, some have even been condemned to death in our own time for lighter crimes than those whom I have seen in the prisons of Naples, suffering no heavier punishment than loss of liberty.

Much has been said about the difficulty of procuring permission to these prisons. In my own person, I flatly contradict this statement: it is as easy to get a visiting order for each and all of them, as for one of our London gaols. It has also been expressly stated that, after the visit of Lord Henry Lennox, a telegraphic order was received from Turin forbidding the issue of any more visiting-orders. If so, the mandate has fallen a dead letter; for, since that memorable time, I and others have visited the prisons more than once,

without the slightest attempt to hamper our investigations in any way. Indeed, the statements on this subject, were they not so spitefully mischievous, would be ludicrous. Even General La Marmora has been dragged through the dirt on this question. The orders I received, did not, with one exception, proceed from the general at all, but from the proper authorities, the quæstor of Naples and others. Every prison was most fully and freely thrown open to our inspection, with the full understanding that we should make use of what we saw, for or against the Government as we should happen to find it. Everything wrong was most anxiously pointed out to us by the officials themselves; and I can state most positively that in no prison I visited (with the sole exception of St. Aniello) did I misseeing decided efforts made for improvement.

The new system of keeping books at each prison, for the purpose of enabling the visitors to present their unfettered criticisms in a form certain to reach the authorities, is an immense advance. Would these books exist, if the authorities did not expect visitors and court their comments?

It has been denied that any instructions have been sent from Turin relative to the improvements contemplated in the Neapolitan prisons. I and others were with the officials of St. Francisco when one of the superior officers of the Vicaria came in, with a face beaming with pleasure, to tell them that he had just received full authority from Turin to carry out his darling improvements to their fullest extent, and asking for their congratulations. Am I to believe that this was a scene got up for my mystification? That much remains to do before the Neapolitan prisons are raised to a state of equality with those of Northern Italy, I do not deny. The abuses of centuries cannot be swept away in months. But that the new Government has already done wonders, considering the time and means at their disposal, I can, from my own observations, most distinctly state to be the fact. If they are permitted by the

miserable intrigues of reactionaries—those same plotters of small plots, and intriguers of small intrigues, who have ever been the curse of Italy—they will do still more; but, until some great alteration takes place in the state of the clergy and of the monks, they will have heavy odds to contend with.

The true reason for the greater part of the antagonism which exists against the new state of things in Southern Italy is the terror of that immense army of priests and monks who now live in idleness on the masses—the priests, thousands of them without cure of souls, or connexion with any educational movement, living on the payments made for masses—one of which every day in that country will, with extra pickings which had better not be too closely inquired into, enable him at least to live; the monks, from the Benedictine of Catania—who has his carriage and ambling mules, an unstinted table and unlimited whist, and who pays the Capucines for doing the night masses which might give him cold—down to the miserable brutalized mendicant Capucine himself, drawn from the dregs of the people, and taking the last mite from the widow and crust from the beggar to support himself in idleness, returning them the scraps he does not want himself as alms:—all living in idleness on the poorer classes, and bringing the thunders of the church, and terrors of eternal punishment to bear on the accused and sacreligious Piedmontese. I was assured, by a Sicilian nobleman of the highest rank, that there are 4000 priests, monks, and nuns, in the town of Messina alone. There is a priest for every 200 inhabitants of the Island of Capri, many living in utter idleness, and making money by cursing the porpoises (for a consideration) when they get into the nets of the fishermen. Until these

burdens have been removed, it is useless to dream of a happy Southern Italy.

I have merely, in these two papers, described as faithfully as I could what I saw, and what I heard. I do not think myself called upon to contradict all—I do not say all the untruths, but I do say the disingenuous perversions of some facts, and the suppression of others, which have been lately made either for the sake of sensation, or for party purposes, or from a rabid attachment to that new form of the Roman Catholic religion which has gained ground among Catholics everywhere save in Italy itself. We shall see, day by day, contradictions enough pour in from higher authorities than myself. Indeed, they have already begun to arrive. As, however, the effect intended by these accusations has already been made, no amount of contradiction will have any effect. When even the notorious and open lenity with which Bishop was treated, did not prevent his case being used as a point of attack against the Government of Turin, it is useless continuing a fight against windmills, created by the heated imaginations of those in want of a grievance. The truth is known to too many to permit it to be suppressed much longer, and will, I trust, have the same effect on others that it had on myself. I went to Italy a strong disbeliever in the possibility of Italian Unity; but I was so much struck with the activity, energy, and administrative talents of the Northern race, and so impressed with the enormous improvements which they had made in the social state of Naples in three short years, that I began to hope that a thing might happen, which has rarely happened before—the foundation of a fresh and great nation on the ashes of an old and effete one.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HEAVY HOURS.

ROSE was well enough on the morrow to take her usual place at the dinner table, and for some time there was no further occasion for the two belligerents to meet *tête-à-tête*. When the necessity again presented itself, Don Pio infallibly occupied her place, serving as a buffer to prevent collisions between the father and son-in-law. From the moment of her reaching Rumelli, Rose was, without being positively ill, never quite well. She was a constant sufferer from all the ailments and inconveniences incidental to her situation. It seemed as if it happened so, on purpose to confirm her father's suspicions of insincerity or worse on Vincenzo's part.

Don Pio made sunshine or rain at the Palace. When he did not call during the day, which was seldom, the Signor Avvocato was sure to send for him. It needed no long observation on Vincenzo's part, to get at the root of Don Pio's influence. What the adroit attentions and winning ways of Don Natale's assistant had begun, Don Natale's demise achieved. The sad event, though far from unexpected, had forcibly struck the Signor Avvocato's imagination, and ever since a terror of approaching death had never ceased to haunt him. Fear of death had given birth to other fears. He was the more accessible to all sorts of alarms, from having lived all his life more

as a philosopher than a Christian. He had certainly gone to Mass on Sundays, and abstained from meat in Lent, and received the Sacrament at Easter, but only because others did so, and that the not doing so might involve him in a scrape with the powers that were. As was the case with many others of the generation to which he belonged, a reaction took place in his mind against a religion lowered by an ill-inspired policy to being a means of government and a tool of oppression.

It is easy to see at a glance all the advantages which the Signor Avvocato's new phase of feeling afforded to an intelligent man of the world, and a priest into the bargain. While in the former character he soothed with his sympathy, and by the suggestion of common-place expedients for the ailments of the body—which were Legion, if the invalid's fancy were to be trusted—in the latter, he probed the wounds of the soul, pouring into them the oil of hope, the balm of mercy. The old gentleman was soon like wax in Don Pio's hands, and readily abjured all the errors of his past life, the political ones included. Could old Del Palmetto have risen from his grave, he would have willingly saluted and acknowledged, as a brother Codino of the first water, his once political antagonist. A few months under the influence of Don Pio had changed the old sceptic into a believer, an edification for all the village; the *ci-devant* liberal into a most ardent opponent of Cavour

and the Statuto ; the writer of the famous epistle to the Principal of the Seminary into a fanatic partisan of monks and nuns of all colours and denominations. Better late than never.

His external habits also had undergone a great alteration. All the little activity which he had still possessed before Rose's departure for Chambéry, was now gone. He never went out for a morning's walk, as had been his wont, seldom indeed left his room before one o'clock, which was the dinner hour. In the afternoon he had an armchair placed in front of the house door, and there he enjoyed a nap. Since his return to Rumelli in the end of March, he had not been once to Ibella, and talked of remaining all the year round at the Palace. He had renounced his musical studies altogether—the legal consultations were few and far between. His only occupation was to search for and discover fresh maladies in himself, and to brood and groan over the old and the new ones. This was taking the proportions of a mania—he could speak of nothing else but his distempers. He carried about him a pocket looking-glass, and watched the changes in his physiognomy with childish anxiety. His terror of sitting in a draught was unceasing. This perpetual pre-occupation about himself rendered him exacting, peevish, querulous, irritable, often to a degree which few could stand. Don Pio alone could at all times manage him—his very presence, the mere sound of his voice, had, like David's harp on Saul, an instantaneous soothing effect on the old gentleman's disturbance of body or mind.

Don Pio knew his power and used it for his own ends, but never made a parade of it ; quite the contrary, he studiously dissembled it—dissembled it most studiously from him over whom he exercised it, and who, while not so much as moving his little finger independently of the impulse given, yet thought himself a free agent, and gave himself the airs of being such ; so gentle and skilful was the hand by which he was managed. Not the keenest eye nor ear could have detected, in the bearing or

speech of Don Pio, the least particle of the self-consciousness of a man aware of his own importance. Deferential, without servility, to the master of the house, affable and companionable, without familiarity, to Vincenzo, paternally condescending to Rose, full of grave amenity towards the household, such as he had been on his first setting foot in the Palace, a perfect stranger, such he was now, when he found himself always welcomed there, an honoured guest of nearly twelve months' standing.

We said that Don Pio knew his power and used it for his own ends. We would have none imagine that these were sordid ones. The glorification of the Church, that is, the realization of the universal acknowledgment of the supremacy of Rome and the autocracy of the order to which he belonged—Don Pio aspired to no lesser aim ; an ambition a little out of date, perhaps you will say, but lofty at all events. The grinding to dust of all that came in the way of this consummation, formed, of course, a natural corollary to the above premises.

Rose was poorly two days out of three ; yet she never showed any impatience. The physicians, repeatedly summoned at her father's request, declared one and all that there were no symptoms about her to cause any anxiety. Hers was by no means an uncommon case—repose, a mind kept unruffled, tepid baths, they prescribed nothing further. Rose spent the greater part of the day with her father and Don Pio. Her husband was relegated to the back-ground—not that she showed any ill-humour or unkindness to him ; on the contrary, now that that perpetual cause of irritation, his appointment under Government, no longer stood between them, her easy-going nature had taken the upper hand again ; only she did not evince, nor indeed feel, any want of intimate communication with her husband. Nay, the frequent fits of tenderness which would seize on Vincenzo's heart, impelling him towards the mother of his hoped-for child, found no response from her. Their intercourse was that of two

well-bred and not unsympathizing persons in a boarding-house—polite, good-natured, but devoid of cordiality.

Barnaby, lost in the solution of the insolvable problem, how to reconcile claims so contradictory, so exclusive of each other, looked more like a fish out of water, than the old fire-eater of former days. Often of an afternoon, when father, daughter, and son-in-law had chairs in the front of the house, Barnaby would make one of the mournful party, and from the top of the marble balustrade, where he usually seated himself, speculate long and intently upon the countenances opposite to him, as if to single out the most forlorn of them, and that consequently of the person most entitled to consideration. Failing to do which, he would rise up, turn round and round, dog-like, and then depart in high dudgeon ; or, suppose his inspection had succeeded, which might be the case now and then, he would turn a cold shoulder for days and days to the one momentarily condemned, whether it was his master or Vincenzo. Barnaby was now past eighty.

As dull and melancholy an interior as a Trappist could wish for ; enough to damp the highest spirits—and those of Vincenzo, we know, could not but be at a low ebb ! Debarred of all congenial or intellectual intercourse, incessantly haunted by the sense of his virtual usefulness and his actual uselessness, wounded in his self-respect, his affections, and his convictions at every moment, Vincenzo, worried and harassed, dragged on his burden, day after day, with about the same readiness or willingness with which the galley-slave drags his chain behind him. *Ennui*, heavy, poignant deadly *ennui*, was gnawing at his heart's core, from morning till night, with perhaps occasionally the diversion of a fit of rage, which made him tear his hair and knock his head against the first wall in his way. His Report, at which he worked steadily, had lost the charm it formerly possessed, of making him forget the disagreeables that beset him on all sides ; nor had he any longer that entire confidence in the

soundness of the ideas he was developing, which had at Chambery given to his task somewhat of the zest of a good action. Indeed, he was not now sure that all his lucubrations were not downright nonsense ; still, the only bearable ones of the twenty-four were those hours—those long hours—of the night which he spent at his desk in the solitude of the garret. For, to avoid disturbing the slumber of his wife, whose bedroom on the second floor adjoined his, he had made the attic he occupied as a boy his nocturnal study, to which he withdrew immediately after supper, there to remain till midnight. Barnaby, indeed, who slept on the same story, would pretty often creep into this den of Vincenzo's ; but his presence scarcely interfered with its quiet : the old man rarely spoke, though he would sit for hours together watching, as a faithful dog might do, the quaint evolutions of his favourite in the heat of composition, who, by turns, urged his pen at full gallop, stopped it, bit it, twisted his moustache and whiskers as though determined to screw out of them what he wanted, or, suddenly rising with an impatient jerk, began to stride up and down the room.

Nearly three months had crawled on in this deadly monotony when, one night in early September, Signora Candia was suddenly taken ill. For thirty hours she suffered terribly, and then, alas ! received no compensation—the poor little baby was born only to die. This grievous issue took none more by surprise than the medical men who had been in attendance from the first—they were at a loss how to reconcile the mishap with the strong constitution of Signora Candia ; unless, indeed, there had been some accident, such as a fall, or some imprudence. Rose faintly denied having met with any accident or committed any imprudence. Vincenzo, however, when the subject was talked over in his presence, at once mentioned that his wife had fallen on the day of her arrival at the palace, as she was alighting from the carriage ; nor did he dissemble the misgivings that he had

felt at the time and afterwards. These misgivings the Signor Avvocato pooh-pooed as sheer nonsense, stoutly asserting that Rose's fall scarcely deserved to be called such ; it was not then she had been hurt ; no, the cause of the misfortune, whatever it was, must be sought for in something that had occurred anterior to her arrival at home. The Signor Avvocato upheld this opinion of his with a sharpness, and a peremptoriness of tone, quite unaccountable to the men of medicine, yet which warned them that it would be better to avoid all further questions on the subject.

Rose's state of prostration bordered on annihilation. One of the doctors remained at the palace in anxious expectation of what the night might bring. It brought nothing good—violent fever accompanied by delirium. By break of day, however, entire consciousness returned, but the patient was in a most precarious condition. She felt this herself, and succeeded in forcing from the doctor an acknowledgment of the fact. She begged for and obtained a promise that her father should not be made aware of her danger so long as any, the least hope remained, and then asked for the Sacraments, which were administered to her by Don Pio. Her composure and serenity did not forsake her for a moment. But her father did not reap any benefit from her kind thoughtfulness, for he no sooner heard of the Sacraments, than he guessed the truth and became frantic with despair. Vincenzo, all heart-broken as he was, found strength enough to comfort the weak old man ; and, for the first time since his arrival, a mutual overpowering feeling, setting aside for a while past and present feuds, threw father and son into each other's arms, and mingled their tears.

After more than a fortnight of awful suspense, Rose's strong constitution turned the scale on the side of life ; yet, before she had rallied sufficiently to bear the fatigue of removal to Ibella, another month had to elapse. As a long medical treatment was considered indispensable to her complete recovery,

it had been decided that she must be taken to the town, so as to be within easier and speedier reach of the faculty. Rose improved slowly but steadily. The winter happened to be mild and dry, another circumstance in her favour. With the same admirable patience with which she had borne her bodily discomforts prior to her illness, did she now bear the inconveniences of her convalescence. Forbidden as she was to walk, even so much as to put her foot to the ground, and that for weeks and weeks together, no complaint ever passed her lips. Her father and husband were unremitting in their care. Vincenzo read to her, held her skeins of worsted while she wound them, entertained her with amusing stories and lively talk, carried her from her bed to her sofa, from her sofa to her bed, supported her when she was first allowed to take a few steps, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that his attentions were received with a show of pleasure, to which, since their honey-moon, he had been little accustomed. The shadow of death which had passed over her, the foretaste she had had of maternity, evidently had softened some of the sharp angles of her character, and disposed her to look upon her husband with more of forbearance and gentleness. The thought that she had been so nearly snatched away from him exercised an equally wholesome influence upon the husband ; his tenderness for her revived, and much of the past was thrown into the shade.

Other causes coincided to make him less despondent and gloomy. The change from the palace to Ibella was of itself a great mitigation of his situation. Ibella, though more than sufficiently dull, was not half so dull as the palace. There he did not feel so entirely out of the current of the rest of the world : he had within his reach newspapers, which told him that there was life yet stirring in the country ; and, if he did not meet with lofty intellects, a rare item everywhere, he at least found congenial spirits and warm hearts, with ideas, and hopes, and aspirations in

common with his own. Then, Don Pio's disagreeable shadow no longer everlastingly crossed his path. Don Pio, indeed, called oftener than Vincenzo deemed necessary, for he made his appearance once or twice a week—but that was nothing to his daily visits at Rumelli. Is it needful to say that time had not abated Vincenzo's strong aversion to the young priest? Vincenzo in his heart held him responsible for the deplorable state of subjection and quasi-imbecility to which the Signor Avvocato was reduced. Vincenzo was further convinced—and in that he was not mistaken—that Don Pio had done anything but serve him in the past with his godfather, and that he would do anything but serve him in the future.

The better feeling which pervaded the intercourse between husband and wife did not, unluckily, extend to that between father and son-in-law. On the contrary, each day, especially since they had been in the town, seemed to add to their mutual estrangement. That, indeed, on the part of the old gentleman, assumed every now and then the character of a confirmed hatred. By what new offence had Vincenzo drawn upon himself this recrudescence of wrath? By the most unpardonable one which a disappointed old man's fancy could create. The Signor Avvocato had longed for a grandchild with all the obstinacy and intensity of a senile passion. At first, his regrets at the failure of his hopes were swallowed up by his all-absorbing anxiety about his daughter; but, when all danger ceased, those regrets broke forth afresh and with renewed vigour, and along with them a sort of mania to ascertain the cause which had deprived him of the coveted treasure. Now, this cause was easily to be found, more particularly by an infatuated old man bent on finding one, and one, too, exclusive of that ridiculous fall, on which Vincenzo, probably not without his reasons, had laid such a stress. An insalubrious climate, vain yearnings after home, contention of mind arising from perpetual quarrels,

Rose had gone through all these; and such were surely enough and to spare, to occasion the mishap. One of the physicians in attendance on Rose, hard pressed on the point, had ended by allowing that all these circumstances combined might have produced an agitation of mind in the mother, which had reacted fatally on the unborn child. This admission was eagerly laid hold of by the Signor Avvocato. It had a three-fold advantage in his eyes. Instead of an unseizable irresponsible agency to speculate upon, it gave into his hands a concrete reality on which to hammer away, if need was; it set aside once for all, that ridiculous allegation of the fall; and, lastly, it afforded him a precious weapon wherewith to parry all possible future attempts to separate him from his daughter.

Had these advantages had any share in the putting together of the case presented to the physician? any weight in the conclusion drawn from the physician's admission? If he was biassed, the Signor Avvocato was unconscious of being so. Of this only was he dimly conscious—that perhaps he had treated Rose's fall too lightly, considering that she had been obliged to keep her bed the following day; hence some of his eagerness to persuade himself and others that that fall could not have had, and had not had, any injurious effects on her.

Vincenzo, on his side—who naturally enough had longed for a child to the full as much as the Signor Avvocato for a grandchild, and who had moreover his own special reasons for desiring such an event—Vincenzo, we say, was cut to the quick by the overthrow of all his hopes, and felt more than reasonably embittered against him who had been the occasion of this mortification. For, without Rose's scruples as to alarming her father, ten to one but that which had happened would not have happened. Vincenzo, truth to say, had too much sense to make his father-in-law formally answerable for a result to which he had unknowingly been instrumental; still, he could not overcome a feeling of irri-

tation against the man without whom that result in all likelihood would not have been brought about. Great or small, we have all of us this in common with children—we are ready to blame the stone which makes us stumble. Vincenzo, accordingly, was far too exasperated to put up with the Signor Avvocato's airs of superiority and more open provocations ; skirmishes were frequent and sharp—generally, however, in Rose's absence ; they mostly occurred at dinner-time, as for many weeks she did not come to table.

The mildness of the winter had proved an excellent auxiliary to the physician's prescriptions. By the middle of February, 1856, Rose was all but well ; fresh air and exercise were all she now required to bring back her strength and colour ; in short, to complete her cure. The weather was enchanting, the sun genially warm. Why should they not hasten, by a month or so, their return to the palace ? asked the Signor Avvocato. Ibella had become odious to him : his temporary alliance with the late Del Palmetto had rendered him unpopular with the ultra-liberal youths of the rising generation ; his present apostasy had alienated from him the whole of the moderate party ; even many of his old friends had entirely dropped him. And then he missed Don Pio, his favourite physician for mind and body. The physicians made no objections to the proposal ; Rose was delighted ; Vincenzo said nothing, but looked anything but pleased. And so, *nem. con.*, the quarters of the family were shifted to Rumelli.

Rose's first care, once there, was, after having duly confessed and communed, to present a votive offering of a large swaddled babe in massive silver to the altar of the Madonna, to whose particular intercession she attributed her recovery ; the ex-voto accompanied by the gift of a rich set of sacerdotal vestments from her, and a pair of silver candlesticks from her father. The presentation was made with great pomp, all the bells ringing ; it gave occasion for a little extra fête in the village ; old

and young flocking to witness the proceedings, and to see the young lady of the palace once more restored to health. Rose was sincerely loved and respected by her poorer neighbours ; nor had the partial loss of popularity which her father had sustained in consequence of his retired habits, peevish humour, and almost total withdrawal of his legal advice to the needy, in any way lowered the tone of general good will to the daughter.

The change of abode worked no perceptible change in the dispositions or relations of our three chief actors to one another ; only that Vincenzo, owing to the frequent presence of Don Pio, was far more separated from his wife than at Ibella. Her father or Don Pio was constantly between them. Don Pio had become Rose's confessor, a circumstance which had not diminished his hold upon her ; her religious fervour was evidently on the increase ; she took the Sacrament almost every Sunday, and, by preference, made the parish church the goal of the daily walks prescribed to her, and remained there to hear a mass. Her husband accompanied her to Rumelli and back, and these were the only moments of privacy which he had with her. In this manner week after week passed away rather drearily and monotonously.

By the end of March, Rose had completely regained her youthful bloom and spirits, and every one she saw complimented her on her good looks. Now or never was the moment for Vincenzo to strike a blow for his emancipation. He had waited until his wife's recovery of strength should be a matter of public notoriety, in order to meet all objections founded on the plea of her delicate health. Should he delay longer, he felt that his continued inaction might be later claimed as a right by prescription. To spur himself on, he sent to Onofrio the last part of his Report, finished long ago, explaining the cause of its not having sooner been forwarded, and announcing his return to Turin *within two months at furthest*. Then he watched for an opportunity to broach the subject

first to his wife. There was an undefined something about her looks and in her manners, a something of new-born warmth and softness, which made him hope.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STAG AT BAY.

ONE fine morning in early April, Vincenzo said to Rose, "Let us go and see if the honey-suckle in your arbour is going to blossom soon." Rose having graciously assented, they took their way thither. The sun shone bright and warm, the birds called amorously to each other, the trees and shrubs quivered under the tepid breath of spring. It was on just such a day as this, at the same season, almost at the same hour, that exactly two years ago they had walked hand in hand, a happy affianced couple, along this very alley of old chestnut trees on their way to this very same bower. His heart full of these memories, Vincenzo felt encouraged to speak out his mind; taking one of Rose's dimpled hands in his, he said—and said it in a voice grave yet slightly tremulous with contending emotions—"It is hardly twenty-two months since you consented to be mine, and to share the weal or woe of life with me, dear." A light gleamed in Rose's eyes which seemed to the speaker vaguely responsive to the softening influences at work in his own soul. Vincenzo went on, "Am I right in thinking, Rose, that you have not become utterly indifferent to me?"

"You are quite right," said Rose; "only you might have worded your question less modestly."

"I must be of a very sanguine nature indeed to have worded it otherwise. However, that is not the subject I have in hand. I may then take it for granted that you still feel a little interest in me—enough, for instance, to prompt you to make a small sacrifice in order to avert a danger from me."

"No doubt," said Rose, "always supposing the danger be a real one."

"I leave you to judge of that. Look

at my face, Rose. Do I look like a man in good health? And mark this; the havoc on the surface is nothing to the havoc within. I am growing sickly—growing wicked; this is the double danger from which I call on you to save me."

"With all my heart, if I can," said Rose, suddenly alive, for the first time, to the precociously care-worn appearance of the young man's features. "What is it you wish me to do?"

"Help me out of a situation injurious both to body and mind; help me to substitute for the paralyzing incubus of forced idleness the healthy stimulus of congenial occupation."

"In other words," said Rose, "you ask me to renew an experiment which failed most miserably, and which, in all probability, would fail again most miserably."

"Not if we tried it wisely and in a spirit of conciliation—failure always brings with it a little wisdom. For my part, I have grown wise enough to make every concession that is compatible with the end I have in view. I am ready to accept work, I declare, on almost any terms."

"Why not accept it here, then?" hastened to say Rose.

"Not here; for I could have none that would answer the requirements of my nature. I must have real work homogeneous to my bent of mind and to my profession."

"And where's the difficulty of finding that here?" persisted Rose. "Why shouldn't you do what papa used to do, give legal advice to all the people round about? You could have a room all to yourself to see your clients in; and, as soon as it is known that you are ready to be consulted, I am sure you will not want for business."

"Ah! to be sure, plenty of business—but of what sort? the trespass of a pig or cow into a neighbour's orchard; a disputed right of way across a meadow, or of drawing water from some well; and such like. You don't expect that my mind should be satisfied with such pabulum. And, then, why should

I not have my honest labour properly requited ; which is entirely out of the question here ? ”

“ I see,” said Rose, with a grimace of disappointment, “ that nothing will content you but an office under Government.”

“ You don’t do justice, Rose, to the ultra-conciliatory spirit I show. I have just been saying that I was ready to accept work on almost any terms. A situation under Government, I confess, would best suit my capabilities and my tastes ; but I am not blind to the dangers such a situation would have for our future good understanding ; and, if you still object to it . . . ”

“ I do,” interrupted Rose.

“ Well, if you do, I make no difficulties in setting aside my wishes.”

“ That is very kind,” said Rose, “ and I thank you very much.”

“ But it is a concession,” continued Vincenzo, “ which costs me a great effort, and for which I have a right to expect some more substantial return than your thanks, however agreeable they are.”

“ How self-interested you have grown ! ” said Rose, jokingly.

“ A little so, but for your sake also,” answered Vincenzo, following her lead ; “ because, after all, it is you who would have to bear the burden of a sickly or a wicked husband.” Then, changing his tone to one of sober earnest, he said impressively, “ Believe me, Rose, there is more at stake on the issue of our present conversation than you, or perhaps even I, wot of.”

“ What is your proposal ? ” asked Rose.

“ To do at Turin what you pressed me just now to do here—to establish myself there as a barrister.”

“ Of course you can do that if you choose ; for my part I neither make nor shall make any objections to your doing so ; only I hope you do not expect me to go with you, and to leave papa.”

“ Persuade your father to go with us, and then every difficulty will be smoothed away—the Gordian knot cut. You know that he likes Turin, and so do you.”

“ True, but we both like this place best.”

“ I asked of you a concession, and the word implies a little sacrifice.”

“ And then,” continued Rose, “ papa must change his habits ; and it is not safe, at his time of life, to change anything in his mode of living.”

“ It may be so ; I’ll not insist on that point. I will limit my request to this ; get your father to agree to spend henceforth, at Turin, the three months or so of the winter which he passes at Ibella. It will be a clear gain for him ; his body and mind will equally benefit by the movement and the change. As far as I could judge while there, Ibella has lost all its attractions for him.”

“ He certainly does not like it as well as he used to do, said Rose ; “ well, now, supposing that I am able to induce papa to spend the three winter months at Turin, what is to come of him during the remaining nine months of the year ? ”

“ Say during the remaining seven ; for the vacation months of August and September we shall be together here. As to those seven months, I give you *carte blanche*, Rose. If your heart prompts you to pass them all with your father, I shall not complain ; if it inclines you to bestow on me a half, or a third, or any part whatever, I shall be thankful. Perhaps your father might be easily prevailed on to come with you to see me occasionally for a fortnight or so ; however, in one word, manage it as you best like. At any rate I shall always come to see you every Sunday while our separation lasts. Tell me, can I be more reasonable, or more accommodating ? ”

“ Accommodating with a vengeance,” said Rose, piqued in a manner that never would have been the case six months before. “ So long as you can have your hobby, you care little for anything or any one else—your wife included.”

“ How can you say that, when I have just told you that I should see you once at least in every week that God makes ? If you were a man, Rose, you would understand the perfect compatibility of

what you call my hobby with fond and deep-rooted affections. You would indeed."

"As I am not a man, I have no choice but to try and believe you," said Rose. "You don't think me so ridiculous, I hope, as to be . . . what shall I call it—over-exacting?"

"Jealous was the word you had on the tip of your tongue," said Vincenzo. "Would to God you were—that would be a proof that you loved me—but it isn't in your nature; to be jealous, I mean."

"I dare say not, and I am not sorry for it," said Rose, with a blush. "However, to return to the point; I will think over your plan, and give you my answer to-morrow."

"Why not now?" urged Vincenzo, putting his arm gently round her waist, and drawing her close to his bosom. They were by this time seated side by side in the belvedere.

"No, not now," said Rose; "I must sleep upon it, ere I give my decision: if my comfort alone were concerned in the change you propose, I would not hesitate to say, yes; but, where papa's well-being is also at stake, I must act with caution."

Nothing that Vincenzo could say had the least effect in altering her determination. Of this he might rest assured, that she had the greatest wish in the world to do what was agreeable to him, if possible. He had made, to please her, far too great a concession in giving up all idea of any appointment under Government, for her not to be desirous of showing her sense of his considerateness to the best of her power.

Vincenzo had an obvious reason for pressing for an answer on the spot; he apprehended Don Pio's interference during any delay, and he had it twenty times on his lips to beseech her not to take the priest into her confidence. However, he refrained from doing so, on reflecting that, if she had made up her mind that way, his request would be useless; if she had not, then it might be dangerous, inasmuch as it would prompt that which he most

wished avoided. As it was, he had every reason to be satisfied with the reception his overture had met with. True that, to give it some chance of acceptance, he had had to reduce his pretensions to the lowest figure; and it was with a cruel struggle that he had pronounced those fatal words which consummated his divorce from a career which, from the taste he had already had of it, he knew to be so well suited to his powers and inclinations. But the unceasing reflections of now nearly a twelvemonth had brought him gradually to feel the utter hopelessness of obtaining his wife's acquiescence in any compromise which had not as its basis the renunciation of all official employment.

The book-worm, sedentary life of a barrister, which for some time must necessarily be a briefless one, had little attraction for a young man of Vincenzo's broad sympathies and active spirit. His mind was too keenly engrossed by the political questions of the day to find congenial food in the respectable, though comparatively narrow, interests of *meum et tuum*. Still there were points on which the practice of the bar commingled with politics, when forensic eloquence became the surest safeguard of all liberties; and these particular points it was Vincenzo's intention most sedulously to cultivate and make his special walk. Not a few Turinese advocates had gained fame and popularity by their defence of Journalism, prosecuted by the Crown, as also in the seeking of legal redress for abuses of power committed by responsible agents. Then, there was that platform, to which every one was at liberty to bring all questions, and from which the cause of truth and progress might still be modestly, but usefully advocated, viz. the Daily Press; with frequent recurrence to which Vincenzo had promised himself to fill the gap between one brief and the other. Next to drawing up reports of the nature of that which has been entrusted to him in Savoy, furnishing articles to a newspaper was the task which, perhaps, was best suited to the young man's talents

and likings. By these means Vincenzo trusted he should be able to create for himself an amount of intellectual excitement and interest, sufficient, if not to make his life a happy one, to prevent, at least, existence being a burden to him.

Unluckily for him, all his calculations were destined to come to nothing. Rose had been already long gone to the village, when he went in search of her next morning—an unpromising sign to begin with; and a worse one still was the confusion she showed at seeing him when he met her coming out of the church. He offered her his arm, remarking that she must have got up unusually early. She said yes, for that it was one of her days of confession.

“And,” continued Vincenzo, with an appearance of perfect calm, “have you nothing to say to me?”

“Indeed I have, and I wish it were something more agreeable for you,” said Rose; “but really, upon consideration, I cannot agree to your yesterday’s proposal.”

Rose felt the arm on which she was leaning shake as though struck with palsy.

“And why not?” asked he, clenching his teeth to keep in his passion.

Rose said hurriedly, “For several reasons. I will tell you by-and-bye.”

“You need not. I know the real one. Don Pio has forbidden you to do so.”

“You go too far, Vincenzo,” cried Rose.

“Not a bit. He did not make use of the word—he is too wily for that—but he gave you to understand what to do, and you do it. Everybody orders you about, everybody is listened to, except your husband. Blind, blind, blind that you are. But what’s the use of appealing to you? You are the tool, and his the hand which wields it. It is he whom I ought, and shall call to account.” And, suddenly disengaging his wife’s arm from his, Vincenzo took his way back to the church. Rose ran after him—

“Pray, pray don’t. You can’t expect Don Pio to change his mind.”

“I shall curse him, at all events, for the injury he inflicts upon me; and there will be some comfort in doing that.”

“If you do, it is all over between us,” cried Rose, now also in a passion.

“It is long since it was all over between us,” retorted Vincenzo. “I am prepared for all consequences. I am tired of being for ever trampled in the dust, tired of for ever playing the part of a worm—once more I lift up my head, assert the dignity of a man. Accept, purely and simply, my yesterday’s proposal, or—”

Rose made no answer, but turned towards the palace. Vincenzo, one minute after, stood in the well-known parlour of the parsonage.

Don Pio was reading his breviary: as he raised his eyes from his book, and fixed them on Vincenzo’s agitated countenance, he perceived the signs of a forthcoming stormy interview, and at once buckled on his armour. With bland composure of mien and manner, he rose, uttered a polite welcome, and with a courteous wave of the hand motioned to a chair. There is for the gently-bred a positive spell in forms. Heated to a white heat as he was, and far more disposed to break than to pour out the phial of his wrath on the tonsured head bowing so civilly to him, Vincenzo felt the charm, and the ex abrupto address which quivered on his lips was replaced almost unconsciously by a dry,

“I wish for a few moments’ conversation with you, Sir, if it may suit your convenience.”

“I am quite at your service, Signor Candia,” returned Don Pio. “Pray be seated.”

Vincenzo sat down, and began: “I desire to state to you, Reverendo, that I had occasion yesterday to communicate to my wife a decision on which I have long meditated, and which I have so arranged as to conciliate my duties and feelings with her feelings and inclinations. To satisfy her wishes, I made great sacrifices in my own plans. My wife understood this, and was disposed to yield me a graceful acquiescence. In this reasonable frame of mind she

went to rest last night. This morning, a moment ago, I met her returning from a conference with you, and received from her a decided refusal to my proposals—a refusal for which I hold you responsible, and have come to call you to account. How dare you, sir, meddle in my domestic affairs, and thwart my arrangements ?”

“Allow me to observe, Signor Candia, that your manner of speaking is somewhat intemperate,” replied the priest, a shade of pallor alone betraying his emotion, his voice remaining composed and paternally grave. “Having made this remark, I shall now reply to your accusation, that, in point of fact, I had so little intention to meddle, as you call it, in your domestic concerns, and thwart your arrangements, that until this very moment I had not the least idea of your being the originator of this scheme of removal to Turin. Signora Candia mentioned it to me without the least allusion to the quarter from whence it came.”

“Which did not, however, prevent your instantly guessing that it came from me,” interrupted Vincenzo.

“She mentioned it to me,” pursued the priest, without heeding the interruption, “and then asked my advice, which I gave—”

“With more zeal than discretion,” broke in Vincenzo.

“Permit me to be of a different opinion,” returned Don Pio with a sort of haughty serenity ; “as to my right to counsel Signora Candia, I don’t suppose you mean to question that. You are not ignorant that I am her spiritual adviser, and that, as such, I have charge of her soul.”

“Direct her soul as much as you like, but don’t presume to hamper my movements.”

“Not even if your movements endanger her soul ?—”

“No reservations. I don’t admit that they can ever have that effect, and I resent the mere supposition as an insult. I am neither an infidel nor a madman. I am of that age at which the law gives every man authority over himself ; and under no pretext, I warn you, will I

suffer you to interfere with my liberty of action.”

“And I warn you that no threats shall make me swerve from my duty to my penitent.”

“Does it form part of your duty to your penitent to teach her to disobey her husband ?”

“It forms part of my duty to my penitent to deter her from whatever may mar her spiritual welfare, from whatever quarter the temptation comes.”

“In other words, you maintain your right of interference, of censure, and of a final veto against me. Your monstrous theory does nothing less than annul the authority of fathers and husbands.”

“Not at all. It corrects it where it is wrong. The authority of father or husband must be subordinate to that of God.”

“Certainly ; but not to yours—a poor fallible man, as liable to error as I am, priest though you be.”

“You forget, young man,” returned Don Pio, with a slight modulation of his voice, indicating rising irritation, “that the priest, all unworthy as he may be, is the representative upon earth of the authority of God.”

“In the exercise of his ministry, I bow to him as such ; out of it, I look upon him as my equal.”

“I do not admit the distinction. The sacred character conferred by the imposition of the Bishop’s hands is indelible, continuous, indivisible. Perhaps,” wound up the Priest with a sneer, “in Protestant Turin they may think otherwise.”

“Whatever may be thought or not in Turin,” retorted Candia, speaking with concentrated energy, “let me tell you this, Don Pio, much as I wish to live and die as a good Catholic, rather than submit to the yoke of your autocracy, rather than be the bondsman of my wife’s confessor, rather than that I would—”

The keen eager glance of his listener, the glance of a duellist intent on a false move of his antagonist, and prepared to profit by it, cautioned the speaker in time that he had better say no more. He stopped short accordingly, and after

a silence resumed in a tone the calm of which contrasted strongly with the vehemence of the minute before, "Listen to me, Don Pio. You will do me this justice, that I have done my best, in spite of provocation, to live at peace with you?"

"Why, what provocation have I given you?" asked Don Pio, haughtily.

"I am not ignorant, Don Pio, of how much I owe to your good offices with my father-in-law," said Vincenzo, bitterly. "However, let bygones be bygones. Let us mend the present if possible. Help me to do so, help me to avoid a scandal, for otherwise a scandal there will be, and a great one; for it is my fixed determination to go to Turin; with my wife, if she will accompany me, without her, if she refuses. You have only one word to say to bring about this happy result. Say it. Withdraw your opposition to my plan."

"Never!" exclaimed the priest; "in matters of conscience there can be no possible compromise, and I wonder at you for proposing such to me."

"Consider, Reverendo," urged Rose's husband, much excited, "that some of the scandal which must infallibly ensue will lie at your door. People will say, After all, he only wanted to take his wife with him to Turin, and Don Pio would not let her go."

"Turin is a den of perdition," shouted the Priest. "Never, while I live, will I consent to Signora Candia's going there."

"Consider, Sir," went on the young man, "before it is too late, for your sake as well as for mine, whether it would not be advisable not to drive things to extremities."

"Do you threaten me, Signor Candia?"

"By no means," replied Vincenzo. "I only plead with warmth such considerations as should, and ought to, incline you to moderation. I am not so utterly powerless as you, perhaps, deem me. I have some influential friends who will stand by me. I have my pen, and the public press is a formidable engine. If you push me to the wall, you may repent it one of these days."

"Young man!" cried the Priest, start-

ing to his feet, "I am as indifferent to your menaces as to the buzz of the flies round me. In the exercise of my ministry, I am ready to endure any persecution."

"It is easy to brave persecution when there is no danger of any," retorted Vincenzo.

He also had risen, and the two stood facing each other—Don Pio with the imperious bearing of offended priestly pride; Vincenzo with the frank defiance of honest, unrepressed resentment.

"Do you doubt that in defence of the interests of religion I would willingly go to the stake?" asked the Priest, crossing his arms, and drawing himself up to his full height.

Vincenzo fixed his penetrating eyes upon the questioner, and answered, "No, Don Pio, I do not doubt your capabilities for martyrdom: only it is not the interests of religion you have at heart, but those of your caste. You are an excellent partisan, Sir, but a bad priest."

Don Pio shrugged his shoulders scornfully. Vincenzo went on: "Remember the words of Christ, 'The tree is known by his fruit.' Now, what fruit have you borne? A ministry of peace and love you have turned into one of strife and hatred. Not a day of your sojourn among us but you have marked it by some new mischief. You have estranged from me the heart of my father-in-law; you have made it a case of conscience for my wife to disobey me; you have sown the seeds of mistrust and rebellion among your parishioners. Yes, the traditional reverence for their King which, before you came, formed the sole political creed of these simple, ignorant villagers, you have shaken to the root; you have covertly hinted to them from the pulpit that their King was a son of Belial, a persecutor of religion. . . . And the Signor Avvocato, the good, kindly old man, full of gentle sympathies, both public and private, beaming with benevolence for all—what have you made of him? You have transformed him into a selfish, morose hypochondriac, having no thought but for his own ailments, haunted day and night by the terrors,

not of religion, but of a miserable superstition. He is become *ut cadaver* in your hands."

"If it is convenient to you, Sir," said Don Pio, "I should not be sorry to be alone."

"I am going," said Vincenzo, moving away, "but you shall have yet a last word from me. Don Pio, I adjourn you to that tribunal where cold-bloodedness and arrogance are of no avail." So saying he turned, and left the house.

He was back at the palace in a twinkling. Rose, behind the curtains of one of the ground-floor windows, was on the watch for him. The moment she saw him enter the house she ran into the passage, and met him, seemingly by accident, with the exclamation, "Oh, here you are! was Don Pio at home?"

"He was," answered Vincenzo.

"And how—did you part?" Rose looked perplexed and disturbed.

"Come, and you shall hear," returned he, taking her by the hand and leading her upstairs to the first floor. The door of what had formerly been the Signor Avvocato's musical retreat stood open, and exhibited the old man, wrapped in a flannel dressing gown, lying down full length on a sofa. Vincenzo walked in, took off his hat, and said, "Sir, I have come, as in duty bound, to inform you of a resolution which I have taken." His tone was calm, nay subdued, but every word came forth with the sharp distinctness of the note of a clarion. "I have made up my mind, Sir," continued Vincenzo, "to go and set up as a barrister in Turin."

"Have you, indeed?" said the Signor Avvocato, lifting himself up a little. The inflection of the voice had a strong infusion of sneer in it, but the look of the speaker was anything but confident; it was rather that of a man more than half frightened. Vincenzo, as he stood there, white to his very lips, his hair flying in disorder about his temples, his eyes flashing like carbuncles, was not a person to trifle with.

"Yes, Sir," resumed the young man, "I need not annoy you with the repetition of the motives which dictate this

course. You know them already: you have admitted their cogency, given them the sanction of your approbation. To these existing motives a new one is now added, which alone would suffice to decide me to leave this place. I have, this very day, had proof that there is an influence here to which my wife pays more deference than to mine—a power above my power with her. Under these circumstances it becomes imperative on me to free myself from this degrading situation, and to take my wife out of so baneful an atmosphere, subversive and destructive of the very essence of marriage—"

"Make your meaning clear, sir," gasped the Signor Avvocato, half-choking with anxiety.

"Therefore," pursued Vincenzo, "here in your presence, I adjure my wife, for the sake of the affection I bear her; I order my wife (if necessary) in the name of the obedience she owes her husband, to follow me to Turin."

"Never!" shouted the old man, springing from the couch with an agility of which he would not have given proof had the palace been on fire. "I forbid her: speak out, Rose; you will not go, will you?"

"He knows that I will not," stammered Rose, in great distress: "I have already told him so."

"There—you have heard her—that settles the matter!" cried the old man, exultingly.

"Sir, I beseech you, I warn you most respectfully, not to encourage my wife in disobedience. You are too good a lawyer, Sir, not to know that the authority of a father goes for nothing against the authority of a husband."

"But I know, as a lawyer, that there are such things as separations on the ground of cruelty."

"Cruelty!" repeated Vincenzo, looking about him as if to make sure he was not dreaming. "If you can make out a case of cruelty against me, I shall give you credit for being the first lawyer in the world."

"Not so difficult as you seem to believe. We shall plead, sir."

"In that case I will have no other advocate than my wife. Be frank, Rose—have I ever treated you with cruelty?"

"I never complained of your having done so," said Rose.

"If your wife chooses to forget or to forgive, I have done neither. I recollect only too well the deplorable condition in which you brought her back to me. If my daughter was delivered of a still-born child—if she was within a hair's-breadth of her grave—it is you she may thank for it; it was your bad treatment brought about the catastrophe."

"Oh, father!" cried Rose, standing before him in earnest deprecation of such a charge. Vincenzo reeled back as if he had received a blow from a club; grasping his hair with both hands, he stood for a while like one stupefied. His face had become livid, his eyes haggard. At last he said, in a low whisper, "May God forgive you, for I cannot." Then, with a sudden burst of fury, "And it is you who bring this monstrous accusation against me, you who—"

Rose rushed to him, clung to his arm with one hand, tried to stop his mouth with the other, exclaiming, "Oh don't, I pray don't speak another word, Vincenzo."

"Stand back! let me alone. I shall and will speak," shouted Vincenzo, frantic with passion. "There are charges which a man cannot bear, which he must resent and repel were they made by his own father;" and, turning to the Signor Avvocato—"Is it you who arraign me for the murder of my child—for the danger of my wife? you, who did it all, if any one did—yes, you who were blind enough not to perceive that your daughter had hurt herself in her fall—you, who were the cause of her desisting my entreaties to send for a physician, lest you should be alarmed."

It was the Signor Avvocato's turn to look blank and stunned. His eyes wandered mechanically from Rose to Vincenzo, from Vincenzo to Rose, like one bewildered by fear. "Is what he says true?" asked he of his daughter at last. Rose, for all answer, wrung her hands.

"Is it true?" again asked the old man, with a forlorn air.

"No, no, it is not," faltered Rose; "but indeed he was never cruel to me."

The old man's face grew purple. "Get out of my sight," thundered he, stamping his foot, "you liar, slanderer, calumniator! get out of my sight, villain, or by Jove—"

Rose's false testimony against him had sobered her husband so far as to make him feel the utter uselessness of any further remonstrance. He now answered composedly: "I obey your command, sir. It agrees with my own intentions, as you know. I free you from my presence. Rose, you know where to find me, if you wish it. Farewell." And he was gone.

He went up to his attic, made his papers into a bundle, put it under his arm, ran down the stairs again, out of the house, through the terrace, along the avenue, without meeting a soul, and so into the high road. It being mid-day, the general dinner hour, there was nobody out of doors at Rumelli. After having walked at least three miles at a prodigious pace, the great hubbub in his head and heart subsided a little, and then he recollected Barnaby, whom he had for the nonce entirely forgotten; and he blamed himself severely for not having said good-bye to old Barnaby, his trusty, and indeed sole friend at the palace. However, it was now too late; not for the world would he have gone back. He reached Ibella in time for the last train; and by eight in the evening he was in Turin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"LIBERTÀ VA CERCANDO CH'È SÌ CARA."

VINCENZO'S long experience of Turin enabled him soon to find a very cheap lodging, a vile hole, in a vile court; he paid a week in advance, left there his bundle of papers, which was indeed all his luggage, and then sallied out in quest of Onofrio. Thorough as was his confidence in Onofrio's willingness to serve him at all times, he could not prevail on himself to go to him without warning, and, as it were, to take his friend's hos-

pitality by storm. His letter, in which, if the reader recollects, he announced his probable return to town *within two months*, was not yet a week old, and here he already was. We must not forget to mention *en passant*, that Vincenzo was still possessed of the greater part, in fact, of three hundred and fifty of those memorable four hundred francs, which he had received from the Minister full a year ago.

Great was Onofrio's surprise, and greater still his pity, at sight of the familiar face, so strikingly changed for the worse, grown so wan and aged. Vincenzo had come resolved to unbosom himself; and at the first word of heartfelt sympathy, elicited by his altered appearance, forth gushed, like lava, the sad tale of his sorrows and grievances, old and new, from first to last, this time without reservation. The young man was too excited, too full of the injustice he had suffered, he stood in too great need of giving vent to his long pent up misery, to think of hiding any of the wounds from which he was bleeding. On the contrary, it was a relief to exhibit them in their complete nudity, to probe them to their full depth. The unfeigned emotion of the listener was scarcely second to that of the narrator. Onofrio declared that never, in all his experience of family feuds, had he heard of a case more painfully complicated and of a more aggravated character than that of his friend.

"Better that it should be so," said Vincenzo, emphatically; "better that I should have been so driven by the force of irresistible circumstances, for, had the situation been less extreme, less untenable, I should not feel so entirely justified as I do, for having extricated myself from it, at any cost. It is a serious step, my dear friend—I can speak of it with knowledge; I thought of it for months and months, till my head was ready to burst—it is a serious step to abandon one's wife, to part with one's father-in-law, when that father-in-law (here Vincenzo's voice grew husky) is also one's benefactor, and was to all intents and purposes like one's own father

—it is a serious step, and which nothing can make legitimate except an absolute necessity. But I am so far satisfied," continued Vincenzo, his voice once more clear and steady, "that I did my duty to the last, and that, consistently with what a man owes to himself, I could do no more. So there's an end of it. My conscience is at ease, thank God; and here I am a new and unfettered man, with plenty of good will and work in me, which I shall be too happy to give in payment for my daily bread."

The topic of ways and means being thus broached, Signor Onofrio expressed himself very sanguinely as to Vincenzo's finding the means of supporting himself, more sanguinely probably than the good Samaritan that he was, he felt that this was not the moment for starting difficulties, but for comforting and encouraging where there was so much need of encouragement and comfort.

"Don't trouble thyself about the crust of bread," said Onofrio; "with God's help we'll find thee that, and a bit of cheese too. In the meantime thou wilt come and stay with me."

To this Vincenzo would not consent; not at least until he had earned enough to pay for his board, as formerly.

"I'll give thee credit," said Onofrio, smiling. "Proud, stupid fellow that thou art, canst thou not see that by becoming my debtor thou makest sure of my finding something for thee to do in order that I may reimburse myself?"

Pressed in so gracious a manner, it was impossible to resist. Vincenzo yielded with eyes far from dry; only he stipulated for leave to sleep that night in the room he had hired. It was past midnight when he took his way thither, comforted and soothed to a degree at which he was himself the first to wonder.

Let us now explain why Signor Onofrio was far less confident of his ability to serve his young friend than he chose to appear. We forbore to mention at the time, because we were aware it could be more usefully done at this place, that Vincenzo's untimely resignation, just after receiving such marked proofs of

his patron the Minister's satisfaction, had piqued this personage more than was reasonable—the best of men, we know, will be touchy sometimes—and had been the occasion of an hour's misunderstanding between the Minister and Onofrio.

"I beg of you," had said the Minister, "not in future to waste your interest on fools."

"Wait until I recommend somebody to you again," had retorted Onofrio.

So that there was an end to any opening in that quarter, Onofrio being a man to suffer a thousand deaths rather than eat his own words. He also had his weak point, as we see. When Vincenzo's letter came, bringing the news of his speedy return to Turin, Onofrio began at once to look sharply about him for something suitable, and, to his great mortification, found nothing but a super-numerary clerkship or two, with no work, no emolument, and no prospects; upon which he said to himself, "I have more than half a mind to take my protégé straight to Cavour—short of that I see no chance for the young man." But, before doing this, supposing I do it, I must be satisfied, I must make doubly sure, that he will not bolt off the course again. One failure is more than enough."

Vincenzo's unexpected arrival, precipitated as it had been by such exciting circumstances, while changing nothing in Onofrio's inclinations to befriend him, yet confirmed him in his plan of prudent delay. Not until time had tested the temper of Vincenzo's resolution, would Onofrio play his trump card in his behalf.

But in the meanwhile—that is, during this period of probation—Vincenzo could not remain idle to chew the cud of his misery; he must have plenty to do, and earn money for his labour. Here was the difficulty. Required occupation at twenty-four hours' notice is not to be had for the wishing. After ransacking all the cells in his brain for half the night without finding the clue to what he sought, Onofrio with a sudden jerk sat up in his bed, gave his head a great thump and exclaimed, "What an ass I

am! And my statistics? What should hinder me from making over that task to him, and paying him as from the Government?" Whereupon Onofrio laid himself down again and slept soundly.

Next morning Vincenzo, after a frugal breakfast, a cup of chocolate and a slice of bread, putting his bundle of papers under his arm, went to take possession, as agreed upon overnight, of his old room at Onofrio's. It was a cheerful little room, commanding, as we already know, a fine view of the hills on the other side of the Po. As Vincenzo stood at the window and gazed at the familiar features of the beautiful landscape, and evoked the memories connected with it, a whiff of his bachelor days, a whiff of hopefulness and confidence in the future swept over him. Presently he sat himself down near the window, untied his bundle of papers and began a survey of them. There was, besides his Report to the Minister, much miscellaneous matter; extracts from various books, notes for an Essay—the Duties of a Priest—two chapters of a novel, sundry poetical effusions, thoughts on politics, translations from Byron, and what not. To beguile a heavy hour or two, Vincenzo had begun many things, but finished, or indeed even pursued steadily, none.

About two in the afternoon, Onofrio came in apparently in a hurry. "Bless me!" cried he, with a scared look at the heap of papers scattered about, "you seem to have got work enough already to last you your life."

"Mere sham-work!" said Vincenzo, "and which shall be cast into limbo the moment I light on some that is real."

"Poetry! into the bargain," continued Onofrio, taking up one of the scattered sheets of paper. "The mere sight freezes on my lips a prosaic proposal, I had come to make."

"Make it nevertheless, my friend," said Vincenzo. "What may it be about?"

‡"About a tedious, dry and badly-paid task, which has only two points in its favour—one, that it is at your service immediately; the other, that it is likely to last for a few months."

"Accepted!" said Vincenzo.

"Wait a moment; first of all, I must premise that of course I only propose it to you provisionally, and without hampering you, should something better and more permanent offer—a something which I hope to find for you within a short time."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Vincenzo, pressing his friend's hand affectionately; "now, then, what is this task?"

"It is a statistical work, and, consequently, bristling with figures, every one of which must be verified. Now, I don't think that arithmetic is your forte."

"I beg your pardon," protested Vincenzo, warmly; "I am not quick at figures, but sure—"

"Well, then, the matter in question is a detailed account, intended for publication, of the present state of public instruction throughout the kingdom. All the facts, most carefully collected, are ready; they only require to be co-ordinated according to a certain method which I shall explain to you at leisure."

"Capital!" exclaimed the delighted Vincenzo, "I am your man."

"But listen to this," said Onofrio; "the minister who commissioned me to superintend the drawing up of these statistics, grants me, for such mechanical help as might be required, only a sum of three hundred francs. It is very little."

"It is Potosi, California, and Australia put together," cried Vincenzo. "When shall we begin?"

"When I have had time to put together the pile of indispensable documents relating to the subject, and to send them here for your use. This can't be before two or three days. Now, good-bye, till dinner time. Reconsider my proposal, and, if you change your mind—"

"No danger of that," put in Vincenzo.

"Well, if you should," continued Onofrio, "don't stand on ceremony to say so; we would search for something else."

Let us hasten to add, within a parenthesis, that Onofrio's statement was true in all its particulars, save in that of the grant of a sum of money. The minister had allotted and could have allotted no extraordinary funds for a task which came under the head of ordinary business.

Vincenzo did not alter his mind, and some of the promised documents began to flow in on the morrow. Truth to say, Onofrio was as impatient to see Vincenzo at work, as Vincenzo was to be at it. By the morning of the third day, all the materials were at hand; and Vincenzo, in high spirits, was in the very act of making his first numeral, when Brigida, the old servant, handed him a letter. It was in the Signor Avvocato's well-known writing, and addressed to Signor Avvocato V. Candia, care of Signor Onofrio, at whose office it had been delivered, and who had considerately sent it by one of the messengers belonging to the bureaux. Candia expected this letter, had counted upon it, and received it with a chuckle of satisfaction; less, indeed, at the implicit proof it conveyed of all being well at the palace, than at the eagerness it betrayed of entering into communication with him. His self-love was more tickled than his heart touched by it. The contents were such as he had anticipated; only far more moderate in tone, and specious in argument, than accorded with the habits or with the powers of the writer. "That wily priest has been meddling here;" thought Vincenzo; and, looked at through this preconception, every word had a suspicious air about it.

The Signor Avvocato began by expressing his and his daughter's utter amazement and grief at Vincenzo's unaccountable disappearance; unaccountable, because no man in his right senses could have construed into an order of departure—such hasty words as might have passed the writer's lips in a moment of passion. The Signor Avvocato felt sure that Vincenzo, better advised, would go back immediately to Rumelli. It was his absolute duty as a

Christian and as a husband so to do—a full page, with quotations from the seventh chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, was devoted to proving the above proposition. The Signor Avvocato's old age and growing infirmities were next touched upon and skilfully pleaded. The conclusion was this. Vincenzo's speedy return was a preliminary *sine qua non* to a renewed good understanding between him and his wife, and his wife's father. Failing this, he would henceforth be considered as a stranger, and treated as such. This letter, as it was the first, so it would be the last that would be written on the subject.

Vincenzo shrugged his shoulders at this threat, too much at variance with the argumentative habits of his correspondent to be believed, and forthwith penned an answer. He said how much he regretted having caused the Signor Avvocato and his daughter any uneasiness by his departure, though he was at a loss to understand how it could have taken either of them by surprise, as he had previously announced it in sufficiently positive terms, and had only hastened it by a few days in consequence of the scene which had taken place. He regretted also that his notions of the duty of a Christian and of a husband should differ *toto cœlo* from those put forward in the letter he was answering. Then followed a full page, interspersed with counter-quotations, wherein the arguments of the adverse party were grasped, crushed, and ground to nothing with a zest which made his hand tremble with pleasurable excitement. Let us plead in exoneration of Vincenzo, that, in thought, he addressed himself less to him who had written, than to him who had inspired the letter from Rumelli. He ended by maintaining his resolution, and his right and duty to maintain it, irrespective of all consequences, and expressing his hope that his wife would, on reflection, see the propriety of joining her husband, who was ready to receive her with open arms.

Vincenzo was so pleased with his

performance that he delayed posting it to the last moment, in the hope that Onofrio might come home in time to hear it. Disappointed in this, he repeated from memory to his friend, during dinner, the spiciest phrases of his answer. Onofrio laughed and said, "You are in for a regular theological controversy. Don't expect that your black-robed antagonist will give in so easily."

"I dare say he won't," said Vincenzo. "I should be disappointed if he did. I confess that a little pass of arms with his reverence, once a fortnight, let us say, tickles my fancy amazingly."

Vincenzo now attacked his work in earnest. With the exception of an hour or so given to the daily papers early in the day, and a couple of hours spent in walking in the evening, his time was devoted to his task. Without being exactly that which he could have desired, it was not devoid of a certain interest for one who had so keenly at heart the improvement of his country, and who, from the insight given by the documents before him, received ample assurance of the superiority of the new methods over the old, and evidence of the progress, both in quality and quantity, that public instruction had made in a few years. Even-tempered and cheerful, as a rule, Vincenzo had occasionally fits of high spirits, when he would sing himself hoarse while at work, or talk Onofrio deaf, by the hour. But sociableness with him began and ended at home. Abroad, he sought to be alone, and studiously avoided frequented thoroughfares and places of resort where he might meet acquaintances. He had not even been able to bring himself to go to a café to read the newspapers, necessary to him as his daily bread.

"Could you not procure some for me at home?" had Vincenzo asked of Onofrio on the second day after his arrival."

"Surely; as many as you like; but why not go to a café and read them—you would have a greater variety."

"Because," had answered Vincenzo,

“friends are to be met with at cafés, and friends ask questions about folks’ wives and fathers-in-law, which are better avoided just now.”

Onofrio brought home with him from that day loads of newspapers.

Three weeks passed away, and no second letter from Rumelli. Vincenzo was not uneasy, but he was piqued, and could not help showing it.

“In all likelihood,” said Onofrio, “Don Pio is concocting an epistle, which is to be your *coup de grâce*, a sort of thunderbolt which it takes some time to forge.”

“Probably,” assented Vincenzo laughing, but he remained thoughtful.

Another couple of weeks passed and no thunderbolt. Vincenzo felt uneasy, and said, “If I could only be sure they are not ill.”

“It would be strange indeed if they were both ill,” said Onofrio, sharply; “it is not very likely at all events.” Then he added after a pause, “You must be on your guard, my friend, against your imagination, or it will play you some sorry trick.”

“You are right; I am a great goose,” replied Vincenzo; “what a blessing it is to have a wise friend by one’s side.”

The wise friend from that moment augured ill of the issue of Vincenzo’s coming to Turin.

One evening, not long after, Onofrio happened to mention, incidentally, the great loss of life from disease which the Piedmontese had sustained in the Crimea. This remark sent a painful thrill through Vincenzo’s heart, to explain which it is only necessary to know that he had never heard from his soldier friend Ambrogio. At first he had taken it for granted that Ambrogio’s letters had miscarried through the carelessness of the post-office clerks at Chambery, who had probably forgotten his directions to forward all letters for Signor Candia to Rumelli. Vincenzo, we must recollect, had quitted Chambery for Rumelli shortly after Ambrogio’s departure. But, as time wore on and the expeditionary corps returned, and the ominous silence still continued, Vin-

cenzo began to fear the worst and purposed to write to Ambrogio’s father—an unpleasant undertaking, however, from which he shrunk, and which he consequently put off from day to day, from week to week, from month to month—in fact, until the present instant. This dilatoriness would have been inexplicable in any one but Vincenzo, who had had, as we are aware, to go through, during this period, such a series of worries and trials, as might and indeed must have distracted the steadiest mind.

Vincenzo briefly explained to Onofrio the preceding circumstances, and ended by begging him to help to ascertain Ambrogio’s fate.

“Nothing easier,” replied Onofrio; “they will be sure to know at the War Office; but I warn you not to be sanguine of good news.”

The advice was not mistimed, as the event too well proved. The following day Onofrio brought home, alas! the sad intelligence that Ambrogio had fallen one of the first victims to the cholera, almost directly after landing at Balaclava. Vincenzo staggered under the blow; then, with a flood of tears, he bitterly upbraided himself for his heartless neglect of one of his best friends. Never should he forgive himself for not having written, as though thousands of the kindest words could have averted the sad catastrophe.

The deep sadness which now fell upon him laid him open to depressing influences of all kinds. The old misgiving consequent upon the unnatural silence maintained by those at Rumelli preyed upon his mind with daily increasing poignancy. Day and night he was haunted by the one desire, “to be made sure that they were not ill.” At last he could bear it no longer, and he wrote a short and affectionate letter to his wife, expressive of his wish and hope, that the novel and rather strange situation in which he stood towards her and his father-in-law, should not deprive him of the comfort of hearing now and then how they were, and begging for a speedy answer. Onofrio made a very wry face on hearing in the evening what Vincenzo

had done ; but, out of pity for the embarrassment of the young man, said nothing. Vincenzo made it a point of honour to hide none of his weaknesses from Onofrio.

The letter to Rose brought no reply, and Vincenzo's anxiety had reached such a climax, that, had he dared, he would have gone and ascertained the truth with his own eyes. But Onofrio's steady glance nailed him to the spot. Instead, then, of going, he wrote to Barnaby, his last anchor of hope—"Was any body ill?" Barnaby's answer came by return of post. Such a scrawl as, at any other time, would have thrown Vincenzo into convulsions of laughter! As it was, it was opened and deciphered—no easy matter this last—with the religious awe befitting a message from heaven. The contents of the letter were as follows: "Nobody was ill, thank God, though nobody looked well; the Sr. Padrone especially did not, he did nothing but groan and complain of pains and aches. The Signora Padrona went regularly every day to mass as she used to do. None ever called at the house, save Don Pio, who oftener came twice than once a day. The gloom of the place, since Vincenzo went away, passed all conception; the churchyard was a gay spot in comparison. The father and daughter sat like ghosts for hours, without exchanging a word; they seemed to have forgotten how to smile. Barnaby had no doubt that Vincenzo had acted for the best, though all he could say was that, he wished his old carcass had been put under the ground before things had come to the pass they had." The scales of the old gardener's sympathy, according to precedent, inclined towards the side which alone fell under his observation, and therefore seemed to him, of the two, that most to be pitied.

This letter produced a momentary reaction in Vincenzo. Assured that nobody was ill at the palace—the only statement in Barnaby's letter which, allaying as it did his predominant fears, made any impression at first on him—Vincenzo felt a little ashamed of the extravagance of alarm to which he had

given way. Onofrio availed himself of this state of his friend's feelings, to read him a little lecture. "I told you to beware of your imagination, my good fellow. If you do not take care you will be the dupe of it sooner or later. Let the present experience be of use to you for the future. It ought by this time to be as clear to you as it is to me, that you are the butt of an artfully-concocted plot, at the bottom of which is your Don Pio. He it is who has prevailed on your wife and father-in-law to keep this dead silence. Don Pio knows perfectly the imaginative turn of your mind, and he relies upon your power of forging all sorts of visionary alarms, to drag you back bound hand and foot.

Vincenzo could not help being struck by the justness of Onofrio's guess; and his indignation at the base attempt to play on his best feelings in order to get the better of him, steeled him afresh in his resolution. His anger, truth to say, was less against his wife and father-in-law, than against Don Pio. Don Pio was evidently the originator and instigator of the plot; but for him they would never have dreamed of it, though it was offence enough that they countenanced it. Let them wait till he went back.

This impression, however, softened before long—softened as he thought of the solitude and gloom he had left behind—of the old man and young woman, "sitting like ghosts for hours, without exchanging a word, having forgotten to smile." Sad, indeed, must be the plight of things up there, soliloquized Vincenzo, to wrench from poor Barnaby the wish that he was dead. Poor Barnaby! He who had invariably been so kind and affectionate; he who was so innocent of all these troubles; it was painful to think that he suffered for the faults of others—that he suffered on account of him, who would willingly sacrifice himself over and over again, to make the old man happy. As for the master and mistress, if they were uncomfortable, they had nobody to thank for it but themselves. Vincenzo asked himself, Could he have carried the

spirit of conciliation further than he had done? Could he have reduced his legitimate claims to smaller proportions? No, his hand upon his heart! No, only nothing would satisfy them but to trample him under their feet! Well, then, now they must reap what they had sown: not that he rejoiced in their mortification! God forbid—he had enough of the Christian in him to render good for evil! He wished he knew how, without self-abasement, to make them contented; but of what avail his wishes; he must be thankful

that no self-reproach mingled with his regrets!

It was towards the end of June that Vincenzo was indulging in these not very cheerful or coherent scraps of soliloquy. He had, by this time, been at his task for two months and a half; and the statistics had made great strides towards completion. Vincenzo was a conscientious worker; and, whatever his causes of affliction or disquiet, he allowed nothing to interfere with the discharge of his duty.

To be continued.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER II.

BANKIPORE, ALIAS PATNA,
Feb. 7, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—A man gains more new ideas, or, which comes to the same, gets rid of more old ones, within his first month on Indian soil than during any equal period of his life. It is consequently very hard for him to realize that many things are strange to his English correspondents which, to himself, are already as familiar as *Household Words*, or rather, to keep on a level with the age, as *All the Year Round*. A dashing comedy by Tom Taylor, with life in an up-country station for its subject, in the style of “the Overland Route,” would do more to unite the sympathies of England and India than the Red Sea Telegraph, or the Army Amalgamation Scheme. A few days before my departure a youth of that class which you persist in alluding to as “our mutual friends,” who had already undergone the rite of ordination, and might therefore be considered qualified to impart instruction to his fellow-men, asked whether I should not be a full fortnight on the voyage between England and Calcutta! and, on the same occasion, a gentleman much distinguished in the University Curriculum was speaking of

a friend in Bengal who had been pushed forward by “a man called Grant.” I inquired, “Do you refer to Sir John Peter?” “I don’t know about that,” he replied, “but I am sure that the man’s name was Grant.” The effect of this out here is much the same as that which would be produced at home by hearing Lord Monteagle described as having been in old days “a Mr. Rice,” or Lord Lyveden spoken of as “formerly Smith of the Board of Control.”

But it is not only the absence of ideas in common that renders correspondence an arduous task. Almost as serious an obstacle is the want, so to speak, of a common language. Anglo-Indians are naturally enough wont to interlard their conversation with native words, though this is the case less in Calcutta than elsewhere. The habit is so universal that a Governor-General fresh from home complained in a published order that he could not understand the reports of his own officials. An Englishman may keep his ground in Parisian salons, and pass for a very sensible intelligent fellow by a copious though judicious use of “*par exemple*.” In the same way, a man who is a thorough master of the word “Pucka,” may hold his own in any society in India. “Pucka” literally means “ripe,” and is used to express the notion

of perfection and completeness. A man who is good at all points, whom Aristotle would have denominated "a cube without blame," is more concisely described out here as "pucka." A permanent barrack is "pucka," as opposed to a thatched hut. The arrangements for a shooting party are "pucka" when the pale ale does not run short, and the bore of the station is prevented from coming by an attack of dysentery.

The adjectives or verbs which are imported into conversation from native sources are comparatively few; but, in the case of names of things, the English word is often entirely shoved out of the field. All India outside the Mahratta Ditch is the Mofussil; Sport is always Shikar; and an order always a "hookum." A civilian of old standing, who was desirous of pleasing me by praising my university, told me that the "compounds" of some of the colleges were charming. The same gentleman complained that, when he was travelling on the Continent during his furlough, he found it impossible to avoid mixing up Hindustani with his French or German. On one occasion he astonished an ardent imperialist, with whom he was holding a dispute in a railway carriage, by exclaiming, "*Ah, monsieur, votre Empereur n'est pas pucka du tout, du tout, du tout!*" There is nothing that enchants people out here so much as the mistakes in the languages made by new arrivals. The native name for soda-water is Belattee Pawnee, which, being interpreted, means, "English water." This arises from an idea which prevails in the Hindoo mind that it is the ordinary water of the English rivers bottled for exportation. Never shall I forget the enthusiastic delight occasioned by my talking of "bi-carbonate of Belattee." In fact, a charitably-disposed griffin will not unfrequently commit intentional inaccuracies in order to give the greatest possible amount of pleasure with the least expenditure of wit. A young officer lately convulsed a dinner-table by proclaiming that he was going to shoot tigers in the Cummerbunds—a triumph which was afterwards

dimmed by a competitor, who stated that at one time it had been his intention to have taken hookums. The natives have met us halfway in the matter of language. I am told that the current Hindustani has been much anglicized within the last twenty years. Besides borrowing the form of the sentences, they have adopted many of our words, and altered them in the most curious manner to suit their own effeminate pronunciation. This is ordinarily done by the insertion of a vowel before our harsher combinations of consonants. Thus, Tank Square becomes "Tanky Square," Clive Street, "Clivey Street." "Champagne" seems to have troubled them most; they have turned it into your singular, and call it "Simkin." Our high-sounding titles, coming in the middle of a sentence of Bengalee, have a very singular childish effect on the ear. In some cases the natives get over the difficulty by choosing a more tractable designation. Thus, the Lieutenant-Governor goes by the name of the "Lord Sahib." The Governor-General is the "Burra (or great) Lord Sahib." The "General Manager"—a name given to the trustees of the estates of Government wards—puzzled them terribly for a time, until at length he settled down into "Major-General."

Towards the end of last month I applied for, and obtained, six weeks' leave, after passing in the first of my two languages. It is a fact worthy of note, that the men who fail are very generally dissatisfied with the manner in which this examination is conducted, while the men who succeed seem, on the whole, inclined to think that there is not much amiss. On the evening of the 31st I left Calcutta by train, with the intention of living a week at Patna with Major Ratcliffe, who is on special duty there, and then passing the rest of my leave with my cousin, Tom Goddard, at Mofussilpore. Ratcliffe is a Bengal Club acquaintance, who gave me first a general, and then a most particular invitation to stay with him up country. There is something stupendous in the hospitality of India. It appears to be the ordinary

thing, five minutes after a first introduction, for people to ask you to come and spend a month with them. And yet there is a general complaint that the old good-fellowship is going out fast; that there are so many Europeans about of questionable position and most unquestionable breeding that it is necessary to know something of a man besides the colour of his skin before admitting him into the bosom of a family.

There is something very interesting in a first railway journey in Bengal. Never was I so impressed with the triumphs of progress, the march of mind. In fact, all the usual common-places genuinely filled my soul. Those two thin strips of iron, representing as they do the mightiest and the most fruitful conquest of science, stretch hundreds and hundreds of miles across the boundless Eastern plains—rich, indeed, in material products, but tilled by a race far below the most barbarous of Europeans in all the qualities that give good hope for the future of a nation—through the wild hills of Rajmahal, swarming with savage beasts, and men more savage than they; past Mussulman shrines and Hindoo temples; along the bank of the great river that cannot be bridged, whose crocodiles fatten on the corpses which superstition still supplies to them by hundreds daily. Keep to the line, and you see everywhere the unmistakable signs of England's handiwork. There are the colossal viaducts, spanning wide tracts of pool and sand-bank, which the first rains will convert into vast torrents. There are the long rows of iron sheds, with huge engines running in and out of them with that indefiniteness of purpose which seems to characterize locomotives all over the world. There is the true British station-master, grand but civil on ordinary occasions, but bursting into excitement and ferocity when things go wrong, or when his will is disputed; who fears nothing human or divine, except the daily press. There is the refreshment-room, with its half-crown dinner that practically always costs five and ninepence. Stroll a hundred yards from

the embankment, and all symptoms of civilization have vanished. You find yourself in the midst of scenes that Arrian might have witnessed; among manners unchanged by thousands of years—unchangeable, perhaps, by thousands more. The gay bullock-litter bearing to her wedding the bride of four years old; the train of pilgrims, their turbans and cummerbunds stained with pink, carrying back the water of the sacred stream to their distant homes; the filthy, debauched beggar, whom all the neighbourhood pamper like a bacon-hog, and revere as a Saint Simeon—these are sights which have very little in common with Didcot or Crewe Junction.

A station on an Indian line affords much that is amusing to a curious observer. Long before the hour at which the train is expected, a dense crowd of natives collects outside the glass-doors, dressed in their brightest colours, and in a wild state of excitement. The Hindoos have taken most kindly to railway-travelling. It is a species of locomotion which pre-eminently suits their lazy habits; and it likewise appeals to their love of turning a penny. To them every journey is a petty speculation. If they can sell their goods at a distance for a price which will cover the double fare, and leave a few pice over, they infinitely prefer sitting still in a truck to earning a much larger sum by genuine labour. A less estimable class of men of business, who are said to make great use of the railway, are the dacoits, who travel often sixty or seventy miles to commit their villainies, in order to escape the observation of the police in their own district. Every native carries a parcel of some sort or kind, and it often happens that a man brings a bundle so large that it cannot be got in at the door.

At length the barrier is opened, and the passengers are admitted in small parties by a policeman, who treats them with almost as little courtesy as is shown to Cook's tourists by a Scotch railway official. When his turn comes to buy a ticket, your true Hindoo generally attempts to make a bargain with the clerk,

but is very summarily snubbed by that gentleman, and, after an unsuccessful effort to conceal a copper coin, he is shoved by a second policeman on to the platform, where he and his companions discuss the whole proceeding at great length and with extraordinary warmth.

Natives almost invariably travel third-class. At one time a train used to run consisting entirely of first and third-class carriages. Every first-class passenger was entitled to take two servants at third-class prices. It was no uncommon thing for well-to-do natives to entreat an English traveller to let them call themselves his servants for the sake of the difference in the fares. The most wealthy Hindoos would probably go first-class if it were not for a well-founded fear of the Sahibs, and therefore they share the second-class with our poorer countrymen. In fact, in spite of the fraternity and equality which exists in theory between the subjects of our beloved Queen, the incompatibility of manners is such that English ladies could not use the railway at all if native gentlemen were in the constant habit of travelling in the same compartment. If you ask how our countrymen manage to appropriate to themselves the first-class carriages without a special regulation to that effect, I ask you in return, How it is that there are no tradesmen's sons at Eton or Harrow? There is no law, written or unwritten, which excludes them from those schools, and yet the boys take good care that if one comes he shall not stay there very long.

To return to the scene at our station. Suddenly, in the rear of the crowd, without the gates, there arises a great hubbub, amidst which, from time to time, may be distinguished an imperious, sharp-cut voice, the owner of which appears to show the most lordly indifference to the remarks and answers made around him. A few moments more, after some quarrelling and shoving about, the throng divides, and down the lane thus formed stalks the Sahib of the period, in all the glory of an old flannel shirt and trousers, a dirty alpaca coat, no collar, no waistcoat, white

canvas shoes, and a vast pith helmet. Behind him comes his chief bearer, with a cash-box, a loading-rod, two copies of the *Saturday Review* of six months back, and three bottles of soda-water. Then follows a long team of coolies, carrying on their heads a huge quantity of shabby and nondescript luggage, including at least one gun-case and a vast shapeless parcel of bedding. On the portmanteau you may still read, in very faint white letters, "Calcutta cabin." The Sahib, with the freedom and easy insolence of a member of the Imperial race, walks straight into the sacred inclosure of the clerk's office, and takes a ticket at six times the price paid by his native brethren. Meanwhile, his bearer disposes the luggage in a heap, rewards the coolies on a scale which seems to give them profound discontent, and receives a third-class ticket from his master's hand with every mark of the most heartfelt gratitude. If there happen to be another Sahib on the platform, the two fall to talking on the extreme badness of the road in the district made by the Supreme Government, as opposed to those constructed by the local authorities. If he is alone, our Sahib contemplates the statement of offences committed against the railway rules and regulations, and the penalties inflicted, and sees with satisfaction that his own countrymen enjoy the privilege of being placed at the head of the list, which generally runs somewhat thus:—

"John Spinks, formerly private in the
"—th Foot, was charged, before the mag-
"istrate of Howrah, with being drunk
"and disorderly on the Company's pre-
"mises, in which state he desired the
"station-master to run a special train for
"him, and, on this being refused, he as-
"saulted that official, and grievously
"wounded three native policemen. On
"conviction, he was sentenced to three
"months' imprisonment."

"David Wilkins, who described him-
"self as a professional man, was charged
"with being drunk and disorderly, and
"with refusing to leave a railway car-
"riage when requested to do so. He
"was reprimanded and discharged."

Then comes a long series of native misdemeanors, chiefly consisting in riding with intent to defraud.

At length the train arrives. As the traffic is very large, and there is only a single line (though the bridges and viaducts have been built for a double line), the trains are necessarily composed of a great number of trucks. First, perhaps, come eight or ten second-class carriages, full of pale panting English soldiers in their shirt-sleeves. Then one first-class, of which the *coupé* is occupied by a young couple going to an appointment up-country. They have become acquainted during the balls and tiffins of the cold season at Calcutta, and were married at the end of it. Perhaps they may never see it again until the bridegroom, who seems a likely young fellow, is brought down from the Mofussil to be put into the Secretariat. They have got a happy time before them. India is a delightful country for the first few years of married life. Lovers are left very much to themselves, and are able to enjoy to the full that charmingly selfish concentration of affection which is sometimes a little out of place in general society. When the eldest child must positively go home before the next hot season, and ought to have gone home before the last—when aunts, and grandmothers, and schoolmistresses at Brighton, and agents in London, have to be corresponded with—then troubles begin to come thick. The next compartment is filled by a family party—a languid bilious mother; a sickly, kindly, indefatigable nurse; and three little ones sprawling on the cushions in different stages of undress. In the netting overhead is plentiful store of bottles of milk, bread and butter, and toys. Poor things! What an age a journey from Calcutta to Benares must seem at four years old! In the third compartment are two Sahibs smoking, who have filled every corner of the carriage with their bags and trunks, the charge for luggage in the van being preposterously high out here. Our Sahib, who is too good-natured to disturb the lovers, and who

has no great fancy for children as fellow-travellers through the dust and glare of a journey in India, determines to take up his quarters with the last-named party. The two gentlemen object very strongly to being crowded, although there is full room for eight passengers; but our Sahib is a determined man, and he soon establishes himself with all his belongings as comfortably as circumstances will admit, and before very long the trio have fraternised over Manilla cheroots and the Indigo question. Behind the first-class carriage come an interminable row of third class, packed to overflowing with natives in high exhilaration, stripped to the waist, chattering, smoking hubble-bubbles, chewing betel-nut, and endeavouring to curry favour with the guard—for your true native never loses an opportunity of conciliating a man in authority. Though there does not appear to be an inch of room available, the crowd of newcomers are pushed and heaved in by the station-master and his subordinates, and left to settle down by the force of gravity. In an incredibly short space of time the platform is cleared; the guard bawls out something that might once have borne a dim resemblance to "all right behind;" the whistle sounds, and the train moves on at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages.

If one of the pleasures of travel be to find a pre-conceived notion entirely contradicted by the reality, that pleasure I enjoyed to the full at Patna. A city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of an immense province, one of the earliest seats of Batavian commerce, connected with the history of our race by the most melancholy and glorious of associations; I expected to pass through a succession of lofty streets, of temples rich with fretwork, of bazaars blazing with the gorgeous fabrics of the Eastern loom; in fact, through a scene such as you described in your unsuccessful prize poem upon "Delhi." Somewhere in the centre of this mass of wealth and magnificence I depicted to myself a

square or crescent of architecture less florid than elsewhere, but more nearly approached to European ideas of comfort. This was to be the quarter appropriated to the English residents. Here were to be their shops and factories, their courts, their offices, and the churches of their various persuasions. Such was the picture which I had composed in about equal proportions from the "Arabian Nights" and Macaulay's "Essay on Lord Clive." Now for the original.

We were due at Patna at two P.M., and, punctual to the time, the engine slackened its pace. There were no signs of a town to be seen; nothing but a large collection of mud huts standing in small untidy gardens, and shaded by a great number of trees. We arrived at the station, and I alighted and collected my things—a course of conduct which appeared to excite some surprise among the English passengers, none of whom left the carriages. The natives got out in herds, and the platform was instantly covered with a noisy multitude, who surged round my baggage, which I had placed in front of me as a species of breakwater. After some minutes the train moved off, and the station-master came up and demanded my ticket. I asked him whether I could get a conveyance to take me to Major Ratcliffe's. "No. There were no conveyances at the station." Would he send some one to the nearest hotel to order me a fly? "Quite impossible. The nearest hotel was at Dinapore, twelve miles off." At length, the awful truth began to dawn upon my bewildered intellect. Patna was the native town; Bankipore, the civil station, was six miles farther on; and Dinapore, the military station, six miles again beyond that. The railway people were very civil, and procured a couple of bullock-carts for my luggage. As it was so early in the day, there was nothing for it but to wait at least three hours before the sun was low enough to allow me to venture on a six-mile walk; and an Indian waiting-room is a perfect black-hole of dulness. In a road-side station at home, there are a few objects

out of which an intensely active mind may extract some particles of amusement. First, there is the Bible provided by the *Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge*, for the edification of people who may have missed the train—a circumstance not generally conducive to a devotional state of feeling. On the fly-leaf you find something of this sort:—

"You who upon this holy book
With Reverenshal eyes do look,
Seek for and gladly pluck the fruit
Contained within this holy truth.

(Signed) John Hopkins,
Aged 28,
Little Marlow,
Near Boston,
Lincolnshire."

Then, in another hand:

"The Bible does not need the recommendation of John Hopkins, aged 28."

The writer of this last sentence appears to be the local Jowett, for he is attacked in a series of appeals to his conscience, all more or less illegible, for the most part commencing, "O Scoffer—" Then, in the absence of a refreshment-room, you may feast your mental palate on the list of perishable articles in the tariff of goods—"Eggs, Fish, Fruit, Game;" or you may shudder over the diabolical character of the man who can transmit "Phosphorus, Gunpowder, Lucifer-matches, or other Combustible Articles," without declaring the nature of the package. Finally, you can walk into the village, and examine the small shelf of books which are kept for sale at the general shop, where the mistress of the establishment, in answer to your request for something new, offers you "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the assurance that a gentleman told her that it was "quite the go in London now-a-days." I had nothing to beguile the time except the conversation of a stoker in a state of what I once saw described in a novel by a female hand as "doubtful ebriety"—a mistake in etymological analogy, for which I had been prepared a few pages before, by finding a misogynyn-

ist called a "womanthrope." I abandoned myself accordingly to my own reflections, which, as there was nothing to reflect, soon became sufficiently dull; the only point which actively occupied my mind being the extreme helplessness of a stray European in India. His way of life is so essentially different from that of the population, that the country outside the European stations might as well be desert for all the accommodation it can afford him. He cannot eat the ordinary native food, or sleep under a native roof. The serais, or inns, are mere filthy sheds, and he might walk through miles of bazaar without seeing an article which would add to his comfort. Fortunately, no Englishman of decent habits and trustworthy character need long be an outcast in Bengal.

As soon as the evening shades began to prevail I proceeded to take up my wondrous tail, which consisted of two curious bullock-cars, so contrived that by great skill it was possible to place in them about one-fifth of the weight which the animals could draw, and three coolies, each conveying with apparent ease half again as much as both the vehicles together. Our way lay at first through groves of palms, and patches of poppy and various sorts of lentil, interspersed with wretched mud huts, at the doors of which numbers of children were intently engaged in the only recreation indulged in by the Hindoo infant, that of making dirt-pies. I was much impressed by the portentous development of stomach among the younger ones, and by their dress, which consisted simply of a strip of red tape, which I presumed to be a delicate compliment to the Imperial Government. However, their wrists and ankles were covered with silver ornaments; in consequence of which custom the decoying and murdering of children is one of the most common crimes out here. Along the gutters wandered the hideous foul Indian pig. It is only necessary to watch the habits of the animal for five minutes to understand why the eaters of swine-flesh are held unclean throughout the East. In this respect Englishmen have adopted what

is generally looked upon as an Oriental prejudice; and no pork appears on a Calcutta table except such as has been sty-fed by hands in which the host reposes the most perfect confidence. Add a few bullocks sprawling in a roadside pool; a few thin-legged peasants half-dressed in a single garment of coarse cotton, sitting on their haunches in an attitude which can be imitated by no European who is not a practised athlete, sharing the alternate pipe, or cleaning their teeth with a bit of stick, the end of which they have previously chewed into a brush; a few slim mysterious poles of about twelve feet high, ornamented with bits of coloured rag; a few pariah dogs; and not a few smells; and you will have a very fair notion of a village in Bahar. But where are the graceful maidens with pitchers balanced on their stately heads? Where are the lovely daughters of Hindustan, from whom Southey drew his conception of the charming heroine of the *Curse of Kehama*? Echo, alas! answers: "In the zenanas of wealthy baboos." At any rate, they are not to be seen on the roads. In fact, the village women are so stunted and unattractive that, so far from appreciating the taste of those sahibs in whose eyes they have occasionally obtained favour, one finds it difficult to imagine how they ever find husbands among their own people.

After a time we got into the main line of bazaar, which extends from the farther extremity of the city of Patna to the English station of Bankipore. Do not let the name "bazaar" conjure up reminiscences of the Pantheon, or the fond infantile associations which cluster round the corner of Soho Square, or those subterraneous chambers which form the base of the chaste and classical gallery of Tussaud—that unfrequented fancy-mart where, at the unwonted apparition of a visitor, the stallkeepers duck under the counters as rabbits disappear at the approach of a man in tight corduroy trousers and an old velvet coat. An Indian bazaar is a narrow street of one-storied hovels, each with a small verandah, of which the floor is raised about

two feet above the level of the road. The fronts are generally of wood, carved in tawdry patterns, dirty beyond anything that cold western imaginations can conceive. Into the filth and darkness of the inner room behind the shop no European save a police-officer, or a sanitary commissioner, would dare to penetrate. The proprietor sits in the verandah surrounded by his stock-in-trade, which consists of a dozen bags of various sorts of grain, or as many baskets of sweetmeats, made of sugar and rancid butter; or three or four pounds' worth of silver anklets and charms; or a few piles of coloured handkerchiefs of the coarsest English manufacture. There is very little difference between the appearance of the town and the country populations, and an utter absence of the picturesque costumes which, in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria, almost realize our ideas of the Bagdad of Haroun Alraschid.

There were already some ten minutes of daylight left when I arrived on a scene which amply repaid me for the dust and discomfort of the preceding hour and a half. On the left of the road lay an expanse of turf of some thirty acres, encircled by a race-course, an institution without which our countrymen seem unable to support existence in India. Surrounding the plain stood the residences of the officials, each in its own enclosure of from three to ten acres of lawn and garden. There is a strong family likeness between all houses in the Mofussil. A one-storied building, covered with plaster of dazzling whiteness, relieved by bright green blinds, surrounded on all sides by a broad verandah! Two lofty spacious sitting-rooms, with so wide an opening between that they almost form one hall, extend through the centre of the house from front to back, while either end is occupied by bedrooms, each with a bath-room attached. The servants sleep in sheds scattered about the compound; and the cooking is carried on in an out-house, which gentlemen who are particular about their eating sometimes connect with the dining-room by a

covered passage. The Sahib, generally speaking, has a sanctum of his own, where a confusion reigns which surpasses anything which could be found in a Lincoln's Inn garret, or the chamber in an English country-house appropriated to the son and heir. The walls are ornamented with mouldering antlers and dusty skulls of boar and tiger, the trophies of unmarried days; a map of the district, a ground-plan of the station, a picture of Rugby Close in 1843, and a print of Lord Canning, cut out from the *Illustrated London News*, marked with the generic sulkiness which characterises the portraits in that remarkable periodical. The furniture consists of a table overflowing with papers and pamphlets, which constantly encroach on the small corner reserved for an inkstand and blotting-pad, in spite of a species of temporary dam formed by a despatch-box and two bags of wadding; a dressing-table and appliances which would be scorned by a Belgravian footman; a camp-bed, so light as to allow of its being placed at will within range of the punkah; half-a-dozen cane chairs, and a vast leather couch, where the Sahib spends the half hour after his early morning walk, alternately dipping into the *Englishman*, and sharing his tea and buttered toast with a favourite terrier. In one corner stand two splendid smooth-bores, stamped with the name of Westley Richards, and a double-barrelled rifle by the same hands; a long native gun, studded with glass beads, the muzzle shaped into a dragon's mouth; a blunderbuss, a couple of hog spears, a heavy hunting-crock, and two driving-whips; and the ancient family Joe Manton solemnly presented to the young writer by his anxious parent the day before he left the East India Docks in the Lord Minto, 2100 tons, some fifteen years since. The other three corners are heaped with a chaos of salt-reports, minutes, blue-books, codes (and translations of codes) and letters of every size and age, filed and unfiled, tied up with string, whip-cord, boot-laces, or the frail foul execrable red-tape of India, which has done more to break

the hearts and health of English-bred Governors-General and Financiers than the mists of the Hooghley or the stench of the Black Town.

By a careful inspection of the furniture and knickknacks in the drawing-room, a close observer may be able to name with confidence the three years which his host passed at home on furlough. In one house there is a prevailing sense of Great Exhibition. Every where you see views of the interior and exterior of the building, crowded with Turks and Albanians, Highlanders and Esquimaux, with here and there an individual in the hat and coat of modern civilization directing the attention of a female on his arm by pointing his stick at some interesting object in mid air. On the table lie some Great Exhibition tokens. Till I came out here I never could conceive who bought those most futile and meaningless articles of commerce. In the book-shelves stands a long row of volumes of the Illustrated Catalogue, blazing with blue and gold. In other families, pictures of Solferino and the entry into Milan, maps of Sicily, and portraits of Cavour and Garibaldi, testify that the furlough of your host coincided with the struggle for Italian Unity. There is something touching in these memorials; for they remind one that, however devoted our countryman may be to the interests of the race which is entrusted to his charge, the objects dearest to his inmost heart lie far away, beyond the glaciers of the Hindoo Koosh, and the seething waves of the Red Sea.

On my right hand a smaller open space, likewise covered with grass, ran some way back from the road. On one side stood a church, as pretty as anything can be which is coated with yellow plaster, surrounded by a portico formed by means of graceful flying buttresses; on the other a row of low barracks, swarming with native policemen in bright blue tunics and scarlet turbans. At the end farthest from the road was the collector's office or cutcherry, encircled by a rude fortification thrown up in the crisis of 1857. I was

much interested in this, the first evidence I had met with of the great mutiny. A mere ditch and mound overgrown with prickly pear, a man could walk over it without changing step. And yet it was behind such slender defences as this, that in many an isolated station a dozen or two of the Imperial race stood at bay for months before a hundred times their number of infuriated enemies, disciplined by English skill, and armed from English arsenals. In those dreadful days this was the refuge for the Europeans from every one of the six or seven districts in the Patna division: from every one except Arrah, where eight or ten civilians and railway officials, with a handful of stout Punjabees, were defending a billiard-room against the levée-en-masse of a province, supported by three strong regiments of regular infantry.

It is five years since my attention was directed to this country by "The siege of Delhi" at Astley's. I had been persuaded by Jack Whiffin, of whom the "fast set" at Radley consisted, to run up to town for a lark—which eventually resulted in his premature departure from that seminary of moderately sound learning and uncommonly religious education. Our lark comprised Astley's, a visit to Cremorne (which, to our intense though unexpressed relief, we found closed, as I am told is the case in the winter months), an ineffectual search after the Cider-Cellars, and a supper at a Covent Garden hotel, of a dozen oysters, a roast goose, an apricot tart and custard, a bottle of what Jack pronounced to be "a fine dry fruity sherry," and, finally, two half cigars; a tendency to nausea having seized us when in the full enjoyment of our pickwicks, the raw materials of which must have been purchased from the cabbage-stalls in the adjoining market. That evening, from seven o'clock till half-past nine, we gazed with rapture on what we religiously believed to be an accurate and life-like picture of Indian habits. The play opened with a scene representing a number of Sepoys off duty. A Brahman—who reminded one

alternately of a Druid and a Jew pedlar—was handing about Lotus-flowers as a signal for revolt. This slight verbal error of Lotus-flowers for brass Lotahs was pardonable—shared as it was by the most imaginative and oriental of England's statesmen. To them entered an officer, and began to form the men into line; whereupon two Sepoys fired at the chandelier, and one into the prompter's box, which proceeding was unaccountably followed by the fall of the officer. The *coup d'oeil* of the next scene was very fine. It displayed "the mountain-pass of Barrackpore," up which were painfully winding supplies for the beleaguered garrison of Cawnpore, consisting, according to the bill, of "cavalry, infantry, artillery, buffaloes, a LIVE ZEBRA." What part this singular animal was destined to play in the great events which followed I do not know. Perhaps it was intended as a re-mount for General Windham. Now Barrackpore is on the Hooghley within six leagues of Calcutta, and the country, for two hundred miles round, is as flat as the beer in the refreshment-rooms at the Great Exhibition. The principal part in the capture of Delhi, and in the operations which preceded it, was played by a comic Irish sergeant, who appeared to have emancipated himself entirely from all discipline, and—perhaps, from an unmerited distrust of the powers of the regulation rifle—went to action armed with a shillelagh. Among other feats he danced the jig of his country with an extremely attractive lady's maid, whom he subsequently led to the altar, without hat or bonnet, under the mid-day Indian sun—an act of daring which alone should have sufficed to procure him the Victoria Cross. Cawnpore was relieved, at the very moment that the women and children were about to be butchered, by Sir Henry Havelock's showing himself on horseback on the top of a precipice overlooking the cantonment—at which stupendous apparition all the sepoy's dropped down dead, with the exception of four, who were reserved for immediate execution. Just then in

rushed a youth of some eighteen years of age, attired in a frock-coat, a black silk hat, evening trousers, and an enormous blue scarf, described, in the programme, as "Mr. John Peters, a Commissioner," who cried out, "Spare these good men! They are innocent! Are you not, my poor fellows?"

"Yes, Sahib. We were forced into the mutiny by others."

"You have not been concerned in any atrocities, have you?"

"Oh no, Sahib!"

Hereat John Peters is highly delighted, and enters on a general disquisition about the quality of mercy, which he represents, with great truth and originality, as not being strained; when, by some mysterious process, the guilt of the culprits is established, and they are sentenced to be blown from guns; which is done by tying them to the muzzles of the cannon, and letting down the curtain, from behind which four reports are heard after a short interval.

"My dear, dear Simkins, what do you mean by writing me that cock-and-a-bull story about Jowett and the Vice-Chancellor's Court? It is impossible that you can believe it yourself. Tolerance and good sense are not the salient points of Pusey's character, but he can hardly be the bigoted blockhead which your story makes him out. A Court for the Recovery of Small Debts! But how about that debt, by no means small, to her Greek professor, which Oxford still refuses to pay? How long will she continue involved? She will find it hard indeed to show a clear balance-sheet when she appears before the Insolvent Court of public opinion. I should like to be commissioner of bankruptcy on that occasion in company with a certain Canon of Christchurch and Professor of Ecclesiastical History. We, of the sister university, may well thank God that we are not even as those Pharisees. But I am growing too angry for comfort in this climate. Farewell. My health is good, though I have some occasion for a potsherd. Ever yours,

H. BROUGHTON.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

"CROAK, croak, croak,"
 Thus the Raven spoke,
 Perched on his crooked tree
 As black as black could be.
 Shun him and fear him,
 Lest the Bridegroom hear him ;
 Scout him and rout him
 With his ominous eye about him.

Yet, "Croak, croak, croak,"
 Still tolled from the oak ;
 From that fatal black bird,
 Whether heard or unheard :
 "O ship upon the high seas,
 "Freighted with lives and spices,
 "Sink, O ship," croaked the Raven :
 "Let the Bride mount to heaven."

In a far foreign land,
 Upon the wave-edged sand,
 Some friends gaze wistfully
 Across the glittering sea.
 "If we could clasp our sister,"
 Three say : "Now we have missed her !"
 "If we could kiss our daughter !"
 Two sigh across the water.

Oh, the ship sails fast
 With silken flags at the mast,
 And the home-wind blows soft ;
 But a Raven sits aloft,
 Chuckling and choking,
 Croaking, croaking, croaking :—
 Let the Bridegroom keep watch keenly
 For this choice Bride mild and queenly.

On a sloped sandy beach,
 Which the spring-tide billows reach,
 Stand a watchful throng
 Who have hoped and waited long :
 "Fie on this ship, that carries
 "With the priceless freight it carries.
 "The time seems long and longer :
 "O languid wind, wax stronger ;"—

Whilst the Raven perched at ease
 Still croaks and does not cease,
 One monotonous note
 Tolled from his iron throat :

"No father, no mother,
 "But I have a sable brother :
 "He sees where ocean flows to,
 "And he knows what he knows too."

A day and a night
 They kept watch worn and white ;
 A night and a day
 For the swift ship on its way :
 For the Bride and her maidens
 —Clear chimes the bridal cadence—
 For the tall ship that never
 Hove in sight for ever.

On either shore, some
 Stand in grief loud or dumb
 As the dreadful dread
 Grows certain tho' unsaid.
 For laughter there is weeping,
 And waking instead of sleeping,
 And a desperate sorrow
 Morrow after morrow.

Oh who knows the truth,
 How she perished in her youth,
 And like a queen went down
 Pale in her royal crown :
 How she went up to glory
 From the sea-foam chill and hoary,
 An innocent queen and holy,
 To a high throne from a lowly ?

They went down, all the crew,
 The silks and spices too,
 The great ones and the small,
 One and all, one and all.
 Was it thro' stress of weather,
 Quicksands, rocks, or all together ?
 Only the Raven knows this,
 And he will not disclose this.—

After a day and year
 The bridal bells chime clear ;
 After a year and a day
 The Bridegroom is brave and gay :
 Love is sound, faith is rotten ;
 The old Bride is forgotten :—
 Two ominous Ravens only*
 Remember, black and lonely.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

CLERICAL LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

It is strange to find, notwithstanding the perpetual communication and intercourse with other countries on which we pride ourselves in the present age, how much real ignorance of the most characteristic features of the life of our neighbours exists by the side of our dictionary and hand-book acquaintance with them. The French curé and the Italian monk figure not unfrequently in the novelettes or diaries of travellers, and make picturesque models for many a fancy sketch; but it is less wonderful to find out by experiment, as one occasionally does, how unlike those fancy sketches are to the primitive and homely reality, than to discover how little we know of the authorized national teacher nearest to our own borders, and the religious life of a sister country, bound by every possible tie of union to our own. The Scotch minister has, almost up to the present time, been a personage almost as unknown in England as is the un-polemical priest of a Catholic country, unfretted by heresy, and calm in his own established rights and duties. The minister, like the priest, has had his turn in fiction and sentimental narrative. He has been represented superficially in certain evident phases, adopted by tradition; and the mingling of intellectual pretensions and aspirations with poverty and a republican organization which made promotion impossible, has given a certain interest and picturesque air to the unfamiliar figure on this side of the border. The only side of his character with which the general English mind has come fully in contact is that faculty of preaching which is an undeniable prerogative of the Scotch priest. To those who have listened to Irving and Chalmers in the might of their great powers, or even to those who have seen how the lesser lights of Guthrie and Caird illuminate the horizon round them, this gift needs no exposition; but a great preacher, though

perhaps one of the most powerful of contemporary influences, does little naturally to clear up and make visible, even to his admiring auditory, the life of his class, or the characteristics of his country. Such information must be obtained in a less rapid and brilliant manner. The best means of acquiring this knowledge, next to personal observation, lies before us in the form of two memoirs of Scotch clergymen, recently published—works as unlike each other as are the men whom they severally present to the observation of the world, but equally revealing out of the mists the distinctive ecclesiastical life of a country in which the peculiarities of ecclesiastical life count for more than in almost any other country in the world. In one case it is a parish priest of the purest Catholic type, who brightens up for us the beautiful district in which he lived and laboured for a lifetime, disclosing the broad natural rural life of Scotland with all its quaint lights of humour and depths of sadness, its philosophies and mysteries; in the other, a figure still more peculiarly Scotch—a polemical, political Presbyterian—rises amid the din of controversy through the confused landscape. The prose and poetry in full contrast, the Catholic and the individual, the persuasive and argumentative, the two grand types of clerical man, are here set in an unusual perfection before us for the clearing up and exposition of those local circumstances at once of place and of creed, which define the separate position of the Scotch clergy. Neither Mr. Story,¹ of Rosneath, nor Dr. Robertson,² appears to have been a man of the highest order of intellect.

¹ *Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late minister of Rosneath, Dumbartonshire.* By Robert Herbert Story, minister of Rosneath. Macmillan. 1862.

² *Life of the Rev. James Robertson, D.D. F.R.S.E.* By the Rev. A. H. Charteris, M.A., Minister of New Abbey. Blackwood. 1863.

A certain sweet omnipotence of character and heart, such as most people must have met with in some development one time or other in their lives, characterises the former; and a laborious energy and perseverance, strong faculty of comprehension, and practical command of the common-sense of life, seem to have established for the other a high place among his brethren—but neither is separated from his fellows by any such glow of genius as might make them unsuitable representatives of the clerical life of Scotland. On the contrary, they stand just so much above the ordinary level as a lofty and pure character, united to good ability, always exalts a man over the mediocre bulk of his class or profession. It would have been difficult to choose more fit exponents of all that is best and most hopeful, and, perhaps, at the same time, of all that is most dangerous, in the career of a minister of the Church of Scotland.

It is unnecessary to enter into a particular description of the peculiarities of the Scotch Church. It is a poor Church. Yet a minute comparison of the average value of livings in Scotland and in England would probably be much less to the disadvantage of the poorer country than is generally supposed; for, though there are few preferments on the northern side of the Tweed which would be worthy the regard of an English Church dignitary, there is, so far as we are aware, no parallel in Scotland to the poor pittance attached to many a country curacy and vicarage in the wealthier establishment. If there are no prizes half so great, there are, at the same time, no such utter and hopeless blanks. Along with this must be stated another paradox of still more important bearing upon the Church of Scotland. It is supposed to be, and in some respects is, republican and popular in its constitution; its ministers are equal, and free from all episcopal supervision; but, while thus, apparently, under a more liberal régime than that which subordinates the priest of a more stately order of Church government to the control of his diocesan, the Scotch minister

is in reality much more under command by spiritual authority, and has his steps hemmed in by restraints absolutely unknown in England. A bishop may, or may not, as it happens, exert what power he has in a harassing and offensive way against such members of his clergy as go further than he does in thought, or differ with him in secondary matters; but no such possible toleration is to be looked for from a Presbytery in which no one man is responsible, and where all the natural power of private rivalries and dislikes may influence the judgment of the clerical brethren who, all untrained in laws of evidence and the careful exercise of the judicial faculty, have in their hands the dangerous power of deposition, and are able to try, convict, and punish with the extreme penalty of clerical law, the offender in doctrine. It is true that this power is somewhat limited by the right of appeal to superior Church courts; but it is still such as no other body of men, irresponsible to the authorities of the country, and unguided by the cautious exponents of her laws, would be permitted to exercise. Thus, the Scotch minister has dangers surrounding him which are incomprehensible to the English priest. If he diverges ever so little from the established standards, or if he even permits himself a greater latitude of expression than usual, he is liable to be called to the bar of his Presbytery, and there made short work of—a possibility which can never be left entirely out of the calculations of thoughtful men in the Church of Scotland, though custom and the general softening and mellowing of popular sentiment seem to have made the bondage lighter in this generation than in the last. Another difference between English and Scotch clergymen is that the latter are drawn largely, as is the case throughout the Church of Rome, and, indeed, in every communion except the Anglican, from the *people*. There are many exceptions in which the clerical profession has become hereditary, descending from father to son; and there are, of course, some in which in-

dividuals of higher birth and breeding have entered the Church; but a large proportion of the ministers of Scotland, as of parish priests everywhere but in England, are drawn from the humbler classes—a fact which perhaps increases to some extent their practical services, but which detracts largely, on the other hand, from their higher national influence and dignity. Such are, generally, the broader points of individuality in the position of the clergy of Scotland. They are poorer and yet richer; less subordinate, and yet more under authority; of humbler pretensions in point of breeding and education, but of much higher pretensions in point of power and corporate action than their brethren of the English Church. The finer differences and agreements, the general human resemblance between the character and influence of one parish priest and another, however distinct their circumstances—and the arbitrary and accidental diversities which make the aspect of one strange to the other—will be better learned from the books before us than from any description we can give.

The Memoir of Mr. Story of Rosneath is executed with much literary skill and grace, and is a much more graphic and effective picture than the other biography with which we have conjoined it. The subject of this history was a man rich in all the human qualities which win and retain love. While still a very young man, he went out of all the vague ambitions and projects of his youth to the lovely little peninsula of Rosneath—a wild, neglected, rural parish, still lying in the humorous, half-conscious heathenism which seems to have overspread all Scotland during the latter part of last century. The place had fallen out of all the usages of piety during the lingering age of the old incumbent, who had kept possession by means of a succession of temporary assistants, not much more virtuous than the shrewd and clear-sighted parishioners, who soon awoke to perceive that the new instructor they had to deal with was of a different calibre from his predecessors. The condition of the dis-

trict at this period is very vividly sketched, with a full perception not only of the sadness of the picture, but of the quaint lights of covert Scotch humour which glimmer all over it, like the twinkle of mirth in a serious eye. "Drunkenness was very general, smuggling universal," says Mr. Herbert Story, in describing the opening of his father's ministry. "There was a still in every glen, and the illicit manufacture and traffic were carried on with very little concealment. So blunted was the moral sense of the community, that it was considered no stigma on any man's character that he should be a smuggler; and persons, even making a decidedly religious profession, perceived no inconsistency in combining therewith the avocation of the unlicensed distiller." "I pay the duty on the maut," said one man in reply to Mr. S.'s remonstrances. "*I alloo nae swearing at the still*, and everything's done decently and in order. I canna see ony hairm in't." The prohibition of swearing at the still is an exquisite touch, and the festive usages of the district are described with equal vividness. The young clergyman, however, routed the still and reformed the parish. He went to work not so much, it would appear, at first, with any fervour of evangelism, as with the generous and warm energies of a most brotherly and tender heart, impatient of all the sin and debasement he saw around him, as became a pure-minded and chivalrous young man. This ready interest in, and love for, his fellow creatures, soon gained, as his life and thoughts expanded, the profounder and warmer impulse of a true ambassador of Jesus Christ. When he had persuaded himself to accept the strait though lovely limits of this secluded parish as the sphere of his labour, he addressed himself to the work with all his natural fervour and enthusiasm. He addressed his parishioners individually, visiting them from house to house. He collected the children to the disused Sunday catechizing, which was then unknown in the district. By degrees he overcame the social

popular habits, which involved whisky at every turn, and succeeded—a change of the utmost importance to the progress of true religion—in surrounding the communion Sundays with the quiet observance which became such a sacred festival, instead of the rude riot which Burns has described in his *Holy Fair*. At last he established his sway so strongly over the little community that his biographer can record such an example of moral ascendancy as the following :—

“Late one Saturday night a noise of wrangling and fighting was heard near the Manse gate. It was a clear moonlight night, and the ground covered with snow. Mr. Story, who was sitting by the fire in his dressing-gown and slippers, started up and went to the window. A crowd, and two men fighting, were distinctly visible in the bright moonlight. Out he rushed, the dressing-gown flying behind him like John Gilpin’s cloak; and in a moment was in the thick of the fray, and attempting to seize a combatant with each hand. One he did succeed in collaring. Him he handed over to a bystander, to be kept *in retentis* while he gave chase to the other, who had made off. It was a fruitless pursuit, however; he had effected his escape, and the whole company of assembled villagers, two minutes before spectators of the heady fight, had vanished as quickly and utterly as did Homer’s interposing deities of old upon the plains of Troy. When the minister returned to the scene of the battle, no one was on the ground except the big man he had caught and the little man who held him. The former, who was what Dr. Carlyle calls ‘somewhat disguised,’ begged, with many elaborate bows, permission to put on his coat and depart in peace, which accordingly he was allowed to do. Next day, before pronouncing the benediction, Mr. Story said that a very disgraceful scene had occurred last night at his gate, and that he desired that those who had taken part in it should come to the Manse after service. ‘Do you really imagine they will come?’ one of his hearers asked very incredulously. ‘I am sure they will,’ said he; ‘but not till all the rest are out of sight.’ When the coast was quite clear, accordingly, the captive of the previous evening and his unknown antagonist duly made their appearance. The result of his interview with them was, that they promised not to taste whiskey for a twelvemonth; which promise he had every reason to believe they kept. . . . He was in the habit, if he saw a light in the village tavern on his return late at night from his perambulations in the parish, of going in and dismissing the company. ‘No one in Rosneath,’ he used to say, ‘drunk or sober, would injure me;’ nor did ever any one attempt resistance. Whenever he entered there was a universal scuffle at the back-door

and window for the privilege of being first out of sight.”

This primitive despotism of love and kindness would, perhaps, scarcely be possible at the present time. But it was not without good reason that the minister’s influence had grown into so real a sway. He was the centre not only of spiritual instruction in his district, but of the warmest human kindness, and universal sympathy. The hospitable Manse opened its doors to everybody who had the shadow of a claim upon it, and to many who had none; and the minister’s time and patience were at all times and in every possible way at the command of his people. When deadly disease appeared, to the alarm of weaker hearts, he; himself, not without a tremulous thought of his wife and infant at home, not only visited the dying, but performed with his own hands the last needful offices to the dead, a heroic effort of Christian charity. At the deathbeds of his villagers his humble and tender soul gained as much instruction as he bestowed; and, while his warmly social nature formed fast friendships all round him, these friendships bound him, with an equality only possible to a devout Christian, to persons in the most opposite ranks of society—peers and peasants, the latter by no means the least dear or prized. The position is, as some of his early correspondents suggest, that of an “Arcadian priest of the golden age.” Doubtless the allegiance of the population, and the devotion of their leader, had such inevitable breaks as are necessary to human affairs at their best. Yet the life of this parish priest, quite without wealth, yet surrounded by all the graceful homely adjuncts of true aristocracy—the natural guide, adviser, and superior of the district—looks more like the realization of an ideal than anything we have seen for long; and explains, though it is the poor Presbyterian Church of Scotland which furnishes the example, how, next to the free and healthy atmosphere of the country gentleman’s household—which is, perhaps, of all others the best nursery for vigorous young life—the family of the

clergyman should, under favourable circumstances, make almost the highest contribution to the strength of the country. The rank of this rural minister is one which cannot be defined by any arbitrary standard—his income was of the most modest description, and his sky unbrightened by any possibility of a mitre or great preferment. Yet the population of the countryside yielded to him a true homage and allegiance which was of itself an important moral agent; since the man who, unarmed by the curses and excommunications of old, and with little merely external power, impresses upon a whole district a sense of his spiritual authority, and gains a delicate half-feudal sway in right of his character and virtues, is, perhaps, of all others the most beneficial agent upon general society, and does more than any mere preacher or missionary, however fervid.

There are, however, two special points in the life of Mr. Story which reveal more distinctly than this beautiful picture the special national circumstances amid which he filled his primitive and Catholic office. About a dozen years after he had entered upon his ministry, when he had obtained in a great measure this command of his people, and when at the same time his own thoughts and religious feelings were daily expanding, ill-health compelled a temporary retirement from his labours. He went away, leaving much of the charge of his flock in the hands of his co-presbyter and near neighbour, Mr. Campbell, of Row, with whose honoured name the readers of this Magazine are not unacquainted. When he returned a change had come over his own views, which he felt to be too important for anything less than the fullest explanation to his people, and an entire reform in his system of preaching. This was, that instead of dwelling upon the conscious faith and frames of mind by which, according to the old theology, a believer alone could judge whether or not he might conclude himself in a gracious state, his mission was to declare the free love of God, and the uncon-

ditional grace offered to all men in Christ Jesus. During Mr. Story's absence Mr. Campbell had made still more decided steps in the same direction; and the result was a wonderful quickening of Christian life and light along both shores of the Gair-loch. Neither of the young clergymen had any idea that they were in any respect transgressing the standards of the Church; neither of them even repudiated, or dreamed of repudiating, the doctrine of election. Both had been driven out of formulas and traditionary fashions of preaching to consider—as every man of true heart and conscience placed in such a position must consider, one time or other in his life—how the slumbering souls around were to be got at, and woke, once for all, out of their lethargy. To both of them it appeared that the love of God was this talisman—that what the dull hearts wanted was no longer the teaching which directed them to turn microscopic painful eyes upon themselves, investigating the signs of grace, but that the love of God, all real and certain, gloriously independent of themselves, was the great light to which they were to be guided instead. It seems even strange to us to know that this appeared to them a grand and new discovery amid the doctrinal bondage of the time; so thoroughly, since then, has this happier atmosphere of faith chased away the shadows even from the descendants of those who condemned them. But the Presbytery of Dumbarton, as soon as it saw what the young evangelists were about, sprang to its arms. Mr. Campbell was summoned to its bar—"libelled," that is to say, indicted before its tribunal—and tried with all the strange mixture of solemnity and irregularity which generally distinguishes the proceedings of a Presbytery. The trial lasted a long time, and was carried by appeal to Synod and General Assembly. It was a process in which the entire West of Scotland took an interest as eager and full of excitement as could be roused in any other region by a great political trial, involving national interests. Throughout all this Mr. Story, who felt

that his turn might be next, stood by his friend, acting as a kind of honorary counsel for the defence, arguing, explaining, examining, and cross-examining witnesses, and pleading for justice and toleration. A most strange interruption to that calm Catholic life of the ideal rural priest, but an interruption, without which the true position, dangers, and difficulties of a Scottish clergyman could not be fully understood. For months together this irritating process, which transferred the minister every month, and sometimes every week, from his useful and legitimate labours to fight a disheartening battle not only with fair foes honestly opposed to him on a point of religious controversy, but with all the prejudice and disingenuousness which could be brought to bear against the new doctrine, dragged along its tedious length. The end was the deposition of one of the most saintly men in the Church of Scotland. John Campbell was cast out, to form a new sect or break his heart, whichever he might happen to choose; and his friend and brother, having stood by him to the end, waited for the approach of a similar fate; but, by that strange apparent caprice of lot, which determines that one shall be taken and another left, Mr. Story remained unmolested. Such is the wonderful gulf which lies in the way of the Scotch minister. The picture without it would have been too fair and perfect. Out of his seclusion and tender purity of life, out of the "Father's business," at which visibly, in the sight of all men, the good pastor laboured night and day, out of all that we have just characterised as almost perfectly embodying the ideal of a parish priest, it was necessary that he should arise and go forth to this wearisome and harassing contention, sharpened by the possibility of final loss of everything he held dearest in the world, and unconsoled even by any certainty of strict justice or hope of mercy. Popular sentiment in Scotland, as we have said, has been ameliorated since then. Such a trial, it is to be hoped, would be otherwise conducted now; but it would be vain to attempt any picture of the

life of a Scotch clergyman which did not contain some shadow of this tribunal, which still, in law and theory, looms over the position of every man who may think or say anything which happens to be at variance with the rigid and elaborate standards of the Church, interpreted, as they always must be in popular assemblies, by the reigning sentiment of the time.

The other strange point in Mr. Story's career is the effect upon his peaceful parish and life of that melancholy event, which gained in Scotland the title of "The Disruption," and rent the Church asunder. Practical observation and experience have modified the original enthusiasm in many, perhaps in most, spectators of that painful schism, which has so deeply marred the unity and peace of Scotland. Self-sacrifice is a fine but dangerous power; and there is, perhaps, nothing in existence of which a more unchristian and diabolical use can be made. We have no space to discuss the question which, in its day, made so vast a commotion, and turned a whole nation upside down with all the moral damage of a bloodless civil war; but Mr. Herbert Story gives a remarkable sketch of the *other side* of an event which, for some years, occupied Scotland almost to the exclusion of every other interest. Everybody has heard of the wonderful act by which, in fidelity to their convictions, and absolute Scotch logic, resolute to have their own way, some hundreds of Scotch ministers resigned all their worldly goods, and left the Established Church in the notable year 1843. No doubt there were many humble men among them in whom the act was sublime and a real martyrdom; and that it did awaken a great deal of warm enthusiasm and admiration is undeniable. A visible sacrifice is a thing which everybody can appreciate, and the world in general was moved by the spectacle. There is a picture in the Scotch National Gallery in Edinburgh, which gives the popular view of the matter. In it the seceding minister is leading forth his old mother and his little children out of the beloved Manse; going forth, as the sympa-

thetic spectator must remark, well-burdened with weakness and helpless dependents to begin anew his battle with the world. It is as, we have said, the *other side* which meets us in the Memoir of Mr. Story—a picture drawn with some not unnatural asperity, justified, as far as asperity ever can be, by the facts of the case. Mr. Story, who began his ministry at Rosneath in 1815, was, in 1843, a man growing old, and approaching the period when weakened health compelled him to lessen his labours—but he was not to reach the end of his work without feeling the serpent's tooth of ingratitude, and the fickle character of popular affection. One of the gentlemen of the district, an influential personage, had gone into the Free Church movement, leading by personal influence a large portion of the parishioners with him; and the faithful parish priest who had devoted his entire life, leisure, heart, and mind to the training of the people, who had married or baptized the greater part of them, who had bestowed personal attention and advice and help upon almost all, and by whose means it was that the entire aspect of the district had been changed and its character elevated, had yet to sustain, in addition to all he had formerly borne in their service, the shock of desertion. "Few things in his life smote his heart with a keener pang than the spectacle that met his eye as he looked on the Sunday morning from his study window to the hill behind the Manse. Formerly the brae would have been dotted with groups wending their way towards the parish church; now other groups were there, travelling in the opposite direction, making their way to the school-house on Lochlong-side, where the emissary of the Free Church was to discourse." Nor was this the worst. It was for "filthy lucre," for "the loaves and fishes," that this true and tried servant of Christ was said to have remained within the bosom of the Establishment. Arrayed in those robes of sacrifice which can be and are often made the most offensive livery of arrogance and

self-regard, the orators of the day did not hesitate to point a scornful finger at the faithful pastor. "We'll stick by our Manse, our glebe, and our stipend," said one valiant speaker, waving his hand towards him in fine irony. Such ungenerous insolences must have been hard to bear, and one cannot wonder that the heart of the son who narrates them should swell high with natural indignation. The father, in whose larger experience patience had borne her precious fruits, endured the foolish contumely, and went on steadily, if with diminished joyousness, upon his evident path of duty. This strange and great trial is one which an English clergyman would find it almost impossible to realize; it is another marked distinctive feature among the actual trials of a Scottish Presbyterian; one, it is true, which we may hope will never recur, but one which may recur, for anything which can be asserted to the contrary, and which still exists, and must continue to exist to some extent, so long as the Free Church confronts the Establishment with the pretensions of a rival.

Before leaving this memoir, which gives so clear a picture of Scotch ecclesiastical life and manners, we must glance at another matter which throws a gleam of foreign and somewhat wild light upon the spotless career of the pastor of Rosneath. The first beginnings of the movement which issued in the formation of that Church which is known to outside observers respectfully as the Holy Catholic Apostolic¹ Church, or vulgarly as the Irvingite, arose in Mr. Story's parish; and the singular young woman, beyond all question "gifted" in more senses than one, Mary Campbell, who was the earliest speaker with "tongues," was one of his flock. Of her sister Isabella, a

¹ The members of this body protest that they have not assumed this name as individual to themselves, but simply as applying to them as a *section* of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. This is, however, too fine a point for controversy; since, if they are to be referred to at all, some distinctive name is an absolute necessity.

saintly girl, who died early in the beauty of holiness, Mr. Story wrote a memoir, the profits of which, with characteristic generosity, he devoted to her family, who were in straitened circumstances. To Mary Campbell herself he showed the most fatherly kindness, teaching, advising, and doing all in his power to restrain her when her supposed inspiration began to lead her astray out of reason and duty. We have not space to enter fully into the history of their intercourse, but may specially direct our readers to a remarkable letter, addressed to her by Mr. Story when the peasant girl (then married to a Mr. Caird) returned to her native parish under the reverent guardianship of Mr. Drummond and his wife, Lady Harriet Drummond; treated by them more as a superior than an equal, and in the enjoyment of all the worldly advantages naturally falling to their friend and inmate. Notwithstanding this wonderful change in her position, the gifted Mary made pretensions—not only to those spiritual endowments which had raised her from the humble farm-house at Fernicary—but to having “made sacrifices” for the truth; a pretence which naturally aroused the indignation of her ancient friend and minister, who knew but too exactly the difference between her former circumstances and those in which he then found her. This affectionate letter of remonstrance and entreaty was deeply resented by the prophetess and her friends; and her husband, Mr. Caird, made a foolish endeavour, as will be seen in the memoir, to punish the writer, by making it out that he had somehow mismanaged or misappropriated the funds realized by the memoir of Isabella Campbell. This accusation Mr. Caird has recently repeated in a pamphlet addressed in the form of a letter to the Rev. R. H. Story, the author of the memoir. Mr. Caird is a “preacher of the Gospel” in connexion with the Church which his wife helped to develop, and is naturally offended by the unceremonious manner in which her pretensions are treated in

the life of Mr. Story. He accordingly repeats his accusation, asserting, with a freshness of belief which reminds one of the calculations of Major Pendennis, and which has evidently never sustained the shock communicated to the nervous system by the sight of a publisher's balance-sheet, that the memoir of Isabella Campbell ought to have produced the astounding sum of 1,650*l.*! and that Mr. Story, the author of the memoir, having, with most prudent and wise care, made over to them the sum of only 600*l.*, had in reality defrauded the family of the difference. This odd attack might very well be left to answer itself; but Mr. Story's representatives are naturally jealous of the merest breath of calumny upon his good name; and Mr. Herbert Story, his son, has just published a reply in the columns of a Glasgow paper, wisely resisting the temptation to answer pamphlet with pamphlet—from which, lest any of our readers may chance to see the production of Mr. Caird, we may quote the complete refutation of this poor assault. The “Memoir of Isabella Campbell” is a small volume, sold in some cases at 5*s.*, and others at 6*s.*; two editions, one of 3,500 and another of 2,000 copies, were rapidly sold off, the first being a subscription edition, for which the publisher relinquished his usual profit. “The second edition,” writes Mr. Herbert Story,—

“Was not a subscription edition at all, but was sold at the usual trade terms. There is accordingly a large difference between the actual profits and the proceeds pictured by the airy fancy of Mr. Caird. The gross proceeds of the first edition (as rendered in the publisher's accounts in my possession) were 1,021*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* The expenses and losses were 414*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* The clear profit left was 607*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, which I find I have stated in the ‘Memoir,’ in round numbers, as 600*l.* The clear profits of the second edition, as rendered by the publisher, were 91*l.* This sum was employed to defray part of the outlay on the simultaneous third and fourth editions which did not sell, owing to some curious vagary of public taste, caused apparently by Mary Campbell's prophetic notoriety. Mr. Caird denies my statement that these editions did not sell, and says he could not find a copy in any bookseller's shop some time after their publication. The reason of this was that they were sold to a

house in London as a 'remainder' at a mere trifle per copy. There was thus no return of profits from any edition save the first. The entire sum which Mr. Story ever had at his command for behoof of the Campbells was 607l. 3s. 6d., no less, no more. This fact, attested by the publisher's accounts in my hands, disposes of Mr. Caird's insinuation as to Mr. Story's imitation of Ananias and Sapphira in 'keeping back part of the price.'

Our space will not permit us to quote the further statement of facts which prove that this sum was prudently and promptly invested, and scrupulously accounted for; it is, however, due to the author that his contradiction of a slander thus reiterated should have the further publicity of insertion in this magazine. Such an assault is certainly not one of the individual Scotch features of the picture, but is perfectly well known and familiar to every man who has ever had in his hands the painful trust of a private charity. Most of our readers will feel that the chief wonder in the case is, that such a book as the controverted volume could, under any circumstances, have yielded the large sum of 600l., which Mr. Caird himself admits the family to have received; not to speak of the quiet self-denial of a man, far from rich in his own person, transferring thus the entire proceeds of his first literary work to the thankless recipients who seem to have imagined, as ignorant people will, that such an unexpected fountain opening up spontaneously in their desert was inexhaustible.

The other biography which has directed our thoughts at the present moment to the clerical life of Scotland is of a very different character from the one we have just discussed. The late Dr. Robertson, formerly minister of Ellon, who, during the latter years of his life held the important post of Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, will interest the reader more as a laborious and energetic intellectual agent, than as a genial individual man; probably because his biographer attaches greater weight to the qualities that belong to the former than the latter

character. Mr. Charteris describes the subject of his memoir as possessing warm affections and a genial nature; the evidences of them are swallowed up in the records of work, which it requires a deeper knowledge of the recent proceedings of the Church of Scotland than we possess to decipher clearly. Dr. Robertson was one of the most eminent on the "Moderate" side of the controversy which ended in the secession of 1843, and, being of an ever-active and busy nature, always in the thick of the combat, seems to have come clear out of that painful business without any of the stings of injured love and disappointed confidence which made it bitter to hearts more vulnerable. His great distinction seems to have been that, as soon as the great loss was fairly accomplished, he rallied the broken ranks of the wounded Church manfully and with a stout heart, and went to work with unquenchable courage and vigour to make up the breach and keep on the vital action. To have done this, in face not only of so cruel an actual blow, but of all the loss of *prestige* and glory involved, and even under the burden of an apparent false position, is no small honour to any Church. To be used as a foil for a startling act of self-sacrifice would be trying to the nerves and temper of any corporation, especially as there was no lack of voices to point out the contrast between the martyrs who "went out" and the "residuaries" who remained. Happily for the Church of Scotland, such men as Dr. Robertson, to whom the matter was simply a public one, and who does not seem to have been exasperated by any domestic assaults among his hard-headed and conservative parishioners in Aberdeenshire, were equal to the emergency; and it is no small tribute to the force and strength of her vitality, to find that, shorn as she was of the most eminent popular talent, and deserted by the most distinguished of Scotch Churchmen, the gifted and venerated Chalmers, the Scotch Church bore the shock so well, and recovered her position

with such celerity—almost, indeed, it would seem, has bettered her position, and is now in more hopeful and encouraging circumstances than she has known for many years. Dr. Robertson's life moreover, though very dim and undiscernible in its more intimate relations, affords a curious glimpse into the course of training by which a poor man's son, in the beginning of the present century, was able to thrust himself through so much indispensable study as would qualify him for that pulpit which was then the object of so worthy and useful an ambition. Just so have poor men's sons, though with greater external help in the pursuit, struggled into red hats and purple stockings in Rome. England is, perhaps, the only country in which such struggles and histories are all but unknown; and recent events seem to make it doubtful whether she will be able to retain this characteristic, which has been of such profound importance to her. Here is a wonderful matter-of-fact sketch of the University life of a Scotch student, not quite fifty years ago.

“If there was little to foster the leisurely acquirements of scholarship, there was much to develop self-reliant character in James Robertson's early struggle with limited means. Expensive lodgings he could not afford; and Mr. Robertson fixed on a house in a lane opening off the Gallowgate (Aberdeen) for his son's abode. The other rooms were fully occupied; but in the garret-room there was only one lodger, a student, (now a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church) and he was willing to have a companion. It was agreed that, for his share of the apartment, James should pay 1s. 6d. per week, supplying his own food. This weekly rent, with his college fees, was all the money he needed, for his victuals came from home, and his clothes were also sent home to be washed. That was a great day in the poor student's week when his box came with the carrier; a letter on the top of its contents, telling what they were doing at Ardlaw; potatoes in the bottom; every corner filled with careful mixture of provisions and clothes; eggs stuffed safely into stockings; oatcakes and scones dexterously arranged so as to give least chance of being crushed; occasional supplies of money folded in the letter or spread on the breast of a shirt; all telling him of a love and thoughtfulness and anxiety for his comfort, that cheered his heart amid its loneliness. There was little money at home to spare; but he required even less than was sent, and the anxious father and mother could not get their boy to eat half so much in his own

little room as they were sure he ought to do. In his garret he studied hard, being ambitious chiefly to please those at home. He had the character of a deserving and diligent student, but won no distinction during his first session. . . In these days when attention is turned to our Universities, some may care to know how much money was required for the support of a student. The outlay in money of James Robertson for fees and lodgings in his first year was little more than 6*l*. If we add a small sum for travelling expenses, and a sum still smaller for pocket-money, we have an accurate estimate. Most certainly the expenses did not amount to 8*l*. His food and clothing were exactly such as he would have had at home, and were, therefore, no part of special college expenditure. It is not to be supposed that the average outlay of students was as small as this—his economy was almost as exceptional then as it is now—but we must not forget the encouragement to the talented children of the poor in the fact that it was possible to be a student on such terms. It was thus the farmer's son rose to be one of the first men in his church, and one of the best benefactors of his country.”

The boy so hardly trained had various vicissitudes to go through before he became a parish minister. He was first schoolmaster of a parish school; then head of a hospital in Aberdeen similar to that of George Heriot in Edinburgh; and, finally, he became minister of Ellon, in the same district. Here he entered into the duties of the pastorate with characteristic energy, preaching much on “metaphysical subjects,” examining his elder Sunday-school pupilson the “Christian evidences,” and catechising all and sundry with a diligence which passed over nobody. These catechisings, or “diets of examination,” were held in winter, and the place of meeting for the families round was usually a farmer's barn. “On some favourite themes he expatiated at great length, and the light of a winter-day often failed him ere his task was done to his own satisfaction. If the place of meeting could be lighted, the *sederunt* was prolonged. It was not the season for a comfortable seat in a farmer's barn; but he seemed unaffected by the elements. The floors were sometimes damp, and barn-doors and walls are not made to keep out wind. Some of the audience might leave to warm themselves for a few minutes at the kitchen fire; but the minister sat still.” Along with this spiritual toil, the ener-

getic pastor pursued all kinds of practical activities; he experimented in agriculture, and in manures, and "the favourable results obtained in the production of turnips were reported in a local newspaper, and in the *Mark-Lane Express*." At the same time he entered vigorously into ecclesiastical business, and took part in all the agitations of the great controversy which was then raging in the Church. This curious mixture of metaphysics, politics, turnips, manures, and ecclesiastical agitation continued for more than ten years. Then, immediately after the secession of 1843, he was appointed to the Chair of Ecclesiastical history in Edinburgh; and having, as we have already said, done the greatest service in rallying and encouraging the Church after that great blow, Dr. Robertson took up with a wise audacity the scheme of Church-extension which Chalmers had carried as far as he imagined practicable, while still there was comparative peace in the Church. Chalmers, at a period when the wealth and enterprise of the Church of Scotland was entire and undivided, had confined himself to the building of new churches, sighing for the endowment which he saw no possibility of. Dr. Robertson, only a few years after the event which was by many people supposed to be the destruction and end of the Church of Scotland, took up with a singular daring this project which appeared hopeless to his great predecessor; and henceforth the history of the active and ever-busy professor is the history of the Endowment scheme to which he dedicated the remainder of his life. The exertions of Dr. Chalmers had built somewhere about two hundred chapels, which were spread all over the country. "An act of Parliament, commonly called Sir James Graham's Act, provided that, when an annual income of 120*l.* was secured, the church and district might be erected into a parish *quoad sacra*. But the supreme difficulty which had seemed to Chalmers insurmountable, still remained—viz., the raising of the money. To provide an income of 120*l.* the sum of 3,000*l.* must be invested, and to endow 200 chapels therefore an annual

"income of 24,000*l.*, or an invested capital of 600,000 was required; and to provide this, or so much of it as might be needed, was the object of the Endowment Scheme." It is impossible to refuse our admiration to the manful "pluck" shown by this spirited re-adoption of a plan so extensive at the very moment of temporary defeat and discouragement. Thenceforward his "scheme" was the daily, hourly, incessant occupation of this good man's life. He held meetings, wrote letters, made speeches, dull but vigorous, wherever there was a possibility of any response to his appeal. After he had succeeded in endowing thirty chapels and raising 130,000*l.*, he divided Scotland into five provinces, to each of which was allotted the sum of 40,000*l.*, to be raised as its share of the money necessary. Two of these provinces completed the needful amount under his own supervision; and the work still goes on, though his share of it is over. Wherever the laborious professor went, he carried his "scheme" on his shoulders. In a playful trial of skill during one of his holidays, he cried, just at the moment of starting, "Now, mind the loser gives a pound to the Scheme!" The all-engrossing interest of this great object of his labours and anxieties completes the absorption of the private individual into a whirl of public business and occupation. A scheme, however notable, is but an indifferent substitute for a man in a biographical work; but to any reader who can master it, and whose attention can keep alive through the long course of meetings, speeches, and agitations, this book will throw no small light upon the strangely public bustling life, overladen with committees, conferences, organizations, and "schemes," which seems natural to the leaders of the Scotch Church. It is a development totally distinct from that of the parish priest; but it is one which holds a much greater place for the moment in the public eye, and is perhaps more characteristically Scotch and individual. Such a practical laborious business-like existence, filled to the very edge with public proceedings, discussions, and ar-

rangements, with only margin enough left for matters purely domestic and devotional, cannot fail to miss most of the graces that make life attractive, and has but a limited interest for the ordinary reader, to whom its great "objects" and "schemes" are unknown. But it is very interesting as an exposition of the life of those men who guide the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland; a great deal of the same whirl of public occupation, dispersing with its stony glare all the softer lights and shadows of human character, appears in the life of Chalmers; and, in proportion to the inferior stature and powers of less eminent men, this effect increases. Perhaps it must be so, more or less, with all men occupied in the direct work of legislation and government. The life of a Home Secretary, save for historical purposes, and as throwing light upon the exceptional existence of other Home Secretaries, would probably be equally unattractive; but it may be curious to many observers of contemporary manners and life, to note, that the fittest parallel for a Scotch minister, in the most notable position which he can attain, is to be found rather in the dry public life of a statesman than in anything apostolical or episcopal. This is an odd state of affairs, and does not seem a desirable one; but power must always have its drawbacks, and this it appears is the darker side of that corporate force and independence of action in which Presbyterianism takes pride.

In these books, taken conjointly, the English reader will find materials for a very complete estimate of the clerical life of Scotland. He will find, on one hand, how pervasive and profound may be its influence—working, as every good agency works, not always to the glory of the instrument, but, through many disappointments and trials, to the benefit and improvement of the country. He will be able to trace how the pastor of the poor, himself not rich, may link his peasants in the highest bonds of Christian friendship and kindness with the great and the gifted; yet how, notwithstanding, the utmost purity of a godly life, and apostolic fervour of a preacher of Christ, may not be sufficient

to defend himself from the watchfulness of those theological sages who find in every novel expression, and unconventional utterance, a breach of doctrine; and, turning to the other side of the picture, he will here also perceive how the ecclesiastical politicians of Scotland pursue their busy way through a burden of secular business which makes their life more like that of heads of public offices than ministers of religion; and how committees, and "schemes," and legislative efforts, and the exigencies of a parliamentary government, careful of its divisions, and nursing its majority, come naturally to the Presbyterian leader, who is compelled to be a kind of statesman. Such are the curious individualities which distinguish from everything Anglican the life of a Scotch Churchman—a life as unlike the Republican independence and congregational subjection of Dissent, as it is different from the dutiful but sometimes doubtful subordination, and breadth of liberal thoughtfulness, of the Church of England. The Scotch minister is the nominal equal of every Presbyter of his communion; but no episcopal superior ever wielded the sword of Peter like the Presbytery which can summon him to its tribunal, and constitute itself at the same time his judge and prosecutor. No clerical representative of the Church of Scotland has any place among the great authorities of the state, nor has the bench of bishops the faintest counterpart in its economy; yet it requires as distinctly as any secular kingdom its race of leaders trained to public life, and used to manage with prompt and skilful hands the machinery of an active government. In these strange paradoxes lie the distinctive features which individualize the position of its clergy; below these, as below all accidental external circumstances, lies the everlasting unity of human and Christian souls. In Scotland, as in England, and everywhere, the blameless man of God, the unnoted parish priest gives stability to the structure which rises over him; and in his hands, unconscious of politics or polemics as he may be, lies the true strength of every branch of the Church of Christ.

ON COTTAGE GARDENS.

THE advantages of the allotment system, or division of land into gardens of the size required by cottagers, are now so generally recognised that it is scarcely necessary to advocate its adoption. While, however, nearly all are agreed respecting the benefits the system confers on the poorer classes of the community, its influence for good on the more affluent has, I think, been in a great measure overlooked. The farmers, for instance, who at one time were much opposed to its introduction in our country parishes, on the supposition that the possession of gardens would render the labourer too independent of his employer, have, for the most part, discovered that the independence it has created is of a kind with which they are not disposed to find fault—independence from relief obtained through the poor-rates. We have not indeed quite gone back to those happy times—if ever they existed elsewhere than in the realms of poetry—when “every rood of ground maintained its man;” but, if cottage gardens continue to multiply throughout the land, we shall soon reach a state of things where every rood of ground maintaining its pig will contribute greatly to the maintenance of the pig’s owner and family.

But, if the distribution of small portions of land among the labouring classes of agricultural districts proves a benefit to the large land-owners and the farmers, it is especially beneficial to one individual in every parish, whose influence for good over those among whom he is placed it is most desirable to extend—I mean the incumbent, or the minister appointed as his substitute. The experience of the writer of this article may perhaps be admitted as an illustration of the fact.

About eleven years ago it was his lot to be appointed to the incumbency of a somewhat populous parish, situated in one of the most agricultural districts of

the midland counties. There are now, he most sincerely trusts, few parishes in England in so neglected a state as that in which he found the village of ——. There was no trace of any previous incumbent having resided there; and, indeed, it had no house for him to reside in. The land was almost entirely in the hands of large absentee proprietors; Dissent almost universally prevailed; and the place was notorious throughout the county for dissipation and deeds of violence.

To be instrumental in effecting a change in the moral aspect of the place was, of course, the earnest wish and endeavour of the writer; and though, even at the present time, he is painfully conscious that much still remains to be done, he thankfully acknowledges that a large amount of good has been effected, and for this good he is in a great measure indebted to the allotment system. It will perhaps conduce to clearness if, in detailing the means by which that system was carried out, and the general mode of its operations, he should now speak in the first person.

The most important thing to be done was naturally to build a parsonage, and thus to secure, both for the present time and the future, the residence of a clergyman in the parish; the second was to devise some plans for the gradual improvement of the parishioners. I have said that nearly all the land was in the hands of proprietors who lived at a distance from the source of their income, and who contributed in nothing to the welfare of their numerous tenantry. Among these absentees had hitherto been the former incumbents, who, as the tithes were commuted for land, were, for the period of their incumbency, land-owners of some importance. The probably permanent residence of this land-owner was now at all events secured; and it appeared to me that the

possession of land might be turned to good account for the purpose of assisting in the amelioration of the position of the working classes. Land, even to the extent of a rood, or a quarter of an acre, was scarce among these, and in so great demand that as much as one pound yearly rent was gladly given for so small a quantity, the rates and other taxes upon it being paid by the tenant. A suggestion which, shortly after entering the parish, I one day threw out to a labourer—that, if a field was divided into cottage gardens, it might prove beneficial to himself and those in a similar situation—was soon repeated; and the news of the possibility of such an occurrence spread rapidly over the village, affording for the time a subject for gossip of a less hurtful kind than that which is too often the established means of entertainment in small communities. Two or three days after I received a petition, signed by nearly all the labourers and working men of the place which, as it may prove a curiosity to some of my readers, I literally transcribe:—

“To the Rev. ——— Vicker.

“1852.

“We the undersigned poor of this parish do Earnestly Request your favour to allot a portion of Land to each of us The undersigned which we shall esteem it a great favour by so Doing at any Reasonable Rent you think will do us any Good By so doing we shall remain your obedient Servants.”

[Here follow the signatures of 49 labourers and artizans.]

The day after a supplement to this petition was sent me, with some ten or twenty more names appended to it.

However ungrammatical this composition might be, its brief and simple earnestness spoke eloquently to my feelings, and a favourable reply could alone be given by one who was a well-wisher to the petitioners. There was a field, or close, as it is locally denominated, containing somewhat more than twelve acres of excellent land, conveniently situated for the purpose required, and forming part of the glebe. This field I divided

into forty-seven allotments; which were distributed, by the drawing of lots, among those whom I considered the most deserving and the most in want of those who had signed the petition. My object in having recourse to the method of drawing lots for the distribution of the gardens was to prevent any discontent which might arise from some portions of the field being deemed better than others. The price of each allotment was fixed at 12s.6d.—the landlord paying all rates and taxes due upon it, and the tenants keeping the hedges and ditches in a proper state of repair. A few short and simple rules were printed, and given to each tenant. I do not transcribe the rules, as they are, for the most part, the same as those laid down in similar instances. One deviation, however, from that similarity may be mentioned: no condition is made that holders of gardens should be regular church-attendants—my motive in omitting that usual condition being that, as many of them had been brought up in the principles of dissent from the Church, I did not wish it to be supposed that a premium was held out to them for the performance of a duty which, by other and better means, I hoped in time to make them fulfil. Experience has not caused me to regret the absence of such a regulation. Indeed, on the subject of rules in general in connexion with allotments, I would remark that it is my belief that, the less stringent and the less numerous they are, the more efficient as well as the more acceptable they will be found. For their own sakes the tenants will nearly always cultivate the gardens in a proper manner; and, after all, good crops are the best tests of good cultivation.

It may further be stated, that the allotments are at the present time occupied by thirty-four agricultural labourers, four shoemakers, two blacksmiths, two carpenters, two bricklayers, two machinists (workers of steam threshing-machines), and one small shopkeeper.

The result of ten years' experience of the working of the system may now briefly be detailed. I shall begin by

observing that, though the payment of rent is required but once a year—about three or four weeks after harvest (September 25th), a time when nearly all the crops have been removed from the field—I have almost invariably received the whole rent on the day appointed, and in no case have I ever lost any portion of it. I have, indeed, frequently encouraged the deserving and assisted those in need by returning to them a small part of the payment; in one case only have I remitted the whole, and that was one of great necessity; but every remission of rent has been granted of my own accord and without any solicitation from the tenants. Last year, with these deductions, the receipts for the forty-seven gardens were 27*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* instead of 29*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, the full amount. In the year 1857, a year in which there had been some distress among the agricultural labourers, it was 26*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, the smallest annual payment since the establishment of these gardens. But it must be added that the rent previously paid by the farmer who had occupied the field before its division into cottage gardens, was only 15*l.*; or, taking into consideration that he paid the rates and taxes upon it, about 17*l.*

The cultivation of the gardens has, on the whole, been very satisfactory; it may even safely be asserted that the produce of the field is more than double what it was when it formed part of a somewhat large farm. The profit made upon each garden varies of course with the degree of cultivation, and is, in every case, difficult of estimation; but that a fair profit is made is evident from the circumstance that only *two* gardens have as yet been voluntarily given up, while there are *ten* or *twelve* applicants for the first vacancy which may occur.

The best result of the system has apparently been the habits of economy which it has tended to create. Money, which too often before found its way to the ale-house, is now expended in the purchase of a pig or in seed and manure—more manure being generally required for each garden than can be produced in

the pigsty. I may here mention one curious consequence of the cottagers in this village having nearly all a garden—a consequence which certainly was not anticipated when the allotment-scheme was introduced. Owing to the large quantity of cattle and horses kept by the farmers, hundreds of cart-loads of farm-yard manure are carted out along the highways during the winter season. Traces of the passage of the carts used to be disagreeably manifest to the wayfarer, and much that might have contributed to the fertilization of the soil, was converted into a public nuisance. At present the value of the fertilizer is too well appreciated for even a few shovels-full to be left upon the road; a pleasing sight may almost daily be witnessed of small children, with their minute spades and wheelbarrows, gathering up the hitherto wasted fragments for the increase of the muck-heaps in their gardens. Indeed, a more efficient band of little scavengers than that which the allotment-system has called into existence could not easily be found.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that, in the parish of —, at least, garden allotments have proved a powerful auxiliary in ameliorating the condition of the agricultural poor; and the temporal improvement of that class of the community is intimately connected with their spiritual advancement. Indeed, whatever tends to raise the condition of the poor, places them in a favourable position to be influenced by the teaching and example of those whom Providence has placed in a superior station of life, and who desire to make use of the advantages that station gives them, to further the well-being, both temporal and spiritual, of their fellow-creatures in the lower grades of society. The poor man must be persuaded that the rich man is a *friend*, before he will listen to him as a *counsellor*.

For the purpose of showing that others have derived the same benefit as myself from the allotment system, I quote the words of a writer who has evidently had much experience on the

subject, and who has published the results of that experience in an interesting little work, to which I would refer those who desire further information respecting it. It is entitled, "Sketches of Country Life and Country Manners, by one of the Old School: London: Rivingtons: 1840." "Should the labourer," he writes, "unfortunately be "unable to obtain any employment from "the farmer, he will, at all events, have "sufficient in the produce of his little "plot of ground to keep himself and "his family from absolute destitution, "without applying to the parish for "assistance, until a new demand for his "services occurs. And, should a more "favourable state of things take place, "and the labourer be fully occupied "with work during the whole year, the "little gains of his allotment will provide him with a few comforts, or "become a little store to which he may "look in a season of distress or sickness." While cordially approving of these and many other remarks in the work from which I have borrowed these words, I would not be understood as coinciding with the author in all his opinions on the subject of country life and country manners.

Let me also refer my readers to another short treatise, published likewise by Rivingtons, under the following title—"Some account of a system of Garden Labour, acted upon in the parish of Springfield, Essex; by the Rev. Arthur Pearson, Rector of Springfield." The reader will there find an estimate of the net value or clear gains to the cultivator of one-eighth of an acre; this the author puts down at 1*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, or 2*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* for a rood. Such an estimate, however, I consider to be higher than the average clear gains in this part of the country, where—as it is one of the most favoured agricultural districts in England—the labourer, it is probable, is more constantly employed than in most others, and has less time to spend upon his own garden. The clear profit here, I have said, it is difficult exactly to estimate; but I believe that it may be fairly stated as not under 35*s.* or 2*l.* the rood.

From an article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxiii. p. 477), we borrow the following statement, written in the year 1844: "Of all immediate remedies for "pauperism, the allotment system offers "the most cheering prospects; the experience of almost every one who has "travelled in Great Britain will have "afforded examples of the benefit resulting wherever land is appropriated "to garden culture by the labourer in "such small proportions as interfere not "with his ordinary duties as a servant "to the farmer."

I have now briefly given the result of my personal experience of the advantages arising from the mode, which is yearly becoming more prevalent in England, of distributing to the poorer classes of the community small portions of land at a reasonable rent, and under regulations neither too numerous nor stringent, and have endeavoured to corroborate my testimony of its utility by the evidence of others, who have had a similar experience with myself. My motive in doing so has been chiefly to gratify a wish, often indulged in, to throw into the balance of public opinion the weight, trifling though it be, of a country clergyman's practical appreciation of the good resulting from the measures I have endeavoured to describe. I would, in conclusion, most earnestly urge its adoption on all landowners, and even on large tenant-farmers, who might, for such a purpose, doubtless readily obtain the sanction of their landlords. But most especially would I advocate a fair trial of it to the beneficed clergy in country parishes, most of whom have more or less land at their disposal. I am very far from asserting that it is the first or the most important improvement to be introduced by a new-comer in a rural district where the temporal and spiritual wants of the inhabitants have been hitherto neglected; but it is my full conviction that it will be found a most valuable auxiliary to all other means of improvement. Indeed, in one respect, it has a prominent advantage over most other modes of benefiting the poor; an advantage which

the minister of the parish—who has often a great portion of his income to spend in objects of charity—will duly appreciate. It will be found as profitable to himself as it is to others; and, while obtaining a higher rent for his land, he will also, for the most part, have a more thankful and contented class of tenants than if he had let it out in larger quantities to two or three farmers. Like

mercy—to use the well-known words of our great national poet—the allotment system proves itself “twice blessed,” for “it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”¹

¹ Much valuable information on the “Allotment System” will be found in a very well written article on the subject in the first vol. of the first supplement of the *Penny Cyclopædia*. Also, in *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, New Series, vol. iv. p. 101.

SOUTHERN ITALY: ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

BY AURELIO SAFFI.¹

THAT part of Italy which extends from the river Tronto and the Liri, between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, down to the Ionian Sea, is the region of the peninsula most richly endowed with every form of beauty and usefulness that can delight the eye or call forth the industry of man. The happy climate and the fertility of the soil gladden its plains and dales with a perpetual spring. The wide forests which overspread the valleys of the Apennines, the minerals with which the soil abounds, and the many streams that flow down from the mountains, might well supply with materials, and help by mechanical power, any enterprise of manufacturing industry. Nor is “the human plant” there, as virtually prepared by Nature, inferior to the rest of the race. Nay, livelier in intelligence and feeling than the Northern Italian, the inhabitant of the South will undoubtedly play an important part in the future social life of the peninsula, as was the case with him in ancient days. The soul of that strong Sabellian race, which gave birth to the Samnite colonies on the one side, and to the power of Rome

on the other, is still living amidst the valleys of the Abruzzi, Terra di Molise, and the Principato Ulteriore. There you find amongst the monuments and local names the relics of old Samnium. Something decidedly antique still lingers in the features and looks of the people; and their very habits of life, their hamlets hanging over the steepy hills, their games and superstitions, betray the uninterrupted inheritance of the old Italian blood and tradition. Neither Celtic, Longobard, nor Teutonic conquests ever reached, or deeply affected, the sacred springs of national life in those hidden sanctuaries of nature.

That the Southern Italian cannot be rightly appreciated is owing to the amount of indolence and corruption which many years of bad government could not fail to engender, especially in the great centres of population. Let us leave aside the *Camorristi*, both high and low, who were one of the disgraces of the Bourbonic period, and make acquaintance with the bulk of the people.!

Owing to the primitive state of agriculture in some of the provinces, every work of husbandry is dependent on manual labour. The labourer, who generally inhabits miserable dwellings in country towns or villages, rises while it is still night, walks many a mile to his distant field, toils the whole day, exposed to unwholesome winters or to the scorching

¹ The writer of these pages feels it his duty to declare that the statements and opinions contained in them rest entirely on his own individual observation and responsibility, independently of his connexion with the Committee of Inquiry on Brigandage.

summer sun, and returns at eve to his hovel, worn out by care and fatigue; and all this for very bad pay, and without having any share in the produce of the land. Still, he refuses no increase of labour; and, if he cannot get any patch of soil, either for lease or as a municipal grant, to till on his own account, he starts from his native territory, when he can find no further employment, in search of work elsewhere. The labourer of Basilicata, profiting by the circumstance of the earlier harvest in the plains of Puglia, goes there every summer to seek work as a reaper, and returns in time for the gathering of the crops on his own mountains. The annual migrations of Abrutian shepherds to the pastures of Capitanata, or of Abrutian haymakers and reapers to the Campagna Romana, are well known; and equally known are the scanty fare upon which they live, and the thriftiness and foresight which characterise those hardy, laborious, persevering mountaineers.

The same aptitude for work is to be found in the manufacturing districts. I shall limit myself to giving one instance of it. The valley of Sora, in the province of Terra di Lavoro, was destined by nature to become a seat of industry. Through it run the two rivers Fibreno and Liri, abundantly supplied with rapid waters from the Abrutian Apennine. Some wool-manufactories and paper-mills were set up in the neighbourhood of Sora and San Germano under the protectional system of the Bourbonic Government. Protection and privilege produced of course their effects. General industry and labour withered under the oppression of a few growing fortunes. The abolition of monopoly, and the free-trade principles applied after the revolution of 1860, will gradually increase the industry of the valley. Meanwhile, the condition of the districts of Sora and San Germano is not much improved from what it was three years ago. The old fabrics have suffered from the reformed tariff, and new ones have not yet sprung into existence. Still, in a population of 148,000 inhabitants, there are about 8,500, men, women, and lads,

employed in the factories. The largest establishment in the district is the paper-mill built on the Fibreno by the late Monsieur Lefevre, a Frenchman, to whom Ferdinand II. gave the title of Duke of Balsorano. The mill is now under the care of a French director, and gives employment to 625 persons, of whom 380 are women. The amount of wages for women is about 12 *grana* (less than sixpence) per day, and, occasionally, 16 or 17 *grana*. For special workmen, such as smiths, carpenters, &c. the highest possible profit is between 3 and 4 *carlini* (from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence), and less than that for common workmen. The director, on whose authority I quote these figures, told me that he was exceedingly satisfied with his people. He had visited, he said, French, English, and Belgian manufactories, but he had nowhere found so much assiduity, physical strength, and natural understanding as among these populations; and he considered them the most enduring race he had ever met with. On 12 or 15 *grana* per day a woman lives with her children, eating dry bread and raw vegetables washed at the river side, with no salt or oil to flavour them. She descends from her mountain hamlet before the rising of the sun, and is ready at her work at the appointed hour, half-past five in the morning. Such is the condition of workmen at the celebrated *Cartiera del Fibreno*. The only allowance made to them is a supply of gratuitous medicines in cases of illness.

I must add, to the honour of Italian manufacturers in that same district, that there are some among them who take a special care of the well-being and moral improvement of their workmen. The paper-mill of Signor Visochi, whose specimens obtained a prize at the London Exhibition, is not only a machinery for industrial production, but a school and a beneficent institution. Signor Visochi is the syndic of Atina, and has organized there the elementary and technical instruction, giving lessons himself to the children and workmen, and not only teaching them handicraft, but also

seeking to moralize them and inspire them with the love of their country. One man like Visochi in every country town in Southern Italy would prove the best and surest remedy against brigandage and priestly corruption. A certain Signor Dino, the owner of a wool-manufactory near Sora, when, in 1861, reaction was threatening that district, kept his men at work—although at that time labour was unprofitable to him—in order to prevent their being tempted, through want of occupation, to join the reactionary riots. Signor Pulsinelli, an old patriot and a member of parliament, who owns a wool-mill at Isola, roused his men to arms against the band of Chiavone and other ruffians in the pay of Rome, who daily crossed the frontier. The influence of these gentlemen, and the comparatively happy condition of the district both as regards manufacturing industry and agriculture, explain why brigandage never took root in that peaceful valley, although it is situated close to the Roman frontier.

A remarkable testimony in favour of the Southern Italians is that of the generals and officers in the Italian army, who are unanimous in stating that the new Neapolitan recruits are more teachable and readier to undergo the hardships of military life than any from the upper provinces. And, as regards educational capacity, very satisfactory results have been obtained in the elementary schools—unhappily few in number up to the present—which have been instituted during the last three years. I had occasion to visit myself some of those schools, among which a recent one at Sansevero in Capitanata; and it was with a feeling of gratification and hope that I attended there an experiment of the proficiency of the children after a few months' training.

But, notwithstanding so many advantages of nature and intellect, several among the provinces of Southern Italy are in a painful state of misery and degradation. The most obvious and popular explanation of the fact is Bourbonic despotism, and this explanation is undoubtedly the true one. Despotism, indeed,

was not idle even in the other states of the peninsula; yet, in these latter, civilization had not to undergo the sufferings and oppression that prevailed at Naples. For the Bourbons not only persecuted political opinions, and tortured human limbs, but fettered the country to that state of barbarism in which it had been left by its aristocracy and the Spanish viceroys; and the progressive movement, initiated last century under the auspices of Charles III. and his minister Tanucci, was completely checked by the later kings.

Take only the deficiency in communications. A few instances will suffice to give an idea of Bourbonic administration on that score. In the provinces of the mainland (I leave out Sicily, which has been left even in a worse condition), there were only five high roads to connect them with the capital, and none except a few unfinished ones that allowed of communication between one province and another. Even among the principal roads (*Vie Consolari*), the one leading to the Abruzzi did not go further than Aquila; another to Basilicata and to Taranto was interrupted for a long tract, which must be traversed even now on horseback through mountains and torrents. To the three Calabrie there is but one road, equally interrupted at intervals, and with no bridges. The diligence has to cross impetuous rivers not without danger; and, if these are swollen, the traveller is forced to spend two or three days in bad inns or mud cabins, and wait for more favourable weather. In several instances, there are districts of the same province that have no possible communication between each other practicable by vehicles of any sort. Thus, between Foggia and Serracapriola in Capitanata there is no road, and only one bridge on the Fortore—the river which separates the two districts—an unfinished, abandoned, falling structure, scarcely safe for foot-passengers and animals to tread upon; although 84,000 ducats had been assigned some years ago for its construction by the Provincial Council of Capitanata. The speculators and Government agents squandered

away the money; the engineer, an honest man, committed suicide through despair; and the traffic over the Fortore, between Puglia, Terra di Molise, and the Abruzzi—that is to say, the traffic by land between the wool-market of Foggia and Central Italy—was consequently rendered impossible. Between the Abruzzi and Capitanata there was, through the same reason, no postal service. Letters had to be carried from Chieti and Teramo to Naples, and from Naples back, through Avellino, to Foggia. And these are towns which will now be placed by the railway at the distance of two hours from each other. In the province of Basilicata, which is almost as large as Tuscany, though with a far scantier population, and where, over mountain, dale, and seacoast, Nature has hitherto in vain displayed all the variety of her productive powers, four-fifths of the territory are without roads at all.¹ Adding to this the deficiency of harbours on both the Adriatic and the Mediterranean coast, we may form an idea of the hindrances opposed by that savage Government to every development of commerce, industry, and civilization in Southern Italy.

The condition of landed property and of labour, especially in Capitanata and in several districts of other provinces, was not less calculated to produce poverty and mischief. That province is formed for the greatest part by a vast plain, which extends for many miles between the Apennine and the Adriatic. Once the domain of the sea, it was gradually elevated by the deposits of the torrents into a fine pastoral ground. From the earliest days of ancient Italy that green soil was the resort of shepherds in autumn, winter, and spring. Roman publicans levied heavy fines on the sheep and cattle owners, and from their *tabulæ* probably came the name of *Tavoliere*, applied to that plain. In the middle ages, lords feudal and ecclesiastical took possession of it, and held

it down to the fifteenth century, when Alfonso II. of Aragon, king of Naples, claimed the suzerainty of the crown over the Apulian pastures, wresting the estates from those who had fought against him during the civil wars of the period, and allotting them, through annual contracts called *professioni* (from the necessary declaration of the number of sheep or cattle), to the owners, most of them Abrutian, who were called *locati*, from the nature of the contract. This system was followed out down to the reign of Joseph Bonaparte, when, in 1807, a law was made which changed the annual *professioni* into permanent settlements by a sort of emphyteotic convention (*censo*), the *censiti*, or emphyteotic farmers, having to pay a rent to the crown besides the ordinary taxes. A sham competition was opened, in which the former *locati*, and among these the richest, had the preference. The smaller ones were discarded, and, consequently, ruined. In 1817, the restored dynasty of the Bourbons annulled this innovation, and tried to bring back the old state of things. And in this they succeeded but too well. By the law of 1807 the possessors of the estates were authorized to till the soil and redeem the canon. The Bourbonic law forbade tillage, except in a limited proportion, under the pretext of fostering pastoral industry, and withdrew the power of freeing the land from the crown privilege, or allowed it only partially, and after endless and expensive formalities. Then, besides these restrictions, the ameliorations already made by the holders on their farms, and the expenses undergone by them, were taken into no account in the new apportioning of the rent; and as, through this fiscal imposition, many of them were obliged to give up their leases, the abandoned lands were given to new bidders, or to minions of the court. Thus both laws proved ruinous to property and agriculture in the *Tavoliere*. The former, encouraging the competition for large estates, instead of directing, through prudent provisions, a right and moderate distribution of property which

¹ *Relazione al Consiglio Provinciale di Basilicata*, at the opening of the Session of 1862—last autumn.

might lead to the benefits of small culture, allured the new possessors into farming expenses far exceeding their means. These had recourse to loans under unfavourable circumstances, owing to the want of institutions of credit, and were obliged to pay in kind, with immense losses, what they could not pay in money. Their apparent wealth dwindled away; the showy farms and buildings fell into decay; and then came the Bourbonic ukase to complete their ruin. From 1817 down to the present time, the regression in culture, industry, and well-being on the *Tavoliere*, was more and more apparent.¹ The greatest part of the land ran to waste. Well-conducted farms became rare. Wild pastures and vagrant herds invaded anew the desert, treeless, monotonous country. There, for miles and miles, you may walk over the endless, solitary turf without meeting any sign of life or labour, except here and there some poor, ragged Abrutian shepherd, who lives there with his flock for many a month, friendless and roofless, wonderfully resigned to his fate. It is therefore that brigandage finds there a safe refuge.

Such are the circumstances of pastoral and agricultural industry in the *Tavoliere* of Puglia; and nearly the same is the condition of municipal and crown domains, and of ecclesiastical properties, which, through the law for the suppression of convents, are now under the management of the State. It may be safely stated that, in Capitanata and in other districts of Southern Italy, the country-labourer is at the lowest ebb of physical and moral degradation. And it is precisely in those districts that brigandage was strongest, and met with least populations. In Terra di Lavoro, less energetic opposition from the help in the Abruzzi, wherever a better system of farming and a more developed husbandry afford work to the labourer all

the year round—or where the hired labourer is in a minority in comparison with the *metayer*, the small proprietor, and the industrious farmer—there the native element contributes no recruits to the brigands, and the country is active in persecuting them. The same is the case in Calabria and in Basilicata, where the proprietors have joined together with the middle class and the artisans in the national movement, and have resolutely opposed and fought with the outlaws. In the latter province the bands would have met with entire destruction at the hands of the national guards, had they not been favoured by the peculiar features of the mountainous soil, covered with pathless forests and underwood. In Terra di Bari, and Terra d'Otranto (lower Puglia), where commerce and industry have awakened a superior moral spirit among both the maritime and inland towns, brigandage was a transient importation from other provinces, and was repelled by both citizens and peasants.

I have purposely dwelt on the subject of the social condition of the country, because it exercises an important though indirect influence on brigandage. The social question is not the real motive, or even the pretence of the brigand; but the wretched condition of the peasant diminishes his interest and lowers his energy in the defence of property, and, in some cases, leads him into mischief. The brigands themselves cannot, by any means, be considered as representing a social protest against the grievances of any class of society. These grievances have lately assumed in the demand for redress a peaceful and civil character. Peasants in the municipalities of Southern Italy have immemorial rights of grazing, wood-cutting, &c. in the communal lands (*Beni demaniali dei Comuni*). In several cases they were perpetual farmers on those lands, or on the estates of the crown. These rights have often been curtailed by arbitrary means, and a portion of the communal lands gradually usurped by influential individuals, under the anarchical rule of the Bourbons. The syndic, the greedy municipal officer,

¹ See, on this subject, "*Il Presente e l'Avvenire della Capitanata*," by Scipione Staffa; "*Atti del Consiglio Provinciale di Capitanata*," Session of 1861; "*Osservazioni sul Tavoliere di Puglia*," by Pascale, &c.

the powerful family which swayed the locality under the protection of government, frequently invaded the ill-marked boundaries of those tenures, and awed into silence the witnesses of their usurpations. Thence a reaction against the usurpers, shared by all honest and liberal citizens. When the revolution broke out, the social and the political interest were therefore allied on this score; and the question of the communal lands was brought forward as a question of justice and redress by all well-meaning patriots. The new Government sent special commissaries (*commissari ripartitori*) to verify the titles; but the interested influences at work threw many an obstacle in the way of a fair solution of the claims. Now the decisions have been committed to the prefects or governors of the provinces; and it is to be hoped, for the good of all, that the rightful claims will be recognised, inasmuch as the peasants adhere to the legal solution of the contests with a moderation which is really surprising in a country where the sense of the law had been utterly perverted by a long exercise of arbitrary power. Still that sense exists in the people; and the instinct of discriminating right from wrong by legal contests in the Forum seems truly rooted in their nature, as though through some traditional agency of their forefathers' spirit.

Brigands act, instead, perfectly unconcerned with such interests and questions, having no other object in view than a wholesale robbery from both high and low. And if, here and there, family relations with the outlaws, or, still worse, a tendency to share in the booty, and, in most cases, dread of their vengeance, bring some peasants to look with indulgence and even connivance upon the brigands, there is no general disposition to associate with them, or to convert brigandage into a social or civil war. A rapid sketch of its history and elements will confirm this statement.

We must first draw a distinction between the reactionary disturbances which took place during the transition from the old to the new state of things, and brigandage as it now is.

Whilst Francis II. was at Gaeta, and Civitella del Tronto in the Abruzzi was still garrisoned by Bourbonic troops, the reactionary faction tried to excite the ignorant populations of the mountains by spreading false rumours of an Austrian intervention, and of the return of the King to Naples. The gendarmes of Civitella del Tronto invaded some country towns; and the mob who followed them killed the magistrates, invaded the houses of the liberals, and destroyed life and property without any regard to age or sex. Disturbances like these were planned by a part of the clergy and the servants of the fallen dynasty in the convents of Terra di Lavoro, in Capitanata, and elsewhere. Similar riots took place in the small towns and villages on the Garganic mountains (Monte Gargano), in the latter province. Fanatic monks and monsignori, and foreign adventurers like De Christen, La Grange, &c. were mixed up with the insurgents of the Abruzzi. And in all these movements there were two elements at work: the reactionary interest of those who profited by the abuses of the old régime, and the passions of a priest-ridden mob, led to mischief by superstition and the avidity of gain. Such outbreaks were partial, disorganized, and possible only in those places where there were no troops, and the national guard either not yet formed or badly armed. As soon as a few hundred patriots and regular troops marched against the rioters, they were dispersed or arrested. Those who escaped took refuge in the forests, and became outlaws. The liberated convicts of the prisons of Bovina swelled their ranks; and several among the chiefs of brigands, who have subsequently invested those districts, as Carruso, Schiavone, Bruciapaese, &c. have risen from such elements.

The last attempts of the same sort—namely, reaction through the means of the lowest orders in the towns—took place in Basilicata and Principato Ulteriore, during the spring and summer of 1861. Some of the principal families in those half-feudal districts had been great and

powerful under the Bourbons; and they conspired with Rome and with the Bourbonic Committees at Naples, and tried, by means of the worst elements of society, to further their aims. A new addition of bad characters was then at hand, furnished chiefly by the mistakes of the new rulers in Naples. The capitulated troops of Gaeta had got leave to go home; but those among them who belonged to the levies of the last two years were under the obligation of re-entering active service within two months' time. The disbanding of these demoralized soldiers proved mischievous in the highest degree. Many among them were equally reluctant to serve again and to return to the honest work of ordinary life. They were, therefore, the more ready to join in the schemes of the reactionary party. To these must be added the runaway prisoners and those who had been liberated, through neglect or malice, during the revolutionary crisis. Among the latter were Carmine Donatelli, better known under the nickname of Crocco, Nicola Summa, surnamed Ninco-Nanco, and other felons, who became chiefs of the bands in Basilicata. They had been condemned to gaol under the Bourbons as thieves and murderers, and were now called upon to play the principal part in their restoration. Donatelli entered Melfi as General Crocco; he was received as a guest in one of the principal families of the Bourbonic party, and honoured with official patents from the agents of Francis II. just in the same way as Fra Diavolo, Antonelli, and others were, at the beginning of the century, made prominent, as supporters of the throne and the altar, by Ferdinand II. and Caroline of Austria. These reactionary outbursts, however, were soon put an end to.¹ The national guards from the rest of the province, with patriots like Mennuni, Pisanti, Bruno, D'Errico, at their head,

hastened to the rescue of their friends, and in a week Crocco was a fugitive in the forest of Lagopesole, carrying with him a large sum of money, the fruit of his plunders. The wild and impassable forests of Lagopesole and Monticchio, in Basilicata, have since then been the theatre of his and Ninco-Nanco's exploits, although the bandits have been constantly pursued by the troops and the national guards, who have vied with each other in the pursuit of the outlaws for the last two years.

The reactions in Principato Ulteriore were marked by revolting atrocities. Ariano, Montefalcione, Montemiletto, witnessed horrible massacres. In the latter town seventeen liberals, who had taken refuge in a private house—among whom was Carmine Tarantino, a learned gentleman and a gallant officer of the national guard, and the Syndic Leone (a liberal and distinguished Churchman)—were fearfully mutilated. The rabble did not spare either women or children. Two of the victims, who cried amidst the tortures "Viva l' Italia!" were buried alive together with the corpses of the murdered. The leader of the gang, Vincenzo Petruzzello, of Montemiletto, was afterwards arrested and shot. He confessed that the money for paying the *banditti* was sent from Benevento and from Rome. All these ferocious attacks were put an end to by the national guards of Avellino and other towns of Principato Ulteriore, by the Hungarian legion which had formerly enlisted under Garibaldi, and by a few Garibaldini who were still at Nocera. No case of torture or brutal reprisals can be quoted against the citizens or the army in towns or villages. In some instances, however, the officers commanding the troops were deceived by false information, and some individuals were arbitrarily shot by military authority. Public opinion and many a voice in the Italian Parliament have loudly protested against this abuse of force; and Colonel Fumel, who, in his zeal for the repression of brigandage, exceeded the limits of moderation, was lately obliged to resign his functions in Calabria. The only case in which mili-

¹ See, among many other documents and writings on these reactions, the very valuable account of Camillo Battista, "*Reazione e Brigantaggio in Basilicata*," and Monnier's work, "*Sur le Brigandage dans les Provinces Napolitaines*."

tary vengeance took the upper hand was that of Pontelandolfo and Casalduni. At the approach of the brigands, who had been called in by the priests of those villages, all the liberal families sought refuge elsewhere. The few members of them who remained were murdered and their houses ransacked. Forty-two men of the 36th Regiment of Infantry marched there to attack the rebels. The unfortunate soldiers, encompassed on all sides by superior numbers, were all cut to pieces, with the exception of one who escaped to tell the sad tale. The day after, Colonel Negri, of the 36th, arrived at Pontelandolfo; and his men, horrified at the sight of the maimed limbs of their companions hanging, as bloody trophies, from the windows of the village, which had been deserted by both the brigands and their accomplices, set fire to Pontelandolfo. The reactionary party throughout Europe has repeatedly taken up this fact as a signal proof of the cruel and sanguinary tendencies of the Italian revolution—forgetting that their friends, the brigands, have left numberless traces of slaughter, destruction, and burning in all the provinces of Southern Italy. I do not justify the reprisals of the 36th Regiment of Infantry; but I can understand it after what had happened to their comrades.

The reactionary movements were then over. The attitude of the country proved beyond a doubt that the House of Bourbon had no followers among the educated classes, the workmen, and the majority of the settled peasantry. Not one town in the whole extent of the kingdom declared itself for the restoration of Francis II. The dishonoured flag of the rejected king fell into the hands of his only supporters, the brigands; and brigandage has ever since appeared what it really was—an organization of ruffians and outlaws for the perpetration of common crimes. The history of these crimes has been fully recorded. Farms and villages ransacked, crops set fire to, sheep and cattle destroyed or stolen, the keepers and peasants who resist put to death, when not numerous enough to withstand the marauders; proprietors

financed and threatened with the destruction of their property if they refuse to pay their ransom; travellers, railway-engineers, and workmen, captured and appraised at heavy fines, and, if the money is not forthcoming, tortured and murdered; women and young girls dragged from their homes and shamefully outraged; liberal citizens and priests burnt on slow fires—such are the daily chronicles of brigandage.

We have a testimony of its character from a witness whom no friend of legitimacy can contradict. In autumn, 1861, the Spanish Borjes, deceived by the boasts and false representations of General Clary and other conspirators in Rome, hazarded an enterprise which proved fatal to him. Borjes was a fanatic in the cause of reaction, but honestly devoted to it. When he came to Calabria and Basilicata with his Spanish companions, instead of a political party ready to fight, he found himself among thieves and assassins, who thronged about him only for the sake of plunder, besides some French adventurers, and amongst them a certain Langlois, whom he soon learnt to despise. The deficiency of Italian troops and the inexplicable conduct of General La Chiesa allowed him to advance into the interior of the country, where Crocco and Ninco-Nanco, with their bands, came to meet him. The gang, however, was repeatedly beaten by the citizens of Basilicata at Pietragalla, at Muro, Bella, and Avigliano, and entirely routed at Pescopagano. Borjes and his few friends were robbed of their money and clothes; and, thus abandoned by all, they traversed, penniless and starving, the rest of the country, until, at the distance of a few miles from the Roman frontier, they were overtaken in a country-house by some of the Italian troops, and after a useless resistance made prisoners and shot. His Journal—a very remarkable and important document—is full of passages like the following:—

“November 3d. The greatest disorder reigns among our men, beginning with the chiefs” (viz: Crocco, Ninco-Nanco, D’Amati, &c.)
“Thefts, massacres, and other abominations

were the consequence of this assault" (at a village called Trevigno). "I possess no authority whatever."

"November 5th. We stop at Caliciana. Royalists and liberals have been plundered without distinction in a dreadful way. A woman and three or four peasants have been murdered."

"November 9th. We arrived at Alliano (a reactionary village); the population receives us with the priest at their head, carrying the cross, and crying, 'Viva Francesco II.' which does not prevent the greatest disorders during the night. Such things would be surprising, were not the chief of the band (Crocco) and his followers the most determined robbers that I ever met with."

"November 23d. Crocco has made yesterday his reappearance. He burns the villas at the west-end of the town (of Bella)."

"Balbano, November 24th. The most unheard of disorders took place in this borough. I loathe to give the particulars, so horrible are they under every aspect."¹

Such were the forces of the *legitimate* king amidst his *faithful* subjects. When Borjes was taken prisoner, he said; on the way to Tagliacozzo, to the officer who escorted him, "I was going to Rome to declare to King Francis II. that he has only thieves and knaves to defend him, that Crocco is a sacrilegious pant, and Langlois a brute."

After the example of Borjes, any political direction of brigandage must have appeared impossible to both the foreign and the domestic friends of the Bourbons. Still, conspiracy from without is as busy as ever. Even lately, some bands were freely organized in the Papal territory, and sent over the frontier. They have been defeated. But the nuisance will not cease so long as French occupation makes of Rome a secure asylum and a bulwark for all the enemies of the Italian nation. Nor is there the least doubt of the direct complicity of Francis II. and his agents at Rome and Naples, as well as that of the Papal Government, with the brigands. The results of the trials for reaction and brigandage in the last three years afford irrefutable evidence of the fact.²

And now the question is: How can

¹ The Journal of Borjes has been published by Monnier from the original manuscript, which is preserved together with the other papers found upon him.

brigandage be put down? Military persecution by regular troops has proved more or less a failure. The troops have devoted themselves to this inglorious war with an amount of endurance worthy of all praise. But it is worse than useless to wear them out in the pursuit of brigands, except on the Roman frontier, which is exposed to incursions of more soldierlike adventurers from without, and which must be guarded by a regular military cordon even for political considerations. It is impossible to conquer by mere military contrivances an enemy who ever flies, who lives in forests and grottoes, who is thoroughly acquainted with all the paths and lurking-places of both mountain and plain; who keeps his watch on the top of the hills, whence he can look down over many miles, and see every movement of his pursuers. The Italian army has, indeed, something better to do for the country than to run after thieves and assassins. Its duty and avocation is to fight foreign enemies. Its true field of honour and victory is on that part of the peninsula which still suffers under the domination of the stranger.

What then? Is brigandage to be left for ever to its licence? No. The country has plenty of means gradually to limit the mischief, and to do away with it entirely in the long run. The thing urgently required is to put these means regularly and perseveringly into organic action.

We have seen that the national guards, though not well organized or sufficiently armed, have accomplished the most efficient part in the repression of the reactions in 1861, although there was, in those reactions, a certain amount of party feeling at work. It would be absurd to suppose a less active disposition on their part against plunderers and assassins who place in continual jeopardy the property and life of each and all irrespectively of party distinctions. The greatest cause of weakness, up to the present, has been the mean and groundless distrust evinced by the Government towards the most devoted and active

elements of Italian patriotism, and generally of the popular party. A sort of bureaucratic caste—the offspring of all governments tending to centralization, as was the case with the old Piedmontese governments—has spread itself all over the country, smothering, to a certain extent, its free and healthy development. The narrow-minded and egotistical exclusiveness of the official world, and its spirit of *routine*, have retarded the progress of administrative reforms and local self-government, and created discontent in all provinces. Men never known before as liberals, and many known only as persecutors of the liberals, fill many an important place. Provincial and municipal magistrates, judges and other public officers, who had been influential under the Bourbons at the expense of the liberal party, are now equally influential under the mask of *moderates*, at the expense of every one who is not ready to swear to the creed of the governing *coterie*. As under the Bourbonic rule there were reactionists who persecuted liberal men, there is now a hypocritical liberalism persecuting dissenting patriots. This, of course, engenders neither cordiality nor active support from the unofficial classes towards the agents of the Government, although there is a patriotic feeling predominant everywhere, yearning to the ideal of Italian resurrection, and forgetting for its sake all unpleasant realities.

Let, then, the local energies be allowed free scope in their due sphere of administration and self-development; let the men who are true to their country be allowed to come forward to teach and lead the multitudes; let the national guards be fully armed and organized, and the select and mobilized portion of them appointed to watch over and pursue the outlaws; and the whole country will recover its now slackened faith, and co-operate actively for its own salvation. A few battalions of bersaglieri, and some regiments of horsemen from the regular army, will, here and there, be necessary as a leaven for the military action of citizens; but, above all, the defence of

the country must be entrusted to the country itself. Then the formation of a good civic and rural police is indispensable, and might be organized with success by means of local elements besides the ordinary gendarmes. The Committee of Inquiry, impressed with the necessity of a more speedy and efficient procedure against the crime of brigandage (a crime not contemplated by the ordinary penal code), has proposed an exceptional law to be partially and temporarily applied only in those districts which are actually infested by the outlaws. In their scheme, which is now under the examination of Parliament, they propose, among other extraordinary measures, the action of military tribunals against both the brigands taken arms in hand and the persons impeached as accomplices and conspirators. The committee was not unanimous on this point. The application of the military code to the outlaws, in the same way as it would be applied in the case of a foreign war, appears a wise, nay, a necessary measure; but few will approve of martial jurisdiction against persons arrested on suspicion of complicity with the marauders or of political conspiracy. In such cases all the guarantees of a regular procedure become the more important, inasmuch as, under existing circumstances, men's minds are more moved by anger, and the local factions readier to calumniate each other, and avenge, under political pretences, their own private wrongs. The jury should act in these as it does in ordinary occasions, for, surely, the certainty of a fair trial would tell more impressively on the conscience of the people. But then it would be indispensable to multiply with the assize courts the sections of magistrates appointed by the law to carry out the prosecution. Many an incumbrance and practical defect, as regards the territorial distribution of the tribunals and the sphere of their jurisdiction, in the new system of penal procedure, and, in some instances, the timidity or the partiality of some magistrates in dealing with cases of reaction, have produced great inconvenience. On the one side, the prisons

—the material condition of which in Southern Italy is amongst the worst legacies of Bourbonic barbarism—were filled with wretches, many of whom have not yet been tried; on the other, persons of higher standing, seriously obnoxious in the eyes of the people for having fostered reaction, were spared a judgment by jury through the culpable leniency of the judges. This produced a double mischief. The populations lost confidence in the efficiency of the common law, and the system of military executions without trial began to be looked upon with favour as the only remedy for the re-establishment of social security. Although facts have shown that such a system was no remedy at all, nor can ever prove so, I fully trust the efficiency of ordinary justice, if it is only made to act truly and earnestly. The juries, on their side, notwithstanding the novelty of the institution in Southern Italy, have proved equal to their task, showing impartiality and unhesitating resolution in all cases submitted to them.

But, far more than the exceptional laws and the severe repression which are now demanded against the deep-rooted evil of the past, the means of improvement which the country has at hand and the spreading of popular education will work the way to a future regeneration. The Italian people have a weighty, complicated, and apparently incompatible combination of questions to solve. There is the question of national emancipation—the question of Venice and of Rome—requiring a solution. Then there is a whole work of internal ameliorations to carry on: wastes to dig, marshes to dry, dirty, unwholesome towns to cleanse, roads to open, and harbourless coasts to provide with ports of refuge; and, more than all, an unconscious multitude, brutalised by misery and superstition, to be converted into a laborious class of intelligent and upright men. And the twofold task must proceed with simultaneous and collective efforts. They can neither be separated nor postponed to each other. The complete emancipation of the coun-

try is a necessary condition towards its free internal development, and the only reliable security for its future progress; whilst, on the other hand, every step in the way of internal improvement affords a new element of strength for the overthrow of those external obstacles which are opposed to the final constitution of Italy. The Italians have been forcibly idle for centuries under heavy visitations of conquest and tyranny. Let them not continue idle through their own neglect, but strive earnestly and faithfully for the accomplishment of their noble task. Little has been done up to the present in comparison with the vastness of the work that Providence has assigned to Italy.

Meanwhile, as regards the construction of roads and other public works, although their progress is still greatly disproportionate to the urgent wants of the country, the prospect is not altogether unsatisfactory. The railway which is to connect Northern and Central Italy with the Puglie is rapidly advancing. The branch from Ancona to Pescara has been lately opened, and in a few months that same line will reach Foggia and Barletta, thence to proceed to Bari and Brindisi. The branch from Naples to the Roman frontier is now in activity, and the works on the inland line from Salerno to Eboli and Laviano, and from Foggia to Conza, a line which will traverse the Apennines and join the two seas, are rapidly advancing.¹ And it is to be hoped that the delays which have hitherto retarded the progress of the railways in Calabria and Basilicata will soon be put an end to. The Parliament has voted 107,000,000 fr. for other public works besides railways; and has lately passed several bills for national and provincial roads, bridges, and ports in Southern Italy. A road from Sapri to the Ionian coast will open a direct communication between the Mediterranean and the Ionian Sea. Other roads will cross the provinces, and connect the Abruzzi with Central Italy. The provincial and the municipal

¹ Report made to the General Meeting of Shareholders by the President of the Council of Administration, April 27th.

administrations, through grants and loans from the State, will be enabled and incited to do their part of duty in this important section of national improvement; and the Provincial Council of Capitanata has recently voted a fund of half a million francs for the construction of the roads on the Gargano, now an almost inaccessible retreat for brigands. The ports of Naples, Manfredonia, and Brindisi will be improved by enlargements, breakwaters, and other constructions. A new harbour of great service will be opened at Santa Venere on the Calabrian coast. National industry and intellect are anxiously exploring the means and local opportunities which the country offers for the development of the ways of communication by land and sea, the bettering of its material condition, and for new sources of production.

Before coming to a close, I must mention some other important provisions which are about to be applied to the Neapolitan provinces. A law freeing the *Tavoliere* of Puglia from the bonds of Bourbonic legislation was passed last May by the Senate, and will undoubtedly meet with no objection in the rest of the Legislature. According to this law, the possessors of those lands will, from the 1st of January, 1864, become free proprietors, and their obligation towards the State will be liquidated, through successive payments, in twelve years' time, or in a shorter space if they choose to do so. Through this law, free-trade in land and good husbandry will spread their benefits over an extent of 300,000 *ettari* of fertile land, of which 225,000 are now wild pastures in the hands of only 1,066 *censiti*, and 75,000 are badly cultivated by 3,220 owners overcome by debts among an exhausted population of *proletaires*. The partition of communal lands, tending to convert the peasants into industrious farmers, is actively going on. The town council of Canosa, in Terra di Bari, for instance, has lately determined to divide into small lots, among the peasantry, an uncultivated piece of land on the Murgie. The annual profit which the

municipal administration drew from that property in its present state was 3,329 ducats (13,548 fr.). After the partition the farmers will pay collectively 4,348 ducats per annum, the rent settled upon each farm being extremely moderate. Thus the town will receive a benefit, and ameliorate the state of agriculture and the condition of the peasant. Similar operations are now carried on in many communes of Southern Italy, where, at the same time, there is a growing and increasing emulation for the foundation of schools and educational institutions. The effects of the impulse given by free trade to the commercial transactions, especially those that have been opened with the other provinces of Italy, are daily visible. And the sale of national estates, the application of ecclesiastical properties to social purposes, and the encouraging of institutions of credit, cannot fail greatly to augment the activity and wealth of the nation. I must not omit to state that the reform of the prisons and the moral treatment of the convicts are now the subject of the close attention of a Parliamentary Commission.

But whilst the forces of civilization and the aspirations of patriotism are thus striving after the consolidation of national life, foreign interference and the weakness of our own official policy exercise a baneful influence over the very heart of the nation. The one great object of national duty, the very foundation of all that can make Italy really free, independent, and self-relying—namely, its rescue from alien domination—is set aside by our statesmen as a matter of no urgent consideration. And this in a country where, three years ago, a band of heroes arisen from the people inscribed with their devotion and their blood that brilliant poem—"From Marsala to the Volturno"—which recalls the grandest deeds of ancient virtue. Whilst the redemption of Rome and the liberation of Venice are the yearning of the rising generation, and of all who remain young in intellect and heart among the older patriots—the watchword of all our associations whether

political or co-operative, of all our schools and universities, and of the people at large—whilst both the prudent and the sanguine equally proclaim the urgency of a solution, the country has never yet heard from her Government one single word of high-minded and severe protest against its foreign oppressors. There is a saddening contrast between the conscience and devotion of Italian patriotism and the attitude of Italian rulers. And this fatal contrast is a source of doubt and discouragement to many, and of party animosity. Nor can the frequent and unjustifiable tampering with the right of association and of public meetings, with individual

liberty and the freedom of the press, improve the influence of the governing party, or quell the manifestations of national feelings, inasmuch as the idea which inspires them is not one of rebellion, but of patriotic action for the furtherance of the national end. As long as the Italian Government will submit to the insidious policy which, under the pretence of protecting the Pope and the independence of the Church, aims, in reality, at the destruction of Italy, it must expect to lose ground and meet with the increasing opposition of the nation. We firmly believe in the maturity of Italy for taking a higher stand in the cause of truth, justice, and liberty.

FAITH.

God's Truth for steady North-point—nothing fear:
 Not lightning, darkness, beasts, or evil men,
 Wanderings in forest or in trackless fen,
 Nor through the fury of the floods to steer
 Where land is not remember'd. Tongue or pen
 May scatter folly: be thou tranquil then;
 Bear griefs, wrongs, pains, or want that biteth near.
 The Maker of the World doth hold thee dear.
 As Day, above all cloud, walks down the west
 On silent floor of many-colour'd flame,
 So shall thy life seem when thou seest it best,
 Lifted to view its warrant and its claim.
 I tell thee God Almighty is thy friend;
 Angels thy lying down and rising up attend.

LORD BACON AS NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

BY BARON LIEBIG, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, MUNICH.¹

BACON'S biographers, as well as the greater number of those authors who have made his works their especial study, represent and consider him as the opponent of the scholastics, as the reviver of physical science, as the founder of a new method of investigation, and of a new philosophy—the so-called empirical or practical philosophy.

That the endeavours of modern philosophers—of the most intelligent men of the century—to assist the explorers of natural science on their difficult path, and to afford them a deeper and clearer insight into the nature of things should have utterly failed, seems a special fatality. Their peculiar views, not having any foundation whatever on true knowledge, could not in reality exercise any influence on scientific investigation; in the history of natural science their names have not found a place.

Quite different is the position of Bacon. After three hundred years his name still shines as a guiding star which, it is asserted, has shown us the right road and the true aim of science; and it will, therefore, not be uninteresting to trace with more exactitude than has hitherto been done, and deduce from his works themselves, the

share which Bacon has in the physical sciences of the present day.

Bacon lived in one of the most remarkable ages of our chronology. Great discoveries in the heavens and on earth had produced a mighty agitation in the minds of the people of Europe: he was the cotemporary of Kepler, Galileo, Stevin, Gilbert, Harriot; of the founders of our modern astronomy and physics, of mechanics, hydrostatics; of the doctrines of electricity and magnetism.

The history of physical science has this advantage over all others, that, in regard to the men who have furthered it or have helped to fix its foundations, the value of their discoveries and the influence of their ideas on the labour of their own or of our day can be weighed and determined with all possible accuracy. The facts and discoveries which have been the object of their investigations are, in themselves, imperishable: they are now as open to our observation and our test as they were centuries ago; every one of the experiments then made can be repeated; we are easily able to put ourselves in the same position and recall the very same conditions as those under which they were made; we can form a judgment of the explanations these men gave of certain phenomena by aid of their understanding, as well as of those for which they were indebted to their fancy—of what preceded their ideas and what afterwards connected itself with them.

From Bacon's scientific works, therefore, it is possible, with the greatest certainty, to determine what share he had in the great questions of his age—if he stood in the mighty intellectual current or out of it; how the discoveries of the great astronomers and natural philosophers influenced his mind; whether they were the seeds

¹It will be understood that, while we think it right to make *Macmillan's Magazine* the medium through which Baron Liebig may publish the very severe criticism of Bacon's scientific pretensions which he has been desirous to publish, and of which the present is the first and milder part, we by no means commit ourselves to the views which he argues. We only consider that, authenticated as these views are by a name of such celebrity and responsibility in the world of science as Baron Liebig's, their unpalatable nature ought not to prevent them from receiving attention, and that they may perhaps open or reopen a discussion of no small importance, in the course of which Bacon's true claims may be vindicated.—*Editor*.

from which sprung his ideas, and if, altogether, he comprehended and rightly appreciated them.

BACON'S "HISTORIA NATURALIS."

The most important work of Bacon for such examination is, doubtless, his "Historia Naturalis," or "Sylva Sylvarum:," a compilation which includes the whole range of his studies of nature, his observations, experiments, and, in short, of his knowledge altogether. In the introduction to this work, (The Works of Lord Bacon. Edition of 1846. Henry G. Bohn, London. Pages 81, 82,) it is said that Bacon "intended to write such a natural history as may be fundamental to the erecting and building of a true philosophy, for the illumination of the understanding, the extracting of axioms, and the producing of many noble works and effects. For he hopeth by this means to acquit himself of that for which he taketh himself as a sort bound—and that is, the advancement of all learning and sciences—and that in the present work, he has collected the materials 'for his Novum Organum.'"

The most remarkable parts of this introduction are the beginning and the end, where it is said that, according to an intimation of Bacon himself, the world, in the "Historia Naturalis," is "the world as God made it, and not as men had made it, and that it hath nothing of imagination." The commencement of the introduction offers an amusing contradiction to this assertion; for Rawley, Bacon's secretary, relates quite innocently how, in the compilation of the work which had been entrusted to him, he had had the honour of being constantly with his lordship, and he therefore must know best that the work could not contain the world as God had created it, he himself having diligently collected the contents from books. Accordingly it was the additions of his master which, in Rawley's eyes, gave the work so high a value; and it is these, indeed, which, for our comprehension of Bacon's point

of view, are of infinite importance. To every recorded fact, or phenomenon, or event, Bacon, namely, appended a cause or explanation. In a few instances was he able to do this from his own experience; and in some of them he illustrates his meaning by experiments.

In his "Novum Organum" Bacon has explained to us the principles and the method according to which natural phenomena are to be examined; and the subjects treated of in the "Historia Naturalis" must be looked upon as the practical vouchers for his particular mode of inquiry. Thus, with their assistance, we can judge to a nicety how far his principles and their application are adapted to each other, or how his practice and his theory agree together.

He says, in his "Novum Organum" (I. Aph. 34), "that, till he came, all knowledge was hollow, empty, and unfruitful: the right path had not been found, which was to go to facts, in order to learn their arrangement and their connexion." The true method "is not to proceed from indetermined results, subsequently obtained, but from well-understood, well-ordered facts." (N. O. i. 32).

The "Historia Naturalis" comprises, in ten centuries, all the facts collected by Bacon and his secretary from books of travel, chemical, physical, and medicinal works; and the task he set himself was, as remarked above, the explanation of these. The properties of bodies, metals and stones, of plants and animals, air and water, decay, chemical and vital processes, combustion, &c. &c. &c. are here all alluded to and explained.

I select a few examples, not because they are the best samples of his method of explanation, but because they are short and take up least room. They are all identical in their nature and quality:—

"Of bodies, some we see are hard and some soft: the hardness is caused chiefly by the jeuneness of the spirits, and their imparity with the tangible part; softness, contrarywise, by the greater quantity of spirits."—S. S. 844.

"Liquifiable and not liquifiable proceed from these causes: liquification is ever caused

by the detention of spirits, which play with the body and open it." Therefore such bodies as are more touched of spirit, or that have their spirits more straightly imprisoned, or, again, that hold them better pleased and content, are liquifiable : for these three dispositions of bodies do arrest the emission of the spirits."—S. S. 840.

"For spirits are nothing else but a natural body rarified to a proportion, and included in the tangible parts of bodies, as in an integument."—S. S. 98.

"Putrefaction is the work of the spirits of bodies which ever are unquiet to get forth, congregate with the air, and to enjoy the sun-beams."—S. S. 328.

"So much is true that stones have in them fine spirits as appeareth by their splendour ; and therefore they may work by consent on the spirits, and exhilarate them. Those that are the best for that effect are the diamond, the emerald, the hyacinth oriental, and the gold stone, which is the yellow topaz"—S. S. 960.

These views, with the exception of those on precious stones, are taken almost literally from the writings of Paracelsus (1541) ; which is mentioned only to show that, in such matters, Bacon's point of view was not essentially different from that of his time. But it would be an injustice to make this a reproach. It is very different, however, with the explanations which he had not received from others, and which must be taken as characteristic of his power of perception and the operation of his mind. The following examples are among the most simple :—

"Water in wells is warmer in winter than in summer, and so air in caves. The cause is for that in the hither parts under the earth there is a degree of some heat, which, shut close in as in winter, is the more ; but if it perspire, as it doth in summer, it is the less."—S. S. 885.

"It hath been observed by the ancients that salt water will dissolve salt put into it in less time than fresh water will dissolve it. The cause may be, for that the salt in the precedent water doth, by similitude of substance, draw the salt new put in unto it."—S. S. 883.

"Put sugar into wine, part of it above and part under the wine, and you shall find that which may seem strange—that the sugar above the wine will soften and dissolve sooner than that within the wine. The cause is, for that wine entereth that part of the sugar which is under the wine by simple effusion or spreading, but that part above the wine is likewise forced by sucking ; for all spongy bodies expel the air, and draw in liquor if it be contiguous, as we see it also in sponges put apart above the water."—S. S. 884.

These explanations of the simplest things show clearly that Bacon did not really know how a fact should be approached, or that its establishment or its investigation was at all necessary as preliminary to a solution. Neither water in wells, nor the air in cellars, is warmer in winter than in summer ; and, under certain circumstances, salt water will not dissolve salt at all—in no case more quickly than in fresh water. In his explanation of the solution of sugar, he quite simply describes the process. The cause, according to him, is the porosity of the sugar. That the part immersed is just as porous as that which is not, is for him a circumstance not worth considering.

"It is affirmed constantly by many, as a usual experiment, that a lump of ore in the bottom of a mine will be tumbled and stirred by two men's strength, which, if you bring it to the top of the earth, will ask six men's strength, at the least, to stir it."—S. S. 33.

Bacon explains the circumstance in the following manner :—Every body has its own peculiar place assigned it by Nature ; remove it thence, and it will fall into a sort of rage. Hence the violent striving to return to its original place, though it will put up with a slight dislocation. Hence, too, he explains why bodies fall, and the increasing velocity of falling bodies.

Take, finally, the following :—

"Starlight nights, yea, and bright moonshine nights, are colder than cloudy nights. The cause is the dryness and fineness of the air, which thereby becometh more piercing and sharp ; and, as for the moor, though for itself it inclineth the air to moisture, yet when it shineth bright it argueth the air is dry. Also, close air is warmer than open air, which, it may be, is, for that the true cause of cold is an expiration of the globe of the earth, which in open places is stronger ; and, again, air itself, if it be not altered by that expiration, is not without some secret degree of heat, as it is not likewise without some secret degree of light ; for otherwise cats and owls could not see in the night."—S. S. 866.

It will be observed that the reason which Bacon gives for the cold at night-time is only a more exact account of the condition of the air in the nights that are cold.

"The influences of the moon most observed are four: the drawing forth of heat, the inducing of putrefaction, the increase of moisture, the exciting of the motions of spirits."—*S. S.* 890.

When Bacon wants to explain the presence of dew while the moon is shining, then, according to him, she disseminates moisture; but the dryness of the air on moonlight nights is also owing to the moon; she must, however, then shine very brightly.

Bacon becomes much more interesting when we follow him in his refutations, his arguments, and experiments. He refutes, for example, the opinion of Aristotle on the bright-green, red, and sky-blue colours of the plumage of birds; who believed that a certain connexion existed between them and the climate and the sun's rays. This is quite false, says Bacon:—

"The true cause is that the excrementitious moisture of living creatures, which maketh as well the feathers in birds as the hair in beasts, passeth in birds through a finer and more delicate strainer than it doth in beasts, for feathers pass through quills, and hair through skin."—*S. S.* 5.

The pith of this explanation is, therefore, that birds have more beautiful colours than quadrupeds, because they have plumage, or, in other words, because they are birds. That there are black and white birds in which the juices that produce the feathers also pass through quills, is not taken into account.

What follows will be quite unintelligible, unless we remember that all investigations of nature were made by Bacon in his study—that the facts he dilates on are taken from books, and that the experiments and their results, which are to serve as proofs, are for the most part, his own invention. He explains to himself some occurrence, then imagines an experiment that would prove this solution to be right, and leaves us to accept his invented experiment for a real one.

Bacon assumes, for example, that spirit of wine possesses hidden warmth; and he proves it thus: "Albumen when "put into it curdles, as when boiled,"

and he adds, "and because bread put "into it is toasted, and gets a crust like "baked bread." The latter assertion is a mere fancy of his own.

It is a notion of Bacon that the hardening and putrefaction of soft bodies is brought about by warmth, by cold, and assimilation. In proof of it he quotes the following experiment with variegated sand-stone and pewter. He boiled both in a great quantity of water; and he says: "The freestone he found "received in some water, for it was softer. "But the pewter, into which no water "could enter, became more white and "liker to silver and less flexible by "much."—*S. S.* 88. We know that under such circumstances pewter suffers no change whatever, and that what Bacon here says is therefore mere invention.

His untruth increases in proportion as the incidents he would explain become more complicated. Flame and its nature often occupied his attention:—

"It is not red-hot air (negat illud vulgatum, flammam esse ærem incensum.'—*Th. Coeli.*) as many believe, but air is inimical to it.

"It appeareth also that the form of a pyramid in flame is merely by accident, and that the air about, by quenching the sides of the flame, crusheth it, and extenuateth it into that form; for of itself it would be round; and therefore smoke is in the figure of a pyramid reversed; for the air quencheth the flame and receiveth the smoke."

This is shown by the following experiment:—

"Take a small wax candle and put it in a socket of brass or iron; then set it upright in a porringer full of spirit of wine heated: then set both the candle and spirit of wine on fire, and you shall see the flame of the candle open itself and become four or five time bigger, and appear in figure globular, and not in pyramis. You shall see also that the inward flame of the candle keepeth colour, and doth not wax any whit blue towards the colour of the outward flame of the spirit of wine. This is a noble instance, wherein two things are most remarkable: the one, that one flame within another quencheth not; the other, that flame doth not mingle with flame as air doth with air."—*S. S.* 3.

Hereupon Bacon gives us his conception of the nature of the heavenly bodies, which, as it seems, are rolling

flames. The entire experiment is, as we know, quite impossible. In the midst of a flame there is no oxygen, and a second flame cannot burn within it.

Bacon propounded the opinion that bodies grow heavier on being dissolved, and brings forward the following proof: "Weigh iron in aqua-fortis severally; then dissolve the iron in the aqua-fortis, and weigh the dissolution, and you shall find it to bear as good weight as the bodies did severally, notwithstanding a good deal of waste by its thick vapour that issueth during the working, which showeth that the opening of a body doth increase the weight."—*S. S.* 789. What he subjoins is amusing enough: "This was tried once or twice, but I know not whether there were any error in the trial." Our exposition of which is, that he found what we find on repeating the experiment—a loss of weight; but he cares more for his notion than for the fact, in opposition to which he allows his reader to believe, in other cases also, that the "opening" increases the weight.

The above are examples of the experiments which he calls "fructiferous." Opposed to these are the "luminiferous." The difference between the two is that the former are made according to an idea and serve as means of proof. "The others possess the remarkable quality that they never deceive our expectation. Indeed we do make them, not for the sake of accomplishing a work but in order to investigate the natural cause of a thing. The result is always sure."—*N. O.* xcix.

An example of such "luminiferous experiments" follows here, and shows that by them Bacon understood experiments which are practised without knowing what we are about. They are to be compared to acts without a motive, and their result therefore is without end or aim:—

"The continuance of flame, according unto the diversity of the body inflamed and other circumstances, is worthy the inquiry. We will therefore first speak at large of bodies inflamed wholly and immediately without any wick to help the inflammation. A spoonful of spirit of wine, a little heated, was taken,

and it burned as long as came to 116 pulses. The same quantity of spirit of wine, mixed with the sixth part of a spoonful of nitre, burned for the space of 94 pulses; with the same quantity of gun-powder, 110 pulses. A cube or pellet of yellow wax was taken and set in the midst, and it burned only to the space of 87 pulses. With the sixth part of milk, 100 pulses; with the sixth part of water, 86 pulses; with half the water, only 4 pulses; with a small pebble in the midst of the spirit to the space of 94 pulses."—*S. S.* 366.

Bacon intends to measure the influence of different bodies on the combustion of spirit of wine by means of a number. It must first be observed that he cannot possibly wish or intend to employ the number for any purpose, inasmuch as "a spoonful" is something quite undetermined, changing with the size of the spoon; and then that it is he who has decided or changed the duration of the burning, and not the substances he places in the spoon. For the time which the spirit will burn depends on its quantity; and, as in a spoonful, where there is no saltpetre, or gunpowder, or pebble there must naturally be more spirit than when these objects are present, the numbers obtained do not in any way express the relation between these things and the time of the burning. A spoonful of spirit without anything else in it would of course burn longest; in all the other experiments there was a smaller quantity of spirit in the spoon.

"The true method does not seek at random," says Bacon, "but from well-understood facts it deduces the principles (*axiomata*) which, when once determined, lead to new experiments."—*N. O. Aph.* 81. This right principle, which, in almost the same words, Leonardo da Vinci had uttered half a century before Bacon, and to whose adoption he owed the most admirable and beautiful discoveries in physical science, mechanics, hydraulics, &c., becomes, when practised by Bacon, a perfect caricature, so that it is no longer recognisable. The best proof of this is his method of making gold (*S. S.* 326, 327). All Bacon's works begin with the continually repeated complaint of the miserable condition of science before his time, and

with the reasons for it; and he then, in grandiloquent phrases, extols the new ways and instruments that he has discovered for the improvement of such pitiable state, and in order to lead the sciences to their true end. In this wise he begins the description of his gold-making process:—

“The world,” he says, “hath been much abused by the opinion of making of gold: the work itself I judge to be possible, but the means hitherto propounded to effect it are in the practice full of error and imposture, and, in the theory, full of unsound imaginations. Six axioms of maturation must be observed. The first is, that there be used a temperate heat. The second, that the spirit of the metal be quickened, and the tangible parts opened. The third, that the spirits do spread themselves even, and move not subsultorily. The fourth is, that no part of the spirit be emitted, but detained. The fifth, that there be choice made for the likeliest metal for the version. The sixth, that you give time enough for the work. These principles are most certain and true. Let there be a small furnace made of a temperate heat. For the material take silver; put in also with the silver one-tenth part quicksilver, and one-twelfth part nitre by weight, and so let the work be continued by the space of six months at the least. An injection of some oily substance will make to lay the parts more close and smooth, which is the main work.”—S. S. 327.

In this recipe we have the whole man; Bacon and all his works. All the means that he indicates to make gold are erroneous and deceptive, and the axioms of which his theory is made mere fantastic conceits.

Whoever studies his “*Novum Organum*,” or any other of his works, diligently and in good faith, and, with patience and perseverance, follows up a single thought of his through all its turnings, and into all its corners, will find that it resembles, in its origin, a merry spring bursting forth out of the ground. It gives us reason to hope that we shall be led by it, through green and flowery meadows, to cool shady woods, to a brook with mills beside it, and, at last, to a stream bearing ships upon its waters; but, instead of this, the wanderer is brought into a desert, where there is no life, and where the rivulet vanishes amid the barren sand. At first, we take this for a chance

occurrence, and think that, in a second or third attempt, we shall be led in other directions more satisfactory; but at last the conviction forces itself upon us, that the whole was but a painted decoration. Eventually we discover the intention, and are ashamed of ourselves for having been deluded by so coarse a deception.

It is impossible not to admire Bacon's skill in the choice and arrangement of his means to produce a profound impression on the mind of the society for whom he writes his works; and his success shows how rightly he estimated the mental standing of his readers in all that related to scientific matters. All the odds and ends of knowledge, which, in his “*Historia naturalis ventorum, soni et auditus, densi et rari*,” &c., are hung out for show, were others' property, and taken, as he owns, from the books of his contemporaries. Thus, his tables of electric and non-electric bodies, and the facts concerning the magnet (“*Inquisitio de Magnete*”) are literal extracts from Gilbert's celebrated work, “*De Magnete, magneticisque corporibus, et de magno magnete Tellure, Physiologia Nova*.” Lond. 1600. He describes Drebbel's thermoscope in Drebbel's own words; but on one point he remains true to the law which he so warmly recommends, “to abjure all authorities, and to allow no one but oneself to be of any account.” Accordingly, on no occasion does he mention the author of the work thus robbed, or bestow on him a word of recognition for what he has received.

In our day, when greater sensitiveness reigns in such matters, Bacon's proceeding would certainly be called an unblushing plagiarism; but in those times the plunder of the little by the great was nothing unusual, and the notions about property and theft were not so distinctly marked as they are now.¹ In Bacon's case especially, the

¹ The young princes and the courtiers of Charles were all accused of constantly stealing in the houses they went to.—“*Montaigne, the Essayist*.” A Biography, by Bayle St. John. P. 158.

theft was perpetrated for a high aim ; and the voices of those who had the impudence to complain of it did not penetrate the circle in which he moved. It was in this sense he wrote to Burleigh (Letter 7), "I have taken all knowledge to be my province;" and as he, the conqueror, finds it very unfitting that in such domain there should be people whose silence he is unable to enforce, he continues—"If I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, where—of the one with frivolous disputation, "confutation, and verbiages, the other "with blind experiments and auricular "traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils." Without once telling us, or even hinting at the discrepancies which his contemporaries or predecessors, whom he so condemns, were guilty of in their observations, experiments, or conclusions, he mixes up all together in such a manner that every one turns away with a natural feeling of aversion. "There is absolutely no such thing more as an honest "investigation of Nature. It has been "spoiled and poisoned by Aristotle "by his logic; by Plato by means of "his natural theology; and then by "Proclus and others by means of "mathematics" (N. O. i. 96). This last Bacon always dreads as though it were a poison; yet he cannot conceal from himself that it might possibly be very effective; but it is never where he would like to place it.

"Scholars, credulous and superficial, give ear to fables and the assertions of hear-say experiences, and do not scruple to use these to strengthen and confirm their investigations. In their *Historia Naturalis* there is nothing which is rightly observed, tested, calculated, weighed, or measured. And just as their observations are hesitating and uncertain, so, too, their explanations are deceptive and unreliable."—N. O. i. 98.

It is clear that Bacon did not write his work for men of science of his day, for these most pitiable individuals are all of the same stamp; there is, according to his lordship, not one exception; he classes them altogether as belonging to the same mob. They are talkers, freebooters, deceived or deceivers, and

not one is worthy the notice of a gentleman. "No one before him had a soul "great enough to divest himself of all "theories and notions handed down to "us from our ancestors, and to turn "his mind to the consideration of the "special. And therefore is it that our "present knowledge is nothing but the "trash of credulity, and chance events, "and childish notions" (N. O. i. 96). With him, however, all is otherwise.

"But when a man (Bacon) of ripe age, with senses not to be misled, and with a pure soul, turns his attention to practical matters and special instances, of such a one something better may naturally be expected."—N. O. i. 97.

"We have, for our own part, the deeds of Alexander the Great before our eyes; but let no one interpret this as vanity, for the explanation which Livy gives of the feeling is fitting also for us: Posterity will say of us that we achieved what is great, because others held that to be great which we looked upon as little."—N. O. i. 97.

"Like Columbus, we will discover a new world in science."—N. O. i. 97.

"And we, nevertheless, are not mere promoters, who warp the judgment of others by force or cunning, but of their own free will we lead men by the hand."—N. O. i. 92.

Bacon is conscious that in most instances he is not truthful, and has the prudence to blunt the weapons of his adversaries beforehand. He is without tolerance for others, so much do they stand below him; but with him it is a matter of course that he, whose deeds equal those of Alexander and Columbus, is to be measured by another standard.

"If, in reading attentively our *Historia Naturalis* and our Tables of Invention, some of them, or even of our experiments, were found to be doubtful or totally false, the conclusion might perhaps be drawn that our principles and discoveries were of like value. But this in reality is not the case; for such errors are like those a compositor makes in substituting one letter for another. A practised reader is not put out by this. When these errors and things which are false be found in our *Historia Naturalis*, collected and put together with so much care, diligence, and religious conscientiousness, this is of no consequence whatever. What are we to think of other scientific works which, compared to our own, are written with so much carelessness and credulity."—N. O. i. 118.

Vain self-praise and detraction of

others' merit go always hand in hand with his lordship, just as with other vulgar specimens of humanity. Should any one be inclined to think his works bad, let him first look, says Bacon, at those of others. He, on the whole, coins only gold, while they issue base copper currency; and if, occasionally, this latter also bears his impress, it was only owing to over-haste and want of caution, and there will be no difficulty in separating the two.

Bacon does not fail to make his contemporaries observe that something more is to be expected of them for his successful investigations. "The work and its reward do not lie in one and the same hand. Progress in science emanates from great minds, while the profit and the prize are found with the powerful and with the people, who rarely rise in their knowledge above mediocrity; and thus a furthering of science misses not only the reward, but also the approbation of the multitude" (N. O. i. 91).

With Bacon all is external: nowhere in his works do you find a trace of the inner joy or love which animated a Kepler, a Galileo, or a Newton, in their examinations or discoveries, or the humility which the accomplishment of a great work called forth, on beholding how much more and how much greater things were still to be done. These men, whether persecuted, disregarded, or oppressed, never depreciate or detract from what others have done; and not one of them ever thought of claiming the reward or the approbation of the crowd for works which in themselves afford so profound a satisfaction. Compared to those men, Bacon shows like a quack-doctor, who, standing before his booth, tries to make his rivals appear as ignorant as possible; who vaunts his wondrous cures, and praises the remedies with which he promises to raise the dead and banish illness from the world; and, finally, hints that such services to humanity are not unworthy of recompense. "Our Sylva Sylvarum," says

Bacon (S. S. 93), "is, to speak properly, not Natural History, but a high kind of Natural Magic. For it is not a description only of nature, but a breaking of nature into great and strange works." We know at how much the work is to be estimated.

The "Historia Naturalis" of Bacon does not present us the world as God created it, but, as regards all that Bacon has super-added, a world full of illusion and deceit. After our experience of the former work, which forms the groundwork of his "Novum Organum," we shall be able to disclose beforehand what our author gives us in this. In judging the work, we must not allow ourselves to be dazzled by the brilliancy of the phrases, brightly as gems, which make us only too easily forget what their ornament conceals.

The most important for us is his inductive method; the new instrument, which he, the inventor, commends to natural philosophers for the attainment of their end. As no one can expect to accomplish more with it than Bacon has done, and as he has described its application most minutely in his experiments on the nature of heat, there can be no doubt that by making ourselves acquainted with his mode of procedure, we shall be able to form an opinion as to the value of his method.

BACON'S METHOD OF INDUCTION.

The following are his directions:—If the task assigned be to investigate the nature of heat, we should first mark down in separate columns whatever may be considered warm or the contrary. Those things which have the nature of heat come on one side, and are the affirmative instances: on the other come the negative instances, by which are meant things in which the nature of heat is wanting. In this wise Bacon traces out two tables, from which I select a few "instances"—by which word example, incident, fact, or occurrence, is meant:—

THOSE THAT HAVE HEAT OR THAT ARE
WARM.

Sunbeams, especially in summer and at noon.
Lightning when it ignites.
All flames.
The air in cellars in winter.
Wool and feathers.
Oil of vitriol.
Fresh horse-dung.
Spirit of wine, and spirit, and oleum origani.
Strong vinegar.

THOSE THAT HAVE COLD OR ARE COLD.

Moonbeams.
Sunbeams in the middle regions of the earth.
Lightning when it does not ignite.
The ignus fatuus.
The coruscation of the sea.
The air in cellars in summer.
Snow, when the hands are rubbed with it,
makes warm.

A glance at this table suffices to show beyond a doubt that it was the work of a scribe deputed by his lordship, and who extracted from books every passage where the words warmth, warm, hot, heating, burns, and cold, cool, cooling, were met with. And thus it happens that oil of vitriol, which "burns" holes in clothes, brandy, vinegar, spiritus origani, which "burns" the tongue, are to be found quietly standing beside feathers and wool which keep "warm;" and fresh horse dung which smokes, beside flames and sunbeams.

According to this table, we are to form a *tabula graduum*, which is to be applied later in the process of induction; to compare the relative value of the affirmative and negative instances, and prepare our judgment. For such work his lordship had no need to quit his writing-table. Thus, according to him, wood is warmer than metal; sulphur contains a latent warmth; the natural warmth of feathers is deduced from the circumstance that, in the East, butter when wrapped in a stuff made of down melts. The question, whether meat could not be "smoked" by means of some "hot"-tasting matter, is also mooted by him. The flame of a spirit-lamp gives the least heat; that of dry dead wood is greater than that of logs; red-hot iron has more heat than a spirit-flame (in which iron is made to glow). Then, again, motion has an influence on heat; for example, the motion of the wind and of the bellows increases the heat. By moving a burning-glass slowly over tinder, it will ignite more quickly than if, without moving the hand, the glass be at once brought to the right focus. Cold excites and animates the flames to grow hotter, as may be seen on

the hearth in winter. How an inimical motion acts upon heat, can be seen in a burning coal, which is put out by the foot. The pressure hinders the warmth from moving in the coal and from consuming it, for flames require room in order to move and shine. Only explosive flames, like those of gunpowder, form an exception; because these, when compressed, fall into a sort of rage. Of all matter, the air absorbs heat most quickly, as Drebhel's thermoscope shows, extending when warm, and contracting again in the cold.

In order rightly to understand Bacon's inductive process, it would perhaps be useful to develop here his theory of "instances," which he applies in his experiments. Bacon, be it known, supposes that in every instance considered for itself, only a portion of the governing law is to be recognised, veiled as it is and hidden by other things; and consequently in one instance this is more clear to the observation or to the understanding than in another. It is, therefore, necessary to bring as many instances together as possible, in order that we may learn to distinguish those in which the law is palpably recognisable. Thus Bacon distinguishes, according to the degree of their provability, twenty-seven instances, *instantias migrantes, solitarias, clandestinas, ostensivas, &c. &c.* and gives to each, for the sake of characterising it, certain examples. To the reader these appear quite void of sense or meaning; when, however, their author's real point of view is considered, they are not so by any means. In his investigations of light, the prismatic colours are *instantia solitaria*—why and wherefore, we are not told: in his examinations of white colour, he places

froth of water and powdered glass among the *instantiæ migrantes*. When gravity is the object of his researches, quicksilver, because of its great weight, is an *instantia ostensiva*; when fluidity, then soap lather or a stream of water running uninterruptedly from a roof, is an *instantia clandestina* or *crepusculi*; which latter is so called, because in the froth a fluid is not to be recognised, and the jet of water might, for aught the spectator would know, be a piece of glass.

Provided with the necessary apparatus—that is to say having resolved which are the palpable, satisfactory or convincing instances, a proceeding that naturally presupposes a certain ready-formed opinion—Bacon begins the process of exclusion. The various instances must be analysed by the understanding, which, in this case, means that the whole ballast of facts and effects with which the vessel is laden is, with the exception of a few, to be thrown overboard. Bacon, for example, says: Warmth is earthly and heavenly—therefore away with volcanoes and sunbeams. When placed in the fire iron grows hot, but does not expand—away then with expansion. The air when warmed expands, but does not thereby grow warm—away then with local and expansive motion. In this process the grand thing is, that the exclusion is extended to whatever thing or phenomenon it is not found possible to make fit in to the system. “When once we have done with these,” says Bacon, (that is, when one or all these natures are arbitrarily got rid of) “we know that they do not belong to the nature of warmth; man is freed from them, and needs not to have anything more to do with them.” (*Omnes et singulæ naturæ prædictæ non sunt e forma calidi. Atque ab omnibus naturis prædictis liberatur homo in operatione super calidum—N. O. ii. 18.*)

After having followed his teacher through thick and thin, the scholar, tired and stupefied and without a landmark to guide him, is told at last, “The goal is won: all things considered, the nature of warmth seems to consist of motion.” And the proof is furnished

by three ostensible instances: 1st. By flame, which (*maxime ostenditur*) is apparently in constant motion. 2d. By the bubbling and the motion of boiling water. 3d. By the increase of heat owing to the additional motion caused by blasts of air. Finally, by the decrease of heat and the extinguishing of fire, when the motion of warmth is arrested in consequence of pressure or compression. (As when embers are trodden on by the foot.) “Its nature is also shown therein, that a strong heat destroys or visibly changes all bodies, and all in all proves that warmth produces a lively motion, a violent agitation, a sort of uproar in the innermost parts of the body.” To go further into his definition is hardly necessary: it will suffice to remark, that in order to comprise in it all that the senses can perceive as being an effect of warmth, he adds to his first definition two Modifications and four Differences.

Bacon’s mode of proceeding ceases to be unintelligible if we remember that he was a lawyer and a judge, and that his dealing with a natural process is exactly the same as if he had some civil or criminal case in hand. Viewed in this light, we understand at once his division of instances, and the relative value he assigns to each. They are the witnesses whose evidence he receives, and he forms his judgment accordingly. In a case of murder, for example, one witness has heard of the affair; a second has seen a man running away in a certain direction (*instantia crepusculi*); a third heard the report and saw the flash of the gun; a fourth, from his hiding-place beheld the murder committed, &c. Two or three such depositions as those of the last witness are now *instantiæ ostensivæ*: the case is ripe for judgment, the other deponents are heard, but what they say has no important influence on his decision.

With regard to warmth, the chain of Bacon’s ideas is pretty nearly as follows:—As to the rays of the sun, there is nothing to be done with them on account of the snow that is continually on the high mountains, which are much nearer

to the sun; nor with the moonbeams either, for, were they concentrated by means of a burning-glass, they might, after all, give heat. The warmth of feathers, wool, fresh horse-dung, has relationship to animal warmth, the origin of which is involved in obscurity; and, as iron when heated does not expand, and as boiling water is very hot without giving forth light, we have here a proof of the absence of expansion and of light. A feeling of warmth may deceive, for to a cold hand tepid water is warm, and to a warm hand the same water is cold. With taste we get on still worse. Oil of vitriol burns holes in stuffs, yet has a sour and not hot taste; *spiritus origani* tastes burning hot, yet does not burn. Accordingly we have left to guide us only what the eye sees and the ear hears; such as the trembling of the flame and the bubbling of boiling water. Stronger evidence is attainable by the employment of the rack, which in this case is a bellows, making the agitation of the flame so violent, that it is heard to sigh like water when boiling—or pressure with the foot, which puts an end to all heat; and thus from the poor sufferer, warmth, a confession is wrung that it is a restless, rebellious spirit, constantly endangering the peaceful existence of all other bodies corporate. Let it not be thought that this is a mere fanciful picture of Bacon's inductive method: it is, on the contrary, the method itself.

His investigation of the nature of heat is wound up with a paragraph which is the gem of the whole work. It furnishes a recipe for producing heat.

“If you are able to excite heat in a natural body, so that it strive to expand or enlarge itself, and you do so press it back and in upon itself in such wise that the expansion cannot regularly take place, but, on the contrary, partially maintains itself and partly is forced back, then, without doubt, you will engender heat.”—*N. O.* ii. 20.

This recipe, the produce of his manipulations with his new instrument, proves incontestably that Bacon, its inventor, could never have been able to kindle a fire by its help; and that sense-

less contorted phrases would be of little use in heating a room.

Bacon promises to show us a road that shall lead to a solution of the highest questions on the inner nature of things; and, when we accompany him, he leads us round and round in a labyrinth, and is himself unable to get out. His inductive method leaves him perfectly helpless in determining the simplest conceptions; and at the end of a diffuse investigation we learn as much as we knew at the beginning. He turns round and round in a circle, and gives us his own imaginings of things as he sees them from afar, he the while never leaving the narrow spot on which he stands. He is incapable of rising to a simple comprehension of the temperature, of the unequal conductivity of heat, of bad or good conductors of it, or of radiation; and it is difficult to understand how a man moderately well disposed to observe, who makes an investigation regarding heat, and who knows that cold contracts, so that iron nails lose their hold of wood in frosty weather—who had observed that in Drebbel's thermoscope the air expanded on being heated; it is wonderful, we say, how such a one could have failed to see that a change of volume arising from a change of heat was a general characteristic belonging to all bodies.

Bacon's method of observing in matters relating to gravity, weight, and motion, betrays always the same want of clearness and the same incapacity. He adopts the ideas of Copernicus regarding gravity, for example; but what he adds shows at once that he does not comprehend them; and, where he has to employ them, he falls again into those of Aristotle. In addition to the example about the weight of a lump of ore in a mine and out of it, the following are given to show still more clearly what his ideas about gravity are. He is of opinion that it is important “to observe what bodies are susceptible of the motion of gravity, which ones of that of lightness, and finally, those which are neither light nor heavy.”—(*Top. Part. 2, sec. Cap. III.*) And, further, the following

queries are proposed (*Ib.* sub. 9 and 10). "If a piece of metal laid in the scale upon wool or an inflated bladder weigh as much as without such being under-laid?" If, "where one part of the beam (in a pair of scales) be longer than the other, both however being of the same weight, the longer part would sink when suspended?" From these questions we see that Bacon had no correct notion of the lever or of weight.

His conception of motion is quite in harmony with his theory of instances. He distinguishes the following: 1st. The motion of impenetrability;—this is the motion of matter for asserting its place. 2d. The motion of freedom, by which elasticity is characterised, as example of which a child's pop-gun is mentioned. 3d. The motion of connexion, or the horror of empty space. 5th. The motion towards acquisition, as when a sponge imbibes water and expels the air. 6th. The motion of collection on a large scale—as when bodies fall in order to be united with the earth. 7th. The motion of collection on a small scale—as when cream collects on the surface of milk, or the lees in wine. 9th. The motion of flight—as the aversion of saltpetre for fire, &c.

Every change or non-change of place is distinguished by Bacon as so many different sorts of motion, each of which has, of course, its own particular cause; of a connexion of well-known allied facts, that would lead to a simple conception of change of place, there is with him never any question. He knows of the experiment of Archimedes with the crown of Hiero; he knows that fat bodies are specifically lighter than water, and swim upon it; but the rising of cream on the surface of milk is unintelligible to him, and can only be *Motus congregationis minoris*. When the nose turns away from a bad smell, and a fit of sickness follows, this is *Motus fugæ*. The movement of the pulse and of the heart is *Motus trepidationis*. If water moves in drops, then *Motus congregationis majoris* is victorious over *Motus continuationis*, &c. And all these movements

take place because, according to Bacon, the bodies "wish," "are hungry," "are afraid of," because they "prefer," "invite," "are averse to," "are jealous of," &c. &c. Of a law of motion, a reciprocal attraction, in Newton's sense, of something that necessitated or enforced a motion, Bacon had not the remotest idea.

Many authors who have examined Bacon's method of investigation more minutely have not failed to remark that a fundamental error must be hidden in it, although they were unable to discover wherein it lay. Feuerbach was of opinion that the ruling and determining notion of Bacon's mind was that of the *quality* of bodies; and that the defect of his method consisted in this—that the notion of *quantity* was wholly wanting, which was the guiding principle of later natural philosophers, and is so of those of the present day. Were this correct, it would not be allowable to discard Bacon's method, because the natural philosopher must be well acquainted with the different occurrences in nature, with the qualities of things, and their relations to one another, before he can begin to measure or to determine by means of numbers. An investigation as to quantity will be determined by one of quality, which must precede it. The latter discovers the law; the former settles it. The fact that lead, gold, wood, stone, fall from the same height in the same space of time, preceded the ascertaining of the law of falling bodies. And this is just the fundamental error of Bacon's method, that it is fitted neither for an examination of the qualitative nor the quantitative; or, in other words, that it is not a method at all for the investigation of natural phenomena. That heat is propagated in two ways—by radiation and conductors—that metals are good conductors of heat, and wool and feathers bad ones—are ideas which are in no way connected with numbers; no more so, indeed, than those of specific and latent warmth, which first must be determined qualitatively before proceeding to measurement. It has been observed already

that Bacon's method of investigation can never lead to any of these conceptions of heat.

The faculty to ascertain exactly the qualities of things, or what is qualitative in any occurrence, presupposes a practised, impartial, and true power of perception—a quality which in Bacon is quite undeveloped. The perceptions of our senses are so infinitely numerous and manifold, that language wants words to distinguish them; and we, therefore, in order to denote certain resemblances or differences in impressions on our senses, take notions referring to one sense to assist our meaning with regard to another. Thus we speak of "tone" in painting, without thinking of anything audible; and, in like manner, custom applies to our sense of taste words relating to sensation. Of peppermint we say it has a "cooling" taste, ginger a "hot" one; while volatile oils we pronounce "burning." We might excuse a physician of the school of Galen who, a century earlier, ascribes such "hot" and "cooling" taste to innate heat and cold; but even he did not attribute a physical notion to the words; and, if Bacon does so, it only shows how little capacitated he was to be a reformer of physical science.

The causes of natural phenomena, the inner nature of things, are as little to be

perceived by the direct assistance of our senses as are the thoughts which direct men's actions. Nature, however, is will-less, and conceals nothing from us. The great art is to make her reveal her secrets. We begin our investigation of a fact, of an occurrence, or a peculiarity, by inquiring its origin. Each thing has a character of its own: we try to bring it into action, that we thence may recognise what it has that is peculiar. Is it an occurrence? we know that it must have a begetter, even as offspring; and, when we are acquainted with these, and are face to face with the fact, all further interrogatory arises of itself, and we are told what we want to know. We know, too, that if we wish to understand great things, we must begin with the small and seemingly unimportant ones that precede them; and the emptiness of Bacon's conclusions do not, therefore, appear to us enigmatical, because his thoughts and his conceptions with which he approaches things are wholly without substance, and have nothing in them. In all his explanations it is invariably Bacon that is the speaker; he never allows the things themselves to say a word. To be their interpreter it must be necessary for him to understand their language; and this is just the thing of which he is ignorant.

To be continued.

CONVOCATION AND DR. COLENSO

BY A LAY CHURCHMAN.

In the course of last May, Convocation delivered itself of its judgment on the subject of Dr. Colenso and his book. To every one who cares for the interests of religion, or for those of the Church of England, such a judgment must have the greatest interest. Whatever else it is, the Church of England is an institution enjoying a landed revenue of some millions a year. It has great legal powers; it is one of the small number of liberal professions. Its

bishops are peers of Parliament; its inferior dignitaries, such as deans and canons, enjoy great social consideration; the bare fact that a man is in orders, is as much a certificate of his being a gentleman, as a commission in the army or navy. All this legal and social dignity is said by the clergy to be the least and lowest part of the true dignity of the Church—a sort of hem to the priest's robe. In a recent debate on the Act of Uniformity,

Dr. M'Caul declared, and some of his colleagues endorsed his assertion, that the Church is not supported by these things, but "rests solely upon the foundation of the Christian truth—in her holding and keeping the Catholic faith;" and this is the doctrine, not only of Convocation, but more or less of every private clergyman. In all discussions about subscriptions and tests it is assumed, generally speaking, on both sides, that it is the function of the clergy to teach the world—that they are the masters, and the laity the scholars—and that what they have to teach is matter of such unspeakable importance, that in comparison with it every other subject sinks into insignificance.

As we all know, these pretensions are very ancient. They have been made in all ages and countries since the Christian Era; and, wherever they were founded in fact, they have been admitted with almost pathetic readiness. The early Christian teachers not only converted the Roman Empire and its conquerors, but exercised the most vigorous authority over them after their conversion. The corruptions of Popery gradually sapped the power of the clergy, but after the Reformation they obtained over some of the most vigorous races in the world—for instance, over the Scotch—a degree of power even greater than that of which they had been dispossessed—power which went the length of regulating men's daily lives and the whole cast of their thoughts. This they did because they had it in them. They, like the early Christians, went upon the ground that they were right, and that, by an appeal to the recognised tests of truth and falsehood, they could make it evident that they were right; and they so far succeeded in this undertaking, that they were able to form great institutions upon the principles which they affirmed to be true, and to govern considerable sections of mankind by and through those institutions.

All the pretensions that ever were made by the clergy are still maintained. The Convocation of the Province of

Canterbury still calls itself a "sacred synod," and the General Assembly of the Kirk could not, in its most palmy days, have used stronger language as to the office and duty of the Church, than was used by Dr. M'Caul and Archdeacon Dennison with the applause of their hearers.

High pretensions are excellent things in their way. So long as one condition is fulfilled, men and institutions can hardly hold their heads too high or speak too vigorously. But that condition is indispensable—they must be as good as their words. If they are not, they merit, and will infallibly receive, contempt proportionate to the difference between their promise and their performance. The Church of England loudly claims to be the keeper of truth and the religious teacher of the nation; and Convocation as loudly claims to be its organ. Let them teach then. There never were more willing pupils than the laity; there never was a time when every educated man was more ready and anxious to hear, in perfect good faith, anything which the clergy have to say. If they would only take a lead, if they would but show the public that they do know their own business, that they have something reasonable to say on the subjects which occupy men's minds, they might make their own terms, for it is idle to conceal the fact that vital questions are at issue. A large proportion of the educated laity entertain grave doubts, founded on the sort of reasons on which they would act in any ordinary matter, as to the truth of large and important parts of the Bible. In all directions may be found quiet, respectable people who do not hesitate to say that their minds incline to the opinion that a great part of the Old Testament is not true, and that the same may be the case with much of the New Testament also. Those who say this are not mere youths blown about by every wind of doctrine, but sober men, who feel that it is destructive to common honesty to believe in geology and to pretend to believe all the Book of Genesis—who are impatient of the Old

Bailey sophistry by which certain writers attempt to explain away the contradictions in the Gospels, and who can come to no other conclusion than that parts of the Bible are true and other parts false, and that no one can tell which is which. Of course such a view is not pleasant, and those who hold it would gladly be shown that it is incorrect. They look, therefore, with natural anxiety, to see what the clergy, as represented by Convocation—the body who claim to be their teachers—have to say on the subject. What have they to say? The matter is pointedly brought before them. One of their own number publishes a book specifically assigning error after error in the Pentateuch; and how do they deal with him? The Lower House appoints a committee, which examines the book and reports upon it. The report extracts passages from the book, which they contrast with verses of the Bible and passages of the Prayer Book. These extracts show (1) That Dr. Colenso denies that “the Bible itself” (*i.e.* denies that the whole and every part of it) is God’s Word, whereas the Articles and the Prayer Book frequently use the expression “Word of God” for the Bible. (2) That Dr. Colenso denies that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, whereas Christ spoke of Moses and the Prophets, and the Law of Moses, and of particular passages in the Old Testament as being contained in the Books of Moses. (3) That Dr. Colenso speaks of particular narratives as unhistorical which the New Testament recognises as historical. Upon all which the committee, “bearing in mind that it is not their province to pronounce definitively what “are or are not opinions heretical,” content themselves with submitting that the above three propositions “involve “errors of the gravest and most dangerous character, subversive of faith in “the Bible as the Word of God.”

The report then says, that “The “general tenor of the book, in that it “discourages a humble and childlike “faith, is contrary to the record of the “mind and words of our Blessed Lord “in the Gospel;” and it quotes the

passage about revealing to babes what is concealed from the wise and prudent. It goes on to say that the committee “insist upon the duty and “the advantage of bringing all the appliances of sound scholarship, and all “the real results of learned and scientific “investigation, to bear upon the books “of Holy Scripture;” and “they acknowledge the benefits of such a “course” (which, as they begin by insisting on the duty of it, is very kind of them) “when accompanied by earnest “prayer.” They then say that the manner in which the Bishop of Natal deals with the subject “is wholly at variance with “the legitimate use of the means and “instruments of knowledge in relation “to Holy Scripture; that it tends to “bring both science and learning into “disrepute and contempt,” and that it must be displeasing to God—or, as they prefer to put it, to “Him without “whose gracious help all study of the “Scripture is vain.” It is very characteristic that they consider a roundabout phrase more reverent than a plain word.

This report being carried in the Lower House, was laid before the Upper House, who, “having considered the report,” resolved that the book “involves errors “of the gravest and most dangerous “character, subversive of faith in the “Bible as the Word of God.” The second resolution declined further proceedings, on the ground that the matter might come before a court of law, and “affectionately warned” those who might not be able to read the answers of the Bishop of Natal’s opponents of “the dangerous character” of his work.

This is the substance of what Convocation has to say on the subject of the Bishop of Natal. No one doubts that both the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation contain men of ability and experience. All the bishops present on the occasion, except Bishop Thirlwall, joined in the resolutions of the Upper House; and Dean Alford and the Dean of Westminster were members of the committee which drew up the report of the Lower House. No friend of the Church of England can read it without

shame and sorrow. These accomplished and experienced clergymen have been but too wise in their generation. They have steered themselves through their difficulties with only too much address. They have, on the one hand, carefully avoided any approach to an answer to the book. That, no doubt, they had a right to do. They could fairly say—as in effect they have said—A great public body cannot condescend to controversy. They have also avoided “definitively pronouncing what opinions are or are not heretical,” though they affirm that Dr. Colenso’s propositions “involve errors of the gravest and most dangerous description.” This relieves them from all responsibility for any express opinion. No one can fix Convocation or its members with any doctrine about the Bible. Lastly, they have fallen foul of the spirit in which Dr. Colenso writes. The “general tenor” of his book “discourages a humble, childlike faith.” Then, though according to his lights, he has tried to bring scholarship, learning, and science to bear upon the Bible, his scholarship is not “sound,” his learning and science are not “real;” his style must have offended God, and he cannot, they think, have prayed before he wrote his book, and he has brought “learning and science into disrepute and contempt.” To say all this is ease and safety itself. The general tenor of a book, the “soundness” of its scholarship, and the “reality” of its learning and science are matters of opinion, and very charitable persons may possibly believe that some of the committee thought that they were telling the truth when they blamed him for “bringing learning and science into disrepute and contempt.” It required a little more courage to express an opinion on the questions, whether he offended God by writing it, and whether he prayed about it, for these are questions of fact, on which Convocation has no special means of knowledge. All the rest of the report keeps out of harm’s way—no one can lay a finger upon it. It all comes to this, that the sacred synod does not like Dr. Colenso’s book,

and declines to say anything definite on the subject to which it refers.

Did it ever occur to those who composed this document, and who claim to be the teachers of the laity, that, safe as such a report may be, it is a very masterpiece of cowardice, and that, if they had wanted to impress the world at large with a sense of their own nullity and insignificance, no course could have produced that result so effectually? They have escaped responsibility, they have not committed themselves, and they have managed to combine this negative merit with a sideblow at Dr. Colenso. “We do not say specifically how or why you are wrong; we do not say whether you are or are not obliged to believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, but three of your propositions, which we dare not condemn, ‘involve’ errors of the gravest kind.” When a general brings home his army without the loss of a single man, is he usually received with admiration? Are not people unkind enough to hint that he might as well have stayed at home? Did it want a sacred synod to tell us that bishops, deans, and archdeacons do not like Dr. Colenso’s book, and has Convocation said anything more? The *Saturday Review*, in its pleasant way, once pointed out the moral and intellectual affinities between women and clergymen. The clergy, said the gentle critic, are popular with women because they cannot be regarded as “regular men.” Convocation would seem to be determined to justify the taunt. They are too angry to hold their peace, and they dare not speak their minds. If they had been honest, they might have kept silence, or have said, “We do not know what to make of this question, and we shall not interfere with it.” If they had been bold, they might have said, “The Bible is all true, and it is deadly heresy to doubt a word of it.” But, being neither honest nor bold, they could only turn up the whites of their eyes and falter out, “Oh, Dr. Colenso, what wicked things you have said—mind, we do not say what they are. God forbid. We leave that to your own conscience.

" Oh, what a sad book you have written
 " —mind, there is no harm in writing
 " books, and we like to see real learning
 " and sound scholarship applied to the
 " Bible ; but you have brought science
 " and learning into contempt, you bad
 " man, and we are sure you can't have
 " said your prayers before you wrote it." And so the maundering anathema fades away into a sort of choking sob, in which nothing can be distinguished but faint repetitions of the word " dangerous."

This is no caricature. It is simply a free version of the report ; and it is but one of a thousand illustrations of the conduct by which the clergy are making themselves the objects of the contempt of the laity, and are teaching them to feel and to say that their high pretensions are mere idle words, and that they have nothing to say upon the most important subjects that can attract their attention.

The question on which the public at large want a direct peremptory yes or no from the clergy is as plain a question as the human mind can frame. Do they or do they not mean to assert that the whole of the Bible is true, and of Divine authority ? In other words, is God Almighty pledged to the truth of every proposition contained in each and every one of the canonical books ? No one can fail to appreciate the importance of the question ; but it cannot be said to be difficult in the sense in which it is difficult to say what (for instance) are the provisions of International Law about effective blockades. It requires some courage to give a decisive answer upon it, but nothing else. It is hardly possible to suppose that it should not have presented itself to the minds of those whom it principally concerns ; and, if they have sufficient energy to care to know their own minds, they must have decided it. They are fatally mistaken if they think that the laity do not understand the issue, or that they fail to appreciate and to draw inferences from the fact that the clergy, who claim to be their teachers, shrink from answering it fully. This is not the first occasion

on which great theological questions have been at issue. They have been continually agitated, from the days of the Council of Nice to those of the Council of Trent ; and in earlier times they were not only agitated but settled, as far as authority could settle them. There is no mistake—no indecision about the Nicene or the Athanasian Creed. This is the doctrine of the Church—believe or be damned. Even in our own days the Pope himself is able to erect the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary into an article of faith. Why cannot the body, which claims to teach the laity, say with equal vigour whether or no the Bible is absolutely true ? The simple answer is that they dare not say either " yes " or " no," or " we do not know." Is it the part of real teachers ? is it the part of honest men ? Can such a line of conduct be made compatible for any length of time with the maintenance of even that conventional respect which the clergy at present enjoy ?

The timid silence of the clergy in general and of Convocation in particular on this subject is only half—and not the worst half—of their offence. It is bad enough that a sacred synod should not know its own mind on the principle which must stand first in their system, and lie at the foundation of it. It is sufficiently ludicrous that they, who claim to be guardians of Christian truth, should feel that it is not their duty to say definitively what opinions are heretical ; for, if it is not their duty, whose is it ? These things might be viewed with indulgence if they had only the sense to be quiet ; but they will not. They dare not take the responsibility of legislation, and they cannot forgo the pleasure of condemnation. Those who have the courage to say what they believe themselves have earned a right to condemn others ; but no position can be at once so ludicrous and contemptible as that of a body which condemns opinions which they do not like for differing from a standard which they dare not mention. Dr. Colenso says, The expression ' Word of God ' as applied

to the Bible, must not be taken to mean that every statement contained in the Bible is made by God, for I can show that this, and the other statement contained in it is not true. The report says, The Prayer-book frequently speaks of the Bible as God's word. Do they mean to affirm the proposition which Dr. Colenso denies? If they do, why not affirm it plainly, and take the responsibility? If they do not, why do they condemn Dr. Colenso? They are driven by a consciousness of this dilemma to try to pick holes in his style and scholarship, and to affect an interest in science and learning which they may possibly feel—for some of them, to their shame be it said, are learned men—but which can have no possible relation to this matter. No public body could disgrace itself more deeply.

The contrast between Convocation and the courts of law would be one of the most ludicrous parts of the matter—if so light a feeling as a sense of the ridiculous were compatible with the shame with which the impotent decrepitude of the clergy fills every layman who cares for the National Church. There is probably not a member of Convocation who would not concede that a certain latitude of opinion and discussion amongst the clergy, on theological subjects, is not only permissible but desirable. No sane man would contend that all the clergy hold, or ought to hold, precisely the same views upon all theological questions. What, then, are the limits of this permissible divergence? The only intelligible answer which can be given to this is, "Those which the laws of the Church permit." But what are the laws of the Church? The Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer-book, as expounded by the Ecclesiastical Courts. Now, whatever may be the case with particular expressions in his works, there can be no doubt that the substance of what Dr. Colenso has said has been decided to be perfectly lawful by the decision of the Court of Arches, against which there has been no appeal.

Convocation fixes upon three points of

Dr. Colenso's book, as involving errors of the gravest and most dangerous character. It says, in the first place, that Dr. Colenso does not believe that every proposition in the Bible is of Divine authority, and this it opposes to those passages in the Prayer-book in which the Bible is called the Word of God. Dr. Lushington, in the *Essays and Reviews* case, expressly held, that the effect of those passages in the Prayer-book and Articles was "to impose" (upon the clergy) "the obligation of acknowledging that the Bible, in matters essential to salvation, is the written Word of God." He further held, that Mr. Wilson had a legal right to say, "Those who are able to do so, ought to lead the less educated to distinguish between the different kinds of words which it" (the Bible) "contains—between the dark patches of human passion and error, which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within."

The second proposition objected to Dr. Colenso is a denial that Moses wrote the Pentateuch. Dr. Lushington distinctly held, that Dr. Williams had a right to deny the reputed authorship of the Second Epistle of Peter, and of the Book of Daniel.

The third proposition is, that Dr. Colenso spoke of narratives as unhistorical, which are recognised in the New Testament as historical. It was held in the *Essays and Reviews* case, that the clergy are at liberty to receive any passage either as mythical or legendary, or to consider it untrue, unless it relates to a matter necessary to salvation, and (apparently) recognised as such in the Articles or Prayer-book.

In these main points, therefore, Dr. Colenso is clearly within the law of the land. No doubt it was perfectly competent to Convocation to say, "We do not care for the law of the land; we look to truth, and we say this is untrue, whether legal or not;" but then, as has been already shown, they ought to have been prepared to lay down what was true. They shelter themselves from this responsibility by a tacit reference

to the law. "It is not our part to say definitely what opinions are heretical"—a reservation which obviously means, That is a question for the courts of law; yet they will not be guided by the law. They want to have it both ways. The existence of courts of law is to relieve them from the responsibility of saying what is heretical and what is not. The decision of a court of law is thrown to the winds when its effect is to justify the man whom they dislike. "You lawyers," they say, "shall save us from the responsibility of deciding, but you shall not deprive us of the pleasure of condemning." They cannot bear to sacrifice either the prestige of a church by law established, or the petty gratifications of bigotry which may be enjoyed by the leaders of a voluntary sect.

The practical conclusion which all this meanness and cowardice suggests to laymen is clear enough. The clergy, who profess to be their teachers, have nothing to say on the most important subject on which their testimony is required. They have no definite doctrine about the Bible. There is hardly a man amongst them of any reputation who will venture to say that the Bible is absolutely true throughout, and no one can even suggest any medium between that proposition and the proposition that every part of it is open to criticism. It is very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to believe that some at least of those who condemn Dr. Colenso differ from him radically. Does the Bishop of Oxford, for instance, really believe that the Israelites left Egypt to the number of upwards of two million souls, and that that vast population did actually travel through the desert in the manner stated in the Book of Exodus? Dr. Milman clearly does not. In the preface to his last edition of the *History of the Jews* he says plainly that he believes no such thing. "Maintain the numbers as they stand, I see no way, without one vast continuous miracle, out of the difficulties, contradictions, improbabilities, impossibilities. Reduce them, and all becomes credible, consistent, and

"harmonious." Dr. Milman does not suggest that they ought to be reduced, for he takes the bold and honest course of saying that he does not believe in the truth of the whole and every part of the Bible; but those who might be inclined to make the reduction ought to ask themselves on what grounds they do so, and whether, when the truth of any other testimony was at issue, they would begin by striking out everything which rendered it doubtful? Of course, by that means, every part of the Bible may be upheld. Assume once for all, that it means the truth, whatever that may be, and its meaning may be ascertained by independent inquiry into the truth. When you have found out by other means that, say 30,000 Israelites, left Egypt, or that the world has lasted for millions of ages, you may, if you like, add, that in the Bible 3,000,000 means 30,000, and six days millions of ages. But this is mere child's play; it cannot satisfy a serious mind for a moment. Either the Bible is true in the plain sense of its words, or else it is not. There can be no medium; and, if the clergy really mean to say that it is all true, they should lose no time in saying so plainly. If the Bishop of Oxford would say in public, "I believe that the world was made in six days, about six thousand years ago—I believe that Methuselah lived 969 years—I believe that the flood happened precisely as it is said to have happened, and that the number of Israelites who left Egypt was 603,000 fighting men besides women and children," he would put himself in a better position than he now occupies, especially if he had the courage to show his sincerity by calling upon the Sacred Synod to deal to the Dean of St. Paul's the same measure as it has dealt to the Bishop of Natal. The *History of the Jews* contains a score of passages as strong as anything written by Dr. Colenso; but they are written by a man to whom the public is accustomed—a man who is one of the greatest ornaments of the Church—a man who lives upon terms of personal

intimacy with the most distinguished part of English society; and what bishop has taken alarm at his book, or forbidden him to preach in his diocese? Is it honourable, is it English, to treat a Colonial Bishop with every sort of contumely for saying that which a distinguished English Dean is allowed to say with impunity? Dr. Colenso is certainly not equal in a literary point of view to Dr. Milman, but is the Sacred Synod moved by this? Do they sit as writers, or theologians? Or is it really true, after all, that what they lament is, the absence in the Bishop of Natal's work of "real" science and "sound" scholarship—that they would like him better if he was an Ewald or a Renan? What a satisfaction it must be to them to know that Dr. Milman's book does inculcate a humble, childlike faith, though he says in so many words that he believes the story of the sun and moon standing still to be "pure poetry," and though on many occasions he treats the questions discussed by the Bishop of Natal as matters which may be decided either way without affecting the interests of Christianity.

It is perfectly useless, as a general rule, to warn any body of men, and especially any body of clergymen, of the consequences of their policy; but a recent memorable precedent might warn the clergy of the present day, if they were capable of being warned, of the probable results of their conduct. About twenty-five years have passed since the Tractarian party was in the prime of its power. Its leading members were men of great ability—one of them might even be called a man of genius. They fought against acknowledged evils; and yet they so completely lost credit with the public that, in the present day, their opinions are as much exploded as those of any other bygone sect. Why was this? It was because the public at large saw clearly that, with all their ability, they were mere trimmers, halting between two opinions. It was said, with truth, 'Be either Papists or Pro-

testants, but you cannot be both. An Anglo-Catholic is hot ice and marvellous strange snow.' All the metaphysical cobwebs which men like Dr. Newman delighted in spinning melted before this dilemma. It presses now with equal weight on a more numerous party. There are two consistent and intelligible views in relation to this controversy, and there are no more. A man may either say the Bible is absolutely true, all through, and no man shall doubt or deny a word of it; or he may say the whole is open to criticism like any other book. It is a question of detail, and of specific argument and evidence, whether any particular statement contained in it, however important, is true or not. Of course it is easy to fight against this; but it is the plain result of the whole controversy, and it is better to face it manfully than to wear out one's soul in vain attempts to evade it. The public understand it plainly enough, whether the clergy do or not; and, if the clergy are too timid to take their sides like men, and to act upon their opinions vigorously and openly, they may, and probably will escape a good deal of present obloquy, but they will utterly forfeit the respect of all the intelligent part of the nation. They will gradually fall into the contemptible position of male duennas, whose business it is, not to teach men the most important of all lessons, but to talk petty propriety to such women and children as men are weak enough to allow to listen. "This is a position which, with a system of external observances and auricular confession, may be so worked as to put a good deal of power into clerical hands; but it is not a position for gentlemen and men of honour. In proportion as the clergy drift towards it, whether under the guidance of Sacred Synods, or otherwise, they will see the Church fall into the hands of ignorant and vulgar teachers, and will witness, with helpless regret, its gradual desertion by every one who has a heart in his breast or brains in his head.

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LORD BACON AS NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

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PART II.

THE essential character of new fruitful thoughts is often recognisable by the fact that they are in opposition to those of the day, and that often a long opposition precedes their adoption. The most striking example is the reception which Newton's doctrine met with in England. Forty years after the first edition of his immortal work, the system of Descartes was still taught, as the only true one, at the English universities; nor did Newton live to see his doctrines represented at Cambridge, where he so long had been a teacher. It is true it had grown the fashion to praise his learning, and occasionally to seem proud of him as an ornament of his country; but his doctrines and calculations were hardly known or disseminated; and it was not until 1718 that Samuel Clarke was enabled, by stratagem, to introduce Newton's ideas into the lecture-rooms of the university, by giving them as notes to a compendium of a Cartesian work on physics.

How different was the reception which Bacon's writings found! Not one of his explanations had the misfortune to be opposed; so entirely were they in unison with the popular views of the ignorant crowd, that in them each one recognised his own. His convenient natural philosophy, requiring neither profound preparatory knowledge nor any particular exertion, could not fail to be applauded and to be propagated. To reject tradi-

tion, faith in authority, and all that had been handed down from former times, was in accordance with the spirit of the century in which Bacon lived: a thirst after more extended knowledge had been awakened, and the cup that was now to quench it was so beautifully adorned, and offered, too, by so high a hand! How, then, could it fail of acceptance? His Essays made Bacon one of the most popular authors in England; and for so ingenious a man no aim, however high, seemed unattainable. But the fame his works procured him was not based on the recognition of natural philosophers, chemists, astronomers, or physicians, for whom, however, he had discovered his new instrument of induction (cognition), but on the applause which the great mass of the *dilettanti* dealt out to him. To them, indeed, Bacon's works must have been a spur and an endless source of information; for by their means a number of phenomena and interesting facts—hidden till then in Latin books not easily attainable—were spread abroad, and were brought before them in their mother tongue with all the charm of pleasing form and style. But the men of science knew nothing of Bacon, just as he was a stranger to, and unable to comprehend the importance and bearing of, what they had done. For what his compiler, from want of knowledge, did not extract from those works, remained wholly unknown to him.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE AGE
OF BACON.

Already, in 1577, Guido Ubaldi had unfolded the laws of the lever and of gravity; and Simon Stevin, in 1596, those of the motion and the equilibrium of fluid substances. Galileo's¹ experiments with the pendulum, as well as his laws for bodies falling freely and on an inclined plane—all of which prepared the way for a clearer knowledge of the nature of gravity—were generally propagated in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Kepler had already (*"Astr. Nova,"* 1609) explained the tides to arise from the attraction of the moon. In another field, that of optics, Bacon's countryman and contemporary, Thomas Harriot, enriched science with the most astonishing discoveries. He detected the existence of spots in the sun (1610)—a circumstance which proves, according to Zach, that Harriot had telescopes before Galileo—and in his 232d letter he imparts to Kepler the first true explanation of the colours of the rainbow (1606). In 1580 Giordano Bruno, an Italian refugee, had lectured and held public disputations in London and Oxford on the rotation and motion of the earth; yet Bacon tries to make his countrymen believe that, until he appeared, science was in a woful state—lying barren and lifeless—having torn itself away from its roots, nature and experience. Yet the truth is, Bacon knew nothing of the powers that were at work in the science of his day, nor of the gigantic works produced by his contemporaries. Under his very eyes Gilbert laid the firm basis for our present doctrine of magnetism and electricity. He showed, in a series of the most extraordinary experiments, that the property of amber, when rubbed, to attract light bodies, is a general one belonging to many other

substances, and that all bodies, without distinction, are influenced by electrical attraction; that this effect is of longer duration in a dry than a damp atmosphere; and Gilbert concludes that from an electric body an effluence or effluxion takes place by which the attraction of other bodies is brought about. By this discovery the direction of all future investigation was given and determined. More profound and wonderful still are his investigations of the loadstone. He distinguishes the poles of the magnet, and gives instructions for finding them; saying that those of like name repel, while those which are unlike attract each other. He it is who first asserts the earth to be a large magnet, and who found that iron rods become magnetic when laid in the direction of the meridian; that this power acts in all directions and passes through all intermediate bodies; that the magnetic meridian is different from the meridian of the place; and, finally, he discovered how to increase the power of the magnet by arming it, besides a number of other most important facts. We shall see later the position that Bacon occupies with regard to these discoveries.

From the works of Agricola (1494—1555) we learn the range that had then been won in a knowledge of the earth, of stones, ore and metals. In medicine, Paracelsus (1493—1531) had overthrown the Galenic theory, and quite new views on the nature of diseases and the effects of medicine had gradually found acceptance. Every day nearly brought with it a new discovery. Those of Jupiter's satellites, of the ring of Saturn, of mountains in the moon, as well as the law of motion of the planets, fall in Bacon's time. Of all these great results, with which those of our own day hang together like links of a chain, Bacon knew nothing. But, had it been otherwise, his peculiar mental conformation would have rendered it impossible for him to have appreciated their importance; for, at a time when no astronomer ever denied any longer the rotation of the earth or its motion round

¹ Galileo's name appears twice in Bacon's Works, owing, in each case, to communications which Matthew, who had translated his essays, sent him by letter about Galileo's views.

the sun, Bacon disputed it. He denied the material nature of sound, and ascribed its transmission through the air to a peculiar sort of spiritual motion (*species spiritualis*): he believed in the sympathy and antipathy of things, in the elixir of life, and he even proclaims himself an adept and a master in the art of making gold.

The errors and mistakes of science have often the same fate as the fashions of the higher classes, which, long after these have discarded them, continue to exist in the costume of the people; and thus the ideas, which time brings forth, circulate regularly through all ranks of society.

The false views of a time gone by often continue to influence the mind of a people, although the roots, whence they sprung, are long since dead. Out of the old discarded rags of science, Bacon patched together a new garment for his countrymen; and although it did not hide their nakedness, each one found it sat easily and looked well. As thus, by his endeavours, the old falsehoods maintained their ground more surely, the new truths which Newton, Harvey and Boyle afterwards brought, had all the greater difficulty in forcing themselves forward.

BACON UNDER JAMES I.

Although Bacon did not comprehend the tendency of the intellectual revolution that was taking place, it is impossible that a man keen-sighted as he was could have failed to see it; and he possessed all the talent and perseverance necessary to turn it to account. The opportunity was as favourable as could be desired. Under Queen Elizabeth all his endeavours, as well as those of his powerful relations, the minister Cecil, the chancellor Burleigh, and of his influential friend Essex, to obtain for him the desired place under government, had been unsuccessful. The sagacious queen, as we learn from a letter from Essex to Bacon, looked on him as one that could

make much show without being deep.¹ But, under her successor, James I., his star was already in the ascendant, and Bacon soon gained the highest posts of power and dignity which it was possible for him to reach. In England, owing to the difficulty of scientific intercourse with the Continent, science, with the exception perhaps of natural philosophy, was less widely disseminated than in any other country; and on the throne sat a king who was vain of his learning, boastful of his knowledge, and insatiable in his greed of praise. The two men were formed by nature for each other. What the one wanted, that the other had in abundance. "The desires of the chancellor," as Macaulay reports, "were set on things below: wealth, precedence, title, patronage, the mace, the seals, the coronet, large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets;" for he was prodigal, and continually burdened with heavy debts. On the other hand, the treatise-writing king thirsted for the reputation of being the Solomon of his day. A monarch with such an abundance of knowledge needed a minister who knew how to appreciate it, who could order and render it of use; and assuredly there was no man with a smoother tongue, who better knew how to flatter the heart of his sovereign with exaggerated praise in ever new variations than his servant Bacon. He began to build a richly decorated temple to science, in the centre of which stood the throne of the monarch. He was at once high priest and acolyte; without its walls he was a prophet, but before the throne he was the planet that received its light from the sun. If he addressed himself to the people, he was the spring of knowledge: compared to him Plato and Aristotle were babbling children, immature and incapable of producing, and their works light tablets which, owing to their lightness, had

¹ "But in law she (the Queen) thought you could make show to the uttermost of your knowledge than that you were deep."—*Letter from Essex to Bacon.*

floated down to us on the stream of time (Aph. i. 77). To the king he said that he (Bacon) was towards his majesty but as a "bucket and a cistern to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain." To the people, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province, if I could purge it from two sorts of rovers." He tells them they shall take him as an example; him who, having no predecessors, was the first to tread this path; and the king (Oct. 16, 1620) expresses to him his satisfaction that in the "Novum Organum" he finds again *his own* views and opinions.¹

To Bacon fame was a capital which returned him the highest interest in gold and honours: and when, in the preamble to his work "De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum," (Lib. I.) he says, "There hath not been, since Christ's time, any king or temporal monarch which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human, as your majesty; but to drink, indeed, of the true fountain of learning, nay, to have such a fountain of learning in himself, in a king, in a king born, is almost a miracle:"—for this the king, in spite of all he gave him, remained his debtor. We understand, therefore, why it was that he shunned no means to increase his capital, and that the applause of the learned and men of science was perfectly indifferent to him.

"HISTORIA VITÆ ET MORTIS."

Bacon's many-sidedness — to use a German word — was without end; but, whatever field he trod, the same goal was kept steadily in view. He becomes a historian, and no task is too large for him when it affords him hope of augmenting his influence over the king. On sending his history of his majesty's time to the king, he writes that "the

¹ "And in the general I have already observed that you jump with me in keeping the midway between two extremes, as also, in some particulars, I have found that you agree fully with my opinion."—*Letter of King James to Bacon.*

"merest hint is alone necessary to make him alter the passages which may not please; and if it seem to the king that his laudation be too weak, his majesty must remember that the great art consists in so disposing of praise that the author's intention may not be seen by the reader."

The "Historia Vitæ et Mortis" is a remarkable work, from the insight it affords us into Bacon's character. It treats of the art of prolonging life, and was intended to justify the inclination of certain persons about the court for the pleasures of the table, as well as other appetites, and to diminish their fear of death. The book, it is evident, was written only for grown-up men, and the author, therefore, omits altogether to treat of the natural disposition of childhood; and, as to women, they are only alluded to cursorily. What occupied Bacon most were the signs of longevity, and, as it would seem, he had only three persons in view. Persons of brown complexion, with red spots, a firm, hard skin, and a wrinkled brow, are long-lived. Coarse, wiry hair (probably like the king's) is a sign of long life; curly hair, especially if somewhat rough, (probably like that of Prince Charles) is also a sure sign; curly, bushy hair, not in large curls, (probably like Buckingham's) is, too, a sign of longevity. A small head, a neck of middle size, wide nostrils, large mouth, broad chest, round shoulders, a small belly, a short round foot, fleshless thighs, high calves, hairy legs, are also signs of long life. Grey or greenish eyes, and a certain degree of corpulency in advanced age, are also signs that a man will live long. He describes how the Venetian Cornaro began to grow old when he was 100 years of age; but he is of opinion that a temperate life, so praised by physicians and philosophers, is more calculated for health than for long life, and that among drunkards and good livers many will be found who have attained a good old age. Fasting and a frugal life by no means assure length of days. To strong dishes, strong wine is a necessary adjunct, only it must not be sour; and, as to drinking, too much is less injurious than too little.

Indeed a slight inebriation now and then is by no means amiss.

Bacon instructs the royal cook how he is to beat the meat with a cleaver, although to knead it with the hand were better. From the book we also learn that, in all probability, the king took very hot meat—broth of a morning in winter, as well as aloe pills before going to dinner; and that at supper he drank hot spiced wine and egg-flip; all these things being conducive to longevity.

These, his rules for living, are all given in fine-sounding phrases; and their worth is on a par with his scientific theories.

This book was most probably directed against Harvey, the king's physician, who was a great favourite of James, and against his counsels. If, as there is reason to suppose, such was really the case, one is lost in astonishment at the unworthiness of the motives that could have thus instigated an opposition to the greatest physician since Hippocrates, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, whose name, even now, is never mentioned in medicine without acknowledgment and esteem.

We may safely presuppose some intention in all that Bacon does, and therefore the non-mention of Harvey's name, who is not once alluded to in any of his works, has also a meaning. It is clear that a "sawbone," like Harvey, could have no claim on the notice of the Lord Chancellor of England; still less so, the player Shakespeare.

THE METHOD AND THE AIM OF PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATION.

So absolute a devotion could not fail of its reward. The king overloaded his servant with presents in money and estates, and raised him to the dignity of Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.

It was in the midst of his successful career that Bacon was overtaken by fate; and, if what his biographers relate of him be true, that his last illness was brought on by an experiment, and that his last words to a friend were, "The ex-

periment has succeeded!" it only shows how true to himself Bacon was to the very last. When a boy, he studied jugglery; and his cleverest trick of all, that of deceiving the world, was quite successful. Nature, that had endowed him so richly with her best gifts, had denied him all sense for Truth. To him, who approached her with falsehood in his heart, she neither revealed herself nor gave heed; his experiments might deceive men, but in her domain they were complete failures. As natural philosopher, everything in the man was counterfeit. As he was in daily life, so was he in science; it is impossible for him to escape from his wonted circle of thought; and the self-same aim which Bacon always kept before him—*utility, power, dominion*—and which he strained all his powers to attain, he makes also the end and aim of science.

According to him (N. O. Aph. i. 124) the aim of the mental powers is "utility;" the value of what they produce must be measured by its usefulness. "The true and legitimate aim of science is no other than to enrich our lives by new *inventions* and discoveries."—(N. O. i. Aph. 124.) "Our true office is to lay the foundation of man's *power* over nature, and to enlarge the boundaries of his *dominion*."—(N. O. Aph. 116, 129). The word "truth," as we understand it, which is the sole aim of science, is not to be found in Bacon's scientific dictionary.

Now, the aim of science is neither invention, nor utility, nor power, nor dominion. Invention is the object of Art, while that of Science is "to recognise the cause." The former finds, or finds out (invents) facts; the second explains them. Artistic ideas have their root in the imagination, those of science in the understanding. The inventor is the man who advances; who leaves the trodden path and oversteps the old boundary-lines of the territory of science: he gives birth to a new thought, or he renders complete one already existing, so that it becomes efficacious or capable of being realised. He does not know whither the coming step will conduct

him; and, among thousands, perhaps only one ever reaches his aim. Neither does he know whence the thought comes, nor is he able to account for what he does.

Following him comes the man of science, and takes possession of the newly-conquered province. Science measures, and, weighs, and counts the gain, so that the inventor and each one beside are conscious of what they possess. It illumines the darkness and makes the indistinct clear; it smooths the way for the inventor that is to come after, so that he finds the ground prepared for him, and a certain point of departure, whence he may again start to make again new progress towards the utmost limits possible. Science imparts to all men, even the weak and unendowed, the capability to share the rich gifts which extended knowledge gives, and to draw thence the true profit for advancing their welfare. But it never labours for its own profit, for who does this labours for himself.

Many authors assert that Bacon's inductive method is taken from real life, and is the usual one adopted; that he only gave words to what men are wont to do of themselves when investigating anything. Taken from life it may be; but for that very reason it is impossible in science, and inapplicable to it. Any one who is in some measure conversant with the workings of nature knows that every phenomenon, every separate, independent occurrence in nature, comprises in itself the whole law, or all the laws by which such phenomenon is produced. Accordingly the true method is not, as Bacon would make us believe, to seek a result by numerous instances, but by examining thoroughly a single one. If this single one is explained, all analogous cases are also expounded. Our method is the old method of Aristotle, only augmented by additional art and experience: we examine the single fact, and, indeed, every single fact; we proceed from the first to the second when we have thoroughly comprehended the essential nature of the first; we do not deduce from the

individual that we know laws for the general that we do not know, but, in the investigation of a number of individual cases, we find out what they have in common.

We examine the fact of iron rusting in the air, the calcination of metals in fire, the combustion of a taper producing a flame, the formation of saltpetre and vinegar, the respiratory process, the bleaching of colours, the decay of organic substances. Each of these individual cases comprises in itself something peculiar, and also something that is common to them all. By means of the latter, which is the common, general quality, the category to which it belongs is determined.

Another sort of generality, another mode of generalising, does not exist in physical science. What is special in the individual cases is caused by other laws, and through these they belong again to a particular category of cases, in which something common to them all is also to be found. Bacon's method is that of a multiplicity of cases; but, as every separate instance while yet unexplained is but a zero, and as thousands of zeros, put them how you may, do not constitute a number, it is evident that his whole inductive process consists in a bandying to and fro of undetermined perceptions of the senses.

The result to which his method inevitably leads is—nought: the individual cases point to a central point or centre of gravity, and are, as Bacon fancies, connected with it by longer or shorter lines. But it is Bacon himself that moves the hand on the dial-plate; and the point where he arbitrarily causes the lines to meet he pronounces to be the result of a law. Such mode of proceeding can never lead to the discovery of a truth. The true method of philosophical investigation excludes everything arbitrary, and is the very opposite of Bacon's method. Every phenomenon, every occurrence, forms always a whole, of whose component parts our senses know nothing. We perceive the rusting of iron, the growth of a plant; but we know nothing of air, of oxygen,

nothing of the soil; of all the process that takes place nothing is known to our senses. We see fire and water, but what "boiling" is we know not.

If we picture to ourselves a phenomenon as the centre of a circle, and the conditions by which it is called forth as the radii of that circle, it would plainly be impossible for us to try to arrive at the centre by means of the radii, for of these we know nothing. All we know of is the centre. Hence it will be clearly understood that our method does not start from the simple in order to rise to the complex; but, taking the whole as our starting-point, we endeavour thus to make ourselves acquainted with the parts. "How" to do it is a question of art.

In all his investigations, Bacon sets great value on experiments. Of their meaning, however, he knows nothing. He looks on them as a sort of mechanism which, once put in motion, brings forth the work of itself. But in science all investigation is deductive, or *à priori*. The experiment is but the aid to the process of thought, as an arithmetical operation is; and the thought, the idea, must always precede it—necessarily precede it—in every case where a result of importance is looked for. An empirical mode of investigation, in the usual meaning of the word, does not in reality exist. An experiment not preceded by a theory—that is, by an idea—stands in the same relation to physical investigation as a child's rattle to music.

Our present methods of investigation were usual in Bacon's time. He knew of the labours of Gilbert as well as the views and conclusions of Copernicus, and his judgment on these is the sentence of death on himself as natural philosopher.

The important facts discovered by Gilbert in the domain of electricity, Bacon quite simply pronounced to be fables (N. O. Aph. ii. 48); and, as to Copernicus, he declares him to be an impostor—one of those men who, without ceremony, invent all sorts of appearances in nature when it suits their purpose to do so (Glob. Intell. cap. vi.)

That Bacon's method was not that of Gilbert, he has himself declared in the most unequivocal terms. He says: "The empirical method of investigation is the most monstrous and deformed of any, because it rests on the narrow basis and on the obscure evidence of isolated experiments. This sort of investigation which seems, to those who have daily to do with such experiments, so sure and probable, is for (us) others incredible and frivolous" (*incredibilis et vana*). "Of this sort are the chemical methods and those of Gilbert" (N. O. i. Aph. 64).

It will be quite intelligible that a mode of proceeding which clipped the wings of his fancy must have been most distasteful to him.

But our method is Gilbert's method, which Bacon condemns. It is therefore impossible that the method of Bacon can be that which we pursue.

How childish and insignificant did, probably, the honest Gilbert appear to the Lord Chancellor when he thought of him as rubbing a bit of amber continually on his sleeve for months together! or when he set a piece of loadstone bristling with fine needles in order to discover the pole! or how absurd would have appeared to him Galvani's endeavours to learn the cause of the twitchings in a frog's legs! No human understanding can possibly perceive herein anything useful for mankind.

We of the present day know what has been the result. We are convinced that Newton would have written his "Principia" without any knowledge of the "Novum Organum," but that without Gilbert we should not have had a Faraday, and no Brewster without a Harriot.

Bacon's creation is the typical figure in the society of the great in England—that, namely, of the scientific nutcracker or the dining philosopher, which, under James I., became the fashion. The only difference between then and now is the better quality of the personage.

The influence of Bacon's method and his doctrine on the English mind is still perceptible. The English gentle-

man still continues to hold a sort of patronizing intercourse with science; and the practical man, who also knows nothing of its substance, connects with the words "scientific principles" the notion of Bacon's axioms, namely, everything useless, unserviceable, and unpractical.¹ As to the view that utility is the end of science, this is an error which has existed for ages. Most of the academies were founded on account of their "utility," in order to spread enlightenment and to further husbandry, handicraft, mining, and the smelting of ore. (See the documents on the foundation of the Bavarian Academy, 1759.) Wherever this error still exists, we dispute with science the very ground on which it stands.

The principle that inquires after utility is the declared foe to science, which seeks

for Truth and the reason of things; and we know with certainty what degree of civilization a people, otherwise well endowed, may attain, that sets practical aims higher than those of science.

The history of the physical sciences is so remarkable and instructive, because it sheds more light than any of the others on the nature of the human mind and its organic development; it proves beyond doubt that the *ideal* mental direction which the nations of Europe have taken constitutes their real and their true strength, and that their power and influence is based on mental culture.

The mental operation which leads to an invention, and the works which the human mind begets with the invention, are essentially different things, which people are too apt to confound with

¹ The similarity of the mental position in many social circles in England, in past and present times, with regard to such matters, will be evident to the reader if he cast his eye on a couple of experiments which, for the sake of comparison, I have here placed parallel to each other.

ANNO 1616.
How long
will spirit of wine burn
in a spoon
when to it be added,
saltpetre,
common salt,
a piece of wax,
water,
milk,
gunpowder?

RESULT. All these things do not cause the spirit to burn any longer.

DEDUCTION. The spirit when alone burns longest.

See Bacon. *Historia Naturalis*, No. 366.

ANNO 1860.
How long
will red clover grow
in a field
when to it be added,
super-phosphate of lime,
sulphate of potash,
stable manure,
soot,
lime,
salt of ammonia?

RESULT. All these things do not cause the clover to grow any longer.

DEDUCTION. The field is ailing, and will recover if left to itself and allowed time.

See *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*. Vol. xxi. P. i.

It is not necessary to say that these experiments have no connexion with any reasonable question whatever, and that in the one with the clover-field the result and the deduction have not the remotest relation to each other.

The Royal Agricultural Society, in whose *Journal* these latter experiments were published, comprises about 5,000 members—ministers, members of Parliament, &c.—men, in short, of the educated classes, or what is called gentry; and it assuredly may be looked upon as a significant sign of the point of view from which many English minds see and judge of things, that the man who made these experiments passes, in England, for the very first authority in all such matters.

As regards the notion of the words "principle," "axiom," &c.:—Bacon, for example, defines as axiom "a moderate heat," which is to be employed in an operation; and, further, "that one must take time to do a thing" is with him also an axiom. In exactly the same manner one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Agricultural Society defines as an "axiom," in the above-named *Journal*, the fact that a *thing* increased the corn or turnip crop of a very small field in the neighbourhood of London; an "axiom," moreover, which was valid for every field in Great Britain.—(*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. T. xvi. P. 2. p. 501.)

When a whole class of society is capable of looking on a *thing* or an *indetermined fact* as "an axiom," we may appreciate the difficulty of convincing them of a truth which, by its very nature, is not palpable,

each other ; and this is the reason why an importance is often attached to an invention, which it does not really possess, and to which the application only can give it any claim. In daily life it is the *Utility* of an invention, in science the *Work* bestowed upon it, which determines the place the inventor or discoverer is to hold ; but in both cases the standard is as indefinite as it is deceptive. Several persons have had a share in the most useful inventions, and History, generally speaking, knows nothing of the inventors. Many are useful in the present day, and lose their value later ; others grow valuable in a century to come ; and so, too, does it often happen that a scientific investigation is highly valued on account of its difficulty, and of the exactness, skill, and acuteness of its author, although the result itself is not worth the time and trouble expended ; while a grand true thought, which satisfactorily settles all preceding investigations, or opens new paths to knowledge, very rarely meets with due appreciation unless accompanied by this external apparatus. The trouble of the work is in every case taken into account.

From a scientific point of view, by which we mean the mental labour and the result aimed at, the inventor of a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, in the proportions we find in gunpowder, stands very much lower than the goldsmith who for the first time used a decoction of alum, saltpetre, and common salt, for boiling his gold wares in. Watt, too, in like manner, by his labours regarding the steam-engine, or the inventor of the American method of working silver ore, stands very much higher than Gutenberg, who, by means of his simple mode of copying, aimed only at dispensing with the service of transcribers. The Chinese were acquainted with gunpowder, with the art of printing, and with the magnet, a thousand years earlier than we ; but with them these inventions were far from producing the effects which the ideal European mind succeeded in obtaining. A natural philosopher, a mathematician, a physician, may be an excellent man of

science without ever having read a Greek or Roman classic, or the poetical works of his own country ; but only a man poetically endowed, as Kepler was, could possibly discover the three great astronomical laws named after him. Homer, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe, stand on a perfect equality with the greatest natural philosophers, inasmuch as the mental faculty which constitutes the poet and the artist is the same as that whence discoveries and progress in science spring. Thus it is that the study of languages and of poetry are often more useful to the technically-accomplished natural philosopher than any work in his own department of knowledge.

As regards Bacon's position in the scientific world, it is worthy of remark that, for a century and a half, his name, except in mottoes, had quite disappeared from the works of his countrymen ; and the rank which many now assign him dates chiefly from the time of the French Encyclopædists, who carried the utilitarian principle to the uttermost. According to this idea of utility, Macaulay is of opinion that, if he were forced to decide between the first shoemaker and Seneca's three books "On Anger," he would unhesitatingly decide for the former ; shoes having preserved millions from wet feet, while Seneca's books had never hindered any one from getting angry. Now we are of opinion that a man who has to go barefoot into the mud would prefer, if he had the choice, a pair of shoes not only to the three Books of Seneca, but to Macaulay's *Essays* and his *History of England* into the bargain.

The thing is, Man is a two-fold being, an animal that gives shelter to a mind. The animal has to care for the house and the household ; and as long as something is wanting herein, the mind cannot attend to its own business.

Macaulay thinks that a difference may be made between the character of a man as shown in his social acts, and in his scientific life ; and that Bacon, whom he describes as vain, selfish, untrue, boastful, covetous, and dishonourable—a man who in science never

acknowledges the merit of another, who mentions no name without dragging it into the dust, who only speaks of himself and his works, and of the reward which all men owe him; one who was a clever talker, devoured by the ambition to rise above others and to master them, while he himself was wholly destitute of the requisite knowledge—that such a man in his study might have had “an honourable ambition, a comprehensive philanthropy, and a sincere love of truth.” Bacon’s works are witnesses against him, and prove that ethical laws have the same value in science as in social life. Even a shoemaker, be he never so skilful, will, if of bad character, make bad shoes, because it is much more difficult to make good than bad shoes—for, in order to make good ones, he must choose good leather and attend carefully to the workmanship; and so he will only care for his own profit. His talent and his skill will be continually employed against his customers, and he will prefer, when he can, to make his bad shoes appear good, and to defraud us both in the stuff and in the workmanship.

The battle of Bacon with the Schoolmen was the fight of the celebrated knight with the windmills; for, a century before him, the stiff bonds of the scholastics were broken. In every tongue resounded praises of the “experience” of Leonardi da Vinci in Italy, of Paracelsus in Germany—both of whom were half a century earlier than himself—and those of Harvey and Gilbert in his own time in England.

It would be a great mistake to estimate the influence of Bacon on his own and a later time by his works on natural science, for these in reality prove only that the essence and the aim of natural philosophy were unknown or unintelligible to him. His endeavours to discover the right method of investigation could, therefore, not prove successful; and that his mode of thought or induction is false in itself, and not applicable to natural philosophy, has been, I think, sufficiently shown in

the preceding observations. To believe that an acute understanding and healthy senses suffice in order to comprehend rightly a natural phenomenon, is an error which is pretty general. A man’s senses, which apparently tell him everything regarding it, mislead him always. They tell him that the sun and the stars revolve round the earth, and that fire deprives lead and iron of their metallic peculiarities; and yet this is the case in appearance only, and the evidence afforded is deceptive.

The natural philosopher does not trust himself to the guidance of his senses. At every step he puts his senses to the proof, and this is done by means of his art; and it is just in this power to test that his strength consists. To determine the nature of a mineral is, for example, in the present day, one of the easiest tasks for the natural philosopher; and if, 250 years ago, a man had announced all that was required for doing so—had said that the crystalline form, the optical and electrical properties, the specific weight, the hardness must be determined, and that finally all its component parts must be examined and the weight of each one when separated must be obtained—we should, with full justice, admire the penetration of this man. But his contemporaries would have looked on the conditions imposed by him for deciding the character of the mineral as fantastic and impossible; or would have told him that his wisdom would be of little use unless he was able to teach them how all this was to be done. We, however, know that it required several centuries to learn all this, and that the art to do it was first to be invented. In Bacon’s time this art was hardly developed, and to him was quite unknown.

Yet with all this we must not forget that Bacon, above all others, saw and comprehended the value and the importance of natural science for the purposes of life. Bacon’s Essays are unexceptionable documents testifying of his genius and sagacity, as well as of his profound knowledge and correct appreciation of human relations and the

different conditions of men. On his contemporaries they must have produced as powerful and lasting an effect as those of his predecessor Montaigne had done in France. While the classic literature of antiquity forms the groundwork and the background of Montaigne's Essays, in those of Bacon we see reflected a new era: parting with the past and growing gradually independent. With Bacon

and Shakespeare a new literature begins. Bacon himself says of his Essays:—"As for my Essays, I count them but as the recreations of my other studies, and in that sort purpose to continue them; though I am not ignorant that those kind of writings would, with less pains and embracement, perhaps yield more lustre and reputation to my name than those other which I have in hand."

N.B. The Reader is requested to make the following important corrections in the First Part of this Article:—

At page 247, 1st column, 8th, 9th, and 10th lines from top should stand thus:—"as red-hot iron does not expand, and as boiling water is very hot without giving forth light, an *alibi* is thus proved for expansion and light."

Same column, at 13th line from bottom, *read*, "If you are able to excite *motion* in a natural." And in 2nd column of same page, 33rd and following lines from top, *read*, "of temperature was the most characteristic property of heat."

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER III: ABOUT OPIUM AND OTHER THINGS.

MOFUSSILPORE, Feb, 12, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—I libelled Patna somewhat in my last letter. Ratcliffe drove me in on two different occasions, and we spent one long day in poking about the town, and another in the opium factory, which is second only in importance to that of Benares. There is a mile or two of very singular street architecture. The Mahommedans live here in great numbers, and everything belonging to them is picturesque all the world over. We visited a Mahommedan foundation, something between a college and a monastery, which boasted a good deal of shabby magnificence. It is very richly endowed, and the loaves and fishes are kept strictly among the founder's kin. The head of the family for the time being is *ipso facto* President, and he had apparently distributed the college offices with great impartiality among his brothers. The fellows were certainly *bene nati*, and may have been *mediocriter docti* for all I knew. There was no doubt that they fell short of the All Souls' standard in the other particular. We were led through a long series of quadrangles built of

white stone, with the shrine of some devotee of ancient days standing in the centre of each, on the brink of a pretty little ornamental tank. Some of the courts were used as hospitia for pilgrims, others as schools for the younger members of the institution, others again as combination-rooms and studies for the fellows. As all Mahommedans are strict teetotallers, it is hard to imagine how they spend their time in the combination-room. They probably talk about the dangers of setting aside the founder's will, and the presumption of the young men in wishing to have the mosque fines reduced. At present they were in a violent state of excitement, because the local authorities were thinking about appointing a species of University Commission, to inquire into the management of their revenues. Behind the courts lay a spacious garden. The whole establishment would have presented a very pleasing appearance, had not everything been in a disgraceful state of dirt and decay. At length we came to a large pile of buildings, on the roof of which we mounted, and found ourselves at the

door of a chapel, in which sat the Master of the College. From the time that he succeeds to that office he may never descend to the level of the earth, so that, if a set of reforming young fellows got a footing in the society, they might introduce all sorts of innovations with impunity, as long as they kept to the ground-floor. Fancy if, as a condition of holding his present position, the Master of Trinity was never allowed to come down from the roof of Neville's-court, even if he saw us playing cricket on the bowling-green. The old fellow was very civil—so much so, that I felt half inclined to give him some advice about throwing open his scholarships, but was deterred by my imperfect acquaintance with the language. These premises are the headquarters of religious enthusiasm at the great festival of the Mohurrum. Last year the ferment was such that a strong force of police was stationed close at hand, and the officers of the party kept watch through a whole day and night in a tower opposite the great gate. I was told that the mass of the crowd who went about bawling "Hussain and Hussan," were Hindoos; but it is idle to draw any conclusion from a fact of this nature. Englishmen out here are very fond of saying that there is no strong religious feeling among the natives, that the fetters of caste are maintained by our own mistaken tenderness for the prejudices of the country, and by the idleness of our domestics, who object to perform duties that belong to another class, not because they are bigoted, but because they are lazy. Nothing is easier than to pick up a hundred stories of servants who have been detected feasting on ham and champagne, though, in the Menu code, the crime of drinking strong liquors comes next in turpitude to throwing the parings of your toe-nails at a Brahman; of villagers who have used the same cup as a European traveller; of learned men who have laughed at the received Hindoo theories of astrology and geography. Yet all this does not prevent either the votaries of the Prophet or the worshippers of Vishnu from rushing to any extreme of ferocity,

or self-sacrifice, if they believe their religion to be in danger. More than once some insult to custom, or to rites which to us appear insignificant, but by them are held dearer than life itself, has aroused a passive but stubborn resistance, followed by a savage outbreak of fanatical wrath and devotion. In the days when a great deal of the tailor entered into the composition of a genuine military officer, the authorities introduced into a regiment stationed at Vellore, a turban, which, in the diseased imagination of the soldiery, resembled a hat. The idea got about that they were to be forcibly turned into topee-wallahs, hat-fellows, a synonym for the hated name of Frank or Christian. The most respectable among the men remonstrated; and the commanding officer, who, naturally enough, considered that plumes and facings were of infinitely greater moment than the faith of the human beings committed to his care, answered their petition by flogging and degrading them as seditious rascals. When the outraged sepoys had risen as one man, when hundreds of Europeans had been butchered in a single evening, it began to occur to our colonels and brigadiers that a persecution of the warriors, by whose aid we kept down the Mahrattas and Pindarees, for the sake of some regulation frippery, was as mad a scheme as forcing the leopard to change his spots, or a man-eating Bengal tiger his stripes.

Time rolled on and the lesson was forgotten. Some few, who smelt the hurricane in the air, raised their voices in warning, only to be taunted with credulity and timidity. The earnest expositions of one to whom the latter taunt could hardly be applied, the victor of Meeanee, the Marius of India, were passed by with respectful neglect. Again recurred the same indication of a coming storm; again the native soldiers entreated their superiors not to put a force upon their conscience; again their request was treated as a crime. Then, with the suddenness and fury of an Eastern tempest, burst forth the madness of superstition in all its full horror. In a

moment, in the twinkling of an eye, many a pleasant English homestead was laid waste. Many a family lamented their nearest and dearest, slain by forms of death as frightful as anything that fiction or the Spanish Inquisition ever invented. More dreadful still, there were families in which none was left to lament another. Through tens of thousands of square miles, our authority, which but just now seemed at last secure against any shock, was overthrown and scattered to the winds. Our treasuries and magazines were sacked, our barracks and court-houses burnt to the ground. Our officers fled for their lives through the districts which they had ruled with absolute authority. Tenderly-nurtured ladies, with their little ones on their knees, travelled night after night along by-roads and through jungles, and crouched all day in native hovels, while their husbands, armed to the teeth, kept guard at the door, prepared to shoot them rather than suffer them to fall alive into the hands of the barbarous foe.

Then came the great vengeance, at which the world still shudders. The blaze of Oriental fanaticism, which at one time threatened to baffle all our efforts to subdue its ravages, at length yielded to the courageous perseverance and the unconquerable energy of our race. Yet, though the fire has been got under, the embers glow with as fierce a heat as ever, and the crust of ashes is not so thick but that the flames break out with ominous frequency. Only the other day, in a village within the borders of a State under British protection, a report got about that two unfortunate men, father and son, had buried some cow beef in their garden. The mob of the place, set on by the most wealthy and influential people of the neighbourhood, assembled at the suspected cottage, tied the poor wretches by their feet to the bough of a tree, and swung them to and fro, beating them all the time with the heavy murderous staves carried by all Indian peasants. They were then cut down, and branded from head to heel with hot iron, mounted on donkeys with their faces to the tails, led round the

village under a shower of stones, and finally pitched down dead in front of their own door. What more could the celebrated majority in the Oxford Senate do to Jowett and Williams, if they had the chance? The nature of religious enthusiasm is the same everywhere. It is not always the most zealous champions of a Church who observe most exactly all that their Church ordains. Philip the Second was living in open defiance of the teaching of his own religion, all the while that his emissaries, in the name of that religion, were burning, and butchering, and racking, and ravishing his misguided subjects over the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. The conduct of our own James the Second proves how easy and comfortable it is to eject and suspend men from livings and fellowships for non-conformity to a faith, at a time when one is disobeying some of its precepts. But there is no need to ransack history for analogies. When we predicate the indifference of the natives to their religion from their neglect of its observances, they might well retort and say, "The English are not so strict as they might be. Last Sunday our Sahib would not do Poojah in the morning because it was so hot; and, when the hour of afternoon prayer arrived, he was at tiffin with the judge Sahib, and could not dishonour the table of his host by going away. Nor does the Sahib eat the food that his religion prescribes. On Good Friday there were no hot cross buns at breakfast. The only thing hot and cross was the Sahib himself. And the Sahib does not pay respect to his Brahmans. He only once set food and wine before the holy man from the barracks; and I heard him tell the brigadier Sahib that his Mollah was no better than one devoid of understanding. And the brigadier Sahib stroked his beard and replied, 'Haw, demmy, yes. More he is, haw!'" No one can deny that this is not an unfair picture of many of our countrymen; and yet men of this class are among the first to resent any outrage on the religion of their country, real or imaginary. The most hot op-

ponents of Cardinal Wiseman and his bishops were not all the most regular church-goers. Then why should a Musulman gentleman, who is occasionally overcome by the charms of iced Moselle, or a Hindoo Zemindar, who is sometimes scandalized at the ignorance and cupidity of his priests, be the more likely to be pleased at seeing his religion held up to ridicule, and his hundred millions of brethren devoted to damnation, in an Evangelical tract?

From the College we passed on to a more commonplace, but far more useful institution, the Government School. The buildings appropriated for the purpose are, in most instances, beggarly enough; but the class of scholars, and the character of the instruction given, place them far above the level of Government Schools in England. We had the curiosity to question a form of some two dozen boys on the profession and standing of their respective fathers. Half of them were the sons of public *employés*, and full a fourth of Zemindars, who answer in social position to the French "Rentier." Every here and there sat glittering, in gold and jewellery, the child of a rajah, who counts his income by lacs. The little fellows are sometimes very pretty and intelligent, and are always dressed with great taste in very brilliant colours, for the natives are much addicted to petting their young children. It is now a trite observation that, up to a certain time of life, the Hindoo boys show greater cleverness and capacity than Europeans of the same age. James Mill observes that "they display marvellous precocity in appreciating a metaphysical proposition which would hopelessly puzzle an English lad." This is high praise as coming from the father and preceptor of John Stuart; for it is hard to conceive a metaphysical proposition which could have hopelessly puzzled John Stuart at the most tender age. Their turn for mathematics is truly wonderful. A distinguished Cambridge wrangler assured me that the youths of eighteen and twenty, whom he was engaged in teaching, rushed through

the course of subjects at such a headlong speed that, if they went on at the same rate, they would be in "Lunar Theory" by the end of six months. But it is allowed with equal unanimity that, at the period when the mind of young Englishmen is in full course of development, the Hindoo appears to have already arrived at maturity, or rather effiteness, and begins to degenerate rapidly and surely. There is nothing which gives such deep discouragement to those who have the instruction and improvement of the race most at heart.

It is often said that a liberal education is valued only as a stepping-stone to Government employ; that, as in everything else, the natives look upon it merely as a question of rupees. But this is very unfairly put. As well might you throw it in the teeth of the parents of all the boys at Harrow and Marlborough that they sent their sons to a public school in order to enable them to get their living in the liberal professions. A very respectable proportion of the Government scholars come from the homes of independent and opulent men, and would never dream of looking to official life for their maintenance. And, after all, why is it worse for a native gentleman to send his child to school, to qualify him for the office of a treasurer or deputy judge, than for an English gentleman to engage a crammer to turn his son into a walking encyclopædia against the next Indian competitive examination? But the habit of sneering at our dark fellow-subjects is so confirmed in some people, that they lose sight of sense and logic—if logic be anything else than sense—whenever the subject is introduced.

The headmaster asked Ratcliffe to examine the first class, which consisted of twelve or fifteen boys of about the same age and height as the sixth form at a public school. In everything else, however, they were sufficiently unlike the heroes of Eton and Rugby. The effeminate habits of the higher classes in Bengal had already told fatally on their physique. Slouching, flabby, spiritless, the whole lot together could not

stand up to Tom Brown, and would as soon think of flying as of running a hundred yards. The members of the moneyed class in the Gangetic provinces are the most helpless, feeble set of beings in the universe. If one of them can ride a shambling pony, daubed all over with splotches of white paint, to and from his office, without tumbling off, he considers himself to have done quite enough to establish his reputation as a horseman. Their only amusements in boyhood consist in eating immense quantities of the most sickly trash, and in flying kites—which latter pastime, in another and more popular sense, is the principal occupation of their riper years. What wonder if, long before they come of age, they have lost all trace of the pleasing features and graceful shape which may often be observed among the younger children? The youths before us appeared to be too old for pets, since they were not attired with any remarkable elegance. "Young Bengal" has adopted a most unsightly mongrel costume, compounded of a native tunic and ludicrously tight European trousers. Bearing in mind the class at home who especially affect tight trousers, I imagined at first that "Young Bengal" was horsey; an idea which the sight of him, outside a horse, effectually dispelled. There are often gaps in the first class caused by the absence of the scholars on their frequent honeymoons. In fact, where an English boy finds it expedient to "run up to town to see the dentist," a young Hindoo asks for leave to go and get married.

The class was engaged on "The Deserted Village." Each scholar read a few lines, and then gave a paraphrase of them in the most grandiloquent and classical English. I sat aghast at the flowery combination of epithets which came so naturally to their lips; not knowing at the time that the natives who have been brought up at the Government schools, having learnt our language from Addison and Goldsmith, use, on all occasions, the literary English of the last century. They talk as Dr. Johnson is supposed to have talked

by people who have never read Boswell, as seems to have been the case with the authors of "Rejected Addresses." The passage before us was that beginning—

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey—"

an excellent sample of that mild conventional sentimental Conservatism, which to so many minds is the constituent idea of poetry; and which appeals to man in his maudlin moments throughout all ages and in every clime. There was something exquisitely absurd in hearing a parcel of young Bengalees regretting the time when every rood of ground in England maintained its man, and indignantly apostrophising trade's unfeeling train for usurping the land and dispossessing the swain. And yet, was it more truly incongruous than the notion of English boys in the latter half of the nineteenth century upbraiding the descendants of Romulus with their degeneracy and luxury; calling on them to fling into the nearest sea their gems and gold, the material of evil; and complaining that few acres are now left for the plough; though, if that implement resembled the one described by Virgil in the first Georgic, it is, perhaps, as well that the field of its operations was limited? Ratcliffe created a general agitation by asking whether commerce was really a curse to a country. These young Baboos, destined, many of them, to pass their lives in the sharpest and most questionable mercantile practice, seemed to consider any doubt on the subject as perfect heresy; until one of them, who expressed himself in a manner more nervous and less ornate than his fellows, solved the difficulty by stating that "the poets often told lies." One youth, at the bottom of the class, on being requested for a definition of what Goldsmith meant by "unwieldy wealth," amused me much by replying, "Dazzling gawds and plenty—too much elephants." On the whole, the facility with which they used a tongue which they never hear spoken, except in school, was very creditable to the system.

The other day, a captain, in a native

regiment, showed me a letter sent him by a sepoy in his company, who, having been punished for a civil offence, thought it necessary to give a plausible explanation of the matter to his officer. It had evidently been written for him by a friend who had received his education at a Government school. It appeared from this production, that the sepoy and some of his comrades took it into their heads to pay a visit to the town near which they were stationed; so they got leave for a few days, and on the evening of their arrival "set forth from our lodging and traversed the streets with unwearied steps. By chance I discerned, at a window, a pleasing dame, from whose eyes shot the dart of love. Not being able to resist the dart, I approached the lattice, and courted and wooed her as a lover should. While we were engaged in our dalliance, there came by a banker who had formerly been her swain. The banker, seeing his Phyllis smiling on another, could not contain his ire, but passed on breathing immediate vengeance." The upshot of the matter was that the injured rival brought a charge of theft against the sepoy, and, by dint of tortuous perjury and forensic chicanery, succeeded in getting him imprisoned for three months." A Calcutta daily paper complained lately that native correspondents were so long-winded and verbose, that they omitted nothing that could bear upon the subject, except the point of it, and gave as a specimen a communication from one of them concerning the abuses at a school for Hindoo children. The writer begins by saying that "there is not a single soul which will not echo back the emotions that spontaneously arise in our breasts, when we consider the heavy chains under which the little innocent sufferers are made to groan." He then proceeds to declare himself inadequate to the task he has undertaken, and exclaims—"Would to God there were half a dozen Ciceros and Burkes here to give vent to our feelings!" Half a dozen Ciceros! What an overwhelming thought!

Ninety-six books of Letters to Atticus! Thirty Verrine Orations! Six De Finibi! The human faculties are too weak to seize the conception in all its immensity. Yet who can feel the want of any amount of Ciceros or Burkes when he meets with such a sentence as the following?—"Not to mention the damp, ill-ventilated, dismal cells, with bare, unprotected, naked roofs, upon which the young pupils, panting after fresh air and light, go during a recreation hour, and plentifully enjoy the short period of their amusement by running and frisking in the meridian sun, heedless and unwarned of the danger of tumbling over into a gaping well beneath, or some such pitfalls of death, artfully kept there for a supposed good purpose." The peroration of the complaint is magnificent—"Friends and patriots!" exclaims the writer, "what shall we do when the future hopes and glories of our nation are at stake? Where shall we fly for a refuge, when the cries of infants groaning under the yoke of a bondage worse than slavery haunt us from all sides?" &c. &c. If a kindly Providence had ordained that Mr. Bellew should be born a Yankee, is not this something like the style in which he would address an audience of his countrymen on the Fourth of July?

The opium factory at Patna is an enormous mass of buildings of the most durable construction, from the roof of which there is a commanding view far up and down the Ganges. It was erected by the Dutch long before the English name became great in Bahar. There is something very interesting in the traces of the Mynheers. They seem to have preceded us everywhere by a century, and have passed away, leaving behind them monuments solid, homely, and ponderous, like themselves. Chinsoorah was their last foothold in these parts. Hardly a century since, within the space of a few leagues along the banks of the Hooghley, lay four commercial settlements belonging respectively to France, Holland, Denmark, and England, whose factors vied with each other to secure

the largest share of the river traffic, and whose confidential clerks, by obscure intrigues, sought to undermine the credit of the rival companies at the court of the Nabob of Moorshedabad. Then the hour came, and the man was not wanting. One stroke of fabulous audacity placed the merchants of Fort William in possession of the most fertile regions of India. From that time forward a succession of acquisitions, most vast and yet most secure, followed each other with bewildering rapidity. Agents and writers no longer went forth to haggle about the price of a hundred-weight of saltpetre, or to dole out an advance of rupees to the village weavers, but to ratify treaties, to depose princes, to organize the administration of newly-conquered provinces. Where once the Company had set its foot, it was never again withdrawn. None of the mightiest conquerors of ancient or modern times could so justly adopt the proud motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," as this association of Leadenhall Street Alexanders and joint-stock Trajans. Hyder Ali, the Hannibal of the South of India, after a series of brilliant successes, was reduced at last to echo the words of the Roman poet, "that, should you immerse "it (the Company) in the deep, it came "out more beautiful." The descendants of the chief who aspired to unite all India under his banner now subsist on the somewhat profuse charity of the nation which their great ancestor hated with more than Punic hatred, and consider their fondest ambition gratified if they can induce the English viceroy to honour a ball at their house with his presence. The same fate overtook all whose fears or jealousies drew them into hostility to the growing power. Mahratta and Ghoorkha, Sikh and Burmese, one and all, had reason to regret the day,

"John Company, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent."

Meanwhile the little colonies of Chandernagore, Chinsurah, and Serampore, which had once been the peers of Calcutta, were quietly gathered in at the beginning, and contemptuously thrown

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back at the end, of our wars with the mother countries. The story of the capture of Serampore is worth a short notice. During the war which we began in order to bring the Bourbons in triumph to Paris, and carried on to prevent Buonaparte coming in triumph to London, a large quantity of English merchandise was conveyed in neutral Danish bottoms, to avoid risk from French privateers. Serampore was, consequently, full of goods belonging to the leading houses of Calcutta. When the Governor-General for the time being received intelligence of the commencement of hostilities with Denmark, he saw an excellent opportunity for doing a first-rate stroke of business. He happened to be staying at Barrackpore, the country-house of the Viceroy on the opposite side of the Hooghley from Serampore. Determined that the English merchants should not receive warning in time to allow them to withdraw their property, early in the morning after he had received the news, he fitted out a conjoint expedition, of which the military portion consisted of the company of sepoy guards at the Great House and the naval element of two boats' crews. One of his sons, who was among the number of his aides-de-camp, commanded the troops, while the squadron was placed under the orders of another son, a midddy. This force crossed the river in ten minutes, landed, marched up to the house of the Danish Governor, knocked at the door, and told him that he must consider himself a prisoner—a piece of information which at first he took as a good joke. The whole of the merchandise stored in the precincts of the settlement became a prize. The enormous amount of money which fell to the share of the young commandants may be estimated from the fact that the junior officer of the sepoy's pocketed four thousand pounds as the reward of that morning's work.

Since those days there is a thing called Public Opinion.

There could not be a worse month than February for a visit to the factory, for the stock of last year has by this

time all been sold off, and this year's opium has not yet begun to come in. However, there was a little of the drug left at the bottom of the vats, and, fortunately for me, some chests which had been damaged on the voyage down the Ganges had been sent back to be re-packed. Your studies, my dear Simkins, have for so long been directed towards the higher regions of thought, and your ideas about all material objects are so essentially vague, that I firmly believe your notion of the raw material of opium vacillates between cocoa-nuts and juniper-berries. I, therefore, shall not scruple to give you a short sketch of the manufacture of that commodity, in the style of the enlightened Magnall, on whose tomb might be inscribed :—

“Nullum fere scientiæ genus non epitomavit.
Nullum quod epitomavit non obscuravit.”

Do not wince at “*epitomavit*.” It is an excellent word, and is used by no less an author than Treb. Poll. xxx. Tyr. It was likewise a favourite with Veg. Ren., a very nice writer, who flourished towards the close of the fourth century (A.D.).

The ryot, who answers to an uncommonly small farmer, makes an agreement with Government to furnish a certain quantity of opium at about four shillings a pound, receiving something more than a quarter of the money in advance. Now, this would be a losing game for the ryot, if it were not for the peculiarity of the crop—most of the labour being done by the women and children of the household, who would be otherwise unemployed. As it is, the natives consider it a privilege to be allowed to grow opium. At the proper season, the whole family turn out in the evening, armed with a species of three-pronged knife, and make an incision in each of the poppy-heads which have sufficiently ripened. During the night a juice exudes, which is carefully scraped off and preserved. This is repeated three times with each flower. Then the leaves are gathered up and formed into a sort of cake, for a purpose which shall be hereafter described, and the stalks are

stacked and put by, no part of the poppy being without its use. The whole produce is then delivered in to the factory at Patna or Benares.

Here the opium goes through a series of processes which may generally be described by the epithet “refining.” At any rate, the result of them is that quantities of scum and dregs are separated from the more valuable portion, though even this refuse has a considerable value of its own. Who has not experienced the distress of being forced to trace an article throughout all the stages of fermenting, and precipitating, and puddling? In the eyes of the visitor every operation bears a hideous resemblance to every other. In all he gazes upon a mysterious liquid, lying apparently in a perfectly quiescent state far down in a frightful iron tank, over which he walks trembling on a single slopy plank, preceded by a foreman of oppressive intelligence, and followed by two of the hands, who attend partly as an excuse for leaving their work, and partly from a faint hazy instinct of beer looming in the future. After the opium has been duly prepared comes the operation of making it into balls. The workman who is employed on this duty is seated at a board, and is provided with the materials for each ball separately—a fixed quantity of the precious drug, some refuse opium, and a certain portion of the coagulated mass of poppy-leaves, all measured out with scrupulous care. With the leaves he forms a bowl about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, using the refuse copiously as glue. In the cup thus fashioned he places the opium, and finishes off the ball with wonderful skill and celerity, consuming exactly the regulation amount of his materials. The balls are about the size of a man's head, and are sold by the Government at an average rate of seventy-six shillings each. They are packed by forties in a chest, the dried stalks of the poppy, reduced almost to powder, being poured into all the interstices, and are sent down to Calcutta to be disposed of by public auction; whence they go forth

upon their mission of soothing John Chinaman into a temporary forgetfulness of the rebels who plunder him, and of the Anglo-Chinese force which protects him, and deluding his soul with visions of a Paradise where the puppy-dogs and rats run about ready-roasted, where the birds' nests are all edible and the pigs all die a natural death, where the men have all short names and the women all short feet, where everybody has just succeeded in the competitive examination for the governorship of a province and has a right to order everybody else three hundred strokes of the bamboo on his bare soles.

What a book might be made of "The Confessions of an English Opium Agent!" It is the most romantic of manufactures. Everywhere the drowsy scent of the poppy prevails, and lulls the pleased visitor into a delightful consciousness of oriental languor and boundless profits, and into a sweet oblivion of the principles of competition and Free Trade. That little lump of black putty, which was bought a few days ago at forty pence, beneath the magic touch of the Government becomes an equivalent for a bouncing sovereign. What is this alchemy which can turn silver into gold? which can extract yearly six millions net from the pockets of an alien, often a hostile, nation? Six millions net from the stupefaction of a foreign people! Think of that, Master Close! What is your "gorging fiend" to this stupendous fact? Regard with awe those dark sticky globes, lying so snugly in their bed of kindred straw! There are the cannon-balls with which to exact tribute from the stranger! "Such an immoral traffic," say you? Let us get out of this sleepy lotus-eating atmosphere, and we will talk the question over at leisure.

If a practice is pernicious to the community, it is clearly the duty of a wise government to suppress it, with this condition—that the evils consequent on the suppression, or attempt at suppression, are not so great as to outweigh the benefits. When the English nation had been thoroughly convinced that slavery

was a curse which must be got rid of at any risk, it cheerfully paid down as the price of its abolition twenty millions in cash, and the prosperity of our West Indian Colonies for many years to come. Never was money better laid out. We gave the devil such a beating as he had not got since Luther's first campaign, for one-tenth of what it cost us to lose America, and one-fiftieth of what we spent in avenging the execution of Louis the Sixteenth. On the other hand though few people will deny that we should be better without the institution known as the "social evil" *par excellence*, still fewer are prepared to admit that affairs would be mended by the interference of the strong hand of power. Nothing could be more odious than that Government should meddle in matters which a wise father leaves to the conscience and discretion of his sons. The public scandal, the invasion of private liberty, the violation of houses, would be grievances far exceeding in importance any little success which might be gained for the cause of morality. Heaven preserve the streets of Liverpool and York from the condition of Oxford or Cambridge on the night of a grand Proctorial raid!

Gambling affords an instance in which the Government has wisely interfered, and wisely abstained from interference. It is impossible to put down the vice, or even to define it. What spectacle can be more innocent and touching than that of four subalterns sitting over a rubber at rupee points? And yet two files of privates playing for the same stakes would justly be considered gamblers of the deepest dye. Backgammon for sixpence a game is gambling among schoolboys. At the University it would be a recreation to which even the recital of the mistakes made by a freshman would be more preferable, to use the strongest comparative in existence. The only chance of getting at private gambling would be in an unlimited employment of spies, in the guise of club-waiters, billiard-markers, college-gyps, messmen, butlers, grooms, and barmaids. What Government could do, it did

thoroughly. It forbade public gaming-tables. It prohibited individuals or Companies from making it their profession to play for money with any comer. The consequences were just what would naturally result from so judicious a course of conduct. Public feeling, not being shocked by any undue restraint upon opinion or practice, rejoiced to see hells stormed by the police, green-baize tables smashed, and foreign noblemen, with doubtful linen and patriotic opinions, turning the crank instead of the roulette-wheel, and reduced from picking aces out of their sleeves in St. James's Street to performing the same office by oakum at Brixton. The effect upon private habits was far wider and more lasting than could have been produced by a direct prohibition. High play became disreputable. Whist succeeded to hazard, and billiards to rouge-et-noir. Great Whig statesmen no longer came home to Herodotus after losing thirty thousand pounds, but read Ricardo and Bentham without any such inauspicious preliminary to their studies.

In dealing practically with this class of questions, it should never be forgotten that no greater injury can be inflicted on society than the creation of a crime. Every prohibitory law makes so many new offenders. The exigencies of the public service absolutely require that a sum should be paid by the owner of certain goods at their entrance into the country. Henceforward, whoever introduces those goods without paying the dues becomes at once a criminal. He is a smuggler. He has broken the law, and is likely to turn at short notice into a pirate or a murderer. It is an old saying that poaching is halfway to sheep-stealing. There is a far more common phase of this portentous evil, which has not been noticed as it deserves. In almost all good books, so-called "sabbath-breaking" is classed in the same list as debauchery, drunkenness, and such like. A shop-boy who prefers the cricket-ground to a dull sermon, an overworked artizan who finds Hampstead Heath or St. George's

Hill a pleasanter resort on a July Sunday than Spitalfields or Drury Lane, feels a painful consciousness that he is committing what is denounced in nine tracts out of ten to be a sin, which must be repented of before the sinner can have any part in Him who said the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Poor fellow! He is not strong-minded or enlightened enough to claim his privilege as a Christian not to be judged with reference to New Moons or the Sabbath-day. He knows that every condemned felon, after having partaken (why do condemned felons always partake?) of his last mutton-chop and his penultimate cup of coffee, at the urgent importunity of the chaplain, confesses that Sabbath-breaking was his first step to the gallows. In obeying the laws of God, which, by unmistakable tokens, proclaim that man must have relaxation and fresh air, or suffer for the want of them in soul and body—in obeying the laws of God, I say, he has disobeyed the dictum of all the Fathers of our Church, with the exception of Hereford. Worse than that—he has acted against his conscience. He has committed an artificial crime; but he is not the less criminal. May God be merciful to him, and to us, and to the whole Bench of Bishops!

If, then, any commodity in general use is undoubtedly deleterious, the Government is justified in putting a stop to the manufacture and sale of it. But, if the circumstances of the case prevent the adoption of this course, then by all means tax that commodity as heavily as it will bear—that is to say, up to the point at which smuggling would be so lucrative as to offer an irresistible temptation. I, for my part, should be glad to see a bill passed, permitting the prohibition of the retail sale of ardent spirits in parishes and townships, where the majority of rate-payers was in favour of such a measure. I believe this scheme would have the same effect on the drunken habits, which are the curse of the working men in England, as the suppression of public gaming-tables had on the morals of the upper classes. And

yet I am for wringing from gin every penny that it can possibly pay. A wise ruler leaves the absolute necessaries of existence entirely free of burdens. Any article, the unrestricted supply of which he considers to be of eminent importance to the progress and well-being of the community, he places on the same footing as absolute necessaries. In this manner Mr. Gladstone showed his regard for paper at home, and out here the same compliment has been paid to iron in this year's budget: railways being as essential to the development of India as newspapers to the spread of education in Great Britain. With the comforts of life taxation begins. Luxuries, fripperies, and fopperies pay a higher rate. But the most swinging duties are laid upon indulgences which are pernicious, or, at any rate, are liable by their nature to be abused. The most devoted lover of paradox would not dare to assert that a heavy tax has no tendency to check consumption. Who can doubt that, if the farmers of Devonshire and Sussex were allowed to grow tobacco, if Cavendish and Birdseye were imported at a registration duty of a farthing a pound, nine-tenths of the population of our isles would be blowing a cloud from morn to dewy eve? Those, then, would smoke who never smoked before, and those who once did smoke would soon be well on their way to *delirium tremens*. In vain would Dean Close warn the men of "merry Carlisle," whom he certainly never leaves long without an excuse for merriment, not to make their mouth a furnace and their nose a chimney. Did it ever occur to you how very absurd is the employment of this rhetorical style in the discussion of questions purely physical? When a man talks about my making my mouth a furnace, I always ask him why he makes his body a sewer. It is not too much to assert that, by taxing opium to the extent of six hundred per cent. on the prime cost, we diminish the use of it to one-tenth of what it would be if the drug were free. Do away with the monopoly in Bengal and Bahar, remove the transit duty on opium grown in the Native States, and

for every Chinese who is now insensible for a few hours three times a week, five will be in a state of coma all day long: the whole nation will become one vast De Quincey; every one will neglect his work and loathe his food; the plumpest pug-dogs will wander along the streets of Canton with impunity, and the most measly porker will die unheeded at the very door within which, oblivious of his posthumous charms, the smoker is dreaming and inhaling away his appetite and health, his manliness and intellect. No one can logically assert that it is immoral to tax opium, unless he is prepared to maintain that we can, and should, put down with a strong hand the cultivation of the poppy.

Some say that it is criminal in the Government to recognise the vice. But taxing is not the same as recognising, and recognising is not the same as approving. There is an excise on brandy, and not on butcher's meat. Does this imply that the Cabinet recognises the fact of Britons being groggy, while it refuses to take cognisance of their carnivorous propensities? It is certainly a new and somewhat startling doctrine that taxation is a form of encouragement, that protection is afforded to a traffic by loading it with a strapping duty. If this be really the case, the two great English parties must change names. Free-traders must go about in top-boots and spacious waistcoats, and Protectionists must rush to the poll under the banner of the Big Loaf. Are we to give up six millions of income, and consent to demoralise the whole East, by allowing it to buy opium dirt cheap, in order that we may appear to ignore as a nation a practice the existence of which is patent to every individual? The colonel of a regiment once remonstrated with his chaplain, because he did not attend the hospital with due regularity. The clergyman answered that, whenever he went there, the only patients he found were men suffering from diseases engendered by drink and licentiousness, and that he did not choose to recognise those sins. And yet the sins in question continued to prevail in the canton-

ment, however much the worthy man averted his countenance. Happily Lord Stanley and Sir Charles Wood do not reason like this chaplain.

In the number of *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1862, the opium monopoly is attacked in a paper displaying much ability and profound knowledge of the subject. The writer asserts that "not one rupee of the income derived from the opium monopoly comes from any source which, in India, or indeed in any country, can, by any construction, be considered as legitimate. It is not entitled to be classed, even as a fiction, under any term of taxation in its ordinary sense. It is neither excise, duty, custom, nor land, nor other tax. It is simply the arbitrary confiscation of a certain crop at a nominal price." He previously states it as his opinion that "on moral, if not on financial grounds, some restriction, in the shape of a heavy export duty, must be placed upon a traffic that is contraband (?) and mischievous in itself, and has been unduly fostered by political encouragement." Now, the Government on moral grounds is anxious to restrict a traffic mischievous in itself, and on financial grounds desires to get as many millions from that traffic as it can be made to yield. And what better means can be devised for these purposes than a system by which every farthing beyond the smallest possible remuneration to the cultivator goes into the public chest? An enormous sliding duty would eat up the gains of the ryot quite as surely as the monopoly. Indeed, a duty would be far the more oppressive of the two; for the slightest irregularity in the operation of a tax, which professed to leave nothing to the producer except bare profits, would entail upon him ruinous consequences. The monopoly is not "the arbitrary confiscation of a certain crop at a nominal price." Nobody talks in these terms of the prohibition to cultivate tobacco in England. And yet what is the difference in principle between preventing a British farmer from growing tobacco at all, and allowing an Indian farmer to grow opium on con-

dition of selling it to the Crown at a fixed rate?

The writer thinks that "the Government might in like manner monopolize grain, cotton, rice, or any other product; buy it in at a nominal price, and sell it at ten times its value." The only answer is, that it does nothing of the sort, and that, if it did, it would be guilty of a great crime and a great folly. But would it not be a folly and a crime to lay even a heavy tax on these necessary articles? a course which the writer himself recommends us to adopt with reference to opium.

It must never be forgotten that the ryot need not grow opium, unless he prefers that crop to any other. Mr. Laing has observed, with truth, that "the cultivation of opium is so profitable to the ryot, and so popular, that we can get almost any quantity we like at these prices." This statement, in which lies the whole pith of the question, the writer does not attempt to refute, except by innuendoes about "the drug being cultivated and delivered into store under compulsion." As long as the ryots vie with each other to obtain permission to grow opium at the regulation price, as long as the stipulated quantity is collected at the end of the season over wide tracts of country, without a single appeal to a court of law, all this talk about "compulsion" is the most barefaced special pleading.

It has been said that the system of money-advances to the cultivator is in practice a system of compulsion; that the Hindoo does not know how to resist the bait of a few rupees in hand, and enters blindly into an engagement which he cannot make good without loss and hardship. But the cultivation of indigo is based upon money-advances, and yet the ryots have refused to plant indigo by tens of thousands, while the same men besiege the agents of Government with entreaties to be permitted to plant poppies. It appears, then, that this "protection of the ryot" consists in preventing him from obtaining leave to grow the crop which in his own estimation pays him the best.

The first effect of the surrender of the monopoly would be the ruin of our trade. The Chinese prefer the Government opium to a much cheaper article grown elsewhere, on account of its purity. Why do we cheerfully disburse our guinea for a *paté* from Piccadilly? Is it not because the name of Fortnum never covered corruption? Because the pie-dishes of Mason are not the whited sepulchres of dead cats? Just so the Government brand at once dispels from the Mongolian mind all ideas of dirt, and rubble, and the other choice ingredients which make Bombay cotton to stink in the nostrils of Manchester. When the store of the year comes down to Calcutta, a chest is taken at random from the mass, and opened in the presence of the merchants interested in the traffic. The contents are then chemically tested, and the result published in the *Gazette*. If the manufacture were set free, the Chinese would lose confidence in Indian opium, and would refuse to pay a price so high as to allow us to levy a duty which

would in any sense compensate us for the loss of the monopoly.

Another consequence would be to entail an extra expense of half a million a year on the exchequer, to provide an army of excisemen and gaugers. At present, every acre of poppy land, nay, every pound of opium, is registered, and fraud on any but the most limited scale is quite impracticable. If the cultivation were free, it would be necessary to maintain a spy in every village to prevent the illicit sale and consumption of the drug. If we lowered the duty in order to diminish the temptation to contraband practices, the certain consequence would be an increase in the use of opium—surely a most questionable result of this boasted boon to morality and civilization.

By this time, my Simkins, you must have had opium enough to send you asleep; so no more at present.

Sincerely yours,

H. BROUGHTON.

VINCENZO ; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I CAN'T GET OUT," SAID THE
STARLING.

THERE was a revival of sensibility in Vincenzo, brought about by Barnaby's letter, and which was attended by a curious mental phenomenon. Hitherto the image of Rose and that of her father had come to him, as he had seen them during the painful circumstances which preceded his departure. There was a scowl on their brows, a curl on their lips, defiance in their eyes. But from the moment he had received Barnaby's scrawl, as if by a spell, Vincenzo's mind began to reflect the reverse of the medal. The Rose of yesterday gradually faded from his thoughts, and instead there

stood, as though on a pedestal, the Rose of former days—the gentle patroness, friend and peacemaker; the discontented, irritable, father-in-law, in his turn, lost his scowl in a smile, and was replaced by the stanch protector and benefactor, grumbling now and then *pro formâ*, but beaming with benevolence and good humour. The effect of these sweet besetting recollections may easily be guessed. As the memory of past kindness obliterated that of recent harshness, as sentiment grew preponderant over reason, so Vincenzo began to doubt the legitimacy of his revolt. Not on the ground of insufficiency of provocation—as to that, Vincenzo's conviction was unalterable—but on the ground of the peculiar situation in which he stood towards the givers of the provocation.

Was he, considering his antecedents, entitled to resent any thing from that quarter? This misgiving did not arise all of a sudden, nor was it uncombated; we have compressed within a few lines the work of weeks and weeks; but, once born, it rankled in his bosom, and gave him no truce. Vincenzo turned to Onofrio for succour against himself. He said one day—

“Can you conceive a state of relations between two individuals which places one of them morally at the mercy of the other?”

“I can’t say I do between two civilized and rational individuals,” returned Onofrio. “I see nothing at all approaching to this problem of yours, except the relation of a son to a father; and even then, you know, there are limits to the duties of a son, as there are to the authority of a father.”

“In my opinion,” said Vincenzo, “there are ties more binding, more deeply enchainning the conscience, than even the natural ones between son and father. I mean those between the recipient of voluntarily-bestowed benefits and the benefactor; when, for instance, a man on whom you have no claim, to whom you are a stranger, takes you by the hand, and, from boyhood upwards gives you not only your daily bread, but also the far more precious food of the mind; treats you, in fact, to all intents and purposes like a beloved son, even to the extent of giving you his only daughter;—I say that your duty to that man is unlimited.”

“The case in itself is strong, and you have put it strongly,” said Onofrio; “and your conclusion?”

“And my conclusion,” replied Vincenzo, “is, that I am not justifiable in thwarting that man’s will, whatever it may be.”

“Even if his will were to throw himself out of window?” asked Onofrio.

“His will in reference to me,” explained Vincenzo, fretfully.

“Even,” urged Onofrio, “if his will should be to roast you alive?”

“The moment is ill-chosen for indulging in jests.”

“My dear boy, one may be roasted alive morally as well as physically,” said Onofrio, gravely, “and a jest may be opportune in the most serious moment, when it conveys a sober truth—the truth that there are and must be limits to self-abnegation. The present question is one which must be tested by reason and not by sentiment. Now reason clearly shows you that you have duties of many kinds, and a theory which sacrifices to one all the others cannot but be fallacious and dangerous. The clergy do not proceed otherwise, when they subordinate all their obligations as citizens to their allegiance to Rome. It too often happens, it is true, that duties clash, and render a painful choice necessary; but that, thank God, is not your case. Nothing new of any consequence has altered your position from what it was three months ago. I understand what your shake of the head means—that there is sadness at Rumelli. Sadness, mind, and not broken hearts, as your imagination represents it! Well, if they are sad, for my part I am glad of it; sadness will inspire them with wise reflections, and do them good, and you too. In conclusion, I see no shadow of a reason why you should abandon the experiment on which you were so bent. The question as to who is to be master in your family, you or Don Pio, seems to me worth pursuing to a solution.”

Onofrio’s plain logic went home to Vincenzo’s reason, who felt so much strengthened and comforted by it that he believed himself proof against any recurrence of his late misgivings; but he soon found out that what he had mistaken for a radical cure was a mere respite. The intellect may be convinced, and yet the heart doubt. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed, and here was poor Vincenzo once more plunged in the same sea of perplexities, once more arguing against himself with an ingenuity that an advocate for the adverse party might have envied him.

“The situation in which I stand,” reasoned Vincenzo, “is one of my own seeking, the fruit of my own blindness; and I cannot, without injustice, call

anybody but myself to account for the disagreeables I find in it. Least of all Rose, who has sacrificed for me the prospect, nay the certainty, of a far more advantageous establishment. If she has spoiled my life, I have spoiled hers, and we are quits. She is not naturally ill-tempered, quite the contrary; and—had she married, instead of me, a blockhead, such as there are plenty of, fearing God and the curé, very abstemious in politics, and disposed to enjoy the good things of the earth, which her fortune would procure him—there's every chance she would have made him an excellent and pleasant wife. What right, then, have I to complain, and to talk big and act big? Far more manly and rational to accept the situation which I myself sought, with all the good and bad and indifferent inherent in it."

"Not, at least, until you have satisfied your own mind that no efforts of yours can improve that situation," retorted Onofrio.

"What means have I for ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion on that score?" asked Vincenzo.

"A little longer perseverance in your present course, and the judgment of your friend."

Onofrio, from the first, had entertained but little confidence in the firmness of Vincenzo's angry determination, and that little had vanished long ago. The only object of his present opposition was to gain time, in the faint hope that each succeeding day might bring from Rumelli some overtures for a compromise, which would spare his young friend the humiliation and the danger of a surrender at discretion. For all that was come and gone, Onofrio's estimation of Vincenzo's character remained unaltered; and exactly in that which many would have scoffed at as weakness he only saw and respected the working of a rare conscientiousness, excited to morbidness by what were truly exceptional antecedents. And when, in answer to his arguments, Vincenzo would say, as he often would, "You speak at your ease, because you are not

me," Onofrio, in his heart of hearts, was ready to admit the full force of the objection. Like most men who have seen and suffered much, Onofrio was indulgent to others—severe only to himself.

June dragged on heavily, July was passed, and August was at hand, and still no signs of life came from Rumelli. Vincenzo's task was verging towards its close; and the moment of its completion, according to all probability, would also be that of the resumption of his chain. Onofrio was at his wit's end how to avert that calamity, were it only for a period. He tried (in military parlance) a desperate diversion. He said one day, "I have this morning seen Count Cavour." (Count Cavour, but lately returned from the congress in Paris, was at the zenith of his power and popularity.) "He was in high spirits, as he well may be, and very talkative and friendly. I have scarcely a doubt that, if I were to recommend you to him, he would find some suitable employment for you."

Vincenzo's face brightened at these words.

Onofrio went on: "I am sure he has not forgotten your report; he forgets nothing. That is the man to give you scope for the full play of your talents, to satisfy your ambition to be of use to your country. Shall I speak to him—what do you say?"

In the interim Vincenzo's features had fallen, and now intense dejection was their only expression.

"No, thank you, my good, my dear, my true friend. I will not repay your kind interest by making you commit yourself a second time for me. If I had not this gnawing vulture within me, I should be proud and happy to sweep the office of such a man as Cavour; as it is, I am useless even for that. I feel that, sooner or later, my destiny will force me back."

The figure of Don Pio triumphant alone stood between Vincenzo and Rumelli; and, as things turned out, even that was no longer an obstacle.

He dreamed, one night, that the

Signor Avvocato had been taken suddenly ill, and was dying. We must premise that the thought of such a contingency, suggested by the old man's growing obesity and sedentary habits, had intruded itself more than once into Vincenzo's mind, both during his last stay at Rumelli and since. The dream had all the vividness of reality. The scene of it was the dining-room on the ground-floor of the Palace. On a mattress on the floor lay stretched, at full length, the Signor Avvocato's powerful frame, to all appearance a corpse. The eyes were shut, the teeth clenched, the nostrils pinched, the rigid countenance of a cadaverous hue. Bending over the motionless form in deadly suspense, were Rose, Barnaby, and Guiseppa, all three on their knees, so as to be nearer to watch it. At the head of the mattress stood Don Pio, breviary in hand, reciting the prayers for the dying. Farther back were grouped all the household, with blanched faces. Vincenzo himself was wondering how no one thought of fetching old Geronimo; an old man belonging to Rumelli, who knew how to bleed.

After a while the closed eyes opened, and stared slowly at each of the bystanders in succession, then pryed restlessly into all the corners of the room.

"He is looking for Vincenzo," whispered Rose.

Vincenzo, as is usual in dreams, could see and hear all this, though not there.

Presently the lips of the dying man moved as if he were speaking, but no sound issued from them. He shook his head forlornly, and shut his eyes again. All was over.

"*Requiescat in pace,*" said Don Pio.

Vincenzo awoke in an agony of terror, and it took some time and the testimony of his senses to force the certainty upon him that he had been the dupe of a dream. Yes, thank God, it was a dream; but one which might become a terrible reality any day. How stupid of him never to have thought of the possibility—rather, how heartless! Only imagine his benefactor, his second father, breathing his last, and he not there—he, the

son, the creature of that dying man, not by his side to receive his farewell blessing! Unnatural, horrible, monstrous, impossible! And his hair rose on end as in fancy he put himself face to face with the Irreparable; as he pictured to himself his own feelings on the morrow of such a day—the feelings of Cain in his heart—the curse of heaven and earth on his head—remorse and despair everlasting. Oh! rather than *that* should be, he was ready to do anything; to crawl in the dust and entreat forgiveness. Yes, rather than *that* should be, he would willingly be the slave of Don Pio all his life long. What would Don Pio's triumph matter to him, so long as he felt himself guiltless? Provided only that he was in time—that this awful dream was not the shadow cast by a dread reality! Truly, he must have been out of his mind to give to such contingencies the fearful odds of five months. Five months! when a day, an hour, a moment, would suffice to bring to pass the Irretrievable!

This whirlwind of passion lasted the whole night: one of those nights which turn black hair grey. With the light of day the feverish organism calmed, and was followed by complete prostration; but his resolve remained immutable. Few and solemn were the words in which he communicated his determination, and the occasion of it, to Onofrio.

"I must go, dear friend," wound up Vincenzo; "the past claims me; the past is my Prometheus' rock; I am chained to it, indissolubly. Be kind to me to the last, even to sparing me your remonstrances. They can change nothing in my resolution; they can only pain and weaken me, and I need all the little energy I have left to meet my fate decently. A hard fate—I cherish no illusions as to that; I descend into my tomb with my eyes open. I know what awaits me out there, and I shudder in thinking of it. But it must be. I have no choice, but of unhappiness; I choose, therefore, to be unhappy at Rumelli with a clear conscience, rather than be so here with my conscience troubled — *sotto l'asbergo del sentirsi*

puro, you know. As to you, my stanch, my noble, my indulgent friend, what can I say to you . . . that——”

The rest was lost in a sudden burst of tears. And Onofrio, old as he was, and hardened to trials, and well accustomed to control himself—well, Onofrio did exactly what he saw Vincenzo do, sobbed and cried like a child. Such was the parting between the elderly and the young man.

And now, before accompanying Vincenzo to Rumelli, we must take a trip thither on our own account, and try to ascertain the frame of mind in which were father and daughter, and the sort of reception which their state of feeling forebodes the fugitive—a reception, we apprehend, different from that which he had met with after his first escapade and wanderings with Colonel Roganti. The Signor Avvocato had so little expected Vincenzo to put into execution his threat of going away, that he doubted the fact long after it was publicly patent ; and, when he could no longer doubt it, he flew into a frantic rage. It was the bursting forth of a fire which had been smouldering for upwards of a year. The circumstance that the offender had just been convicted of a lie and of a calumny against his father-in-law lent to the act of rebellion a peculiarly heinous character.

Well, the furious old gentleman gave vent to his anger in a letter, the tenor of which frightened even Rose, incensed as she was. Don Pio intervened and remonstrated. The letter was given up ; a great concession, and obtained with the greatest difficulty. Another epistle was concocted between the Signor Avvocato and Don Pio—another, which, though sharp and peremptory enough, was to the first what whey is to vinegar. The answer reached Rumelli by return of post. We saw Vincenzo pen it with great care, and an inward chuckle at the prospect of the effect it would produce. All that he could have expected was far surpassed. A shell falling into a barrel of gunpowder could not have produced a greater explosion than did Vincenzo's letter. The violence of the old man's

passion was truly terrific ; he stormed and raged and foamed at the mouth like one possessed ; he loaded his son-in-law, that viper that he had warmed in his bosom, with the vilest abuse ; he yearned, he prayed for revenge, and revenge he would have ; he would institute a law-suit for a legal separation, and, if his daughter ever dared to do as much as look at that abominable wretch again, he would disown her, consign her to beggary. None like feeble characters, when once they have broken bounds, for rushing into the maddest extremes.

Again Don Pio had to interfere, and remonstrate against the sending of a letter to Vincenzo, far worse than the first, and of another to an old lawyer in Ibella, directing him to take legal steps for his daughter's separation from her husband. “What was the use,” argued Don Pio, “of giving publicity to family differences, which had far better be hushed up ?” Again, however just the Signor Avvocato's resentment, it did not justify the addressing unchristian and ungentlemanly language to his son-in-law. Why write at all ? The Signor Avvocato would consult his dignity far more by remaining silent. Absolute and persevering silence could alone, if anything could, reclaim Vincenzo and bring him home. (We see from this how exactly Onofrio had hit the mark when he attributed to Don Pio the plot of keeping silence.) Don Pio's last argument it was which made the strongest impression upon the old gentleman, who asked eagerly, “Do you really believe that, if he hears from none of us, he will return ?”

“That is my opinion,” said Don Pio.

“Well, then, I shall not write ; nobody shall. Not for the world will I miss the chance of having him here,”—(Is he softening already ? thought the priest) “were it only for a minute,” went on the old man with a sudden burst of savage energy, “to trample him under my feet—to spit in his face—to—” ; he lacked images and expressions strong enough for his feelings.

Henceforth revenge became a ruling passion, a fixed idea with him—revenge

on the monster of ingratitude on whom he had lavished every good thing, even to his daughter, and who, in return, had broken his and his child's heart! Of the provocations given, of altered circumstances—no passing thought. Vincenzo was still, in his godfather's eyes, the humble boy in fustian of other days, whose only duty and business in life was to be submissive. Time did not take off the rage of this craving for vengeance; it rather sharpened it, by the increasing fear it brought lest the craving should go unsatisfied. And those were gloomy days indeed, when this dread got the upper hand, when, rousing himself from a long meditation, the father would say to the daughter with a despairing shake of the head, "Ah! he won't come after all."

Rose's feelings with regard to her husband were scarcely less acute than her father's. She acknowledged to herself that Vincenzo had received great provocation; but not the less did she hold him responsible for all the injury he was doing her father. The old man's health could not but suffer from the troubled condition of his mind; his digestion was bad, his nights often sleepless, and the old pains in his left side were more frequent and keener than of old; indeed, the weakness of the whole of that side of his body had increased to such an extent that, even when actually exempt from pain, he was unable to walk without a stick.

But, of the three persons whom Vincenzo had offended, the least embittered against him was Don Pio. Why so? Because Don Pio had too much character himself not to esteem character in others; and, prepared as he was to keep his own against Vincenzo to the last, he could not help respecting him for the spirit and independence shown in the fact and manner of his departure. Such was the mined ground on which Vincenzo was about to venture. Was it a presentiment of its danger that made him so weary of limb, so faint of heart? It could not have been so; for, let him have given the reins to the sombrest fancy, he never could have imagined a

state of things at all approaching the reality which lay in wait for him. He was weary of limb and faint of heart, because he knew that by the mere act of setting foot again in the Palace he would consummate his abdication of all independence throughout life; and, though resolved to do it, he felt sinking under the sacrifice.

The bells of all the churches of Ibella were striking noon when he entered the little town—a most propitious hour for passing through it with the least chance of awkward meetings, every one being then at dinner. He stole through the streets quietly, and without accident, and soon found himself on the high road to Rumelli. It was one of the last days of August, when the splendour of the sun is most dazzling, the heat oppressive; and the dust, that plague of dry climates, lay five inches thick on the ground. Vincenzo went on a little way, then looked about him for a shady spot, and laid himself down in it. That elasticity of foot and of spirits which had once enabled him to fly over the distance between Rumelli and Ibella in an hour and a half, was no longer his. True, his present errand was widely different from that which had at that time lent wings to his feet—he was then going to recover Rose's purse—while now . . . He had yet another reason for wasting as much time as he could on the road: he wished to arrive at his destination when all this glare around him should have subsided. The mere idea of standing before his wife and his father-in-law in that strong light, harassed him. And then, the later he arrived, the less chance he had of finding Don Pio at the Palace; not for the world would he have had him present at the meeting. Accordingly, he proceeded leisurely by short stages, with long rests between. Presently he came to a part of the country where the gathering of the grapes, everywhere else at an end, was still going on in the vineyards skirting the road. It was a busy, a gay, a most picturesque scene; merry sights and merry sounds met the ear and eye on all sides. Every one seemed happy. Vincenzo could not

help drawing a comparison between his joylessness and the light-heartedness of these peasants. He thought, with a sigh, "How far better for me had I remained, as I was born, one of them."

It was near five o'clock when he approached Rumelli ; and oh ! how his heart beat at sight of the well-known Belvedere, topping the gentle slope, and of the Palace towering beyond. He shrank from traversing the village in a state of emotion which gave him the aspect of a criminal ; so, diving into the nearest bushes to the right, he made his way as best he could, through fields and fences and ditches, in an upward direction towards the Castle. One glance at that awkward building had satisfied him beforehand that it was not inhabited. All the windows were closed, and everything on the face of it, as well as the neglect of the grounds, spoke of absenteeism and decay. For the first time for many years Vincenzo thought of young Del Palmetto, and, with a sort of compunction for having so completely erased him from his recollection, wondered what had become of him. Perhaps he was dead ; soldiers died young—poor Ambrosio was an instance.

While thus thinking, Vincenzo emerged, after a long circuit, into the road below Rose's Belvedere, almost on the spot where young Del Palmetto on horseback had stopped to bid her adieu, and had snatched from the summer-house window the purse she was then working. Here lay the most perilous part of Vincenzo's journey ; from thence to the gate of the avenue the highway lay between two walls, so as to allow of no escape from any one coming from the Palace. Now, to meet Don Pio, or indeed any member of the household, would have been to Vincenzo, in his present mood, something intolerable. Accordingly, faint with fatigue, emotion and heat as he was, he ran on at a quick pace until past the gate ; then, being in comparative safety, he lay down on the ground to take breath. So near, why not go in at once ? Because that odious garish glare of day was not yet subdued, and then he wanted still a little respite

to get composed ; he felt so out of joint. At the end of a good half hour, however, there was a sound of steps and voices from up the hill. Vincenzo did not stay to see who or how many were the new comers, but got up in a hurry, and walked on to the gate, went through and up the avenue. The sobered light which pervaded the shaded walk was most welcome. As far as his eye could reach, no living soul to be seen ; that was another comfort. The Palace, as we know, stood upon a raised terrace, accessible from the avenue by a short flight of steps. At the foot of these Vincenzo stopped a few seconds, pressed both hands on his heart, which felt ready to burst, then tottered up the steps.

Seated in front of the door, or rather sunk in an arm chair, was the master of the Palace—his head drooping forward on his chest, his arms hanging down heavily on either side of the chair, his eyes rivetted to the ground—a very image of desolation. The sight was too much for Vincenzo, a mist came over his eyes, his legs gave way under him, and he would have fallen had he not grasped the balustrade, which ran breast high on both sides of the flight of steps. At the same instant the old gentleman looked up, and, as his glance fell upon the unexpected apparition, his eyes dilated frightfully ; in a twinkling the pale face grew purple, and a fiendish grin lighted it up. He got on his feet after a struggle, and by the help of a cane placed by his chair, limped stealthily towards Vincenzo ; when within reach of him, he balanced himself so as to be able to stand without support, and then, lifting up the cane, dealt a blow with it at the young man's head, which sent his hat flying. Up went the cane and down again it would have come, God knows with what possible effect, on the now bare head, but for Barnaby's timely interposition. Barnaby (we have hitherto lacked the opportunity to mention the fact) was at work within a few paces of his master at the moment of Vincenzo's arrival ; only the work he was at, the training of some creeping plants

about the windows of the great hall, necessitated his turning his back to the quarter from whence Vincenzo had come, and thus it was that he had not seen him. The rest needs no further explanation.

"Are you going to take up the trade of a negro-driver?" cried Barnaby, as he arrested the raised hand and hurled away the cane. Then, turning to Vincenzo, "Art thou hurt, my poor boy?—not much, only a scratch. Come along with me; this is no place for thee; it is a madhouse," and, putting his arm within Vincenzo's, he dragged the young man down the steps and along the avenue. Dragged is the word, for Vincenzo was shaking from head to foot, and staggering like a drunken man. "Why didst thou not write that thou wert coming? Why come at all? Weren't thy friends down there kind to thee? Wert thou short of money? And, if so, why not write and say so?"

To this avalanche of questions, Vincenzo gave no answer—probably he had not heard them.

Barnaby went on—"Thou shalt never want money again. I have found a capital investment for my savings—eight per cent., eight per cent. on twenty-four thousand francs; there's enough and to spare for living like a gentleman, isn't there? Thou sayest nothing?"

"Where are we going?" asked Vincenzo, startled by the sight of the gate.

"To Rumelli, for the present," replied Barnaby.

"No, no, I am not going away from this—I will not go," exclaimed Vincenzo, looking scared. "Take me to some quiet place, some dark corner where I can rest, and think—I must think . . . long."

A quiet out of the way corner was not difficult to find.

Once there, Vincenzo sat down and said, "Now let me think, but don't leave me." He clasped his head with both hands, and thought—thought on, and on, and on, even until Barnaby could scarcely see his face for the growing obscurity, and yet Vincenzo went on still thinking. The instinct of self-preservation and the spirit of self-immolation

were waging a great battle within Vincenzo's bosom. In the face of the extreme pass to which things had come at the Palace, did what he had considered his duty hold good, or cease? Was he to go, or was he to stay? These were the questions, the solution of which he sought in an agony of body and mind. He found it at last, and said aloud, "I remain."

"A downright piece of folly," said Barnaby; "he's capable of murdering you."

"Let him," replied Vincenzo; "better die with the sense of having done right, than live with a troubled conscience. Listen to me, Barnaby;" and he related to the old man his dream of the night before, described the horror and despair which had seized on him at the mere thought of the possible realization of that dream—told it all so vividly and forcibly that Barnaby began to tremble like an aspen leaf. "And now," wound up Vincenzo, "you can understand why I choose to remain."

"I do," was Barnaby's concise answer.

"Well, then, let us return to the house," said Vincenzo, rising. "Are we likely, do you think, to find . . . anybody in our way?"

"I should say not," replied Barnaby; "it has struck nine, and the Signor Avvocato goes to his own room very early. At all events, I can go on before hand, and see if the coast is clear."

"No, my good friend, no attempts at concealment. I am ready for anything, resigned to everything that can happen. Only I would fain avoid any further scene this evening. I am fairly worn out and faint."

They took their way towards the house. There were lights in the Signor Avvocato's apartment. All was safe. They stole in, as they thought unperceived, and went up to the third story in the dark. Vincenzo had so long slept in a room in the attics before last leaving the Palace that he now returned thither from mere habit. Barnaby wished him good-night, but lurked about in the corridor until he heard the bolt fastened inside, which gave him the assurance

that his earnest recommendation had been acted upon.

But Vincenzo had not stolen in unperceived as he had imagined. Rose had been on the watch for him. She had heard from her father of her husband's arrival, and of the sort of reception he had met with, and she was burning with curiosity to ascertain whether he had set off again, which seemed to her most probable, or whether he was going to remain. The moment she saw him from her window coming towards the house, she ran on tiptoe to the door of her chamber, which opened on the stairs, and listened, listened in mortal suspense, lest he should seek access to her. Not for the world would she have had him do so ; principally, it must be allowed, because she had the moral certainty that her father was on the look-out, and would immediately interfere. And yet, at the sound of the well-known footstep passing the landing without a moment's hesitation, Rose felt—shall we say disappointed? No, but slighted, and piqued in proportion. Had Vincenzo sought her, ten to one but that he had been sent about his business pretty sharply ; he had not done so, and he was equally in fault. Poor Vincenzo ! he had a hopeless game to play.

CHAPTER XL.

SWEETS OF HOME.

EARLY next morning Signora Candia hastened to the parsonage, and made Don Pio acquainted with her husband's arrival, her father's assault upon him, and her own distress of mind at the possible repetition of so disgraceful a scene. Rose, like most women, had a thorough abhorrence of violence. Don Pio, with praiseworthy alacrity, returned with her to the Palace, and read her father a severe lecture on his conduct of the previous afternoon. The priest felt really indignant, and did not mince his words. He said that the Signor Avvocato ought to be ashamed of himself ; that the act of brutality of which

he had been guilty, scarcely excusable in an uneducated unreflecting boor, was unpardonable in a gentleman and a scholar, let alone in a Christian. How could he claim respect from others, when he showed so little self-respect? Having right on his side, he had wilfully put himself in the wrong ; for if, in consequence of the indignity inflicted on him, Signor Vincenzo had gone away for ever, who would not acquit him—who would not condemn the Signor Avvocato? He (the curé) would for one.

The old gentleman admitted that he had given way to an uncontrollable fury of passion, and promised that such a thing should not again occur ; that is, supposing that the . . . the person in question, should choose to stay at the Palace. Well, if he chose to remain, the Signor Avvocato had no objection to his doing so—no objection to supplying him with his daily bread, as he had done up to that very moment, but on condition that that bread should be eaten elsewhere than at his (the Signor Avvocato's) table. After what had passed, he and the person in question could not possibly sit at the same board. Don Pio urged plenty of obvious reasons against this unnatural exclusion ; but the Signor Avvocato would listen to none, and stuck sturdily to his point. "After all," said the curé to Rose, as she accompanied him down stairs, "it is a difficulty of form, and not of substance, which I hope we shall be able to remove in a few days. You must, however, let Signor Vincenzo know of the Signor Avvocato's resolve, in order that all possible disagreeable complications may be avoided. He has good sense enough, I hope, to make a virtue of necessity."

Rose perfectly understood how urgent it was to have Vincenzo warned in time, and at once hit upon Barnaby as the fittest ambassador for the occasion. As to going herself to her husband's room, in her present temper of mind, she would as soon have thought of entering a lion's den, had there been such a thing at Rumelli ; and, even had her heart inclined her to seek Vincenzo, which it

did not, the fear of her father would have held her back. The Signor Avvocato was full of suspicions, was on the *qui vive* whenever he heard her step on the stair, calling out to know where she had been or was going, not omitting to caution her by hints against siding with his enemies. Rose, therefore, had, as it were, to lie in wait for Barnaby; and, to give herself a chance of catching him unseen by the Signor Avvocato, she kept wandering from her room to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to her room, taking care to tread heavily in going up and down stairs, and humming one air after the other, that her father, from his room, might be sure of her whereabouts.

Barnaby, in the meanwhile, had been to listen at Vincenzo's door a score of times or more, until at last, seeing that it was nearly ten o'clock, and his patience being quite exhausted, he had knocked and obtained admittance. Vincenzo had slept soundly all night, and felt much better, only very weak.

"Thou art in want of something to eat; that's what is the matter," said Barnaby.

Vincenzo agreed, the more so as he now recollected that he had not tasted any food since leaving Turin.

"Give me some bread, Barnaby—I say bread, only bread, do you hear? If you bring anything else, I shall not touch it."

Barnaby, in going to fetch the bread, met Signora Candia, who gave him the message for Vincenzo. Barnaby received it with the most expressive grimace of disapproval at his command; he said nothing, however, but went on his errand. Vincenzo ate the bread, and the bunch of grapes Barnaby had ventured, in spite of orders, also to bring, with an appetite growing keener with every mouthful, and felt wonderfully revived. While Vincenzo was eating, the old gardener seemed lost in a brown study. "By-the-bye," said he all at once, "I think you are too weak to go down to dinner."

"Not at all," said Vincenzo; "I feel quite strong now."

"I tell you, you look horridly pale and worn out, and unfit for any exertion," insisted Barnaby; "take my advice, stay quietly in your own room, and I'll bring you up something at dinner-time."

"No such thing," protested Vincenzo. "I shall go down to dinner. I have made up my mind to do so."

Barnaby, in great distress, scratched his bald pate. At last he mumbled out, "Better not expose yourself to be insulted . . ."

"If any affront is offered to me, I shall not resent it," replied Vincenzo; "but I shall not act as if I expected and deserved such treatment. My place is at the same table with my father-in-law and my wife, and that place I shall seek. If it is refused me, I shall submit. Understand this, Barnaby, I have no intention of defending any of the rights or privileges of my position, should they be contested; but it is as little my purpose to surrender one tittle of them voluntarily."

"You are right; you are a true man," cried the old gardener with naïve admiration; "there's more spirit in one of your little fingers than in the whole carcass of such a downright old coward as I am." And, to give greater emphasis to this sentiment, Barnaby took the striped cotton cap off his head and threw it on the floor.

A quarter of an hour before the dinner was served, Barnaby slipped into the dining-room, added a third cover to the two already on the table, and stood sentinel over it with the look, we can imagine, of the dragon watching the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides. Presently the Signor Avvocato came in. His first glance took in the addition made by Barnaby. "Who is that third knife and fork and plate for?" asked the old gentleman with a frown.

"For Signor Vincenzo," answered Barnaby, quite gently.

"The devil take him," growled the Signor Avvocato; "clear those things away."

"They are for your daughter's husband," said Barnaby, warming.

"The devil take him, I say. Do you hear me?—clear away those things," was the peremptory answer.

"They are for the son of that Angelo Candia who lost his life in your service ; do *you* hear?" cried Barnaby, exasperated.

Whatever was the retort which rose to the tip of his tongue, this time the Signor Avvocato choked it back, and said instead, "I see what it is ; I shall have to give up my place to that person. I shall have to go and dine in my room."

"If you do, you must first walk over the body of your father's old servant," shouted Barnaby ; and, sure enough, the old fellow deliberately flung himself down across the threshold.

To pass over the prostrate figure without doing it some injury, was, for one so bulky and infirm as the Signor Avvocato, a matter of physical impossibility. Was it that which made him desist, or was his energy spent for the moment, or his heart touched by Barnaby's allusion to Signor Pietro ? Whatever the cause or causes, the Signor Avvocato, without further remonstrance, limped sulkily to the table, and sulkily took his usual seat. Barnaby was scarcely on his feet again when Vincenzo entered the room. He was dreadfully pale, but to all appearance composed ; he bowed low to his father-in-law, who looked another way, and nodded to his wife, who slightly nodded in return, and then sat down. That day Barnaby chose to wait at table ; and, between one dish and the other, gave the company a history of what was going on in the parish—beginning with Martha who had got twins, and Peter's son, who had been caught stealing grapes, and ending with the great rumour of the day—viz. that *it was said* the Marquis del Palmetto had just made a rich marriage, and was soon expected at the Castle. Barnaby's monologue, for he addressed no one in particular, and seemed to rattle on for his own exclusive benefit, met with no other interruption than sundry snarling

sounds proceeding from the Signor Avvocato, which the orator did not deign to notice.

The dinner was short, though it seemed long to all parties ; the master of the house made it shorter still by rising at dessert and taking himself away, in evident high dudgeon. Rose followed him immediately. Vincenzo, thus left alone, with the instinct of a wounded animal went out to seek some lonely spot, where he might lie unmolested on the grass, and meditate on his sad plight. He had plenty of leisure to do this, and to doze and yawn to his heart's content. At eight o'clock he went in to supper, which, as regarded any interchange of sympathy, or any agreeable intercourse, was the exact counterpart of the dinner, with the exception of Barnaby's chatter. By nine, again in his own bed-chamber, and a few minutes later in his bed.

The morrow brought no change in the mode of proceeding adopted by the Signor Avvocato and his daughter ; and, to make a long story short, Vincenzo's pittance of the first day became his daily diet. With some slight variations, though ; one of which was, that the icy silence during meal-time was occasionally superseded by a blustering volley of abuse levelled at the young man, under the shelter of another name. One day, the theme of the discourse would be the son of a chemist at Ibella, who had broken open his father's desk, and gone off with the money nobody knew where. The Signor Avvocato had always predicted that he would turn out ill ; for what good could be expected of a proud-stomached, conceited fellow, without feeling, as without fear of God, &c. &c. and so on for a quarter of an hour. Or it was a tirade against that penniless adventurer, the singing master, who had so long made love to the daughter of the Commandant of Ibella, and had at last managed to marry her. And what had been the result ? Why, that he had grown as arrogant, and imperious after, as he had been humble and honey-tongued before—playing the fine gentleman, never having money enough for

his wants, and in a fair way to break his wife's and his father-in-law's hearts.

"And served them right," said the Signor Avvocato ; "for how could they be so blind as not to see that he only cared for their money, the vile snivelling good-for-nothing scamp that he was."

These instances were not very appropriate to Vincenzo's case ; but they were excellent pegs on which to hang invective, and that was what the Signor Avvocato desired. Sometimes it would be Vincenzo's dearest political feelings and preferences that the Signor Avvocato would fall upon and lash till the blood came, on the back of Count Cavour or some other statesman of note.

"What," would he thunder forth—"what has been the final result of their policy?—The kingdom impoverished and on the brink of bankruptcy, taxation swollen to unbearable proportions, the country divided against itself, all respect for religion gone," &c. &c.

But these ebullitions grew rarer, and in course of time ceased altogether—the distemper lost its acute character, and lapsed into a chronic disease. The keen eagerness to wound and trample under foot subsided into the quiet indulgence of slighting and ignoring. Father and daughter took to discussing their interests and affairs at their meals, with no more reference to the third person sitting at table with them than if he had not been present. But for Don Pio, who dined twice a week at the Palace, and never failed to inquire after Signor Candia's health, and otherwise now and then address his conversation to him—but for Don Pio, we say, and Barnaby, Vincenzo might easily have forgotten how to speak. To be impartial, we must here note that Vincenzo on his side did nothing to mend this uncomfortable state of affairs. After the sacrifice of self which he had made, Rose's husband felt entitled to a better treatment than he received ; and thus, though submitting to it, he did not accept it as his due. Accordingly, if he carefully avoided in his manner and bearing whatever might in the least look like defiance, he was equally guarded against doing any-

thing which could be interpreted as a wish to propitiate.

Except at meal times, Vincenzo kept out of sight all day long. There were two or three sheltered nooks in the park which were his favourite resorts ; there he lay on the sward, and spent the long hours in doing nothing. As for his old haunt, once so dear—Rose's Belvedere—he never now went near it ; it had too many associations not to be instinctively shunned. If he carried a book with him, it soon dropped from his hand, and lay forgotten by his side. If, bored by inaction, he got up to walk, he presently sat down again bored by exertion. His mental and bodily faculties were gradually sinking into a state of stagnation. Books once so prized, nature once so loved and enjoyed, were now regarded with indifference. Even politics had ceased to excite him. Of all earthly things that had once an interest in his eyes, only one retained a value—one never likely to be his again—liberty ; to be again his own master—the forbidden fruit. Ennui devoured him—ennui without hope of release ; his one cheering thought was that with which at night he laid his head on the pillow.

"Another day gone !"

And, when winter set in (all idea of removing to Ibella had been long given up by the Signor Avvocato), which fortunately was late in the year, and the long dreary hours had to be got through within four bare walls, instead of in the open air, beguiled by a multitude of half-unheeded diversions of sound, and colour and form, filling park, or wood, or glade—then, indeed, Vincenzo's lot became almost intolerable ; and, had it not been for Barnaby, his sole friend and companion, whose sympathy, especially when silent, was a balm of unspeakable comfort to the recluse, Vincenzo, as he often himself declared, would have gone mad, or done worse.

He never set his foot beyond the precincts of the Palace, except on Sundays, when he attended mass at the parish church—an extremely painful duty for one whose sociable inclinations were not likely to be increased by the life of

solitary confinement he was leading, and who moreover felt himself to be the butt of an embarrassing and often of an offensive curiosity. The Rumellians, who, so long as his good fortune lasted, had taken it for granted that it was deserved, no sooner discovered that a cloud hung over him, than they began to entertain doubts as to his having merited his prosperity, and to show pretty plainly that opinion. Fortunately the necessity of appearing in public ceased at the coming of the new year ; and here was how it happened:—

For some time previous to Vincenzo's return, the Signor Avvocato, to his own and his daughter's infinite sorrow, had been obliged to give up going to church. His increasing obesity, and the pain and weakness of his left side, made it too difficult and painful for him to get in and out of a carriage. Don Pio had immediately suggested the propriety of sending a petition to Rome to ask permission for the erection and consecration of a chapel in the Palace, where the family might hear mass said. No one can doubt that the suggestion was eagerly caught at by Rose and her father. Don Pio wrote the petition, had it backed by the Bishop of the diocese, and despatched it. In a little less than four months there came an answer from the authorities at Rome granting the request ; and, a couple of days later, several skilful workmen, brought for the purpose from Ibella, were busy partitioning off, by means of large fixed panels with folding doors in the centre, a good portion of the great dining hall on the ground floor, and raising an altar in this kind of alcove. When this little impromptu chapel was finished and properly provided with all the articles necessary for Divine worship, the Bishop came in state to consecrate it—our old acquaintance of Ibella, that very dignitary whose absence on St. Urban's fête, in 1848, had sealed the defeat of the Castle, and the triumph of the Palace. We need scarcely add that there was a great dinner on the occasion, the first there had been for many a day at the Palace, and that a good deal of edifying talk seasoned

the courses, more than half the guests belonging to the clergy. The upshot of all this was, that, beginning from the next Sunday, the first of the year 1857, mass was said in the chapel, and Vincenzo could thus attend on all holy days in comfort and peace. The service was performed by an old priest belonging to Ibella, whom Guiseppe went regularly to fetch in the gig, and drove back after dinner.

Rose's untiring activity had greatly contributed towards the rapid completion of the chapel. She spared neither time nor trouble for that end ; she was the first on the spot in the morning, and the last to quit it in the evening. Every thing was done under her eyes, and by her orders : she fitted it up *con amore* ; we know she had a knack, (and was proud of it) for that sort of thing. Not one of the many items requisite for Divine service—candlesticks, artificial flowers, surplices, chasubles, chalices etc.—but she chose herself, and all of the best and costliest.

Rose, in all respects, was the ruling spirit of the Palace. From the age of fourteen she had had the management of the household ; and now that of the estate, or rather estates, had, little by little, devolved upon her. She kept all the accounts, received the rents, paid the wages, directed the tilling of the land, directed the sales, invested the proceeds, wrote all the letters, did every thing with a clearness of head, a method, a spirit of order, which were quite astonishing in so young a woman. The daily communications which took place between father and daughter on these and such like matters in presence of Vincenzo, afforded him ample opportunities for testing and admiring her singular aptitude for business. And often and often did he repeat to himself what he had said to Onofrio on a certain occasion, "What a blessing this woman would have been to a blockhead, who feared God and still more the curé, who did not care a fig for politics, but a great deal for a good table, and the *dolce non far niente !*"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE BLADE WEARS OUT THE SCABBARD.

IN what way does the mind so affect the body as even to trouble the vital functions? Science can well account, by the decomposition of the blood, or the disorganization of the tissues, for the ravages attending the introduction of a poisonous agent into the animal economy; but Science has little to say when called upon to explain the damages occasioned to the human organism by a mental corrosive. And yet the latter eats its way through the frame as steadily and as surely as any arsenic or strychnine. Witness our poor Vincenzo. The vulture within him, though there was no beak visible, was not the less devouring the very principle of his life. Without being actually ill, without, in fact, any special or precise ailment, he was dying—a little and a little every day. The deprivation of fresh air and exercise, entailed on him by the winter, further helped to undermine his constitution. He had lost his appetite, and with it had disappeared all the scanty portion of flesh he had about him; his strength was so reduced, that walking fifty paces put him out of breath. It seemed as though the vital flame was gradually narrowing previous to going out altogether. Withal he did not suffer; physically, not at all; morally, far less keenly than he had done at the beginning of winter. Vincenzo was becoming apathetic.

It was a day in early March. Here and there feeble indications of the coming spring gladdened the eye. The tops of the tall poplars of the avenue were speckled with green dots; a green cobweb seemed to envelop the lilac-bushes shooting up from the outer side of the terrace; through the mist of the valley peered a bright ray of sun, lustily cheered by the first warblings of birds. Attracted by the genial feeling of the air, Vincenzo had just crawled out of the house after dinner, and was standing, speculating which way he should go, when the sound of some one running

quickly up the flight of stone steps, as if in a hurry, and humming a tune energetically notwithstanding, decided him immediately to turn in the opposite direction from that in which the new comer was approaching. But he had not gone ten paces, when a voice from behind him said:

“Can you tell me whether your mistress is at home?”

Vincenzo turned round and answered that Signora Candia was in the house.

“Then,” pursued the stranger, a tall commanding-looking young woman, dressed all in black, “will you be so good as to announce the Marchioness del Palmetto?”

Vincenzo showed the visitor into a parlour on the ground floor, and then went up to his wife’s room. The door was ajar; he knocked, and, on being answered from within, said:

“The Marchioness del Palmetto has come to pay you a visit; she is in the parlour down stairs.”

“Say that I am coming directly,” said Rose.

Vincenzo gave the message, slipped away quietly, and went as far out of reach of any summons as his legs would carry him. This trivial incident had quite upset him; in his morbid mood of shyness, and nervous weakness, nothing disturbed him so much as change. The bare idea of having to meet new faces, of visits to pay and to receive, of the thousand complications which intercourse between the two families could not but bring with it for one whose situation at home was so degraded as his was—the bare idea of all this and much else threw him into a state of much agitation, hardly conceivable to any one in strong health. He comforted himself as best he could with the hope—a very faint one, to be sure—that this might prove a mere passing visit. The fact of the Marchioness having called alone gave some colour to this view. Had the Marquis been at the Castle, surely he would have come himself to introduce his wife—*ergo*, he was not there. Alas! the open windows of the Castle, the moment

Vincenzo, emerging from the young plantations, could get a sight of them, gave quite another impression ; yet it was still possible that the Marchioness had only come to stay for a day or two.

Vincenzo's presentiment of fresh annoyances had a beginning of realization that very evening. He had no sooner taken his seat at supper, than his wife, for the first time addressing him directly since his return, said :

"Where did you bury yourself after dinner, that nobody could find you?"

"I never supposed that I should be wanted," said Vincenzo ; "I was up in the nursery-garden."

"The very last place one would have thought of in this damp weather," said Rose. "The Marchioness del Palmetto inquired for you, and it was very awkward that you could not be found, when I had just told her I had seen you the minute before."

The search for him could not have been a very earnest one, thought Vincenzo ; for, had his name been only once shouted, he must infallibly have heard it, at the short distance he was from the house. Bitter-sweet favours were poured upon him this evening. The Signor Avvocato also condescended to speak to him ; for the first time breaking the silence he had hitherto persevered in, he said :

"You have taken to a system of skulking and sulking, which, to say the least of it, is liable to misinterpretation. So long as we were *en famille*, well and good ; but now that we have near neighbours, who are likely to call often, as the Marchioness was so good as to say they would, I advise you to change your habits."

This was nothing to what the next day had in store for Vincenzo. He was in his own room, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, looking out disconsolately at the rain which was falling fast, when a great commotion down stairs gave him an intimation of fresh danger. The stirring and dragging about of chairs in the apartment below, accompanied by a cross-fire of Ohs ! and Ahs ! unmistakably announced an important

visitor ; and what visitor would call at that hour but Del Palmetto ? Presently the sound of the well-known voice left no doubt as to the person. The Marquis seemed in high spirits, rattling away with such hearty bursts of laughter as proved he was relating something very droll. Vincenzo counted the minutes in painful expectation of a summons down stairs, from which there seemed no chance of escape, unless some happy inspiration should prompt Federico to come to him in his attic, which would be a lesser evil. Or could it be that he was going away without asking for Vincenzo ? That which inclined Vincenzo to think this was a short lull of the voices, followed by a fresh stirring of chairs, then an interchange of some more phrases, probably of leave-taking, and finally by a jingling of spurs on the landing-place. Vincenzo held his breath. The jingling of the spurs ceased, and from the foot of the stairs Federico called out at the top of his voice—

"I say, Signor Avvocato, junior, art thou coming down to greet an old friend ? or must the old friend ascend and force himself on thy notice ?"

Vincenzo had it on the tip of his tongue to say, "Come up ;" but then he reflected that by so saying he might give offence, and also that to avoid a general meeting, sooner or later, would be impossible ; so he said instead, feebly, "I am coming," and, putting on his most decent coat, went down to the Signor Avvocato's sitting-room.

Del Palmetto embraced and hugged Vincenzo with all the demonstrativeness of the most demonstrative Italian.

"There's a lucky dog, and of my making ; isn't he, Signora Candia ?"

Signora Candia smiled an embarrassed smile, and said nothing.

"But for me," went on the Marquis, "and my naughty trick of running away with a certain purse, and all that ensued in consequence, the odds are that this gentleman would be now wearing a cassock and saying mass, instead of whispering pretty things to the prettiest of wives : now, wouldn't he ?" and he laughed merrily at his own sally.

Civility wrung from father and daughter a responsive grim smile.

"As thin as a grasshopper," went on Del Palmetto, taking a survey of Vincenzo, "but hale and healthy."

Vincenzo was red as a brick with annoyance.

"And now for my business," resumed Del Palmetto. "My wife is as impatient as a woman can be, which is saying a good deal, to make honourable amends for her yesterday's awkward mistake."

"Not worth thinking of," interrupted Vincenzo, who as yet had not had an opportunity to say one word; "I dare say I looked as shabby as any man-of-all-work."

"And pray, who is to blame for that but yourself?" asked the Signor Avvocato, tartly. "No one, that I know of, grudges you clothes or anything else."

"Did I say that anybody did?" retorted Vincenzo.

Del Palmetto perceived the expediency of forcing the conversation back into the channel from which it had diverged. "I maintain," said he, "that the mistake was awkward for a first-rate physiognomist, such as my wife has the pretensions to be; in her defence, I must allow that the blunder was only that of a moment. I was telling the Signor Avvocato and Signora Candia, before you came in, that the truth had already flashed upon Teresa's mind, when you brought her word that the Signora would be with her directly, but you gave her no time for a question. However, you are to understand that I am sent here, commissioned to carry you off, dead or alive, to my wife, who will best make her own explanations and apologies. And, as I would rather have you alive than dead, be so good as to put on your hat, and give up for to-day the excellent dinner that awaits you here, for pot-luck at our house."

"Not to-day, thank you, pray excuse me," said Vincenzo, with as much earnestness as if he were pleading for his life.

"I am sorry I cannot excuse you," returned the other with mock gravity; "I am a soldier, and must obey orders;

I must take you to the castle, alive or dead—which shall it be?"

"Indeed, you must let me off . . ."

"I wish I could; but my duty prevents me. All the proper authorities have been duly consulted and have kindly acquiesced. The Signor Avvocato, to oblige my wife, agrees to want your company for a few hours; and so does Signora Candia, who promised, moreover, not to be jealous."

"Pray, Signor Federico," interrupted Rose, "don't make me say anything so ridiculous."

"Is it ridiculous, then," was the quick repartee, "not to be jealous?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Rose, and, turning to her husband, she said, "It is extremely ungracious of you to require so much pressing."

The Signor Avvocato, in his turn, observed with sharpness, "I wish you would be done with all this shilly-shallying; when Signor Federico is so kind and does you the honour to invite you, the least you can do in return is to accept his invitation gratefully."

"Everybody is against you, you see," said Del Palmetto, laughing; "so the sooner you get ready the better."

Vincenzo, without further demur, went up stairs for his hat, and was down again in a minute. Del Palmetto took leave of father and daughter, and withdrew arm-in-arm with his conquest. When they reached the outer door, Vincenzo perceived that it was still raining—a fact which in his bewilderment he had forgotten; and he now inwardly called himself a ninny for not having urged in time that which his wishes made appear to him an unanswerable argument against going out. However, he made an effort at release by saying, "Don't you see that it is raining?"

"Ah, to be sure," said Del Palmetto; "luckily I have an umbrella," taking it out of a corner as he spoke, and thus overruling the objection. He opened the umbrella, put his arm again within Vincenzo's, and then they went down the steps into the avenue.

"Between you and me," began Fed-

erico, "your father-in-law is looking very ill, he is sadly altered. The last time I saw him—when was it?—in 1854 I think—yes, towards the end of '54—you were then in Savoy—he looked like a young man, he did indeed . . ."

"It is raining heavier than ever," observed Vincenzo.

"No; it is the drops from the trees makes you think so. At that time," continued Del Palmetto, pursuing his subject, "he was full of humour, and chatty as possible. That in little more than two years he should have become what he is, a decrepit old man, does surprise me. What is his age—do you know?"

"Whose age?" asked Vincenzo.

"Why, the Signor Avvocato's—art thou dreaming?"

"He is about sixty-four."

"He looks twenty years older than that," said Del Palmetto. "But what a beauty Signora Rose has become. As a matron she surpasses even the bright promise of her girlhood. Lucky dog that thou art! If I were not Teresa's husband I should envy thee."

They were now close to the gate.

"Don't you think," said Vincenzo, suddenly, "that it would be more agreeable to all parties if I were to call and pay my respects to the Marchioness on some finer day than this?"

"Heyday! what's the matter now?" exclaimed Del Palmetto, coming to a standstill, and facing round upon Vincenzo. "Here have I been doing my best to talk and be agreeable, and all the while thou hast been thinking of nothing; but how to give me the slip. If it is really against thy will to come, I don't mean to force thee;" and he let go Vincenzo's arm.

"I beg of you," said Vincenzo, gently, "not to take offence where none is intended."

"Why do you always call me *you*, when I use only the *thou*?" asked Del Palmetto. "I should never have suspected you of bearing me a grudge for such a length of time."

"Why should I bear you a grudge, my dear friend?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps for having, once upon a time, played you stupid, boyish tricks, or sneered at the Statuto, or for having been a fool and a codino."

"Thou art welcome to be a codino, so long as thou art so conscientiously," said Vincenzo, in a conciliatory tone.

"But I am so no longer, I tell you; I am a radical, and a thorough-going Cavourist; I am for the Statuto and all its consequences; I am for the unity of Italy—ask my wife," cried Del Palmetto, in a perfect ferment.

"I am glad to hear it," gasped Vincenzo; "though, I give you my word, the recollection of your former political opinions had nothing whatever to do with my wish to put off going to the Castle. The truth is, that I am not quite well; besides, I have grown shy and misanthropic—there, give me thy arm; we'll go on presently; emotion and walking have taken away my breath." And, unable to go on speaking, he stood panting for breath, trying, in the meanwhile, to reassure his friend by signs. Del Palmetto looked anything but reassured.

"Really, thou art very far from well," said Del Palmetto; "and I am grieved to the heart to have so insisted on thy coming. But how could I guess?—I will go back with thee, and . . ." Vincenzo shook his head. "Well, it shall be as thou likest."

At the end of a few minutes, Vincenzo was better, and able to move on.

"We must go on little by little," he said; "thou must have patience with me, for I am far from strong."

"Suppose we give up the introduction to Teresa for this morning," suggested Del Palmetto, "and to-morrow I will drive over to fetch you."

"No, no," said Vincenzo, who now made it a point always to use the familiar *thou* in speaking to his friend—a mode of address too inconvenient in English for us not to discontinue it. "No, I hold to going, and making up as far as I can for my late unfriendly shuffling; besides, to tell the truth, I am beginning to be extremely anxious to be introduced to the Marchioness

Del Palmetto, who, if she has been your converter, as I guess, must indeed be no ordinary woman."

Del Palmetto's features brightened as he answered, "No, indeed ; I can vouch for her not being one of the common run, and that without fear of your being disappointed. She is a . . ." He sought for a word adequate to his enthusiasm, and, not finding it, wound up with, "Never mind what ; she is a wonderful creature, that's all I can say. You will soon see, and judge for yourself."

Thus discoursing, with every now and then a halt, they reached the Castle ; "his hereditary brick pie," as Del Palmetto called it. Vincenzo, well-nigh spent with the exertion, was ushered into a small room on the ground floor, where Del Palmetto made him ensconce himself in an easy chair by the side of a cheerful fire, and swallow a glass of Malaga. His host then left him alone to rest a while and recover his breath and spirits. By and bye, Del Palmetto returned with the Marchioness, who, hastening to Vincenzo, shook hands cordially with him, saying, "I am delighted to welcome you to our house, Signor Candia ; we mean to try to make ourselves so agreeable that you will be induced to come and see us very often ; I am sorry to hear you are an invalid ; we shall be able to sympathise with one another, for I am not very well, and the doctors have sent me here, with orders to eat and drink, take plenty of fresh air and exercise, and—be idle."

"And, in obedience to the last recommendation," observed her husband, "I believe you were beginning your eighth letter when I went to find you just now."

"That's telling tales out of school. Signor Candia will fancy I want to set up as an opposition Madame de Sevigné—however, that, I assure you, is not the case, Signor Candia ; my correspondence is of a far graver and sadder nature. I am a native of Brescia, and my letters are from old friends or dependents ; and how can I refuse to write a word of kindness or condolence to some poor old father, whose only son has been sent to

prison, or some wretched mother who has hers taken from her to be sent as a soldier to Bohemia ? Ah ! the amount of bodily and mental affliction in this unfortunate country of ours is incredible. But this is not the way to cheer you. I won't touch on these grievous topics again ; and now, will you excuse my leaving you till dinner time ? . . ."

"To go and finish my eighth letter ?" said Del Palmetto, concluding the sentence for her.

"No, indeed, Mr. Faultfinder ; but to go and see that dinner be ready in time and eatable ; for"—here she turned with a pleasant smile to Vincenzo—"for, you must know, we are very far from being, in order yet, as to servants or anything else. Besides, you will like to have a quiet *tête-à-tête* with an old friend ; but, if Federico bores you, send him away. There are plenty of newspapers and books about to amuse you."

She was gone, without Vincenzo's having had the opportunity, or indeed the wish, to open his lips. If it were his fancy which had evoked that stately figure, and made it look at him with such gentle eyes, speak to him so kindly and considerately, behave to him as if he were a friend, and not a stranger—if it were all a delusion which one word could dispel—better that such a word remain unsaid. One must have been weaned from the milk of human kindness, and treated like a pariah for months, to understand the kind of bewilderment which a sudden shower of sympathy and cordiality can produce on the recipient. Vincenzo gazed about him as if he were trying to discover whether he was awake or asleep.

"What art thou staring at ?" asked Federico, laying down the newspaper he had just taken up.

"I want to make sure that I am not dreaming," said Vincenzo.

"Ah ! I was right, wasn't I, when I said she was a wonderful woman ?" said Del Palmetto, enraptured.

"Ay, and thou—a wonderful man," returned Vincenzo, gravely.

"Ah ! that is rather *trop fort*," cried Del Palmetto, roaring with laughter.

"A wonderful man to me," repeated Vincenzo gravely ; "so friendly, so affectionate, so brother-like. What have I done to deserve all this from thee ?"

"Thou wert in the right, while I was in the wrong, and I am making amends for having wronged Truth in thy person ; and then," added the marquis, with a burst of feeling he could not control, "and then—I must tell it, because it really is so—since I have known her, my heart is grown bigger and warmer towards my fellow-creatures. There, now, you have it !" After this outburst, Federico plunged into his newspaper with such determination that nothing was left for Vincenzo but to follow his example, and read, or pretend to read.

In about an hour the Signora Del Palmetto peeped in, saying, "Will it shock Signor Candia too much if I confess that I have come to announce that dinner is on the table ?"

"On the contrary, I am charmed," said Candia, rising.

"Just at present," explained the lady, "I am positively the only person available for that office. My maid is laid up with her *migraine* ; Luigi is nowhere to be found ; and the cook declares she has some mysterious dish on the fire, which she would not lose sight of for a kingdom."

"*À la guerre, comme à la guerre,*" said Federico ; "Candia, will you give my wife your arm ?"

Vincenzo obeyed, and led the marchioness to the dining-room, where the truant Luigi, just fresh from the cellar, was already on duty, napkin in hand.

"All this time," said the hostess, motioning Vincenzo to a seat on her right, "I have not apologized for my yesterday's blunder."

"I do beg you will not mention it," said Vincenzo, colouring.

"I can only say in extenuation," continued the marchioness, "that I was rather nervous. I had taken it into my head that I would introduce myself to your family and give my husband a surprise . . ."

"I had had to stop at Ibella till the evening," said Del Palmetto.

"Well," resumed the marchioness, "the idea that had tickled my fancy as being original, when I came to put it into execution, seemed only eccentric. So, as I said, I was rather nervous at the moment I met you."

"I'll tell you what, Vincenzo," interrupted Del Palmetto, "Teresa was in truth dying with curiosity to see my first love."

"Why not say at once that I was jealous ?" said Teresa.

"Who knows ?" replied Del Palmetto, ready to laugh, and with a significant glance to Vincenzo. "Men are such vain coxcombs. I beg your pardon, Signor Candia ; I ought to have said soldiers."

The playful turn of this conversation between husband and wife did much to dissipate Vincenzo's shyness ; their cordiality to him, and the perfect *sans façon* of an excellent dinner, ended by making him feel quite at his ease. He ate and drank more heartily than was his wont, and talked certainly more within a couple of hours than he had done during the last six months. In answer to Del Palmetto's friendly inquiries, he gave a summary account of what had chanced to him since their last meeting, and, in so doing, naturally touched upon his experiences in Savoy, and spoke of the difficulties there were for the administration in so disaffected a province. The marchioness observed that, "if the Savoyards had come at last to perceive that nature meant them to be French, nobody was entitled to thwart their wish to become such, and the sooner they were given up to France the better. If we are to make good our rights to nationality, if we expect and look to having our claims acknowledged, we must set the example of acknowledging and respecting those of others. I know that Count de Cavour, whatever his personal feelings may be in the matter, as a statesman, thinks as I do with respect to Savoy ; and the day is, perhaps, not so distant when he may be called on to turn his theory into practice. When this happens, sooner or later, I cannot help wishing you, Signor

Candia, a pleasanter field for your activity than disaffected Savoy. When I say pleasanter, it is merely politically speaking; for, in natural beauties and agreeableness of social intercourse, I know few cities that can compete with Chambery. You still hold the appointment there, do you not?"

"I hold none, either there or anywhere else," said Vincenzo. "I have renounced the administrative career."

"What a pity!" cried the marchioness, "so young, so talented, and after such a brilliant *début* too; I give you fair warning that I for one shall never cease to oppose such a resolution."

"Alas! Madam, I have fought against it myself, and suffered defeat; there are circumstances too strong even for an iron will. My wife cannot bear to leave her home—suffers, really suffers from home-sickness—in short, is never well anywhere but at the Palace. My father-in-law is getting old and infirm . . ."

"That I can answer for," broke in Del Palmetto; "had you seen him only two years ago, Teresa, you would not recognise him now as the same man."

"I could not take it upon myself," resumed Vincenzo, "to keep a father and his only child asunder; could I? nor could I go about the world by myself and leave them alone. There are situations out of which there is no possible issue. All that I am, I owe to this father and daughter."

"I understand," said Signor Del Palmetto, musing.

There was a minute of awkward silence, which Federico hastened to break. "By the bye, Vincenzo, you must give us the *carte du pays*. What sort of fish is this new Curé, Don Pio?"

"A very rough sort of fish, my dear friend. A man, however, deficient in neither education nor talent; a fanatic to the very marrow of his bones, professing the most unbounded contempt for the civil power; a martinet in a cassock, and who lords it over the parish with a strong hand."

"But the Signor Avvocato keeps

him in order, I suppose," said Del Palmetto.

"The Signor Avvocato is his firmest supporter and friend, and one of his penitents to boot," was the answer.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Del Palmetto. "I remember a time, and that not very long ago, when the Signor Avvocato was the Mirabeau of Rumelli, and the Palace—a stronghold of liberalism."

"It is now a *succursale* of the parsonage," said Vincenzo; "old age, bodily infirmity, the death of Don Natale, the influence of Don Pio, have worked the change."

"Then we'll make the Castle a centre of opposition; we'll cut out some work for this Reverend Gessler; won't we, Teresa?"

"If he dares to speak a word, in the pulpit, against the King and Statuto, I'll take him to task in the church itself; that I will," said Teresa, with the look of a woman who could and would do it. "A *propos*, tell me," added she, "how does the Curé manage on the fête day of the Statuto?"

"Just lets it pass as if there existed no Statuto to celebrate."

"And his parishioners bear it; and the town-council keep silence?"

"Yes, indeed—they are all mute—in fact, the council is composed of Don Pio's creatures; and, as for the people of the village, they also bear the omission with perfect composure; peasantry are pretty much the same all over the world—they know of and care for no other Statuto than the weather and the crops."

"I remember there was a miller, though I forget his name, who had made money, and who played the patriot; what of him?" asked Del Palmetto.

"Ah! yes, his patriotism was to be elected Syndic," replied Vincenzo; "he is now Don Pio's right hand."

"And that other who kept the Post-office?"

"You mean Peter the chandler, who made a parade of radical opinions that he might be named officer in the

National Guard ; he is Don Pio's *left* hand. No, no ; seek where you will, you will find but one liberal in the parish, and that's old Barnaby ; and his liberalism, honest old soul, consists in wishing every one hanged who does not hold the same creed as he himself does."

"And what of the National Guard?"

"Dead and buried."

It being too wet to allow of strolling in the park after dinner, they all three went to an adjoining drawing-room, where they had coffee, and Del Palmetto his cigar.

"I have given you an account of myself," said Vincenzo ; "but you have told me nothing of your doings since we parted."

"My tale is short," said Federico. "I had been fooling, if not worse, to my heart's content, when my good angel bid me volunteer for the Crimea."

"Bravo !" cried Vincenzo ; "that was like you ; it was nobly done."

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve," said Federico. "I have no claims to any merit but one—obedience ; obedience to the commands of a real angel in human form, and but for whom I should have stayed tranquilly at home."

"Don't believe him, Signor Candia," said the marchioness ; "he was wild to go."

"Very true," returned Del Palmetto ; "but I should not have gone for all that unless my regiment had been ordered out, which it was not, because I had taken it into my wooden head, like many other wisecracks in and out of Parliament, that the war was not for the good of the country."

"A mistake which I was clever enough to get out of your head," said the wife ; "and you went and did your duty gallantly, and came back a captain and a knight of St. Maurice and Lazare."

"And you have forgotten my best reward," wound up Del Palmetto—"and, the accepted husband of the loveliest, dearest . . ."

"Old maid of five-and-twenty," interrupted the marchioness, blushing ; "and

who, among her other perfections, has that of a good sprinkling of grey in her hair."

"A good sprinkling !" repeated Del Palmetto ; "half a dozen silver lines, perhaps—just enough to set off the brilliant black of the rest. I maintain that it is a beauty."

"Well, well, be it so for you ; but I don't think these are the details to interest Signor Candia ; tell him, instead, of the Crimea and the war."

Del Palmetto complied, and gave some spirited sketches of camp life, and of a sortie of the besieged in the dead of night.

From the war in the Crimea to the advantages likely to accrue to Italy from the alliance of Piedmont with the Western Powers, the transition was natural ; and upon this subject Signora del Palmetto expatiated at length, with a vigour of deduction, an abundance of evidence, and an energy of conviction, quite irresistible. Her anticipations for the future were as sanguine as passionate desire could make them ; and that the cause she debated was the great passion of her life, the vibration in her voice, the flush on her cheeks, the sparkle of her eyes, could leave no doubt. The amount of information about men and things which her demonstrations implied was truly wonderful. Not an Italian of note, either at home or abroad, but she knew, personally or by correspondence ; no foreign question, however remote, but she was familiar with, and with its bearing upon the interests she had most at heart. Most of the anticipations, which sounded almost like wild prophecies as she spoke them, are by this time either accomplished facts, or in a fair way of becoming so ; and to recapitulate them here would be worse than lost labour. But, in 1857, these facts were anxious problems, the mere discussion of which quickened men's and women's pulses, and took away their breath. Vincenzo was in a thrill from head to foot.

The marchioness perceived this, and, checking herself, said—

"But these are exciting topics, and

excitement is good neither for you nor for me ; so, if you please, we will have a game of chess, by way of a sedative."

Chess, a little music—the Signora del Palmetto played well on the piano—and some quiet talk, agreeably filled up the rest of the afternoon. At a little past seven, Vincenzo rose to go. Del Palmetto pressed him to stay yet a while, but at last yielded the point, on seeing that Vincenzo was really anxious to be back at the Palace in time for supper. The weather had cleared, the sky was studded with stars ; so Vincenzo would not hear of being driven home ; he assured his friends that he much preferred walking, and, after taking a cordial leave of the Signora, went away arm-in-arm with Del Palmetto.

"My dear Federico," began Vincenzo at once, "you called me a lucky dog this morning ; allow me to return the compliment with interest—to say that you are the luckiest fellow under heaven."

"Ain't I?" exclaimed Federico, with the most naïve sincerity. "Isn't she a wonderful creature?"

"She is incomparable ; but what guardian angel placed this phoenix in your way?"

"My folly. It is as romantic a story as any that was ever written. Yes, it is to my folly that I owe the inestimable discovery of this treasure. So goes it in this strange world of ours. A good father of a family walks out on an errand of charity, and breaks his leg or his neck ; a scatter-brained, harum-scarum fellow sallies forth, bent on mischief, and—stumbles on the Koh-i-nor. But moralizing does not tell my tale. Perhaps you still recollect that brother-officer of mine, with whom I was playing billiards, the day you came to Ibella in search of the purse ; an excellent fellow in the main, but devilish touchy, and sharp-tongued. Well, one day, when we were again playing billiards, we had some dispute about the balls, in the course of which some disagreeable words were exchanged—in short, a challenge ensued. This happened at Turin, in 1854, in the month

of November. On the day following, we accordingly met in a solitary avenue behind the Valentino ; and, after a useless attempt at conciliation, made by our seconds, we crossed swords. We had not been at it a minute when, lo and behold! a lady, who suddenly seemed to start out of the earth—for we had taken care to be sure that no one was in sight—a tall lady in a black habit, a riding-whip in her hand, an utter stranger to all of us, thrust herself between our swords, and had an uncommon narrow escape of being hurt."

"Gentlemen," she cried, "I beg of you, I command you to desist." It was all she could say, she was so out of breath with running. After a time she recovered, and made us a beautiful speech, I assure you, which I should only spoil if I tried to repeat it. But this was the sense of what she said—That it was our mania for quarrelling with one another which had too long been the custom and the bane of Italians, and that it was high time that such an evil should cease. She bid us remember that our blood did not belong to us, but to our country ; and that that man robbed his country, who, instead of shedding his blood in her defence, wasted it for the gratification of his own private feuds. It was for the enemies of Italy that we ought to reserve our wrath and our blows. It could not be, it should not be, that two fellow-countrymen, two brother-officers, probably two excellent friends only yesterday, should to-day cut each other's throats—and for what? Some trifle ; she was sure there was nothing but a trifle at the bottom of our quarrel. Her large black eyes were riveted upon me as she said this, and I was obliged to look away in order not to confess that she was quite right. It was of course the duty of our seconds to speak. One of my antagonist's friends came forward, and, bowing to the lady, said that it was impossible to refuse anything to such a charming peace-maker ; and then he bid us return our swords to the scabbards. The lady's face brightened as she saw us do this. "Now then," said she, addressing us, "Now

then, shake hands heartily, to seal the peace." My adversary and I remained as we were, without moving, looking on the ground—for we had both noticed the wink which the second who answered the lady had given us before he spoke—a wink which we understood to signify we must make believe. As if she had divined this, she turned upon him and exclaimed, "What does this mean? You were not in earnest then in what you said—you deceived me. Oh, sir! a gentleman and an officer ought not to trifle with a lady." Her cheeks grew scarlet as she said this; she threw back her head with the gesture of a queen. "Excuse me, madam," said the officer; "I intended no offence, I assure you. I own I made an attempt to evade your request, which appeared inadmissible under the circumstances. I will now try to atone to the best of my ability by striving to meet your wishes." He beckoned the other seconds aside, and, after a moment's consultation with them, came back and said that they were unanimously of opinion that we had done all that was requisite for our honour, and that we were to shake hands. This we immediately did with right good will. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the lady; "and, if at any time Teresa Ombelli can be of use to any of you, you will not remind her of this day in vain." Saying this, she bowed and hurried away to the end of the avenue, where a groom on horseback was holding her horse.

"The rest," said Del Palmetto, "may be told in a few words. Teresa Ombelli from that moment became a fixture in heart and head. I sought her everywhere, and at last met her in one of our aristocratic salons, and was allowed to visit at her father's house. Her political opinions and those of her surroundings were too widely at variance with those I had imbibed from my father not to shock me a little at first; but, in a few months, love aiding and abetting, I was in a fair way of being converted. Teresa had told me frankly, on the occasion of my proposing to her, that she would never marry a man holding a political creed different from her own: and this knowledge perhaps hastened my conversion. It was, notwithstanding, not yet complete at the time of the expedition to the Crimea, as my repugnance to join it as a volunteer showed. This repugnance, however, she somehow overcame. My obedience, together with a rather narrow escape I had at the Tchernaiia, of which I told her in a letter, made her relent so far as to overlook my deficiencies, and consent to our union as soon as I should return. Thus it was that the beginning of 1856 saw me the happiest and proudest of husbands and men."

By this time the two friends had reached the door of the Palace. They shook hands warmly, and bid each other good night.

To be continued.

ILIAS (AMERICANA) IN NUCE.

PETER of the North (to PAUL of the South). "Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do! You are going straight to Hell, you ——!"

PAUL. "Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method."

PETER. "No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!" (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.*)

THE STORY OF SCHILLER'S REMAINS.

BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

OWING to his long illness and that of his wife, Schiller's finances were brought to the lowest ebb. Unable for mental toil, but depending on that toil for daily bread, the source of supplies was stopped for him, while expenditure had increased. At the time of his death he left his widow and children almost penniless.

Penniless, and for the moment, at least—even in the Muses' favoured city of Weimar—almost friendless too. The duke and duchess were absent; Goethe lay ill; even Schiller's brother-in-law Wolzogen was away from home. Frau von Wolzogen was with her sister, but seems to have been equally ill-fitted to bear a share of the load that had fallen so heavily on the shoulders of the two poor women. Heinrich Voss was the only friend admitted to the sick-room; and, when all was over, it was he who went to the joiner's, and—knowing the need of economy—ordered "a plain deal coffin." It cost ten shillings of our money.

The house in which Schiller spent his last years—its lowly roof is familiar to many who have stopped at Weimar—was, at that time, a sort of appendage to a larger house with which it was connected by a garden "no bigger than a tea-tray." But the poet was much in the garden: and, whenever any of the inmates of the adjoining house passed that way, he was sure to say some kind words to them over the railing. One of the daughters was at the time engaged to be married. Her betrothed, Carl Leberecht Schwabe, had, in his student days in Jena, been one of an enthusiastic band of Schiller's admirers, who used on summer afternoons to march over in parties of ten or a dozen to witness the performance of a new tragedy in the Weimar theatre—marching back to Jena overnight. Having finished his studies and returned to his native

town, where he got an appointment to some clerkship, Schwabe found in the house, or rather in the back-court, of his future parents-in-law, favourable opportunities of making the poet's personal acquaintance. Schiller's manner was always dignified and reserved, but abundantly mild; and he was above all things capable of tracing his mark deep in the affections of those who crossed his path in daily life.

In the early summer of 1805, Schwabe left Weimar on business. Returning on Saturday the 11th of May, between three and four in the afternoon, his first errand, before he had seen or spoken to any one, was to visit his betrothed. She met him in the passage, not looking quite so cheerful as he expected. The reason was soon told. Schiller was dead. For two days already he had lain a corpse: and that night he was to be buried.

On putting further questions, Schwabe stood aghast at what he learned. There was to be no public funeral; there was scarcely even to be a decent private one. The circumstances of the Schiller family were such that every arrangement, connected with the interment, had been planned at the least possible cost. No friend seemed to have thought of interfering. The funeral was to take place immediately after midnight and in the utmost stillness; there was to be no display, no religious rite, and no convoy of friends. Bearers had been hired to carry the remains to the churchyard, and no one else was to attend.

At that time, in Weimar, the tradesmen's guilds possessed, in rotation, the singular privilege of conducting funerals, receiving for their services payment that varied with the rank of the deceased. When Schiller died, it happened to be the turn of the guild of tailors; and the tailors accordingly were to carry him to his grave.

The young clerk's blood boiled at what he was told; regret, veneration, and anger were hard at work in him. He felt that all this could not go on; but to prevent it was difficult. There were but eight hours left; and the arrangements, such as they were, had already all been made.

However, he went straight to the house of death and requested an interview with Frau von Schiller. She, very naturally, declined to see him. He then sent up his name a second time, begging urgently that he might be permitted to speak with her, and adding that he had come about the funeral of her husband. To which Frau von Schiller, through the servant, replied, "That she was too greatly overwhelmed by her loss to be able to see or speak to any one; as for the funeral of her blessed husband, Mr. Schwabe must apply to the Reverend Oberconsistorialrath Günther, who had kindly undertaken to see done what was necessary; whatever the Herr Oberconsistorialrath should direct to be done, she would approve of." With this message Schwabe hastened to Günther, and told him he had but half an hour before arrived in Weimar and heard of the terrible loss they had all sustained; his blood had boiled at the thought that Schiller should be borne to his grave by hirelings; he was sure that throughout Germany the hearts of all who had revered their national poet would beat indignant at the news; he was equally sure that in Weimar itself there was not one of those who had known and loved the departed who would not willingly render him the last office of affection; finally, he had been directed to his Hochwürden by Frau von Schiller herself. At first Günther shook his head and said, "It was too late; everything was arranged; the bearers were already ordered." Schwabe's manner was doubtless hurried and excited, not fitted to inspire confidence; but one refusal did not daunt him. He offered to become responsible for the payment of the bearers, recapitulating his arguments with greater urgency. At length

the Herr Oberconsistorialrath inquired who the gentlemen were that had agreed to bear the coffin. Schwabe was obliged to acknowledge that he could not at that moment mention a single name; but he was ready to guarantee his Hochwürden that in an hour or two he should bring him the list. On this his Hochwürden consented to countermand the tailors.

There was now some hard work to be done, and Schwabe rushed from house to house, obtaining a ready assent from all whom he found at home. But some were out; on which he sent round a circular, begging those who would come to place a mark against their names. He requested them to meet at his lodgings "at half-past twelve o'clock that night; a light would be placed in the window to guide those who were not acquainted with the house; they would be kind enough to be dressed in black, but mourning-hats, crapes, and mantles he had already provided." Late in the evening he placed the list in Günther's hands. Several appeared to whom he had not applied; in all upwards of twenty.

Between midnight and one in the morning, the little band proceeded to Schiller's house. In the utter silence of the hour, deep sobs were heard from a room adjoining that in which the dead body was laid. For the two poor women who mourned there, the days were far enough gone by when they used to sit in Rudolstadt and fancy themselves enchanted princesses waiting for the knight who was to come and set them free, till one winter forenoon two horsemen in mantles were actually seen riding up the street—their future husbands!

The coffin was carried down stairs and placed on the shoulders of the friends in waiting. No one else was to be seen before the house or in the streets. It was a moonlight night in May, but clouds were up. Unbroken silence and stillness lay all around. Occasionally pausing to change bearers or to rest, the procession moved through the sleeping city to the churchyard of St. James. Having arrived there they placed their burden on the ground at the door of the so-called *Kassengewölbe*,

where the gravedigger and his assistants took it up.

The Kassengewölbe was a public vault belonging to the province of Weimar, in which it was usual to inter persons of the higher classes, who possessed no burying-ground of their own, the fee demanded each time being a *louis d'or*. As Schiller had died without securing a resting-place for himself and his family, there could have been no more natural arrangement than to carry his remains to this vault. It was a grim old building, standing against the wall of the churchyard, with a steep narrow roof, and no opening of any kind but the doorway which was filled up with a grating. The interior was a gloomy space of about fourteen feet either way. In the centre was a trap-door which gave access to a hollow space beneath.

As the gravediggers raised the coffin, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon shed her light on what was earthly of Schiller. They carried him in—they opened the trap-door—and let him down by ropes into the darkness. Then they closed the vault and the outer grating. Nothing was spoken or sung. The mourners were dispersing, when their attention was attracted by a tall figure in a mantle, at some distance in the graveyard, sobbing loudly. No one knew who he was; and for many years it remained curiously wrapped in mystery, giving rise to strange conjectures. But eventually it turned out to have been Schiller's brother-in-law, Wolzogen, who, having hurried home on hearing of the death, had arrived after the procession was already on its way to the churchyard.

Thus—we cannot say “rested”—but thus were at least put out of sight for many years the remains of Schiller. The dust of strangers had gone before him to the vault, and the dust of strangers followed him. The custom was to let down a coffin till it found bottom on something, and then to leave it; occasionally a little packing was done in the way of pushing the older inmates into the corners. When travellers came to Weimar and asked to see

Schiller's grave, they were taken to the Jakobskirchhof and shown the grim Kassengewölbe. Louis, afterwards King of Bavaria, was there in 1814; he wanted to see the coffin, and was told it could no longer be distinguished from the rest.

Even at the time, these strangely “maimed rites” made much noise in Germany. The newspapers raised a shriek, and much indignation was poured out on Weimar. And it is difficult altogether to acquit the town. Yet we cannot accuse it of indifference, for it is known that Schiller was personally more beloved than any of his contemporaries, and that, during the days which followed his death, each man spoke softly to his neighbour. Surely in higher quarters the zeal and energy were lacking which, at the last moment, prompted a young man of no great standing to take on his own shoulders the burden of redeeming his country from a great reproach. It has been said that respect for the wishes of the widow, who desired that “everything might be done as quietly as possible,” restrained action. Alas! Frau von Schiller's desires on this head were dictated, as far as she was concerned, by stern necessity. The truth seems to be that then, as now, Schiller's countrymen lacked a captain—somebody to take the initiative. The constituted leaders of Weimar society were out of the way, and in their absence the worthy citizens were as helpless as sheep without either shepherd or *collie*. The court was away from home; and Goethe lay so ill that for some days no one ventured to mention Schiller's name in his hearing. It is believed that his friend lay already underground before Goethe knew that he was dead.

The theatre was closed till after the funeral; and this was the only sign of public sorrow. On the Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, was held, in presence of a crowded congregation, the usual burial-service in church. A part of Mozart's Requiem was performed, and an oration was delivered by Superintendent Vogt.

Twenty-one years elapsed, and much had changed in Weimar. Amongst other things our young friend Carl Schwabe had, in the year 1820, risen to be Bürgermeister, and was now a Paterfamilias and a man of much consideration in his native city. A leal-hearted Herr Bürgermeister, who, in the midst of many weighty civic affairs, could take a look backwards now and then to the springtime of his own life and the summer of German song, when all within himself and in the Fatherland had seemed so full of wonder and promise. Did he and his wife sometimes talk of the days of their wooing under the poet's eye, in the little garden? How much he had buried that night when he helped to carry Schiller to the tomb!

In the year 1826, Carl Schwabe being Mayor of Weimar, we must take another look at the Kassengewölbe. It seems that the bodies of those whose surviving friends paid a *louis d'or* for the privilege of committing them to the protection of that weather-beaten structure were by no means buried in hope of a blessed resurrection. It was the custom of the *Landschaftscollegium*, or provincial board under whose jurisdiction this institution was placed, to *clear out* the Kassengewölbe from time to time—whenever it was found to be inconveniently crowded—and by this means to make way for other deceased persons and other *louis d'or*. On such occasions—when the *Landschaftscollegium* gave the order “aufzuräumen,” it was the usage to dig a hole in a corner of the churchyard—then to bring up *en masse* the contents of the Kassengewölbe—coffins, whether entire or in fragments, bones, skulls, and tattered graveclothes—and finally to shovel the whole heap into the aforesaid pit. Overhauls of this sort did not take place at stated intervals, but when it chanced to be convenient; and they were hardly fair towards the latest occupants, who certainly did not get the value of their money.

In March, 1826, Schwabe was dismayed at hearing that the *Landschaftscollegium* had decreed a speedy “clear-

ing out” of the Gewölbe. His old prompt way of acting had not left him; he went at once to his friend Weyland, the president of the said Collegium. “Friend Weyland,” he said, “let not the dust of Schiller be tossed up in the face of heaven and flung into that hideous hole! Let me at least have a permit to search the vault; if we find Schiller's coffin, it shall be reinterred in a fitting manner in the New Cemetery.” The president made no difficulty. In 1826 all men would have been glad to undo the ignominy of 1805, and a Herr Bürgermeister was a different sort of person to deal with from the young clerk whom his Hochwürden the Oberconsistorialrath Günther could bully at leisure. Weyland made out a formal order to admit the Mayor of Weimar, and any gentlemen he might bring with him, to inspect the Kassengewölbe.

Schwabe invited several persons who had known the poet, and amongst others the man Rudolph who had been Schiller's servant at the time of his death. On March 13th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the party met at the churchyard, the sexton and his assistants having received orders to be present with keys, ladders, &c. The vault was formally opened; but, before any one entered it, Rudolph and another stated that the coffin of the deceased Hofrath von Schiller must be one of the longest in the place. After this the secretary of the *Landschaftscollegium* was requested to read aloud, from the records of the said board, the names of such persons as had been interred shortly before and after the year 1805. It was done: on which the gravedigger, Herr Bielke, remarked that the coffins no longer stood in the order in which they had originally been placed, but had been much moved at recent burials. The ladder was then adjusted, and Schwabe, Coudray the architect, and the gravedigger, were the first to descend. Some others were asked to draw near, that they might assist in recognising the coffin.

The first glance brought their hopes very low. The tenants of the vault

were found "all over, under, and alongside of each other." One coffin of unusual length having been descried underneath the rest, an attempt was made to reach it by lifting out of the way those that were above; but the processes of the tomb were found to have made greater advances than met the eye. Hardly anything would bear removal, but fell to pieces at the first touch. Search was made for plates with inscriptions, but even the metal plates crumbled away on being fingered, and their inscriptions were utterly effaced. Damp had reigned absolute in the Kassengewölbe. Two plates only were found with legible characters, and these were foreign to the purpose.

The utter and unexpected chaos seems to have disconcerted the most sanguine. There was no apparent chance of success; and, when Coudray proposed that they should close proceedings for that day, and defer a more searching investigation till another time, he met with a ready assent. Probably every one but the mayor looked on the matter as hopeless. They reascended the ladder and shut up the vault.

Meanwhile the strange proceedings in the Kassengewölbe began to be noised abroad. The churchyard was a thoroughfare, and many passengers had observed that something odd was going on. There were persons living in Weimar whose near relatives lay in the Gewölbe; and, though neither they nor the public at large had any objection to offer to the general "clearing out," they did raise very strong objections to this mode of anticipating it. So many pungent things began to be said about violating the tomb, disturbing the repose of the departed, &c., that the Bürgermeister perceived the necessity of going more warily to work in future. He resolved to time his next visit at an hour when few persons would be likely to cross the churchyard at that season. Accordingly, two days later, he returned to the Kassengewölbe at seven in the morning, accompanied only by Coudray and the churchyard officials.

Their first task was to raise out of the vault altogether six coffins, which it was found would bear removal. By various tokens it was proved that none of these could be that which they sought. There were several others which could not be removed, but which held together so long as they were left standing; all the rest were in the direst confusion. Two hours and a half were spent in subjecting the ghastly heap to a thorough but fruitless search; not a trace of any kind rewarded their trouble. No conclusion but one could stare Schwabe and Coudray in the face—their quest was in vain; the remains of Schiller must be left to oblivion. Again the Gewölbe was closed, and those who had disturbed its quiet returned disappointed to their homes. Yet, that very afternoon, Schwabe went back once more in company with the joiner, who twenty years before had made the coffin; there was a chance that he might recognise one of those which they had not ventured to lift. But this glimmer of hope faded like all the rest. The man remembered very well what sort of chest he had made for the Hofrath von Schiller, and he certainly saw nothing like it here. It had been of the plainest sort—he believed without even a plate; and in such damp as this it could have lasted but a few years.

The fame of this second expedition got abroad like that of the first, and the comments of the public were louder than before. Invectives of no measured sort fell on the Mayor in torrents. Not only did society in general take offence, but a variety of persons in authority, particularly ecclesiastical dignitaries, used great freedom in criticism, and began to talk of interfering. There was, besides the Landschaftscollegium, a variety of high-learned-wise-and-reverend boards and commissions—an Oberconsistorium, an Oberbaudirection, and a grossherzogliche Kirchen- und-Gotteskastencommission, with a whole battalion of commissioners, directors, and councillors—all united in one fellowship of red-tape, and all, in dif-

ferent degrees, in possession of certain rights of visitation and inspection in regard of churchyards, which rights they were doubtless capable, when much provoked, of putting in force. Schwabe in commencing had asked nobody's permission but Weyland's, well knowing that the mere question would have involved a delay of months, while a favourable answer would have been very doubtful. But, by acting as a private individual, while making use of his position of Bürgermeister to carry out his schemes, he had wounded every official feeling in Weimar. On an after occasion the chief Church authority found an opportunity to rebuke the chief civic authority in a somewhat pungent fashion. In fact, Schwabe could hardly have ventured on such irregularities, had he not been assured of support, in case of need, in the highest quarters.

He was now much disappointed. He had to acknowledge that hope was at an end. Yet he could not and would not submit even to what was inevitable. The idea of the "clearing out," now close at hand, haunted and horrified him. That dismal hole in the corner of the churchyard once closed and the turf laid down, the dust of Schiller would be lost for ever. He determined to proceed. His position of Mayor put the means in his power, and this time he was resolved to keep his secret. To find the skull was now his utmost hope, but for that he should make a final struggle. The keys were still in the hands of Bielke the sexton, and the sexton, of course, stood under his control. He sent for him, bound him over to silence, and ordered him to be at the churchyard at midnight on the 19th of March. In like manner he summoned three day-labourers in whom he confided, pledged them to secrecy, and engaged them to be at the same place at the same hour, but singly and without lanterns. Attention should not be attracted if he could help it.

When the night came, he himself, with a trusty servant, proceeded to the entrance of the Kassengewölbe. The

four men were already there. In darkness they all entered, raised the trap-door, adjusted the ladder, and descended to the abode of the dead. Not till then were lanterns lighted; it was just possible that some late wanderer might, even at that hour, cross the churchyard.

Schwabe seated himself on a step of the ladder and directed the workmen. He smoked hard all the time; it made the horrible atmosphere less intolerable. Fragments of broken coffins they piled up in one corner, and bones in another. Skulls as they were found were placed in a heap by themselves. The hideous work went on for three successive nights, from twelve o'clock till about three, at the end of which time twenty-three skulls had been found. These the Bürgermeister caused to be put in a sack and carried home to his house, where he himself took them out and placed them in rows on a table.

It was hardly done ere he exclaimed, "*That must be Schiller's!*" There was one skull that differed enormously from all the rest both in size and shape. It was remarkable, too, in another way: alone of all those on the table it retained an entire set of the finest teeth, and Schiller's teeth had been noted for their beauty. But there were other means of identification at hand. Schwabe possessed the cast of Schiller's head, taken after death, by Klauer, and with this he undertook careful comparison and measurement. The two seemed to him to correspond; and of the twenty-two others, not one would bear juxtaposition with the cast. Unfortunately the lower jaw was wanting, to obtain which a fourth nocturnal expedition had to be undertaken. The skull was carried back to the Gewölbe, and many jaws were tried ere one was found which fitted, and for beauty of teeth corresponded with the upper jaw. When brought home, on the other hand, it refused to fit any other cranium. One tooth alone was wanting, and this tooth, an old servant of Schiller's afterwards declared, had been extracted at Jena in his presence.

Having got thus far, Schwabe invited

three of the chief medical authorities to inspect his discovery. After careful measurements, they declared that amongst the twenty-three skulls there was but one from which the cast could have been taken. He then invited every person in Weimar and its neighbourhood, who had been on terms of intimacy with Schiller, and admitted them to the room one by one. The result was surprising. Without an exception they pointed to the same skull as that which must have been the poet's. The only remaining chance of mistake seemed to be the possibility of other skulls having eluded the search, and being yet in the vault. To put this to rest, Schwabe applied to the *Landschaftscollegium*, in whose records was kept a list of all persons buried in the *Kassengewölbe*. It was ascertained that since the last "clearing out" there had been exactly twenty-three interments.

At this stage the *Bürgermeister* saw himself in a position to inform the Grand Duke and Goethe of his search and its success. From both he received grateful acknowledgments. Goethe unhesitatingly recognised the head, and laid stress on the peculiar beauty and flatness of the teeth. The *Oberconsistorium* thought proper to protest, and, as one good effect of what had happened, to direct that the *Kassengewölbe* should in future be kept in better order.

The new cemetery lay on a gentle rising-ground on the south side of the town. Schwabe's favourite plan was to deposit what he had found—all that he now ever dreamed of finding—of his beloved poet on the highest point of the slope, and to mark the spot by a simple monument conspicuous far and near; so that travellers, at their first approach, might know where Schiller lay. One forenoon in early spring he led Frau von Wolzogen and the Chancellor, Herr von Müller, to the spot, and found them satisfied with his plan. The remaining members of Schiller's family—all of

whom had left Weimar—signified their assent. They "did not desire," as one of themselves expressed it, "to strive against Nature's appointment that man's earthly remains should be reunited with herself;" they would prefer that their father's dust should rest in the ground than anywhere else.

But the Grand Duke and Goethe decided otherwise. Dannecker's colossal bust of Schiller had recently been acquired for the Grand Ducal library, where it had been placed on a lofty pedestal opposite the bust of Goethe; and in this pedestal, which was hollow, it was resolved to deposit the skull. The consent of the family having been obtained, the solemn deposition was delayed only till the arrival of Ernst von Schiller, who could not reach Weimar before autumn. On September 17th the ceremony took place. A few persons had been invited, amongst whom, of course, was the *Bürgermeister*. Goethe dreaded the agitation and remained at home, but sent his son to represent him as chief librarian. A cantata having been sung, Ernst von Schiller, in a short speech, thanked all persons present, but especially the *Bürgermeister*, for the love they had shown to the memory of his father. He then formally delivered his father's head into the hands of the younger Goethe, who, reverently receiving it, thanked his friend in Goethe's name, and, having dwelt on the affection that had subsisted between their fathers, vowed and guaranteed that the precious relic should henceforward be guarded with anxious care. Up to this moment the skull had been wrapped in a cloth and sealed; the younger Goethe now made it over to the librarian, Professor Riemer, to be unpacked and placed in its receptacle. All present subscribed their names, on which, the pedestal having been locked, the key was carried home to Goethe. Any one who is curious may read the speeches and proceedings at full length. Chancellor von Müller spoke most to the point. After tarrying so long amid the ceremonies and corruption of the tomb, his quotation of the poet's own

words must have refreshed his hearers like the dew of morning :—

“Nur der Körper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schicksal flechten ;
Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt,
Die Gespielin seliger Naturen
Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren,
Göttlich unter Göttern, die Gestalt.”

None doubted that Schiller's head was now at rest for many years. But it had already occurred to Goethe, who had more osteological knowledge than the excellent Bürgermeister, that, the skull being in their possession, it must be possible to find the skeleton. A very few days after the ceremony in the library, he sent to Jena, begging the Professor of Anatomy, Dr. Schröter, to have the kindness to spend a day or two at Weimar, and to bring with him, if possible, a functionary of the Jena Museum, Färber by name, who had at one time been Schiller's servant. As soon as they arrived, Goethe placed the matter in Schröter's hands. Again the head was raised from its pillow and carried back to the dismal Kassengewölbe, where the bones still lay in a heap. The chief difficulty was to find the first vertebra ; after that all was easy enough. With some exceptions, comparatively trifling, Schröter succeeded in reproducing the skeleton, which then was laid in a new coffin “lined with blue merino,” and would seem (though we are not distinctly told) to have been deposited in the library. Professor Schröter's register of bones recovered and bones missing has been both preserved and printed. The skull was restored to its place in the pedestal. There was another shriek from the public at these repeated violations of the tomb ; and the odd position chosen for Schiller's head, apart from his body, called forth, not without reason, abundant criticism.

Schwabe's idea of a monument in the new cemetery was, after a while, revived by Carl August, but with an important alteration, which was, that on the spot indicated at the head of the rising-ground there should be erected a common sepulchre for Goethe and Schiller,

in which the latter's remains would at once be deposited—the mausoleum to be finally closed when, in the course of nature, Goethe should have been laid there too. The idea was, doubtless, very noble, and found great favour with Goethe himself, who, entering into it, commissioned Coudray, the architect, to sketch the plan of a simple mausoleum, in which the sarcophagi were to be visible from without. There was some delay in clearing the ground—a nursery of young trees had to be removed—so that at Midsummer, 1827, nothing had been done. It is said that the intrigues of certain persons, who made a point of opposing Goethe at all times, prevailed so far with the Grand Duke that he became indifferent about the whole scheme. Meanwhile it was necessary to provide for the remains of Schiller. The public voice was loud in condemning their present location, and in August, 1827, Louis of Bavaria again appeared as a *Deus ex machina* to hasten on the last act. He expressed surprise that the bones of Germany's best-beloved should be kept like rare coins, or other curiosities, in a public museum. In these circumstances, the Grand Duke wrote Goethe a note, proposing for his approval that the skull and skeleton of Schiller should be reunited and “provisionally” deposited in the vault which the Grand Duke had built for himself and his house, “until Schiller's family should otherwise determine.” No better plan seeming feasible, Goethe himself gave orders for the construction of a durable sarcophagus. On November 17th, 1827, in presence of the younger Goethe, Coudray, and Riemer, the head was finally removed from the pedestal, and Professor Schröter reconstructed the entire skeleton in this new and more sumptuous abode, which we are told was seven feet in length, and bore at its upper end the name

SCHILLER

in letters of cast-iron. That same afternoon Goethe went himself to the library and expressed his satisfaction with all that had been done.

At last, on December 16th, 1827, at

half-past five in the morning, a few persons again met at the same place. The Grand Duke had desired—for what reason we know not—to avoid observation; it was Schiller's fate that his remains should be carried hither and thither by stealth and in the night. Some tapers burned round the bier: the recesses of the hall were in darkness. Not a word was spoken, but those present bent for an instant in silent prayer, on which the bearers raised the coffin and carried it away. They walked along through the park: the night was cold and cloudy: some of the party had lanterns. When they reached the avenue that led up to the cemetery, the moon shone out as she had done twenty-two years before. At the vault itself some other friends had assembled, amongst whom was the Mayor. Ere the lid was finally secured, Schwabe placed himself at the head of the coffin and recognised

the skull to be that which he had rescued from the Kassengewölbe. The sarcophagus having then been closed, and a laurel wreath laid on it, formal possession, in name of the Grand Duke, was taken by the Marshal, Freiherr von Spiegel. The key was removed to be kept in possession of his Excellency, the Geheimerath von Goethe, Chief of the Institutions for Art and Science. This key, in an envelop addressed by Goethe, is said to be preserved in the Grand Ducal Library, where, however, we have no recollection of having seen it.

The "provisional" deposition has proved more permanent than any other. Whoever would see the resting-place of Goethe and Schiller must descend into the Grand Ducal vault, where, through a grating, in the twilight beyond, he will catch a glimpse of their sarcophagi. The monument on the summit of the cemetery would have been better.

THE LAND'S END.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THIS world of wonders, where our lot is cast,
Hath far more ends than one. A man may stand
On the bluff rocks that stretch from Sennen church,
And watch the rude Atlantic hurling in
The mighty billows:—thus his land may end.

Another lies with gasping breath, and sees
The mightier billows of Eternity
Dashing upon the outmost rocks of life;
And his Land's End is near.

And so, one day,
Will the Lord's flock, close on Time's limit, stand
On the last headland of the travelled world,
And watch, like sun-streak on the ocean's waste,
His advent drawing nigh.

Thus shall the Church
Her Land's End reach: and then may you and we,
Dear Cornish friends, once more in company,
Look out upon the glorious realms of hope,
And find the last of Earth,—the first of God.

THE PLANTS ON THE SUMMITS OF THE HIGHLAND MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

A THOUGHTFUL man, standing beneath the silent magnificence of the midnight heavens, is more deeply impressed by what is suggested even than by what is revealed. He cannot gaze upon the solitary splendour of Sirius, or the blazing glories of Orion, without a vague muttered wish to know whether these orbs are inhabited, and what are the nature and conditions of existence there. A similar feeling of curiosity seizes us when we behold afar off the summits of a lofty range of mountains, lying along the golden west like the shores of another and a brighter world. Elevated far above the busy common-place haunts of man, rearing their mystic heads into the clouds, they seem to claim affinity with the heavens, and, like the stars, to dwell apart, retiring into a more awful and sacred solitude than exists on the surface of the earth. We see them alternately flashing, like active volcanoes in the rosy flames of sunrise, glorified in the splendour of sunset, purpling in the tenderness of twilight, or silvered in the magic of moonlight; and a yearning desire irresistibly rises up in our hearts to know what strange arrangements of matter, what new forms of life, occur in a region so near to and so favoured of the skies. We long for the wings of the eagle to surmount in a moment all intervening obstacles, and reach the shores of that upper world, that we may feast our eyes upon its unknown productions, and be able to understand in some measure the nameless bliss that thrilled through the heart of Columbus when the continents of the West first unveiled their virgin charms before him. To many individuals, destitute of the requisite strength of limb and soundness of lung to climb the mountain side, or chained hopelessly to the monotonous employments by which the daily bread is earned, this must ever be an unattainable enjoyment, in sight and yet un-

known. Even of the thousands of tourists who, as duly as the autumn comes round, swarm over the familiar Highland routes, very few turn aside to behold this great sight. Only a solitary adventurous pedestrian, smitten with the love of science, now and then cares to diverge from the beaten paths, from the region of coaches and extortionate hotel-keepers, to explore the primeval solitudes of the higher hills. For these and other reasons, then, a brief description of the characteristic vegetation of the mountain summit may prove interesting to a large class of readers. The information we have to lay before them has been acquired at the expense of much breath and labour, but we have ever thought our bargain cheap; and if in this migratory season it be the means of opening up to any one the way to a new field of research, and a new set of sensations, it will, like "the quality of mercy which is not strained," be twice blessed.

Etherealized by the changing splendours of the heavens, as the mountain summit appears when surveyed from below, rising up from the huge mound of rock and earth like a radiant flower above its dark foliage, it affords another illustration of the poetic adage that "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." When you actually stand upon it you find that the reality is very different from the ideal. The clouds that float over it, "those mountains of another element," which looked from the valley like gorgeous fragments of the sun, now appear in their true character, as masses of dull, cold vapour; and the mountain peak, deprived of the transforming glow of light, has become one of the dreariest and most desolate spots on which the eye can rest. Not a tuft of grass, not a bush of heather is to be seen anywhere. The earth, beaten hard by the frequent footsteps of the storm, is bare and leaf-

less as the world on the first morning of creation. Huge fragments of rocks, the monuments of elemental wars and convulsions, rise up here and there, so rugged and distorted that they seem like nightmares petrified; while the ground is frequently covered with cairns of loose hoary stones, which look like the bones which remained unused after nature had built up the great skeleton of the earth, and which she had cast aside in this solitude to blanch and crumble away unseen. When standing there during a misty storm it requires little effort of imagination to picture yourself a shipwrecked mariner, cast ashore on one of the sublimely barren islands of the Antarctic ocean. You involuntarily listen to hear the moaning of the waves, and watch for the beating of the foaming surge on the rocks around. The dense writhing mists hurrying up from the profound abysses on every side imprison you within "the narrow circle of their ever-shifting walls," and penetrate every fold of your garments, and your skin itself, becoming a constituent of your blood, and chilling the very marrow of your bones. Around you there is nothing visible save the vague, vacant sea of mist, with the vast shadowy form of some neighbouring peak looming through it like the genius of the storm; while your ears are deafened by the howling of the furious wind among the whirling masses of mist, by "the airy tongues that syllable men's names," the roaring of the cataracts, and the other wild sounds of the desert never dumb. And yet, dreary and desolate although the scene usually appears, it has its own periods of beauty, its own days of brightness and cheerfulness. Often in the quiet autumn noon the eye is arrested by the mute appeal of some lovely Alpine flower, sparkling like a lone star in a midnight sky, among the tufted moss and the hoary lichens, and seeming, as it issues from the stony mould, an emanation of the indwelling life, a visible token of the upholding love which pervades the wide universe. If winter and spring in that elevated region be one continued storm, the short summer of a few weeks' duration seems one

enchancing festival of light. The life of earth is then born in "dithyrambic joy," blooms and bears fruit under the glowing sunshine, the balmy breezes, and the rich dews of a few days. Scenes of life, interest, and beauty are crowded together with a seeming rapidity as if there were no time to lose. Flowers the fairest and the most fragile expand their exquisitely pencilled blossoms even amid dissolving wreaths of snow, and produce an impression all the more delightful and exhilarating from the consciousness of their short-lived beauty, and the contrast they exhibit to the desolation that immediately preceded.

The most superficial and unscientific observer must be struck with the peculiar character of the vegetation which makes its appearance during the summer months on the summits of the Highland hills. In many respects it differs widely from the vegetation of the plains and valleys. The flowers which deck the woods and fields have no representatives in this lofty region. The traveller leaves them one after another behind when he ascends beyond a certain elevation; and, though a very few hardy kinds do succeed in climbing to the very summit, they assume strange forms which puzzle the eye, and become dwarfed and stunted by the severer climate and the ungenial soil. All the way up, from a line of altitude varying, according to the character of the mountain range, between two and three thousand feet, you are in the midst of a new floral world, genera and species as unfamiliar as though you had been suddenly and unconsciously spirited away to a foreign country. There are a few isolated islands scattered over the ocean, whose forms of life are unique. St. Helena and the Galapagos Archipelago are such centres of creation, having nothing in common with the nearest mainland. It is the same with the mountain summits in this country that are higher than three thousand feet. They may be compared to islands in an aerial ocean, having a climate and animal and vegetable productions quite distinct from those of the low grounds. Their plants grow in thick masses, covering

extensive surfaces with a soft carpet of moss-like foliage, and producing a profusion of blossoms, large in proportion to the size of the leaves, and usually of brilliant shades of red, white and blue ; or they creep along the ground in thickly-interwoven woody branches, wholly depressed, sending out at intervals a few hard, wrinkled leaves and very small, faintly-coloured and inconspicuous flowers. Their appearance is eminently typical of the stern climate they inhabit. They may be recognised even by their dry and withered remains preserved in the herbarium as the productions of lofty elevations, "of the most excessive climate—of the joint influences of a scorching sun by day and the keenest frost by night ; of the greatest drought, followed in a few hours by a saturated atmosphere ; of the balmiest calm, alternating with the whirlwind of the Alps. For eight months of the year they are buried under many feet of snow ; for the remaining four they are frequently snowed on and sunned in the same hour."

All the Alpine plants found on the summits of the Highland hills are universally admitted by botanists to be of Arctic or Scandinavian origin. Their primitive centres of distribution lie within the Arctic Circle—where they are found in the greatest profusion and luxuriance—constituting the sole flora of very extensive regions. On the Norwegian mountains they flourish at lower elevations than with us ; while the plains of Lapland bordering the Polar Sea are covered with them during the brief Arctic summer. Of the fifty-two species of flowering-plants gathered last July by a friend in the dreary regions around Davis' Straits, between latitude 67° and 76° N., no less than thirty are identical with British species, the forms being, however, generally smaller and more stunted than corresponding specimens in this country. From these northern centres they were gradually distributed southwards over the British hills—during the glacial epoch—when the summits of these hills were low islands or chains of islands,

extending to the area of Norway through a glacial sea ; and "in the gradual upheaval of those islands, and consequent change of climate, they became limited to the summits of the new-formed and still-existing mountains." This extraordinary floral migration—like the descent in after ages of the rude Norsemen from their own bleak hills to the sunny plains of the south—may be traced distinctly all the way down from the Arctic regions to the higher ranges of the Alps, which formed its southern termination, some, as "though overcome with homesickness," stopping short at each stage of the exodus, and spreading themselves over the Grampian range, the hills of Cumberland, and the higher summits of Wales. The plants growing at the present day on the Scottish mountains are thus not only different from those found in the valleys at their base, but they are also much older. They are the surviving relics of what constituted for many ages the sole flora of Europe, when Europe consisted only of islands scattered at distant intervals over a wide waste of waters bristling with icebergs and icefloes. How suggestive of marvellous reflection is the thought, that these flowers so fragile that the least rude breath of wind might break them, and so delicate that they fade with the first scorching heat of August, have existed in their lonely and isolated stations on the Highland hills from a time so remote that, in comparison with it, the antiquity of recorded times is but as yesterday ; have survived all the vast cosmical changes which elevated them, along with the hills upon which they grew, to the clouds—converted the bed of a mighty ocean into a fertile continent, peopled it with new races of plants and animals, and prepared a scene for the habitation of man ! Only a few hundred individual plants of each species—in some instances only a few tufts here and there—are to be found on the different mountains ; and yet these little colonies, prevented by barriers of climate and soil from spreading themselves beyond their native spots, have gone on, season after season, for

thousands of ages, renewing their foliage and putting forth their blossoms, though beaten by the storms, scorched by the sunshine, and buried under the Alpine snows, scathless and vigorous, while all else was changing around. It is one of the most striking and convincing examples, within the whole range of natural history, of the permanency of species.

We have thus seen that to ascend a lofty Highland hill is equivalent to undertaking a summer voyage to the Arctic regions. The leading phenomena of the Polar world are presented to us on a small scale within the circumscribed area of the mountain summit. The same specific rocks along which Parry and Ross coasted in the unknown seas of the north, here crop above the surface, and yield by their disintegration the same kind of vegetation. The Alpine hare is common to both; and the ptarmigan, which penetrates in large flocks as far as Melville Island, is often seen flying round the grey rocks of the higher Grampians, and exhibiting its singular changes of plumage from a mottled brown in summer to pure white in winter, so rapidly as to be perceptible from day to day. Although none of the Scotch mountains reach the line of perpetual snow, yet large snowy masses, smoothed and hardened by pressure into the consistence of glacier-ice, not unfrequently lie in shady hollows all the year round, and remind one of the frozen hills of Greenland and Spitzbergen. Sweltering with midsummer heat in the low confined valleys, we are here revived and invigorated with the chill breezes of the Pole. We have thus in our own country, and within short and easy reach of our busiest towns, specimens and exact counterparts of those terrible Arctic fastnesses, to explore which every campaign has been made at the cost of endurance beyond belief—often at the sacrifice of the most noble and valuable lives.

The most common and abundant of the plants which grow on the summits of the Highland hills are the different species of saxifrage. They are found in cold bleak situations all over the

world from the Arctic Circle to the equator, and, with the mosses and lichens, form the last efforts of expiring nature which fringe around the limits of eternal snow. A familiar example of the tribe is very frequently cultivated in old-fashioned gardens and rockeries under the name of London Pride. Though little prized on account of its commonness, this plant has a remarkable pedigree. It grows wild on the romantic hills in the south-west of Ireland, from which all the plants that are cultivated in our gardens, and that have escaped from cultivation into woods and waste places, have been originally derived. In that isolated region the London Pride is associated with several kinds of heather, with one curious transparent fern, and four or five kinds of lichens and mosses which are found nowhere else in the British Isles, and are eminently typical of southern latitudes. In fact, the same species are again met with on the mountains in the north of Spain; and the theory which botanists have founded upon this remarkable circumstance is that the south-west of Ireland and the north of Spain were at one period of the earth's history geologically connected, either by a chain of islands or a ridge of hills. Over this continuous land—which we have abundant evidence to prove extended without interruption from the province of Munster beyond the Canary Islands—the gulf-weed, which floats to the west of the Azores, probably indicating the westmost shore of the submerged continent—flourished a rich and peculiar flora of the true Atlantic type. The intermediate links of the floral chain have been lost by the destruction of the land on which it grew; but on opposite shores of the Bay of Biscay, separated by hundreds of miles, the ends of the chain still exist amid the wilds of Killarney, and the lone mountain valleys of Asturia. The London Pride is therefore the oldest plant now growing in the British Isles. The history of the saxifrages which grow on the Highland hills is scarcely less remarkable—only that they are of Arctic instead of Atlantic origin, and

were introduced at a subsequent period into this country. No less than seven different species are found on the Scottish mountains, growing indiscriminately at various altitudes, from the base to the highest summits, on the moist banks of Alpine streams, as well as on bleak exposed rocks where there is hardly a particle of soil to nourish their roots, and over which the wind drives with the force of a hurricane. The rarest of these saxifrages is the *S. cernua*, found nowhere else in Britain than on the extreme top of Ben Lawers, where it seldom flowers, but is kept in existence, propagated from generation to generation, by means of viviparous bulbs, in the form of little red grains produced in the axils of the small upper leaves. It resembles the common meadow saxifrage in the shape of its leaves and flower so closely that, though the viviparous bulbs of the one are produced at the junction of the leaves with the stem, and those of the other at the root, Bentham considers it to be merely a starved Alpine variety. Be this as it may, it preserves its peculiar characters unaltered not only within the very narrow area to which it is confined in Britain, but throughout the whole Arctic Circle, where it has a wide range of distribution. So frequently within the last sixty years have specimens been gathered from the station which, unfortunately, every botanist knows well, that only a few individuals are now to be seen at long intervals, and these exceedingly dwarfed and deformed. On no less than twenty-six different occasions we have examined it there, and been grieved to mark the ravages of ruthless collectors. We fear much that, at no distant date, the most interesting member of the British flora will disappear from the only locality known for it in Europe. After having survived all the storms and vicissitudes of countless ages, historical and geological, to perish at last under the spud of the botanist, were as miserable an anticlimax in its way as the end of the soldier who had gone through all the dangers of the Peninsular War, and

was killed by a cab in the streets of London.

The loveliest of the whole tribe is the purple saxifrage, which, fortunately, is as common as it is beautiful. It grows in the barest and bleakest spots on the mountains of England and Wales, as well as those of the Highlands, creeping in dense straggling tufts of hard wiry foliage over the arid soil, profusely covered with large purple blossoms, presenting an appearance somewhat similar to, but much finer than, the common thyme. It makes itself so conspicuous by its brilliancy that it cannot fail to be noticed by every one who ascends the loftier hills in the appropriate season. It is the *avant courier* of the Alpine plants—the primrose, so to speak, of the mountains—blooming in the blustering days of early April; often opening its rosy blooms in the midst of large masses of snow. And well is it entitled to lead the bright array of Flora's children, which, following the march of the sun, bloom and fade, one after the other, from April to October, and keep the desolate hills continually garlanded with beauty. It is impossible to imagine anything fairer than a combination of the soft curving lines of the pure unsullied snow, with the purple blooms rising from its cold embrace, and shedding over it the rosy reflected light of their own loveliness. We remember being greatly struck with its beauty several years ago in a lonely corrie far up the sides of Ben Cruachan. That was a little verdant oasis hid amid the surrounding barrenness like a violet among its leaves—one of the sweetest spots that ever filled the soul of a weary, careworn man with yearning for a long repose; walled round and sheltered from the winds by a wild chaos of mountain ridges, animated by the gurgling of many a white Alpine rill descending from the cliffs, carpeted with the softest and mossiest turf, richly embroidered with rare mountain flowers, with a very blaze of purple saxifrage. We saw it on a bright, quiet summer afternoon, when the lights and shades of the setting sun brought out each

retiring beauty to the best advantage. It was just such a picture as disposes one to think with wonder of all the petty meannesses and ambitions of conventional life. We feel the insignificance of wealth, and the worthlessness of fame, when brought face to face with the purity and the beauty of nature in such a spot. Could we drink more deeply of its enjoyments if there had been a handle to our name or a large balance on the right side at our banker's? How trifling are the incidents which in such a scene arrest the attention and fix themselves indelibly in the mind, to be recalled long afterwards, perhaps in the crowded city and in the press of business, when the graver matters of every-day life that have intervened are utterly forgotten. High up among the cliffs, round which a line of braided clouds, softer and fairer than snow, clings motionless all day long, rises at intervals the mellow bleat of a lamb, deepening the universal stillness by contrast, and carrying with it wherever it moves the very centre and soul of loneliness. A muir-cock rises suddenly from a grey hillock beside you, showing for a moment his glossy brown plumage and scarlet crest, and then off like the rush of an ascending sky-rocket, with his startling kok, kok, kok sounding fainter and fainter in the distance. Or perhaps a red deer wanders unexpectedly near you, gazes awhile at your motionless figure with large inquiring eyes, and ears erect, and antlers cutting the blue sky like the branches of a tree, until at last, wearied by its stillness, and almost fancying it a vision, you raise your arm and give a shout, when away it flies in a series of swift and graceful bounds through the shadow of a cloud resting upon a neighbouring hill, and transforming it for a moment into the similitude of a pine-forest, over its rocky shoulder, away to some lonely far off mountain-spring, that wells up perhaps where human foot had never trodden.

Speaking of springs, there is no feature in the Alpine scenery more beautiful than the wells and streamlets

which make every hill-side bright with their sunny sparkle and musical with their liquid murmurs; and there are no spots so rich in mountain plants as their banks. Trace them to their source, high up above the common things of the world, and they form a crown of joy to the bare granite rocks, diffusing around them beauty and verdure like stars brightening their own rays. A fringe of deeply-green moss clusters round their edges, not creeping and leaning on the rock, but growing erect in thick tufts of fragile and slender stems; clouds of golden confervæ, like the most delicate floss-silk, float in the open centre of clear water, the ripple of which gives motion and quick play of light and shade to their graceful filaments. The Alpine willow-herb bends its tiny head from the brink, to add its rosy reflection to the exquisite harmony of colouring in the depths; the rock veronica forms an outer fringe of the deepest blue; while the little moss campion enlivens the decomposing rocks in the vicinity with a continuous velvet carpeting of the brightest rose-red and the most brilliant green. The indescribable loveliness of this glowing little flower strikes every one who sees it for the first time on the mountains speechless with admiration. Imagine cushions of tufted moss, with all the delicate grace of its foliage miraculously blossoming into myriads of flowers, rosier than the vermeil hue on beauty's cheek, or the cloudlet that lies nearest the setting sun, crowding upon each other so closely that the whole seems an intense floral blush, and you will have some faint idea of its marvellous beauty. We have nothing to compare with it among lowland flowers. Following the course of the sparkling stream from this enchanted land, it conducts us down the slope of the hill to beds of the mountain avens, decking the dry and stony knolls on either side with its downy procumbent leaves and large white flowers, more adapted, one would suppose, to the shelter of the woods than the bleak exposure of the mountain side. Farther down the declivity, where the stream,

now increased in size, scooped out for itself a deep rocky channel, which it fills from side to side in its hours of flood and fury—hours when it is all too terrible to be approached by mortal footsteps—we find the mountain sorrel hanging its clusters of kidney-shaped leaves and greenish rose-tipped blossoms—a grateful salad—from the beetling brows of the rocks; while, on the drier parts, we observe immense masses of the rose-root stonecrop growing where no other vegetation save the parti-coloured nebulae of lichens could exist. This cactus-like plant is furnished with thick fleshy leaves, with few or no evaporating pores; which enables it to retain the moisture collected by its large, woody, penetrating root, and thus to endure the long-continued droughts of summer, when the stream below is shrunk down to the green gleet of its slippery stones, and the little Naiad weeps her impoverished urn. Following the stream lower down, we come to a more sheltered and fertile region of the mountain, where pool succeeds pool, clear and deep, in which you can see the fishes lying motionless, or darting away like arrows when your foot shakes the bank or your shadow falls upon the water. There is now a wide level margin of grass on either side, as smooth as a shaven lawn; and, meandering through it, little tributary rills trickle into the stream, their marshy channels edged with rare Alpine rushes and carices, and filled with great spongy cushions of red and green mosses, enlivened by the white blossoms of the starry saxifrage. The *S. aizoides* grows everywhere around in large beds richly covered with yellow flowers, dotted with spots of a deeper orange. This lovely species descends to a lower altitude than any of its congeners, and may be called the golden fringe of the richly-embroidered floral mantle with which Nature covers the nakedness of the higher hills. It blooms luxuriantly among a whole host of moorland plants, sufficient to engage the untiring interest of the botanist throughout the long summer day. The curious sundew, a vegetable spider, lies

in wait among the red elevated moss tufts, to catch the little black flies in the deadly embrace of its viscid leaves; the bog asphodel stands near, with its sword-shaped leaves and golden helmet, like a sentinel guarding the spot; the grass of Parnassus covers the moist greensward with the bright sparkling of its autumn snow; while the cotton-grass waves on every side its downy plumes in the faintest breeze. Down from this flowery region the stream flows with augmented volume, bickering over the shingle with a gay popping sound, and leaving creamy wreaths of winking foam between the moss-grown stones that protrude from its bed. It laves the roots of the crimson heather and the palmy leaves of the lady-fern. The sunbeams gleam upon its open face with “messages from the heavens;” the rainbow arches its waterfalls; the panting lamb comes to cool its parched tongue in its limpid waters; the lean blue heron, with head and bill sunk on its breast, stands motionless in its shallows, watching for minnows all the long dull afternoon, while the dusky ousel flits from stone to stone in all the fearless play of its happy life. Hurrying swiftly through the brown heathy wastes that clothe the lower slopes, it lingers a while where the trembling aspen and the twinkling birch and the rugged alder weave their leafy canopy over it, freckling its bustling waves with ever-varying scintillations of light and shade; pauses to water the crofter’s meadow and corn-field, and to supply the wants of a cluster of rude moss-grown huts on its banks, which look as if they had grown naturally out of the soil; and then, through a beach of snow-white pebbles, it mingles its fretting waters in the blue, profound peace of the loch. Such is the bright and varied course of the Alpine stream, with its floral fringe, and from its fountain to its fall it is one continuous many-linked chain of beauty—an epic of Nature, full of the richest images and the most suggestive poetry.

Very few of the true Alpine plants grow on the actual summits of the Highland hills; and this circumstance

appears to be due not so much to the cold—for the same plants are most abundant and most luxuriant throughout the whole Polar zone, where the mean annual temperature is far below the freezing point, whereas that of the Highland summits is 3° or 4° above that point—but to their want of shelter from the prevailing storms, and the generally unfavourable geological structure of the spots. The highest point of Ben Nevis, for instance, is so thickly macadamised with large masses of dry red granite, that there is hardly room for the tiniest wild flower to strike root in the soil. It looks like the battle-ground of the Titans, or a gigantic heap of scoriæ cast out from Vulcan's furnace. The summit of Ben-y-gloe, rising to a height of 3,900 feet in the north-east corner of Perthshire, is also covered with enormous piles of snowy gneiss—like the foundation of a ruined city, in some places ground into powder by the disintegrating effects of the weather, and in others occurring in the shape of large angular blocks thrown loosely above each other, and so sharp and angular that it is one of the most difficult and fatiguing tasks imaginable to scramble over the ridge to the cairn which crowns the highest point. When surveyed from below, the peak has a singularly bald appearance, scarred and riven by numberless landslips, and the dried-up beds of torrents, and scalped by the fury of frequent storms; and a nearer inspection proves it to be as desolate and leafless as the sands of Sahara. On the top of Ben-Mac-Dhui, though very broad and massive, as beseems a mountain covering a superficial basis of nearly forty miles in extent, the only flowering plants which occur are, strange to say, those which are found in profusion even at the lowest limits of Alpine vegetation on the English hills. The last time we visited it we observed only seven flowering plants near the cairn on the summit, most of which were sedges and grasses. The mossy campion, however, amply compensated us for the absence of the other Alpines by the abundance and brilliancy of its rosy

flowers. The same remarks apply to nearly all the Highland hills. There are only five plants which—though sometimes descending to lower altitudes, one or two of them even to the level of the sea-shore on the hills fronting the coast in the north-west of Scotland—are invariably found on the summits of all the ranges that are more than 3,000 feet high. These plants are the mossy campion, the Arctic willow, the procumbent sibbaldia, the little dusky-brown gnaphalium, and the curious cherleria or mossy cyphel, which cushions the stoniest spots with its dense tufts, and forms a strange anomaly in the distribution of our mountain flora, being abundant at a height of 8,000 feet on the Swiss Alps, and yet unknown in the Arctic regions, or, indeed, north of the Grampians—indicating probably that there were parallel opposite currents of floral dispersion, or migration, of Alpine plants northwards as well as of Arctic plants southwards. The finest Alpine plants, then, are found not on the extreme summits but in sheltered corries on the mountain-sides, especially moist and shady precipices with a southern exposure. The only exceptions to the rule, we believe, are Ben Lawers and Ben Lomond, both of which are perfect gardens of Alpine plants from their base up to their very tops. The rock of which they are composed is the mica-schist, easily recognised by its bright metallic aspect and the remarkable contortions into which it is twisted and folded up. Wherever this rock prevails, even in the Arctic regions, the scenery is distinguished by its beauty and picturesqueness. It is principally confined to the central districts of Scotland, where it embraces within its course the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie, the charming environs of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond, the dark defiles of Glencoe, and the wild rugged mountains of that colossal region round Loch Goyle and Loch Awe. In the Breadalbane range it forms the roof of Scotland, the highest uniformly-elevated land in Britain. Easily decomposed by the weather into a rich, deep,

fertile mould, it is marked wherever it rises to a sufficiently lofty elevation by the remarkable beauty and luxuriance of its Alpine vegetation; whereas those ranges that are composed of granite, gneiss, and quartz, which are so hard as to be almost incapable of disintegration, are characterised everywhere by sterility and barrenness—gloomy wastes of spongy heaths, and heaps of rocky *débris*.

The only hills in Scotland that are really worth the trouble of ascending for the sake of their botany are Ben Lawers, Caenlochan, Ben Lomond, Ben More, Ben Voirlich, Ben Cruachan, and a few of the principal summits of the Cairngorm range. On all these mountains the botanist will find a harvest, more or less rich, of good things to repay his toil. We assign the place of honour to Ben Lawers as by far the best botanical field in Britain, specimens of all the Alpine plants found in this country growing on its sides and summit, besides a great number of species peculiar to the place. It has no less than seven flowering plants found only on the Alps and in the Arctic regions; while upwards of thirty species have been discovered from its base to its summit, all of which are either exceedingly rare or entirely local. So vast is the surface which it presents, and so great the number of its rarities, that a month would be fully occupied in exploring it, each day furnishing something new and interesting. The splendid range of which it forms the culminating point possesses the only stations in Britain for those beautiful ferns, the *Cystopteris montana*, which covers the turf bank with its delicate, much-divided fronds, and the *Woodsia hyperborea* which grows in small, compact tufts on the ledges of almost inaccessible precipices. There is one flower found on Ben Lawers which alone is worth all the fatigue of the ascent. The exquisitely lovely Alpine forget-me-not (*Myosotis alpestris*) abounds high up on the western peak, and presents a spectacle which has not a parallel of the kind within these realms, and once seen is

never forgotten. On the verge of yawning gulfs over which the headlong plunge is to eternity—amid “the pomp of mountain summits rushing on the sky,” and chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe—this flower grows, worthy of all the sublimity of the situation, forming masses of bloom blue as the stainless summer sky that rises day after day in infinite altitude over them, and golden as the sunset that night after night lingers as if entranced around—haloing them with its glory when all the world below is wrapt in twilight gloom. The sweet honey fragrance, and the suggestive name of this floral gem of purest ray serene, irresistibly lead the thoughts backwards to the busy haunts of man that were almost forgotten, and to the fond hearts of the social circle that are even then thinking of the distant wanderer.

Caenlochan stands next, perhaps, to Ben Lawers in the number and interest of its Alpine rarities. On the summit of this range, close beside the bridle-path which winds over the heights from Glenisla to Braemar, an immense quantity of the Highland azalea grows among the shrubby tufts of the crowberry; and, when in the full beauty of its crimson bloom, about the beginning of August, it is a sight which many besides the botanist would go far to see. The stupendous cliffs at the head of Caenlochan, formed of friable micaceous schist, and irrigated by innumerable rills, trickling from the melting snow above, are fringed with exceedingly rich tufts of *Saussurea*, *Erigeron alpinus*, *Sibbaldia procumbens*, *Saxifraga nivalis*, and the very rare *Mulgedium alpinum*, and whitened everywhere by myriads of *Dryas* and Alpine *Cerastium*, while the tiny snowy gentian of the Swiss Alps hides its head of blue in the ledges. The scenery of this spot is truly magnificent. Huge mural precipices, between two and three thousand feet in perpendicular height, extend several miles on either side of a glen so oppressively narrow that it is quite possible to throw a stone from one side to the other. Dark clouds, like the shadows of old mountains passed away, con-

tinually float hither and thither in the vacant air, or become entangled in the rocks, increasing the gloom and mysterious awfulness of the gulf, from which the mingled sounds of many torrents, coursing far below, rise up at intervals like the groans of tortured spirits. A forest of dwarfed and stunted larches, planted as a cover for the deer, scrambles up the sides of the precipices for a short distance, their ranks sadly thinned by the numerous landslips and avalanches from the heights above. This region is seldom frequented by tourists, or even by botanists, as it lies far away from the ordinary routes, and requires a special visit. We would earnestly recommend it to our transmigrated chamois, the members of the Alpine Club, as a new field for their exploits. The late Professor Graham, and the present accomplished Professor of Botany in the Edinburgh University, once spent, we believe, a fortnight in the shieling of Caenlochan, a lonely shepherd's hut at the foot of the range, built in the most primitive manner and with the rudest materials. They gathered rich spoils of Alpine plants in their daily wanderings among the hills, and so thoroughly indoctrinated the shepherds and gamekeepers about the place in the nature of their pursuits, that they have all a knowledge of, and a sympathy with, the vasculum and herbarium, rare even in less secluded districts, though the schoolmaster is everywhere abroad. Every one of them knows the "Girntion" (*Gentiana nivalis*) and the "Lechnis amēna" (*Lychnis alpina*) as they call it, as well as they know a grouse or sheep, and is proud at any time, without fee or reward, to conduct "botanisses" to the spots where these rarities are found.

One of the most singular anomalies in the geographical distribution of plants is the occurrence of the sea-pink at elevations varying between three and four thousand feet, in moist shady crevices of rocks. So accustomed are we to associate this plant exclusively with our coast scenery, as one of the "common objects of the sea-shore,"

that we are greatly surprised to meet it in such unlikely spots, on the very summits of the Grampians, more than a hundred miles on every side from the sea; and what adds to the singularity of the circumstance is the fact that it does not occur in any intermediate valleys and plains, being found on the tops of the highest hills, and on the sea-shore, and nowhere else. It cannot be supposed for a moment that human hands, or birds, or winds, could have wafted it from the coast to so lofty and so far inland a situation, for all natural agencies are confessedly inadequate for such a purpose, and there could have been no motive for human action in the case, even though it could have planted it on the few score hills over which it ranges. The only plausible theory which accounts for its presence on the Grampians is that which the late Professor Forbes advanced, in explanation of the origin of our Alpine flora, to which we have already alluded, viz. that these mountain summits were once islands in the midst of a glacial sea, and that this is one of the survivors of the ancient maritime flora which then fringed their shores. Nor does the sea-pink stand alone as a witness of cosmical changes so extraordinary as to seem almost incredible! Its testimony is amply supported by that of the Cochlearia, or scurvy-grass of the Arctic and Scottish sea-shores, which covers the moist rocks at great heights on the central ranges, with its cress-like leaves and small white flowers. Here, high up among the clouds, where the snow-wreath remains unmelted all the summer long, these mute, but still living witnesses, tell us that we are treading the shores of a former sea; that here, where the mossy campion cushions the ground with its rosy blossoms, its waves rippled in sunny music or raved in stormy wrath; and that yonder rocks, where the eagle builds her eyrie, reverberated with the roar of falling glaciers and crashing icebergs. Wonderful revelations from prophets so insignificant!

Strange to say, though neither tree nor shrub is capable of existing on the

mountain summits, we find several representatives there of the lowland forests. The Arctic willow (*Salix herbacea*) occurs on all the ridges, creeping along the mossy ground for a few inches, and covering it with its rigid shoots and small round leaves. It is a curious circumstance, that a regular sequence of diminishing forms of the willow tribe may be traced in an ascending line, from the stately "siller saugh wi' downie buds," that so appropriately fringes the banks of the lowland river, up to the diminutive species that scarcely rises above the ground on the tops of the Highland hills. The dwarf birch, also, not unfrequently occurs in sheltered situations on the Grampians, among fragments of rocks thickly carpeted with the snowy tufts of the reindeer moss. It is a beautiful miniature of its graceful sister, the queen of Scottish woods; the whole tree—roots, trunk, branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit—being easily gummed on a sheet of common note-paper; and yet it stands for all that the Esquimaux and Laplanders know of growing timber. In the Arctic plains, the members of the highest botanical families are entirely superseded by the lowest and least organized plants. Lichens and mosses are there not only more important economically, but have greater influence in affecting the appearance of the scenery than even willows and birches.

We have left ourselves scarcely any space to notice the rich and varied cryptogamic vegetation which clothes the highest summits, and spreads, more like an exudation of the rocks than the produce of the soil, over spots where no flowering plant could possibly exist. This vegetation is permanent, and is not affected by the changes of the seasons; it may therefore be collected at any time, from January to December. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the Alpine mosses and lichens are as peculiar and distinct in their character from those of the valleys as the Alpine flowers themselves. They are all eminently Arctic; and, though they occur very sparingly in scattered patches on the extreme sum-

mits of the Highland hills, they are the common familiar vegetation of the Lapland and Iceland plains, and cover Greenland and Melville Island with the only verdure they possess. Some of them are very lovely, as, for instance, the saffron solerina, which spreads over the bare earth, on the highest and most exposed ridges, its rich rosettes of vivid green above and brilliant orange below; the daisy-flowered cup lichen, with its filagreed yellow stems, and large scarlet knobs; and the geographical lichen, which enamels all the stones and rocks with its bright black and primrose-coloured mosaic. Some are useful in the arts, as the Iceland moss, which occurs on all the hills, from an elevation of 2,000 feet, and becomes more luxuriant the higher we ascend. On some mountains it is so abundant that a supply sufficiently large to diet, medicinally, all the consumptive patients in Scotland could be gathered in a few hours. A few lichens and mosses, such as Hooker's *Verrucaria*, and Haller's *Hypnum*, are interesting to the botanist, on account of their extreme rarity and isolation, almost warranting the inference, either that they are new creations which have not yet had time to secure possession of a wider extent of surface, or aged plants which have lived their appointed cycle, and, yielding to the universal law of death, are about to disappear for ever. Some are interesting on account of their associations, as the *Parmelia Fahlunensis*, which was first observed on the dreary rocks and heaps of ore and *débris* near the copper mines of Fahlun, in Sweden—a district so excessively barren that even lichens in general refuse to vegetate there, yet inexpressibly dear to the great Linnæus, because there he wooed and won the beautiful daughter of the learned physician, Moræus; and the curious tribe of the *Gyrophoras* or *Tripe de Roche* lichens, looking like pieces of charred parchment, so exceedingly abundant on all the rocks, will painfully recal the fearful hardships and sufferings of Sir John Franklin and his party in the Arctic regions. It is a strange circumstance, by the way, that most of

the lichens and mosses of the Highland summits are dark-coloured, as if scorched by the fierce unmitigated glare of the sunlight. This gloomy Plutonian vegetation gives a very singular appearance to the scenery, especially to the top of Ben Nevis, where almost every stone and rock is blackened by large masses of *Andreas Gyrophoras* and *Parmelias*.

The most marked and characteristic of all the cryptogamic plants which affect the mountain summits is the woolly-fringe moss. This plant grows in the utmost profusion, frequently acres in extent, rounding the angular shoulders of the hills with a padding of the softest upholstery-work of nature; for which considerate service the botanist, who has previously toiled up painfully amid endless heaps of loose stones, is exceedingly grateful. Growing in such abundance, far above the line where the higher social plants disappear, it seems a wise provision for the protection of the exposed sides and summits of the hills from the abrading effects of the storm. Snow-wreaths lie cushioned upon these mossy plateaus in midsummer, and soak them through with their everlasting drip, leaving on the surface from which they have retired the moss flattened and blackened as if burnt by fire. With this moss we have rather a curious association, with a description of which it may be worth while to wind up our desultory remarks, as a specimen of what the botanist may have sometimes to encounter in his pursuit of Alpine plants. Some years ago, while botanizing with a friend over the Breadalbane Mountains, we found ourselves, a little before sunset, on the summit of Ben Lawers, so exhausted with our day's work that we were utterly unable to descend the south side to the inn at the foot, and resolved to bivouac on the hill for the night. The sappers and miners of the Ordnance survey, having to reside there for several months, had constructed square open inclosures, like sheepfolds, in the crater-like hollow at the top, to shelter them from the northern blasts. In one of these roofless caravanseries we selected a spot on which to

spread our couch. Fortunately, there was fuel conveniently at hand in the shape of bleached fragments of tent-pins and lumps of good English coal, proving that our military predecessors had supplied themselves in that ungenial spot with a reasonable share of the comforts of Sandhurst and Addiscombe; and our companion volunteered to kindle a fire, while we went in search of materials for an extemporaneous bed. As heather, which forms the usual spring mattress of the belated traveller, does not occur on the summits of the higher hills, we were obliged to do without it—much to our regret; for a heather-bed (we speak from experience) in the full beauty of its purple flowers, newly gathered, and skilfully packed close together, in its growing position, is as fragrant and luxurious a couch as any sybarite could desire. We sought a substitute in the woolly-fringe moss, which we found covering the north-west shoulder of the hill in the utmost profusion. It had this disadvantage, however, that, though its upper surface was very dry and soft, it was beneath, owing to its viviparous mode of growth, a mass of wet decomposing peat. Our object, therefore, was so to arrange the bed that the dry upper layer should be laid uniformly uppermost; but it was frustrated by the enthusiasm excited by one of the most magnificent sunsets we had ever witnessed. It caused us completely to forget our errand, and dwarfed the moss, which had previously engaged all our thoughts, into utter insignificance. The western gleams had entered into our soul, and etherealized us above all creature wants. Never shall we forget that sublime spectacle; it brims with beauty even now our soul. Between us and the west, that glowed with unutterable radiance, rose a perfect chaos of wild, dark mountains, touched here and there into reluctant splendour by the slanting sunbeams. The gloomy defiles were filled with a golden haze, revealing in flashing gleams of light the lonely lakes and streams hidden in their bosom; while, far over to the north, a fierce cataract that rushed down a rocky hill-

side into a sequestered glen, frozen by the distance into the gentlest of all gentle things, reflected from its snowy waters a perfect tumult of glory. We watched in awe-struck silence the going down of the sun, amid all this pomp, behind the most distant peaks—saw the few fiery clouds that floated over the spot where he disappeared fade into the cold dead colour of autumn leaves, and finally vanish in the mist of even—saw the purple mountains darkening into the Alpine twilight, and twilight glens and streams tremulously glimmering far below, clothed with the strangest lights and shadows by the newly risen summer moon. Then, and not till then did we recover from our trance of enthusiasm to begin in earnest our preparations for the night's rest. We gathered a sufficient quantity of the moss to prevent our ribs suffering from too close contact with the hard ground; but, unfortunately, it was now too dark to distinguish the wet peaty side from the dry, so that the whole was laid down indiscriminately. Over this heap of moss we spread a plaid, and lying down with our feet to the blazing fire, Indian fashion, we covered ourselves with another plaid, and began earnestly to court the approaches of the balmy god. Alas! all our elaborate preparations proved futile; sleep would not be wooed. The heavy dews began to descend, and soon penetrated our upper covering, while the moisture of the peaty moss, squeezed out by the pressure of our bodies, exuded from below; so that between the two we might as well have been in "the pack" at Ben Rhydding. To add to our discomfort, the fire smouldered and soon went out with an angry hiss, incapable of contending with the universal moisture. It was a night in the middle of July, but there were refrigerators in the form of two huge masses of hardened snow on either side of us; so the temperature of our bedchamber, when our warming-pan grew cold, may be easily conceived. For a long while we tried to amuse ourselves with the romance and novelty of our position, sleeping, as we were, in the

highest attic of Her Majesty's dominions, on the very top of the dome of Scotland. We gazed at the large liquid stars, which seemed unusually near and bright; not glimmering on the roof of the sky, but suspended far down in the blue concave, like silver lamps. There were the grand old constellations, Cassiopeia, Auriga, Cepheus, each evoking a world of thought, and "painting, as it were, in everlasting colours on the heavens, the religion and intellectual life of Greece." Our astronomical musings, and the monotonous murmurings of the mountain-streams, at last lulled our senses into a kind of dose, for sleep it could not be called. How long we lay in this unconscious state we knew not, but we were suddenly startled out of it by the loud whirr and clucking cry of a ptarmigan close at hand, aroused perhaps by a nightmare caused by its last meal of crude whortleberries. All further thoughts of sleep were now out of the question; so, painfully raising ourselves from our recumbent posture, with a cold grueing shiver, rheumatism racking in every joint, we set about rekindling the fire, and preparing our breakfast. In attempting to converse, we found, to our dismay, that our voices were gone. We managed, however, by the help of signs and a few hoarse croaks, to do all the talking required in our culinary conjurings; and, after thawing ourselves at the fire, and imbibing a quantity of hot coffee, boiled, it may be remarked, in a tin vasculum, we felt ourselves in a condition to descend the hill. A dense fog blotted out the whole of creation from our view, except the narrow spot on which we stood; and, just as we were about to set out, we were astonished to hear, far off through the mist, human voices shouting. While we were trying to account for this startling mystery in such an unlikely spot and hour, we were still more bewildered by suddenly seeing, on the brink of the steep rocks above us, a vague, dark shape, magnified by the fog into portentous dimensions. Here, at last, we thought, is the far-famed spectre of the Brocken, come on a visit

to the Scottish mountains. Another, and yet another appeared, with, if possible, more savage mien and gigantic proportions. We knew not what to make of it; fortunately, our courage was saved at the critical moment by the phantoms vanishing round the rocks, to appear before us in a few minutes real

botanical flesh and blood, clothed, as usual, with an utter disregard of the æsthetics of dress. The enthusiasm of our new friends for Alpine plants, had caused them to anticipate the sun, for it was yet only three o'clock in the morning.

THE GRAND PRIZE OF PARIS.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

AMONGST many questions which have perplexed me for years, and whose solution I have abandoned all hopes of arriving at, one is, whether any human being ever really cared to see a race. I plead guilty to a fondness for races, or rather for their concomitants. I like the day out in the open air, the bright gay scene, the crowd and the bustle. I have no objection to the luncheon or the champagne. In fact, I look upon a race as a sort of model picnic, free from the great defect of all other picnics, in that it has, in French phrase, some "*raison d'être*," and a definite object in view. Moreover, I admit to the fullest amount the excitement of a race to people who have money on the event. No truth-telling man, and certainly no truth-telling Englishman, would ever dispute the attraction possessed by games of hazard played for money. School-teachers always tell you that there is an especial charm in money that you earn yourself by honest labour. My mind, I fear, is so ill-regulated that I could never appreciate the charm. Personally, I own that, whenever I have received money for work done, my impression has been a dissatisfied one—a doubt whether the game was worth the candle, whether the reward was adequate to the labour. And this feeling is perfectly independent of the rate of remuneration. If, by any happy chance, an insane delusion were to fall upon publishers, and induce them to pay me pounds instead of shillings, my feeling

would be the same. After all, work is weary, and no subsequent gratification can ever destroy the recollection of past weariness. But money which is won by gambling has no savour of labour about it. It arrives so unexpectedly and so easily, and seems, as I have heard a German lady say about a prize she won in the lottery, "to come direct from heaven." I am not speaking of private play; there, I think, the pleasure of any winner, unless he is altogether hardened, must be marred somewhat by the unpleasantness of receiving money from a friend. But when you bet with professional gamblers the feeling is altogether different. If you win, you have the satisfaction of having robbed the Philistines, and of having taken money from people who looked upon you as a dupe, and intended to take yours. Personally, my experiences as a winner have been so extremely small and exceptional, that the act of winning has the charm of novelty for me. It is possible that men may grow weary of this as of all other pleasures, but, as far as I have seen, it lasts longer than most. This much I am certain of, that the reason men go to races is for the excitement of betting. If it were not for this, Epsom Downs on the Derby Day would be as solitary as Salisbury Plain.

For this I assert positively, that a race in itself is not the attraction. It is all very well for people to talk about the beauty of the horses and the thrilling interest of the contest, but, as a matter

of fact, such talk is only fit to fill up the pages of a sporting novel. On any ordinary race-course what is it, I ask candidly, that you see? One horse is very like another to the eyes of ninety-nine people out of a hundred. For a couple of minutes you can see, at a great distance, a group of horses running at a very rapid rate. If your whole fortune is staked upon the event, you cannot tell, for the life of you, whether the horse you have backed is winning or losing, and you have to wait till the number goes up on the post to say which has come in first. The finer the race, the quicker the speed, the closer the contest, the less you know about it. Of course there are a certain number of people on every race-course who do know one horse from another, and, by intense watching, see a little of the race; but to the vast bulk of the spectators the excitement would be just as great if the horses never ran at all, and if the place of the numbers on the post was decided by drawing beans from a bag. If any gentleman doubts my assertion, let him go down to the next races, without having a shilling of interest, directly or indirectly, in the result, and without knowing the name of a single horse, and see if he finds watching a race an exciting occupation, or whether he cares a straw who wins or loses. Watching a roulette-table is, to my mind, infinitely more amusing for a non-gambler. You see the stakes on the table, and you can identify yourself with the luck of any individual player. An American trotting match is also preferable, from the fact that, the question being one of time, you can tell by your watch whether the famous "Running Rein" is gaining ground or not. So in a steeplechase there is some satisfaction in seeing the fences taken, not to speak of the chance that one of the riders may break his neck—an eventuality which always provides a looker-on with a not altogether unpleasing excitement. But a flat race in itself always appears to be the most insipid of amusements. As in the case of *tableaux vivants* at an evening party, the spectator has to wait so long to see so little.

These being my sentiments, the reader may perhaps wonder why I should have taken the trouble of going to Paris and back for the purpose of seeing a race. My answer is, that, in the first place, I wanted a holiday; in the second, I am very fond of Paris; and in the third, I have a great fancy for race-courses, though I care nothing for the race. Moreover, I was curious to see how far the Emperor had been successful in introducing the spirit of racing into France. In the last days of May the "Grand Prix de Paris," the great international prize of one hundred thousand francs, was to be run for, on the race-course of the Bois de Boulogne. The contest was open for horses of all nations; the prize was large for any country, and for France enormous; and the fact that the race was to be run under the especial personal patronage of the Emperor, gave it an additional importance. In the sporting world the event was looked forward to—so at least I read in turf journals—with the keenest interest. Anybody who wishes to have a professional account of how and why the race was lost and won, must not look for it here. The odds and weights and ages and names of the different horses who contended for the prize, are they not written in the racing register? All that I profess to do is to tell something of what I noted on my way to the races and back again.

Everything in this world has its good side, and there is this compensation for the fact of being a somewhat used-up traveller, that you feel the force of contrast more decidedly than ordinary wayfarers. The object of this philosophical remark is to apologise for the fact that I have but little to say about my journey. I went to sleep in London, and I may state that I woke up in Paris. Anybody who keeps note of the weather will remember that throughout the month of May we suffered from cold winds and chilly rain; that we used fires all day, and shivered all night; and that it was only in the very last days of the dying month that the summer burst upon us. It was on the

evening of almost our first summer day that I left London. The road from London to Dover, and Calais to Paris, is as well known to me almost as any journey in the world; and the obligation of looking at anything because it is to be seen weighs even less with me there than in other portions of the world. So I slept from the London Bridge Station to the pier at Dover, lay half-sleeping and half-waking on the deck of the steamer as we crossed in a dead calm, got into the carriage at Calais, and woke finally as the train slackened its speed in passing through the suburbs of Paris. One incident, indeed, appertaining to the race, I do recall slumberously. In my carriage there were two of my fellow-countrymen, of a class which most Englishmen shrink from instinctively abroad. I suppose they were second or third-rate betting men. At any rate, the only subject they talked about was the races. When they were awake they swore, when they were asleep they snored, and whether they were more offensive sleeping or waking was a point I could not determine. By some chance, their financial prospects had improved during the journey, or else their economy had succumbed beneath temptation; for, having travelled second-class from London to Calais, they resolved to complete the journey in the first-class. Their *supplement* was seven francs and a half a piece; so, on tendering a sovereign, as they did, they ought of course to have received some ten francs change. The guard, however, who took their measure with great accuracy, counted upon their British impression that there must be the same number of francs as shillings in a sovereign, paid them five francs one after the other, and then skeddaddled with the sovereign. Slowly, after reference to a Bradshaw's Guide, my compatriots discovered that they had been swindled, owing to their want of comprehension of what they designated as "this cursed lingo." Thereupon they commenced a furious denunciation of the meanness, rascality, and deceitfulness of the French nation. I have

nothing to say for the guard, who, of course, was a scoundrel; but I have seen foreigners fleeced in as gross a manner in our own beloved country, and of the two I felt rather more ashamed of the deceived than the deceiver; so I refused point blank a request addressed to me as "Mister," to aid in bringing the delinquent guard to justice, and left my companions to carry out their threats of vengeance unassisted. From the faces, however, of the foreigners in the carriage, who, coming from England, understood English, I could appreciate, if I had not understood before, why it is that most unjustly we are disliked upon the Continent.

However, I was at last in Paris, and, as usual, I seemed, in arriving there from London, to have passed into a new phase of existence. It is something more than the sky which the traveller changes in going across the Channel. I have been often asked why, instead of hurrying abroad whenever I have time to spare, I do not visit the beauties of my own land. My answer is that, without entering on the vexed question whether Edinburgh or Dublin is as pleasant an abode as Paris or Naples, in the one case I get change, in the other I do not. If I were a Frenchman, I should feel a great pleasure in travelling through the United Kingdom. Being an Englishman, I want to see new faces, and hear new languages, and eat new dishes. If I am to be in England I had rather stop in London, which, after all, is the best place in the kingdom, not to say in the world; but why should I go to Brighton or Cheltenham to pass through a poorer repetition of my ordinary life? Now, in Paris—or indeed, for that matter, in any place out of the four seas—all is different. Thus, whenever I can get away from London, I feel a longing to go eastwards. I remember an American lady saying to me once, that the one thing she envied us English for was, that we were only ten hours distant from Paris; and, though not allowing that this is the chief advantage possessed by London over New York, I

confess frankly that it is one advantage, and not a slight one.

Here, at any rate, I was in Paris, and the change was far greater than if I had crossed the Atlantic. A long, bright summer day spent pleasantly is my recollection of that day in Paris. I breakfasted, as you can breakfast nowhere else, on the Boulevards. Why, I always wonder, is a beefsteak considered the national dish of England, when France is the only country where you can get it in its real excellence? An English steak is as little like the real French article as the Hottentot Venus is to the original Grecian one. We have plenty of dishes for which English cookery is unrivalled; but a steak is the one thing we cannot manage. However, after this digression, it is enough to say that I really *did* breakfast in company with a friend of mine residing in Paris; then we smoked upon the Boulevards, and sat for hours in the Champs Elysées watching, beneath the cool shade of the trees, the men watering the roads with the portable water-jets; and then we drove to the Bois de Boulogne, and saw the Emperor and the Empress and the "Prince Imperial" returning home to dinner, and followed their example. And somehow, by the time the dinner was over, the long summer day was nearly gone.

Every time that I come back to Paris I see a change there. The London of to-day is very much what I always remember it, only somewhat larger and longer. Every year a new piece of country is annexed to the giant metropolis; and fields, where I can remember strolling not many years before, are covered with squares and streets and terraces. But this is all; there are more houses, and the town remains the same. The heart of the town has known no great change that I can recall. But the Paris of 1863 is another city from that of 1843, when I can first recall it. New streets have sprung up in the very centre of the capital, and the face of everything in it changes like a dissolving picture. The whole quarter near

the junction of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevards had been transformed as if by magic since my last visit in the winter; and the *Grand Hotel*, in itself, was to me a perfect novelty. Truth compels me to admit that all the talk we hear so much of on this side the Atlantic about the grandeur of American caravansaries is exaggerated. There are a host of great institutions in America, but their hotels are not to compare with those of France; and neither the Fifth Avenue of New York, nor the Continental at Philadelphia, nor the Burnett House at Cincinnati, are to be mentioned in the same day for splendour with the Louvre or the Grand Hotel at Paris, or the Grosvenor at London. However, on the present occasion, the feature that struck me most, as a novelty in Paris, was the extent to which the walls were covered with electioneering addresses. We were then on the eve of the elections, and there was not a spot of blank wall in the Rivoli quarter which was not covered with the manifestoes of Thiers and De Vinck, the chocolate manufacturer and the *protégé* of M. de Persigny. The addresses themselves read to an Englishman wonderfully tame, and very few people in the streets stopped to read them. Indeed, judging from the crowd of lookers-on which his *affiches* collected, a certain M. Bertron, who described himself as the "Candidat du genre humain," was the popular favourite. This gentleman, who appeared to be a harmless enthusiast of a class not unknown on our own side of the water, expressed a benign desire that, for the benefit of humanity, he should be returned at the head of the poll in every department of France, in which event some unknown benefit would accrue to the universe. Then there was also a bran-new manifesto from the Prefect of the Seine, urging the shopkeepers of that fashionable district to vote for the Ministerial candidates, because the return of the Opposition members would create an impression of public affairs being unsettled, and drive away foreigners from

Paris. Certainly, they do manage things differently in France. Fancy the Lord Mayor issuing an address to the electors of London, telling them not to vote for an Opposition candidate, as it might affect the prospects of the season. At the same time, I own, there was no appearance of any external excitement about the elections. The result of the poll showed that there was a very strong feeling on the subject amongst the Parisians; but on the day preceding the contest, in which the Government was defeated, there was absolutely no stir of any kind visible. Nor, as far as could be seen, was there the slightest interest created by the approach of the great international race, which was to rival the glories of the English Derby. The papers of the day contained no allusions to the great passing event. You might have searched in vain through Paris unless you had gone to the Jockey Club, or to some haunt of English turf-men, to learn the name of the favourite, or of any horse that was going to run; and, as to getting the odds, you might as well have asked for Aladdin's lamp, or the kingdom of Prester John. Indeed, as far as the Parisian mind had gained any definite idea at all about "*les courses*," it consisted in a general impression that the institution was an example of English eccentricities. The *Charivari* was full of racing caricatures, of which one appeared to me to have real wit. A cabman, leading a broken-kneed, spavined hack up to a gentleman-jockey, asks him as a favour to ride his horse. On the jockey's point blank refusal, the cabman turns away with the remark, "And yet they say that the object of racing is the amelioration of the horse!" However, if there was no indication that the French cared about the race, there was every evidence that the English did. The Boulevards, the Palais Royal, and the Arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, swarmed with English of a horsy type. White hats and tight corduroys and cut-away coats astonished the sight of the Parisian *flaneur*, or rather would have astonished it if any British origin-

ality was now capable of doing so. In the evening I went with my friend to the rooms of the French Racing Association, at the Grand Hotel, where all lovers of "*Le Sport*" were expected to gather together. Somehow, if the natives did put in an appearance, they were elbowed out of their own territory by their English friends. The scene was an exact counterpart of what you may see at any of our own betting-rooms on the night before a great race. The company, the language, the oaths, were of home production. The odds were laid in pounds, not in francs; and the only instance I could observe of a transaction in which a native was concerned was that I overheard an unmistakeable cockney voice calling "Mr. Markis, I takes any hodsds you likes to lay." From the tone of the reply I gathered that "Mr. Markis," amongst his own people, rejoiced in the name of Monsieur le Marquis. I should say that the amount of bets which were booked was not large, and that what there were owned English parentage.

The day of the great race opened hot and sultry, as Parisian summer days have a speciality for doing. There was no indecorous hurry about the proceedings of the day. We had not to get up at daybreak, or breakfast in five minutes, or travel for hours before we walk the race-course. On the contrary, we rose not over early, sauntered about the streets for a couple of hours, and dropped into the polling-booths, which at that time were almost deserted. A couple of boys hanging about the doors with bulletins; a group of some half-dozen electors giving their votes, or rather inscribing their names for the purpose of voting; a good number of gendarmes and police-officers; these were all the outward signs that a great electoral contest was being waged on which the whole energies of the Government had been exerted. Then towards noon, we called a cab, and drove leisurely to the Bois de Boulogne, walked on as far as the Pré Catelan, and there breakfasted in an arbour at an open-air restaurant as quietly as if we had been a hundred miles from Paris.

But, when we turned out again into

the high-road, and began to make our way to the course, we found at once that the crowd was assembling rapidly. The pleasant roads and footpaths which lead in every direction through the Bois de Boulogne were covered with carriages and pedestrians, all making their way towards Longchamps. There were drags, and mail phaetons, and four-in-hands, and tandems, all looking so very like the original English article that you wondered what it could be that made these at the same time look so very different. To an English eye, there is always a want of finish about a foreign turn-out; but, I suspect, an impartial observer, not influenced by our conventional prejudices, and taken alternately to the Bois de Boulogne and the Ring, would consider the former presented a finer exhibition of horses and carriages than the latter. The taste may not be perfect, but anything more gorgeous than the equipages and trappings and liveries of French "carriage-people" under the Empire I have never witnessed. In the days of Louis Philippe, private carriages in Paris were few and shabby. Certainly, the coach-builders and horse-breeders, if no one else, have cause to be grateful to the hero of the "Coup d'Etat." As far as the eye could reach, there was one unbroken line of carriages wending towards the races, but yet a sight more unlike an English "going to the Derby" you could not well conceive. The notion of anybody driving a horse, or chaffing the bystanders, or throwing kisses to the servant-maids, appeared utterly incongruous to the scene—everything was quiet, dull, and decorous. A large family-party, consisting of father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters, and children in arms, were playing ball with a great india-rubber globe, as they walked down to the course. Imagine a respectable English tradesman playing ball in public with his children on the road to Epsom!

At last, emerging from the mazes of the Bois—the most difficult place in the world, by the way, to find your way straight in—we got out at last upon

the course. Of all racing arenas, it is, I think, one of the prettiest. The long flat valley, in which the races are run, is fringed on one side by the thick woods of the Bois, and on the other by the range of hills, on which stand the forts of Vincennes. There is nothing here of the grand wide expanse of Epsom Downs or Newmarket Heath; but the grounds are laid out so prettily, and the trees and cascades and wind-mills are placed so appropriately, that the general effect is very striking. The immense oval, round which the course runs, is hemmed in by a high paling; and admission within the limits varies, according to the part, from one to twenty francs: but a dense crowd of outsiders were collected along the fence, and inside the multitude was really enormous. What the numbers assembled there may have been, it is idle even to try and guess. I can only say, that the crowd looked to me three times as great as that of a Derby gathering. And what in a Continental crowd was infinitely more remarkable, there were no soldiers placed amongst them to keep order. A few *sergents de ville* kept the course clear; but that was all.

We made our way at last into the stand, which, though the races had not begun, was already crammed, and got seats in front, in what, on an English course, would have been the betting ring, and would doubtless have been so here if there had been anybody to bet, which there was not. Numbers of young *viveurs* had secured chairs on the ground, and were lolling thereon languidly. Numbers, too, of ladies were looking in vain for seats, but they never expected that the men would surrender theirs, or if they did they were wofully disappointed. In truth, in this kind of courtesy, the French are as inferior to the English as we are to the Americans. Whether there is much good in such politeness is a question too wide to enter on, but I do wish that we might be relieved from the conventional delusion, that France is the especial abode of deference to the fair sex. Having at last obtained with difficulty a seat

for a lady who formed one of our party, my friend and I wandered forth across the course into the neutral ground, where the carriages were drawn up, and the various fractions of the *demi-monde*, from the half to its lowest division, were to be found. For here, at any rate, Perdita and Anonyma were not seen side by side with the respectable portion of the female community. In the stands there was nobody whose dress and demeanour were not those of persons within the pale of society. Across the gulf of the ropes the pony-carriages were to be met with, half-covered with the dresses of their fair occupants, and Mademoiselle Lais, and Madame Asphrasie displayed their charms in all their mock glory. But even here there was an air of quiet, which redeemed the spectacle from the vulgarity a like scene has with us. There were no gipsies singing doubtful songs, no popping of champagne corks, or shouting or swearing. Not a party, that I could see, were taking luncheon, and not a person that I met was drunk. And, when we passed into the outer and lower crowd, where the soldiers in undress uniform, and the *bonnes* and students and *grisettes* were congregated, there was the same absence of noise or merriment. Tumblers, mountebanks, owners of Aunt Sallies, skittles, bagatelle boards, and all the hundred more or less disreputable purveyors of public amusement who haunt our English courses, were absent. There was no entertainment provided of any kind except the racing, and that the crowd did not care twopence about. In all our wanderings we could not overhear a single remark about the race. The sole attraction which seemed to have brought people out was the desire of seeing a great crowd and a "grand spectacle." However, there was one amusement which would be a novelty in England. A company of Spahis, who had escorted the Emperor, exhibited a display of amateur racing for the entertainment of the crowd. At Paris these wild African troops were still a novelty, and it would be long before any European people be-

came accustomed to them. With their white turbans, their red bournouses, their dark swarthy faces, and their fierce, cruel look, they seemed an anomaly amidst that quiet, well-dressed multitude. They were mounted on small Arab horses, looking so little that you wondered how they could support the weight of the high-peaked arm-chair saddles placed upon their backs. The Spahis rode wonderfully, but to me the sight was not a pleasant one. Each of them wore long, sharp-barbed spurs, a foot or so in length, with which he continuously prodded the flanks of the unhappy horse that bore him. There was scarcely a horse whose sides were not stained with blood, and the mystery to me was how the steeds did not go mad with pain and excitement. The Spahis raced in pairs, joining hands together and shouting, or rather yelling, with an unearthly scream. As an equestrian show, their racing was a very wonderful one, but altogether they were not quite canny to look upon; and, if I were a Parisian bourgeois, I should always have the feeling that the thing the Spahis would like most would be to be let loose on Paris and gorge themselves in the blood of its citizens. If there should be another *coup d'état*, and this African body-guard should be called on to restore order, Heaven help those who come across their path!

When we returned to our places, the Imperial party had taken up their places in the royal stand. Of course, everybody's eyes turned at first to stare at the Emperor. He looks older in the last few years, stoops a good deal in walking, and is stouter than when we saw him in England. But the old look of stern resolution still dwells in those strong-marked features. It would require the most powerful evidence to make one believe that the man to whom God has given such a countenance is, as Mr. Kinglake asserts, a coward. He stood for an hour together at the front of the box, looking at the crowd, except when some one spoke to him, when he turned his back to the course. Any-

body, out of the hundreds of thousands that gazed upon him, who happened to be a moderate shot, and to have been careless of his own life, might have ended the career of Napoleon III. in half a second. He knew this, of course, and yet his face was as calm and good-humoured-looking as if he had been the most insignificant of Jacques Bonhommes, who had come down to see the race. The Empress was there, standing much of the time by the Emperor's side, looking still almost as young and pretty as when she first attained her dangerous dignity. She has not acquired that indifferent self-possession which we ourselves reckon essential to the majesty of royalty; and she skipped to and fro, and laughed and gesticulated, in a way which is pretty enough in a young woman, but which we hardly consider queen-like. In fact, if I must speak the truth, I cannot say that the appearance of the whole imperial party was aristocratic. The Leicester Square element seemed unusually preponderant, and both ladies and gentlemen had an unmistakeable Stock Exchange air about them. However, possibly, this impression, like many others, may arise from a preconceived notion, for, when I had the King of Portugal and the Duke of Brabant pointed out to me amongst the number, I cannot say that I discovered anything in them to mark them as standing apart in demeanour from their companions.

Then, at last, after one or two insignificant races, the bell rang, and the course was cleared for the Grand Prize of Paris. The horses were brought out accompanied by a crowd of admiring Englishmen, and, from the conversation of those around us, it became clear that *La Touques*, the French mare, was the popular favourite. Indeed, about the result of this race there was some genuine excitement in the crowd. It was not that the French cared the least about the racing, but they conceived that the national honour was in some way concerned in the French mare beating her English competitors. My companion, in the discharge of his

duties as a newspaper correspondent, was anxious to learn the odds given before starting; but not a Frenchman whom we met could give us the slightest information on the subject, nor did we hear a bet made. Being, as I have confessed, no judge of horse-flesh, I shall make no attempt to describe the appearance of the horses. They all looked very handsome; and, if I had been betting, and had had to go by my own unassisted judgment, I think I should have put my money on a horse of the King of Italy's, which never showed at all in the race. Then the bell rang, and an Englishman shouted "They're off!" and the crowd kept on smoking and chattering unconcernedly, till finally we heard the well-known thunder of the horses' hoofs as they came trampling on; and then two horses dashed by us, and we waved our hats to the jockey, whom we believed to be riding the English horse, and the numbers went up, and we found that Mr. Saville's *Ranger*, who was not the first English favourite, had won the grand prize, *La Touques* being only second. The Frenchmen round us seemed extremely annoyed, not that they had lost their money—they had no bets to lose—but they disliked a French horse being beaten; and, also, they obviously considered that the fact of so large a sum as one hundred thousand francs of money being taken out of the country was a personal injury to themselves.

As soon as the race was over, a score or so of English betting men, who, I have no doubt, had won their money, as they had no faith in the mare, worked their way to the front of the stand, and waved their hats, and gave three loud British hurrahs for the Emperor and Empress. Whether the demonstration was understood by the crowd I cannot say, but it certainly elicited no response on their part. However, the object of this applause was obviously gratified, and bowed repeatedly in answer to it. Whatever the Emperor may have lost upon *La Touques*, his good humour was clearly not affected by his losses. From where we stood we could see him

and the Empress paying their bets in glittering Napoleons to the different ladies of the court. But perhaps, if you had a national exchequer to draw upon, you would bear your private losses with remarkable equanimity.

Then there was a movement in the royal party, and we went round to the entrance of the stand to see the Emperor drive home. The equipages were the finest I have ever seen, and the royal carriages mingled freely amongst the crowd of vehicles which blocked up the roads leading to Paris, taking their chance with the others. Altogether, the first celebration of the great French international race was a brilliant success; but, great as is my faith in the ability of the Napoleons to carry out their will, I have no belief that the Emperor will ever indoctrinate the French with a love of racing, unless, indeed, lady-jockies should be introduced, as they were years ago, at the Hippodrome. Racing is a mere excuse for gambling; and, as the French are not a gambling nation, they never will take to "Le Sport," except as a passing fashion.

Then came a pleasant dinner after the day's work, and a pleasant journey in the summer evening through the country that lies between Paris and Creil, and then a long sleep till we reached Calais. On the boat I fell in with a number of English book-makers of the baser sort, who had been, like me, to see the race. They were travelling all night to be in time for Ascot, and then they had to go on, as soon as that was over, to Newton or somewhere else; and their whole life seemed taken up by travelling from place to place, and bawling out the odds till they were hoarse, and cheating each other, and performing a series of small rascalities. It is a bad business, but it must bring its own punishment in the necessity it involves of associating night and day with such a lot of blackguards. There are black sheep enough in France; but as yet the genuine professional betting man is not naturalized there. If the result of the Imperial taste for racing should be to rear and breed him there, I do not know that France will have much cause to be grateful.

DEATH OR LIFE IN INDIA.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

WHAT should men say to a ministering spirit who, amidst the desolation of a plague-stricken city, should open a prospect, not far off, of a region where all was bright and healthful; the people cheerful, robust, and busy, their homes full of comfort, and their fields of produce, and their children of promise? What should men say to a wise observer of the world's doings who, on a day when slaughter, tortures, and wounds and camp-pestilence seemed to be carrying off the best manhood of half a dozen nations, should tell of another day at hand when, in a wide region inhabited by hundreds of millions of people, such a saving of life and rescue from sickness should begin as no age or country had

ever yet witnessed? Such gratitude as men might feel for such consolations we may feel now towards the benign spirits which have, within the last month, opened to us the assurance that the fearful mortality in our Indian armies may be precluded in the future, and that there are means by which the chief miseries of the soldier's life in India may be turned into satisfactions and pleasures.

Those who are aware under what circumstances this service has been rendered cannot approach the subject without something more than gravity, nor open the report which lies before me without almost a dread of learning how much has been done for us by two

or three benefactors to whom we can never more speak of our gratitude.

From the time when Miss Nightingale was cut off by insurmountable sickness from her hospital service, she devoted herself to such labours on behalf of the public health—and particularly the health of the army—as she could carry on at home: and she wrought diligently, as Sidney Herbert's coadjutor, till he sank under his burdens of toil and anxiety, and died. To them we owe the appointment of the Commission to inquire into the facts and conditions of the health of our army in India, the report of which has been received with so deep an interest in Parliament, and by readers elsewhere, who know the difference between some blue-books and others. Few blue-books have ever been received as this is and will be. The thought of Sidney Herbert's monument being opened and this monumental work of his disclosed in the same week, and of Florence Nightingale's devotedness in doing her share of such a work in pain and weakness, and of Dr. Alexander, the mainstay of their hopes for the carrying out of their reforms, is enough to make us as heavy-hearted in entering upon the contents of this book as its disclosures seem to require: and the comfort and relief and hope with which we finish the study of the report itself are solemnized by the impression that they are a bequest from benefactors who have sacrificed themselves in getting together such legacies to leave us.

It was in May, 1859, that the Commission received its credentials; and how well it performed its work may be judged from the fact that, though it lost some of its chief members by death and other causes, it had collected and arranged its enormous wealth of facts so long ago that Parliament has reason to complain that it was not furnished with the report last session, or at the beginning of the present, as promised. If public opinion and feeling are roused as they ought to be by the new disclosures, they will see that the needed reforms are not delayed through official

opposition, nor tampered with by jobbers in high places, as Sidney Herbert's best projects and most approved regulations have been at home. It is a misfortune that this laying open of the life of our soldiers in India was not granted to us in February instead of July; but, now that we are all enabled to form an opinion, and to give a definite shape to our will, as to saving the lives of thousands of men in India, and the health and spirits, the morals and manners, of tens of thousands more, we must let it be seen that we are not careless about such a duty. While in America and Poland, and Mexico and China and Cochin-china, the loss of life has become appalling to the staidest imagination, we have an opportunity of willing and obtaining some sort of compensation by taking care that the mortality in India is reduced by five-sixths, as we now know that it may be.

By following the career of the Indian soldier, through the scenery of this wonderful mass of evidence, we may most easily see, and most thoroughly understand, how and why he is doomed to know health no more—and either to die early or live in chronic suffering, unless he has the rare advantage of being under a wise and bold commanding-officer, and in circumstances which will allow fair-play to the wisdom of his colonel. By following the destiny of an average soldier through the common scenes of Indian military life, we can best learn how much a wise officer really can do, and what power it is that should come into action when his will not avail.

All sorts of youths may be found among the recruits who are under drill in preparation for going to India. There are Scotchmen, generally able to turn their hands to some profitable occupation, if opportunity offers; there are Irishmen who don't want anything beyond being soldiers, and who neither pine in *ennui*, like the Scotch, nor desert like many English, who would be thought beforehand the least likely to abscond. Of the English there may be many sorts, between the accomplished artisan or tradesman, who has become a soldier by

some accident, and the vagabond, who regards the army as a refuge for the destitute. Unlike in other respects, all these young men agree in one important matter. They are picked men in regard to their bodily vigour and their chance of life. They are of the sort of whom, living under commonly favourable conditions at home, eight in a thousand would die annually. Henceforth we shall know that, unless we do our duty by them, they will die in India at the rate of sixty in a thousand yearly.

We will choose from the group a country youth of nineteen or twenty, the son of a labourer, well pleased to leave his work on the squire's farm for the idle and showy life of the army. The surgeon has passed him, as free from disease and bad tendencies of body; his stature is sufficient, his chest is wide enough, and so on. At the *dépôt*, he finds his drill abundantly tiresome; and he begins to have misgivings about his new vocation before a quarter of a year is over. His mind is relieved by the news that he and his comrades are going out to India. He has heard old soldiers talk of their Indian service, in the style in which elderly people talk of their early days; he has heard them say that they liked their Indian service best: and he never doubts that he shall like his, and shall boast of it to youngsters when he is a veteran. There is nobody to tell him that so poor are the chances of life in that service, that not one-fourth of the troops there are veterans of even ten years' standing. Even that trustworthy body, the heart and mind of our force in India, is precarious in one sense. It is worn and weakened by its long residence there. The longer Europeans stay there, the less able they become to withstand the causes of disease. His superiors have yet to learn that it is wrong to send out any but well-grown and fully-matured men, thoroughly up to their work; and he departs, supposing it all right that he should go to grow into manhood at sea and in foreign parts, and to finish his drill-practice in India.

Here is the first failure of duty to the soldier: and the home authorities are answerable for it.

So they are for the next. The transport-ship is, perhaps, good, and in good hands. The men may be tired and restless on board; but they have nothing to complain of. Yet, if they knew it, they have. Considering the idle and inactive life they lead, they have too much solid food; and there is the loss of a good opportunity of weaning them from their habit of eating meat, largely every day, before they land in a climate in which their lives will probably depend on their reducing their meat-diet considerably, and eating a much larger proportion of vegetables and fruit. Our young soldier thinks more of meat than his officers can imagine; for they were not brought up to think a bit of bacon on Sundays a treat, and meat on Christmas Day a thing to be thought of for months beforehand. After cramming himself on shipboard, he will bend his energies on shore to getting meat three times a day—pork or bacon bought from natives who have employed the pigs as the scavengers of the bazaars. An even greater mistake in regard to the voyage is serving out spirits to the soldiers. For this there is no reason and no excuse. From the moment of landing in India, every soldier should understand and believe that spirits are simply poison, unless in such doses as the doctor may give: but, instead of any preparation for temperance, the recruit meets, on board ship, his first introduction to spirit-drinking. In the monotony of sea-life, he learns to look forward to his grog as the treat of the day; and, when he lands in a country where all is strange, it is his familiar luxury, from which he cannot be expected to abstain on a mere general sanitary warning—if even he receives that. This is the foundation of the largest proportion of liver diseases, of which so many die.

Here he ceases to be under the charge of the Home Government. What next? All that he has to depend on hence-

forth is, as the Report says, "the wisdom of the commanding officer. The highest degree of that "wisdom" can save him from only a small proportion of the perils of Indian military life; and that in a desultory and haphazard way; and there is at present no other resource. It is the practical aim of this inquiry and Report to procure the institution of a system, administered by an adequate authority, which shall preclude these perils for the future.

If our soldier is landed at Calcutta, and remains there, as is usual, till his destination up the country is fixed, he is plunged into bad air, and every sort of bad influence, foul bazaars, markets of foul food, temptations from foul drinks and the like; and there is no authority by which he can be sent on at once to some country station.

This ruinous stage passed, what sort of station is he to inhabit? It may be an old barrack; or it may be a new camp. In the latter case the "wisdom" of his commanding officer may do something for him: in the former it is of no avail.

The evidence before us proves a fact of the very highest importance: that a combination of three elements requisite to generate the four zymotic diseases which occasion the whole extraordinary mortality in India—viz. fevers, dysentery, liver complaints, and cholera. Where in England 10 per 1,000 die to 67 per 1,000 in India, 58 of the 67 deaths have been from these four kinds of disease: and these are all due to a combination of the three elements referred to. These elements are heat, moisture, and decaying vegetation.

The heat cannot be helped. It may be, in great measure, guarded against by enlightened prudence; but it cannot be precluded. Happily, it is not at all destructive by itself. One of the truths, established by the evidence is, that there is nothing in the mere climate of India which need shorten life. Army pensioners, living in airy bamboo cottages on dry-ground, in the hottest part of the Deccan, attain as good an old age as they would in England: and this,

though it is untrue that residents become acclimatised, as the world has been apt to suppose. The medical testimony is as strong as can be that every year diminishes the power of resistance to disease in the residents of India; so that a five years' term of service is the longest that our soldiers should be subjected to, unless they elect to spend the rest of their days there: yet, when they have the sense to arrange their mode of living wisely, they will not die from the heat.

The moisture cannot at once, nor speedily, be helped; for the entire soil, which is not parched into dust, is watery. Round all barracks, all camps, all stations of every sort, there is a wet subsoil; and no effectual drainage, except in spots too few or too small to affect the practical question. The third condition—decaying vegetation—is almost equally prevalent.

What can the commander's "wisdom" do in such a case? If his regiment occupies barracks, what can he make of them? He did not build or select them. If they are on low ground, his heart may well sink; for all the evil influences are certainly present. If they are high above the sea-level, they are, more likely than not, on ground below the surrounding soil, so that they might as well be in the plain. If they are beside a river, its flow carries past an endless stream of poisons, in the dead bodies of man, beast, or plants; and the margin reeks with the gases of putrescent vegetation. If they are on the seashore, the windows may be all turned from the sea, and nothing but dead walls presented to the breeze. Sir Charles Trevelyan found certain barracks on the shore at Madras, surrounded by a wall so high as to make the air stagnant within. Sickness and death were supreme in command there, till he turned them out. He had the wall lowered six feet; and caused sundry windows and doors to be opened; and the immediate improvement in the health of the inmates astonished everybody. The relief was not without pain; for it was a piteous thought that gene-

rations of British soldiers had pined and died there for lack of the sea-breeze which was blowing on the wall every day.

The wise commander may probably find the sleeping apartments on the ground floor, over an undrained soil, and embosomed in the fog which shrouds the place morning and evening. These sleeping-rooms are probably large enough to lodge a hundred men, or more; whereas the sanitary officers declare that there are no known means of supplying a sufficiency of fresh air for more than a fourth of the number in one apartment. If every soldier is to have his twelve or fifteen hundred cubic feet of air, the men must be divided into small parties in their lodgings. Their commander may contrive that they shall sleep on the second or third floor; but he has no means of dividing them into small sleeping parties. And so on, throughout the long series of perverse arrangements, instituted before sanitary knowledge existed.

If he has to encamp his men, what then? The choice of the ground lies with himself, the doctor, and the engineer. They *may* muster wisdom enough among them to look to the elevation, the character of the subsoil, the facilities for drainage, the condition of the surrounding vegetation, and the quality of the nearest water: but this is a chance, and a very rare one. There are no proper officers to undertake the business; and hitherto there have been no acknowledged principles on which to proceed. There is as yet no sanitary authority accompanying the regiment by which the levelling of the ground, the draining, the ventilation of the tents, the removal of nuisances, and the provision of pure water may be secured. For want of such an authority, our young soldier may find himself breathing poisonous gases from some neighbouring swamp, or stifling for want of fresh air because the jungle bars the path of the winds. He may imagine, as many still do at home, that it is the medical officers' business to look to these things; but this is a mistake, now practically acknow-

ledged by the home authorities. Physicians and surgeons are educated for the treatment of disease and bodily injuries, and not for the management of healthy bodies; and it is, in fact, found that they are often less fit for this sanitary office than other men.

Our young soldier finds himself, ere long, living in barracks. If there is brick, there is damp: if there is wood, it is more or less decaying. One way or another, there is always a bad smell. In the daytime every whiff of air brings it from without; and at night it is far worse, from so many people sleeping under one roof. If there is no verandah, the heat of the sun on the walls is intolerable; and, if there are verandahs, they are occupied, and the air comes to those within poisoned with the breath and perspiration of the ranks outside. When he rises in the morning he finds the floor damp; and when he looks out of the window he can see nothing for the fog.

If he wants to refresh himself after a feverish night by a wash, he finds it no easy matter. There may or may not be a room for the purpose. If there is, it is the dampest and darkest in the place, and he finds only iron basins standing on stone shelves, which admit only of the mockery of a wash. And what is he to do for water? If there is any at hand it is stagnant, and smells badly, and he finds he must get a native water-bearer to bring him a skinful. This he pours over him; and this is the best he can hope for. Once or twice in his career he may tall in with a good bath-room, or a plunge-bath, or even a warm-bath, which he may use; but he has probably grown careless, in the absence of any supervision of the state of his skin. This is so common that it is a point much urged by some of the witnesses that a bathing-parade should be a regular institution—the men bathing daily in squads, so that every one should have his turn twice a week. It may be hoped that this will come to pass in time; but it is not yet within the determination of any "wisdom" on the spot, for the apparatus, as yet,

exists in few or no barracks ; and, if it did—what of the water supply ?

Water, for any or all uses, must come in one of three ways—by tank, or well, or river. Let us pass by the tank with its horrors. The well-water corresponds essentially with the condition (as to dead vegetation, decaying granite, &c.) of the surrounding soil.

In both cases the water is stagnant ; and in both it is liable to contamination from many causes. There is more hope from river-water ; but nothing can be more uncertain. The bare thought of drinking from the Ganges is enough, knowing what we do of what is put into it ; and the purity of a mountain stream, or of an unfrequented river, is a rare and a diminishing privilege. A good commander may find means to filter water, and to ice it, and to give his soldiers more of it ; but neither process gets rid of the worst impurities, and the only effectual proceeding is quite beyond his reach. It is not for him to discover or open up springs in the hills, and bring streams down, fresh and undefiled, to fill pure reservoirs and supply baths and drinking-fountains for his soldiers' use wherever they may be halted. Miss Nightingale tells us (vol. i. p. 348) that "Madras and Wellington are literally the only stations where anything like lavatories and baths, with proper laying-on of water, and proper draining it off, is known, either in barrack or in hospital." We may see what kind of authority is needed to secure this primary condition of health. It would expedite the procuring of such an authority that everybody should see the woodcuts which illustrate Miss Nightingale's sage, sound, and witty commentary on the evidence. At p. 351, water-supply and drainage in India are represented in two portraits of Hindoos—the one, a bheestie bearing a water-skin ; and the other, a mehter wielding a little broom, and carrying a little basket, and standing by a jar, by means of which he is to remove such of the offal and liquid filth of a garrison as

will not disappear by suction of the soil or evaporation in the air.

Of the general arrangements, there remain the food, the dress, the regimental duties, the hospitals and sanitarium, the disposition of the soldier's time, and the general laying out of his life. Over these I must pass rapidly, in order to notice the yet more important subject of the soldier's care of himself.

Our young soldier is fortunate in not having reached the recruiting age till the most essential reforms had been carried out in the soldier's dress. From veterans and pensioners he may hear terrible things of former sufferings and death, from heavy helmets compressing the forehead in an Indian noon ; and from tight, scarlet clothing compressing the limbs, black stocks compressing the throat, and stiff belts compressing the chest ; and he may be thankful that he wears looser, lighter, and more pervious clothing, and a head-covering which really protects him from the sun. The shoes and boots are still a grievance, from the misery and mischief of a tight or galling fit on the march. This evil will follow the rest, no doubt ; and we have an admirable guide in the French, who show the world how an army should be shod. So we may pass on to the food.

The Commissariat of the Indian service was pronounced, after the test of the mutiny, to be the best ever known in the world. On the longest, the most sudden, and the most rapid marches of the largest bodies of troops, or the most uncertain numbers, no man or horse ever went without a meal, or had to wait unreasonably long for it. Such an achievement was a perfect triumph of ability and knowledge, utilized by organization. The ordinary alimentation of the soldier is a different affair, not very ill managed in India, but susceptible of much improvement. Our young soldier thinks himself ill used when, on settling down into barrack-life, he is warned by the doctor that his meat ration is already larger than is quite prudent ; and that, if he chooses to buy

indulgences for himself, it had better be vegetables and fruit, which are wholesome, and pretty sure to be good of their kind. He has no notion of this, however; and out he goes into the bazaars, and trusts himself to native cookery, which he hears praised by high and low in barracks. He has little notion what he swallows—fowls which have died of disease, bad eggs, and decaying bacon. He washes these messes down with toddy. He is presently prostrate with dysentery; and all his life, whether he lives a year or half a century, he will say that he never entirely got over his first illness in India.

Here we find the general arrangements merging in the question of "personal hygiene," which is the purpose, aim, and end of all the arrangements, general and special. We may say the same in regard to the disposal of the men's time in barracks or camp.

Our soldier comes out of hospital an altered man. He had changed a good deal for the worse before his illness; and now, what he has felt, and what he has heard, have not done him any good. The hospital itself was a most uncomfortable place. "A mere makeshift," the Evidence shows us. The commanding officer can only make the best of his means of nursing his sick men, and the means can never be adequate except under a complete organization. There is no need to describe what haphazard hospital management is. Our patient has felt, and still feels, as if he should never again have that sensation of health which he has lost. He has heard also of the dozens or scores of men, once comrades of his hospital companions, who have disappeared, and about whose fortunes there is mysterious talk. They deserted, in fact, unable to endure any longer the dulness of barrack life. There was nothing to stay for, nothing pleasant at present, and no sort of prospect for the future. He has learned that Irishmen do not often desert. Scotchmen, too, contrive (if only they escape the drink) to find something to do, and some way of making money.

The Englishman who had been a rural labourer does not know very well what he can do if he absconds; and our youth, therefore, does not fancy that he can desert, if he becomes ever so wretched. That luck is for the artisans. They tell, in sulkiness or passion, what they could once earn, and how they could lay by from week to week, before they were such fools as to enter the army. These are the fellows who disappear, to the envy of many who stay behind. They can make their way by their handicraft anywhere; and, except the mere vagabonds who enlist only to desert with whatever they can lay their hands on, these artisan-soldiers desert in greater numbers than any other class. If our youth happens to have heard that the desertion from the British army amounted to upwards of 20,000 in a year, and that the whole expense caused to the nation by such desertion was reckoned at 2,000,000*l.*, he may think that he may as well have his turn, and try his chance; and he comes back to duty with some such notion in his head. Though he is quite miserable enough, the poor fellow does not do it. He has not strength, nor spirit, nor knowledge of the country; so he goes on, day after day, sinking in health, spirits, and character. He hates the morning parade; yet there is nothing to do after breakfast that he likes better. He cannot go out when the sun is hottest; so he creeps into his cot, and mopes there, as most of his comrades are doing. When he can go out, it is under a craving for drink, and drink leaves him helpless in bad hands, and drags him into other intemperance, so that he is soon in hospital again. And so proceeds his miserable life. When he rallies, it is on occasion of a march; no matter how hard and hot a march, it does him good. The medical testimony is, that the men are never so near a condition of health as on a long march.

If such a chance *should* befall him as coming under the rule of a commanding officer of eminent "wisdom," he may yet be saved. There is talk of work-rooms, in which any craftsmen who

wish it may exercise their trades, and make some money, to lay by in the regimental savings-bank. And there is talk of gardens for any who know how to manage them. There may be some doubt about how to sell the products of the work-rooms; but there can be none about the sale of any garden crops. Many of the poor fellows are too lazy, too disheartened, too far gone in dissipation, to feel any desire to work: but, if our young soldier has ever hankered after his old occupation, he will be delighted to handle the spade again, and cheered by the thought of seeing growing crops of his own again, or of receiving wages once more for his work upon the soil. As it is necessary to his obtaining leave to work for himself that he should have thoroughly learned his regimental duty, he goes with fresh spirit to his drill, puts his mind into his routine business, and becomes a full soldier through getting leave to be a half-gardener.

It is impossible to speak too seriously of the responsibility of a commanding officer who, by any effort, might provide occupation for his men, and shrinks from the experiment. Reading-rooms, with innocent games and harmless refreshments, are a great boon: so are gymnastic parades; but an industrial field is better; and best of all is a provision for all the three. If he has the blessed fortune to be under an enterprising, benevolent, and sensible commander, our young soldier may yet have a chance of so far retrieving himself as to obtain self-respect within, and a good character in his regiment. If, further, he should at length make a respectable marriage, his chances of life and health are doubled; and the time may come when, living in a well-thatched and airy cottage, such as is frequently provided for reputable married couples, he may find life in India so far agreeable, that he will make up his mind to settle there for the rest of his days, when he has done his duty as a veteran soldier, and has thereby earned a right to dispose of his latter years as he pleases.

Such a survey as this of the existing state of military life in India indicates

very plainly that the grand deficiency is the absence of any central authority by which the general conditions can be arranged and controlled. One phrase occurs so often in the Evidence, that it might have been stereotyped by the printers. All manner of witnesses say, on every sort of topic, "Much depends on the commanding officer." True as this is, the greater truth which lies behind is, that, much as a generation of wise commanders may do, there is very much more that is altogether out of their power. A glance at the RECOMMENDATIONS at the close of the *Report* shows this. Of the long list of desirable things to be done, there is not a tithe which the wisest and most energetic military officer can touch, or even approach. Once more, then, what is to be done?

The closing Recommendation relates to this.

The reform of the army has advanced so far in England, that the administration at home must naturally be taken as the guide of any analogous institution elsewhere. While, therefore, it is indispensable to establish a ruling authority in India, it is also necessary that such an authority should be in close co-operation with the Commission at home.

The Commission at home has worked for five years with excellent effect. It consists of a council of members who represent, with the purely military function, the medical, the sanitary, and the statistical departments of the service. To these it is now proposed to add two members on behalf of the India service, who, by study of the system of reformed administration, may be qualified to guide the Indian army administration till the Commissioners there have become thoroughly qualified for their work.

The India Commissions should be three—one for each Presidency. Not only are the circumstances of climate, native population, &c. very different in the various Presidencies, but the Commissions will have such an amount of work on their hands, that a smaller provision of workers would be altogether inadequate to the demand for their

labours. There is every reason why they should take care of the general health, as well as that of the army; and the civil element must, therefore, be represented as well as the military. The elements are to be "civil, military, engineering, sanitary, medical;" to which we trust will be added, for the sake of future generations, the statistical. Under this authority there need be—there must be—no more unhealthy stations, or stupidly-arranged barracks. As if to clear the way, many of the bad barracks were burnt in the mutiny. We ought to be shown now how much has been learned since they were built. Towns and bazaars must be purified and ventilated; there must be a flow of pure water

wherever men congregate; and the law must give its sanction to all measures essential to the public health. Such a redemption as this ought to be accelerated by the strongest force of public opinion at home, acting upon Parliament, and upon the War-office, and upon the Minister for India, and his colleagues in the Cabinet. If all parties would do their duty now, under the impression of the new and appalling disclosures of this Report and its evidence, the epidemics, and other gratuitous diseases which constitute the special mortality of our great dependency might be annihilated, and the fearful question of death or life in India would be happily solved.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER IV: A STORY OF THE GREAT MUTINY.

MOFUSSILPORE, *Feb. 17.*

DEAR SIMKINS,—Before leaving Patna I ran over to Arrah, and spent an evening and morning in visiting the scene of the most complete episode of the great troubles. The collector entertained me very hospitably, and I passed the night in "The House" in a more unbroken repose than others of my countrymen have enjoyed in the same room. I was rather ashamed of having slept so well. Would a Spartan have slumbered soundly on the tomb of the Three Hundred?—or a Roman, think you, beneath what Niebuhr does not believe to be the sepulchre of the Horatii, with no thought "on those strong limbs" which, according to that acute and able scholar, do not "moulder deep below"? For Arrah is emphatically the Thermopylæ of our race—hallowed, no less than those world-famed straits, by superhuman courage and by memorable disaster.

All the associations there are concentrated within a small well-defined locality, which vastly increases the emotion that they excite. It is this, even more than the importance of the conflict, which draws so many tourists to Hougoumont. There is the farm-yard gate which the assailants forced open, and which four English officers and a sergeant shut in their faces by dint of hard shoving. There is the chapel half consumed by fire, and the crucifix with charred feet, and the loop-holed brick wall which the French were said to

have mistaken for a line of red-coats. Who—who, at least, with the exception of Sir Archibald Alison—cares to inspect the boundless flat expanse round Leipsic, where, for three autumn days, four hundred thousand combatants disputed the fate of Europe over a space of a hundred square miles? The interest of a battle does not depend on the number of squadrons and battalions engaged, nor on the extent of territory for which they contend, nor on the rank and power of the leaders, nor on the amount of the butcher's bill at the end of the day. We look to the character and worth of the individual actors, not to the breadth of the stage-front and the multitude of supernumeraries. Naseby and Sedgemoor are to Borodino and Wagram what Fechter's Hamlet is to a play got up by Charles Kean, in whose eyes the main point of "Henry the Fifth" is the triumphal entry into the City, and the most important incident in "A Winter's Tale" a Pyrrhic dance which has no existence in the original. History takes small account of the millions of Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Huns, and Tartars who have been driven as sheep to the slaughter to realize the *idée* of a despot, or have perished in obscure barbaric forays. But she will not soon forget those hundred and ninety-two citizens who, on the plain of Marathon, cheerfully laid down their lives for the city of the Violet Crown; those simple Dutchmen who died amidst the slush of their beloved dykes in many an amphi-

bious struggle against Spanish tyranny and orthodoxy; those chivalrous mountaineers who flung themselves on the bayonets at Culloden in a cause which appealed to everything most romantic and irrational in our nature. To my mind there is no military operation on record which comes up to the retreat of Socrates from the defeat of the Athenian army at Delium. A sturdy, clumsy-built, common-looking man, with bare feet, walking off at a brisk, steady pace, spear on shoulder, turning up his snub-nose, and looking askance at the mingled mass of fugitives and pursuers which swept by on either side, engaged all the while in a discussion on the principle of evil with a fellow-citizen, who submitted to be bored for the sake of the protection of so intrepid a veteran. Then up rides Alcibiades, the ladies' pet, the darling of the popular assembly, covered with dust and blood, and without his helmet, and cries, "Cheer up, Socrates; for I will see you safe home." A needless promise, because, in his own words, "the bearing of the man made it pretty plain to all, far and near, that whoever meddled with him would have reason to repent it."

Arrah lies twelve miles from the Ganges, between Patna and Buxar, which are both on the same river. To the eastward the Sone, which is in April a streak of water creeping through a wide desert of sand, and in July a torrent a mile broad and thirty feet deep, flows into the main stream at a distance of four leagues from Arrah and about five from Dinapore, which, as you doubtless remember, is the military station of Patna. The compounds of the European houses at Arrah are very extensive; and the most extensive of all is that in which stands the residence of the collector. It is, as far as I can judge from recollection, four hundred yards long by three hundred broad. It is bounded in most parts by a crumbling ditch and the remains of a hedge of prickly pear. The collector's house is large and commodious, with spacious, very lofty rooms, one-storied, like all dwellings in the Mofussil, but with the

floor raised several feet above the level of the ground. On one side of the house is a portico, exactly forty yards from which stands a small whitewashed building, the basement of which consists of cellars, with open arches some four or five feet in height. A staircase in the interior leads to a single room, surrounded on three sides by a verandah. The dead wall faces the collector's garden, which is thirty or forty yards off. It was formerly a billiard-room, and is now used for the accommodation of visitors when the great bungalow happens to be full. The house-top is reached by a ladder, and is surrounded by a parapet; but it is entirely commanded by the roof of the neighbouring building, from which the porch stands out like a bastion.

In the summer of 1857 there were stationed at Dinapore three regiments of native infantry—a force of at least twenty-five hundred bayonets. The composition of this brigade was such as to give grave cause for alarm. The men were all drawn from the notorious turbulent district of Shahabad, of which Arrah is the official capital, and were united by the bond of an undefined allegiance to Coer Sing, who was recognised as chieftain by the Rajpoots, or soldier caste, of that region. There is a strong family feeling in the native mind. Your head-servant fills your house with young barbarians from his own village, whom he brings up to Calcutta to try their luck in service. As soon as a Government *employé* is in receipt of a good income, relations and connexions pour in from all parts of India, and claim to live at his expense. In the same manner the old sepoy introduced into their company sons, nephews, and younger brothers; while any recruit who did not belong to the tribe was made almost as uncomfortable as a cockney in a crack Light Cavalry mess, and soon found it expedient to ask leave to change his quarters. The result was that the regiment had a tendency to turn into a clan, the members of which regarded each other with attachment and confidence, and carried out their

common resolves with singular unanimity and secrecy.

The state of things at Dinapore excited profound uneasiness. For weeks previous to the catastrophe, letters appeared in the Calcutta daily papers urging the authorities to take measures to prevent an outbreak, which was regarded as now imminent. Unhappily, the brigadier in command at the station was one of that class known at the Horse-Guards as experienced officers of long standing in the service. It is our misfortune that the commencement of every war finds our choicest troops and our most precious strongholds at the disposal of men who won their first laurels at Salamanca or Quatre Bras, and who should have been content to have closed their career at Sobraon. It is a fact of serious import that the introduction of the rifle, the greatest military revolution of this century, was sulkily, peevishly, hysterically opposed by the majority of those who, in the event of a war, would have been at the head of our armies. The veterans of the Senior United Service Club might have sung, if their feelings had allowed them—

“Believe me, if that most endearing old arm,
Which we miss with so fondly to-day,
Which never did Afghan or Sikh any harm,
Was to shoot straight for once in a way,
It should still be the weapon for Guardsmen
and Line,
Let the windage increase as it will;
And we'd think the performance sufficiently
fine,
If one ball in five hundred should kill.”

Such a chief, to the cost of humanity, was in charge of Meerut on that day of evil omen, the first of many such, when the troopers of the Third Light Cavalry, having shot down their officers and burnt their barracks, galloped off unmolested to cut the throats of the English in Delhi. Such a chief was *not* in charge of Barrackpore at the crisis when foresight, calmness, and judicious severity broke up a battalion of murderous scoundrels, and saved the capital of India from the fate of Cawnpore. Harsey at Meerut, Neill at Dinapore, and Outram at Allahabad, might have saved much of the good

blood that was spilled, and much of the bad blood that remains.

Throughout July the insolence of the sepoys in the Dinapore cantonments, and the terror and discomfort of the European residents, waxed greater daily. At length the symptoms of sedition grew so unmistakeable as to attract the notice of General Lloyd himself. Accordingly, on the morning of the 25th he issued an order, enjoining the sepoys to return their percussion caps at four o'clock that afternoon. This gave them just nine hours to pack up their clothes, ammunition, and wives, cook their rice and get a wash, and march out of the station at their ease in the direction of the Sonc. When they had gone a mile or two on their way, a few round shots were sent after them as a parting compliment, and then the General had plenty of leisure to sit down, and reflect on the probable result of his masterly combinations.

Meanwhile the little community at Arrah did not regard with indifference the prospect of an event which caused so much apprehension at Calcutta. Those long July days could hardly have been to them a period of secure enjoyment. It was much if they could put force on themselves to get through their ordinary business. The women and children were sent to what, in those awful times, was considered a place of comparative security. Whatever might chance, at any rate, when the peril did come, the men should have to make provision for nothing that could be dearer than honour and duty. At that time the portion of the East Indian Railway in the neighbourhood was in course of construction—the embankment having been already thrown up, though the bridges were not yet completed. Mr. Boyle, the executive engineer of the company, resident at the station, happened to have a natural turn for fortification, which he subsequently had ample opportunity to gratify. This gentleman took it into his head to put the collector's outhouse in a state for defence, thinking that it might come in useful on an emergency. From time to time he

sent in some bricks and mortar, and a few odd coolies, and devoted a spare hour or two to superintend the work. The arches of the cellars were solidly built up, and a thin curtain of brick-work erected between each pillar in the verandah on the first floor, with a judicious arrangement of loopholes.

On Saturday the 25th of July, Mr. Wake, the collector, received an express from Dinapore, bidding him be on his guard, for that something was in the air. There followed a night of suspense, which was changed into terrible certainty by the arrival of a mounted patrol, who came in with the information that a strong force of sepoys had crossed the Sone, and that large numbers were still crossing. Then it became too evident that "some one had blundered." The moment had come when a resolution must be taken—hurried, but irrevocable. A few hours more, and the enemy would be upon them; the country-people in arms, the roads impassable, and the bridges broken up for thirty miles round. While their communications were still open, should they retreat on Buxar, and wait there till they could be brought back to their posts by the returning tide of European re-conquest? It was too late to avert the destruction of their property; too late to keep the town to its allegiance, and save the treasure and the public records. There was nothing which they could stow behind their slender defences—save the empty name of British rule. Was it worth while to run so frightful a risk for a shadow? Why, for an advantage so doubtful, expose their dear ones to anxiety worse than death—to bereavement and desertion at such a time and in such a plight? On the other hand, should they skulk off like outlaws through the province which had been entrusted to their care—where, but yesterday, their will was law—leaving the district ready to receive the rebels with open arms, and afford them a firm foothold on the South of the Ganges—another Oudh, whence they might securely direct their future efforts against our power, which already tot-

tered to the fall? If the rest of Shahabad must go, the authority of old England and of John Company—the most generous of masters—should be upheld at least within the walls of one billiard-room, which was to witness such a game as never did billiard-room yet; a game at hopeless odds, amateurs opposed to professionals, fairplay to knavery; a game where history stood by as marker, and where no starrng could recover a life once taken; a game which one losing hazard would undo, one cannon almost inevitably ruin; but which Wake and his fellows, as with clear eyes, brave hearts, and steady hands they awaited the opening stroke, were fully determined should not be a love game.

There was no time to be lost. Rice and flour sufficing for a few days' consumption, and what other provisions came first to hand, were quickly stored in the house. The supply of water, which could be collected on such short notice, was alarmingly scanty. And then they made haste to enter their ark, before the flood of sedition and anarchy should engulf everything around. The garrison consisted of Herwald Wake, the collector; young Colvin, and two other civilians; Boyle, the engineer, the Vauban of the siege; Mr. Hall, a civil surgeon; an official in the opium agency, and his assistant; a Government schoolmaster; two native public employés, and five other Europeans in various subordinate grades; forty-five privates, two naiks, two Havildars, and one Jemmadar—names which so painfully bewilder an English reader of the list of killed and wounded in the Gazette after an Indian victory—true Sikhs all, stanch as steel, and worthy to be the countrymen of the heroes of Chillianwallah. Six-and-sixty fighting men by tale, with no lack of pluck and powder, but very badly off for meat and drink.

On Monday morning the sepoys poured into the town, and marched straight to the Treasury, from which they took 85,000 rupees in cash. After this indispensable preliminary, they pro-

ceeded to carry out the next step in the programme usual on these occasions—the slaughter of every one connected with the Government. It was very thoughtful of the Sahibs to have collected in one place, so as to spare Jack Sepoy the trouble of hunting them down in detail. It was best, however, to do the job in style; so a strong detachment was formed in column, and marched into the compound with drums beating and colours flying. It would give the men a good appetite for their curry to knock the dozen or so of quill-drivers and railway people on the head in the hole where they had taken refuge; and, if those unlucky Punjabees could not see on which side their chupatties were buttered, why, it should be the worse for them! But through every loophole in the brickwork on the first-floor peered an angry Englishman, feeling at the trigger of his bone-crushing rifle, behind which he had stood the charge of many a tiger and buffalo—unless, indeed, he was one of the school of sportsmen who prefer a smooth-bore for anything under eighty yards; while in the cellars below, and beneath the breastwork on the roof lurked half a hundred warriors of that valiant sect whom no other native army could look in the face. Just as the leading ranks were passing a fine tree, which grows a stone-throw from the house, they received a volley which laid eighteen of their number dead on the spot. As this made it evident that the Sahibs intended to die game, the mutineers, who had come out for a bathe, and not on a storming-party, broke line, and dispersed behind the trees scattered about the compound, whence they kept up a desultory fire.

For long past Coer Sing had been watching the course of events with keen interest and a very definite purpose. This remarkable man came in for an abundant share of the abuse so indiscriminately dealt out to all who took part against us at that crisis. Every one who was engaged on the side of Nana Sahib and his cowardly ruffians experienced the proverbial lot of those

who “exist under the same beams as, and loose the frail pinnace with,” evil-doers. Public opinion, as well as “the Father of the Day, has often to the incestuous man added the person of integrity.” Coer Sing was described in the contemporary journals as a “devil,” whose villany could be accounted for only on the theory that he was not “of human flesh and blood.” The time for shrieking and scolding has now gone by, and we can afford to own that he was not a devil at all, but the high-souled chief of a warlike tribe, who had been reduced to a nonentity by the yoke of a foreign invader. “What am I good for under your dynasty?” was his constant complaint to European visitors. He had already reached an age which in England is supposed to incapacitate for any employment short of the premiership. He well remembered the time when Scindiah and Holkar were not mere puppets of the Government of Fort William; when the Mahratta still ruled at Poonah and Nagpore; when, what with Pindaree raids, and the long contest for the Helen of Odipore, and the extremely bellicose attitude of non-interference adopted by the Company, a dashing partizan leader, with a few thousand stout Rajpoots at his back, was good for a great deal in the estimation of Central India. He fretted, like the proud Highland chiefs, when reduced to insignificance by the severe and orderly sway of the Southron. Surely, a people whose favourite heroes are Lochiel and Rob Roy Macgregor may spare a little sympathy for the chieftain who, at eighty years old, bade fill up his brass lotah, saddle his elephants, and call out his men, inasmuch as it was up with the pugreos of Coer Sing; who inflicted on us a disaster most complete and tragical; who exacted from the unruly mutineers an obedience which they paid to none other; who led his force in person to Lucknow, and took a leading part in the struggle which decided the destinies of India; who, after no hope was left for the cause north of Ganges, did not lose heart,

but kept his men together during a long and arduous retreat in the face of a victorious enemy; and, as the closing act of his life, by a masterly manœuvre baffled his pursuers, and placed his troops in safety on their own side of the great river, when friend and foe alike believed their destruction to be inevitable. On that occasion a round-shot from an English gun smashed his arm, as he was directing the passage of the last boatfuls of his followers, contrary to the habit of Eastern generals, who ordinarily shun the post of danger. The old warrior, seeing that his last hour was come, is said to have cut off his shattered limb with the hand that remained to him, and to have died of the loss of blood which ensued. But his army had not lost the impress of his skill and energy. During several months they maintained themselves at Jugglespore, harassing with daily incursions the English garrison at Arrah, whose head-quarters were in a fortification laid out by the recently developed genius of Mr. Boyle; they repulsed with heavy loss a detachment sent to dislodge them; and finally laid down their arms under the general amnesty, after having defied our Government during more than a year of continuous fighting. Two facts may be deduced from the story of these operations: first, that the besiegers of the house at Arrah were neither cowards nor bunglers; and next, that it was uncommonly lucky for us that Coer Sing was not forty years younger.

Such, then, was the man who now claimed to take command of the levies of Shahabad by hereditary right. He brought with him a mighty following, and recruits poured in by hundreds and thousands daily. The sepoy veterans, who were living on pensions in their native villages, came forward to share the fortunes of their old regiments in greater numbers than in any other district. "That old fool, Coer Sing," was reported in the Calcutta papers to have held a review of eight thousand armed men, besides the three regular battalions. There was one cry throughout the pro-

vince—that now or never was the time to shake off the oppression of the stranger. When once they had put to the sword the Sahibs in the billiard-room, all would go well. But the Sahibs in question manifested a very decided disinclination to be put to the sword, so that it became necessary to put the sword to the Sahibs. The siege was pressed forward with vigour. Bullets rained on the defences night and day alike. The sepoys bawled out to our Sikhs that, if they would betray the Sahibs, they should receive a safe-conduct and five hundred rupees apiece. The Sikhs, in return, requested them to come nearer and repeat their liberal offers—a compliance with which invitation resulted in the unfortunate agents of Coer Sing finding that, when they approached within earshot, they were within musket-shot as well.

Meanwhile, the most painful solicitude, which was fast deepening into despair, prevailed at Dinapore and Calcutta, and wherever else the tidings of the great peril of our countrymen had penetrated. The first intelligence received at the capital was conveyed in a letter which appeared in the *Englishman*, dated the 27th of July, containing these words: "Mr. Boyle and the magistrate sent me a message to find a safe place. The Arrah people proposed to defend Mr. Boyle's fortification. If they have done so, I hope for the best, but dread the worst. What can a handful of Englishmen do with hundreds of lawless soldiers?" A correspondent writes on the 29th: "We have no news as to the English cooped up in Mr. Boyle's fortification, whether they are in existence or not." And again: "God knows what the fate of the unfortunate people at Arrah has been." Towards the middle of the week it was determined at Dinapore to make an effort to raise the siege. An expedition started, consisting of nearly three hundred and fifty men of the 37th Queen's regiment, sixty Sikhs, and some young civilians who volunteered to accompany the party. Unfortunately, Captain Dunbar, the officer appointed

to the command, was quite unfit for such a duty, his military experience having been gained in a paymaster's bureau. The force was put on board a steamer, and sent up the Ganges. It was the height of the rainy season, and much of the country was under water. Accordingly, on arriving nearly opposite Arrah, the troops left the steamer, and embarked in some large boats, in which they followed the course of a nullah, which brought them some miles nearer their point. By the time they were landed, evening had already closed in. The officers present, who knew something of night service, importuned their leader to bivouac on a bridge at some distance from Arrah, to give the soldiers their rum and biscuit, with a few hours' sleep, and then march in at daybreak. They urged on him the extreme danger of taking a small party of tired men in the dark through an unknown region swarming with foes who were thoroughly prepared for their reception. The answer was: "No. They expect us at Arrah, and I shall not think of halting till we get there." This was a reason which it was hard for Englishmen to gainsay. So the order was given to move on, and the men threw their firelocks over their shoulders, and set off on their march, the Sikhs forming the advance-guard. Almost incredible to relate, Captain Dunbar had not sufficient foresight to throw out flankers. It never seems to have occurred to him that a march at midnight through three miles of bazaar and mud-wall, grove and garden, to the relief of a place beleaguered by ten thousand armed men, had need to be conducted with any greater caution than a change of quarters from Calcutta to Duin Dum.

A short league from the Arrah Collectorate, on the right hand of a man travelling towards the town, stands a large Hindoo temple, in grounds of its own. Just before reaching this point, the way, which has hitherto passed through open fields of rice and poppy, runs for some three hundred yards between belts of trees about fifty feet in width. The road lies along an embank-

ment, raised considerably above the level of the surrounding country. The Sikhs had already passed, and the straggling array of English soldiers were plodding along the defile, half asleep, with weary legs and empty stomachs, when the darkness of the grove on either side was lit up as by magic, and a crashing fire poured into their ranks. Exposed on the top of the causeway, their bodies standing out against what dim starlight there was, they afforded an easy mark to their invisible enemies who swarmed in the gloom below. During the first minutes many were struck down, and at that short range there were few rounds which did not bring death. Then by a sort of instinct, the men deserted the road, and collected in groups wherever they could find cover. One large party took refuge in a dry tank, beneath the banks of which they loaded and discharged their pieces at random, as long as their ammunition lasted; while the flashes of their musketry enabled the sepoys to direct their aim with deadly accuracy. Another party occupied the temple, and throughout the night there went on constant skirmishing round the walls and in the inclosure of the garden. If the soldiers had been got together in one place, and made to lie down quietly in their ranks till morning, they were still quite strong enough to perform the service on which they had been despatched. In spite of their heavy losses, they were quite as numerous as the force which eventually succeeded in relieving Arrah. But there was no one there of the temper of Nicholson or Hodson, no one who at such a moment dared to step forward and usurp authority in the name of the common safety. Split up into small sections, without orders from their superiors; ignorant alike of the fate of their comrades, the nature of the surrounding localities, and the numbers and position of their assailants; wasting their strength and powder in objectless firing, than which is nothing more sure to demoralise troops under any circumstances—in such plight our countrymen awaited the dawn of day.

Then, after a short consultation, the

officers who survived got the men into some sort of order, and commenced a retreat upon the boats. But by this time, the enemy, flushed with success, and increasing every minute in strength, redoubled their efforts to complete the ruin of our force. In front, in rear, on either flank hung clouds of sepoy, who kept up a withering discharge on the thin line of dispirited exhausted Englishmen. At first our soldiers replied as best they could; but soon every one began to think of providing for his own safety. Our fire slackened, ceased, the pace quickened, the ranks became unsteady, and finally the whole array broke and fled for dear life along the road in the direction of the nullah.

Then came the scenes which have ever marked the rout of a company of civilized men by barbarian foes. Some of the fugitives were shot down as they ran. Others, disabled by wounds or fatigue, were overtaken and slain. Others again, who sought preservation by leaving the line of flight, were mobbed and knocked on the head by the peasants of the neighbouring villages. More than one unfortunate European, who, after having been pursued for miles, took to the water like a tired stag, was beaten to death with bludgeons from the brink of the pond in which he had taken refuge. All who remained on the ground in the vicinity of the temple, whether dead or alive, were hung on the trees which fringed the road. The Sikhs that day proved that they were still animated by the same spirit which had formerly extorted the respect of their conquerors in many a fierce and dubious battle in the open field. Setting shoulder to shoulder, they fought their way to the boats in unbroken order, and found that in such a strait the most honourable course is likewise the safest. Ross Mangles, a young civilian, whose father was chairman of the court of directors during that trying year, bore himself gallantly amidst the universal panic. He had joined the expedition purely out of love for Herwald Wake, and in the surprise of the proceeding evening had been stunned by a bullet-

wound on the forehead. His commanding appearance and cheery air now won the confidence of those immediately round him, and he succeeded in keeping together a small knot of men, who supplied him with a succession of loaded rifles. As he was a noted shikaree, a dead hand at bear and antelope, the sepoy thought proper to keep their distance. Meantime he carried a wounded Sikh on his back for six miles, laying him down tenderly from time to time when the enemy came too close to be pleasant. With threescore fellows of his own kidney at his side, Ross would have shaken his friend by the hand before night closed in, though Coer Sing stood in the way with all the mutineers in Bahar. The men of his term at Haileybury will long point with pride to the V. C. that follows his name in the list of the Bengal Civil Service.

On reaching the banks of the nullah, the soldiers who had now lost presence of mind, self-respect, subordination, every thing but the unbridled desire for safety, flung themselves into the water, and swam and waded to the boats, into which they crowded with all the unseemly hurry of an overpowering terror. As they struggled with the current, floundered in the mud, and scrambled over the gunwales, the sepoy plied them with shot at pistol-range, directing their especial attention to a barge which was prevented from effecting its escape by a rope twisted round the rudder. The men inside crouched at the bottom of the boat, not daring to show their heads above the bulwarks as a mark for a hundred muskets. Nothing could have averted the capture and destruction of the whole party, had not a young volunteer, Macdonell by name, climbed out over the stern and unfastened the rope amidst a hail of bullets, an action which gave another Victoria Cross to the Civil Service.

And now all was over; and the survivors, bringing home nothing but their bare lives, returned in mournful guise, full of sad forebodings about the brave men whom they were forced to abandon to their fate. The people at Dinapore,

when the steamer came in sight, as they strained their eyes to catch some indication of the result of the expedition, saw the deck covered with prostrate forms; and the dejection expressed by the air and attitude of those on board convinced them at once that all was not well. Of four hundred men who went forth, only half returned. The others were lying, stripped and mangled, along those two fatal leagues of road. Captain Dunbar, in the Pagan phrase ordinarily used on such occasions, atoned for his obstinacy with his life. When the news of this reverse reached Calcutta, there were none so sanguine as to retain any hope of deliverance for the little garrison at Arrah.

The opinion which prevailed in Calcutta certainly coincided with that of Coer Sing and his army. Throughout the night none of the defenders of the house had slept. They listened with sickening anxiety to the noise of the firing, now beguiling themselves into the idea that it was drawing nearer; now desponding as it remained ever stationary; and again comforting each other with the theory that their countrymen had taken up a strong position in the suburbs, and would advance to their relief at break of day. Alas! they little knew what that day would bring forth. But, when morning came, and the reports of the musketry grew fainter and fainter, till they died away in the distance, their hearts sank within them. They were not long left in suspense; for the besiegers had no intention of keeping such good news to themselves, and they were speedily informed that the force from Dinapore had been cut to pieces, and that their last hope was gone. Yet not the last—for they still had the hope of dying sword in hand, instead of being tamely murdered like all who had hitherto put trust in the word of their treacherous and unforgiving Eastern foe. That foe now offered the whole party their lives, if they would give up Wake and Syed Azmoodeen Khan, the deputy-collector, a native for whom the Sahib of Sahibs, Lord William Bentineck, had entertained a great regard. This proposal having been rejected, nothing

more was said about conditions of surrender, and both sides applied themselves to the serious business of the siege.

The enemy had fished out from some cornertwo cannon—a four-pounder, and a two-pounder—the smaller of which they placed at the angle of the bungalow facing the little house, while they hoisted the larger on to the roof. They adopted the plan of loading the gun behind the parapet, and then running it on to the top of the portico, and wheeling out an arm-chair fitted with a shot-proof screen of boards, on which sat a man who aimed and discharged the piece. It was then drawn back with ropes to be spunged out and re-charged. This method of working artillery would perhaps be considered somewhat primitive at Shoeburyness or Woolwich; but, when employed against a billiard-room at a range of forty yards, the result might justly be described as a *feu d'enfer*. For some time the besieged fully expected that their walls would come tumbling down about their ears; but they soon took heart of grace, and set themselves manfully to repair the damage caused by breaching-battery No. 1. Fortunately the store of cannon-balls was soon exhausted. The enemy eked it out by firing away the castors of Mr. Wake's piano, of which the supply, however, was necessarily limited. Meanwhile, the sepoy had lined the garden wall, which at that time ran within twenty yards of the rear of the house. From this position their picked marksmen directed their shots at the loopholes, while from the trees around, from the ditch of the compound, from the doors and windows of the bungalow, an incessant fire was maintained throughout the twenty-four hours. If Mr. Boyle's fortification, like Jericho, could have been brought to the ground by noise, it would certainly not have stood long. The mutineers, in imitation of the besiegers of Mansoul, in Bunyan's "Holy War," seemed determined to try all the senses round, and to enter at Nose-gate if they were repulsed at Ear-gate. Poor Mr. Wake, who provided the material both for the attack and the

defence, had placed his horses in an inclosure under the walls of the out-house. These were now shot by the sepoys; and the Indian sun speedily produced effects which gave more annoyance to the garrison than the cannonade from the porch. But the contents of every knacker's cart in London might have been shot out under the verandah, without weakening the determination to resist to the last. Some ingenious natives set fire to a large heap of the raw material of red pepper on the windward quarter, with the view of smoking out the Sahibs. But a lot of genuine Qui-hyes, with their palates case-hardened by many pungent curries, were not likely to be frightened at a bonfire of chilies. Since the first day, the mutineers fought shy of any attempt to carry the place by storm, and not without reason. For, as a reserve to their trusty rifles, each Sahib had his fowling-piece, with a charge of number four shot for close quarters, lying snugly in the left-hand barrel. Then they had hog-spears, and knew how to use them. The charge of a forty-inch boar, rising well in his spring, was at least as formidable as the rush of a sepoy. They had revolvers, too, with a life in every chamber, the weapon that is the very type of armed civilization. On the whole, the besiegers were not far wrong in regarding an attack by open force as a resource to be adopted only when all other devices had failed.

Meanwhile the temper of the people inside was as true as the metal of their gun-locks. Englishmen are always inclined to look at the bright side of things, as long as there is a bright side at which to look; and the English spirit was well represented there. Young Colvin was especially cheerful himself, and the cause that cheerfulness was in other men. The whole party accommodated their habits to their circumstances with great good humour. The Sikhs occupied the cellarage. The Sahibs lived and slept in the single room on the first floor, and took their meals, sitting on the stairs above and below the landing-place, on which the cloth was laid. On the wall above the hearth, Wake

wrote a journal of the events of each day; in full expectation that no other record would be left of what had taken place within those devoted walls. One morning the Jemadar reported that the water with which his men had provided themselves had all been drunk out. The Europeans offered to supply them out of their own store, but one Sikh obstinately refused to touch the same water as the Sahibs. He stoutly affirmed that he had rather die of thirst than give in to such a scandalous piece of latitudinarianism. It was not a time to disregard the whims and prejudices of any one of the gallant fellows, whom neither fear nor lucre could tempt to be false to their salt. So Natives and English together set to work to dig a well in one of the vaults, and within twelve hours they had thrown out eighteen feet of earth by four, a depth at which they found abundance of water. At the end of the week close observation convinced them that the sepoys were engaged in running a mine towards the back of the house. This justly gave them greater alarm than any other machination of the enemy. But necessity is the mother of countermines; and these amateur sappers soon made themselves as secure against the new peril that threatened them as their scanty means would admit.

And so they staved off destruction another day, and yet another. But a far more terrible foe than Coer Sing now broke ground before the defences. The house had been provisioned for a week, and a week had already passed. Neither rifle, nor spear, nor British courage, nor Native fidelity, would avail aught, when the rice and the flour had all been eaten. At Arrah, as at other Indian stations, where the residents know good meat from indifferent, there was an institution called a mutton-club, the sheep belonging to which were feeding about the compound under the hungry eyes of their owners. But no one could show himself for a second outside the walls and live. It might be a hundred, it might be a hundred and fifty hours (for who could say beforehand how long human pluck and patience, when put to the

test, could endure the last extreme of deprivation?), but the dread moment was steadily drawing on, when death must come by famine or by the bullets of the enemy. In no direction could they discern a gleam of light. The only force that was near enough and strong enough to march to the rescue had been routed and disorganized. The English troops at Buxar were a mere handful, not numerous enough to guarantee the safety of the station. The days of miracles had gone by, and it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could deliver them. Unless it should come to pass that the angel of the Lord should go forth by night and smite the camp of the besiegers, they felt that this world, with its joys and troubles, would be all over for them ere but a few suns had set.

The English troops at Buxar certainly were a mere handful. But there was a man there who was neither a novice nor a pedant, neither a young soldier nor an old woman. Wherever hard knocks had been going within the last twenty years—and during that period there was no lack—Vincent Eyre had generally managed to come in for a liberal allowance. In the Afghan war, the roughest of schools, he had learnt to preserve an equal mind in arduous circumstances. When the intelligence of the outbreak, travelling with the proverbial speed of bad news, reached the station of Buxar, Eyre at once made up his mind to march, without waiting to hear whether an expedition had started from Dinapore. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave the fate of the garrison entirely dependent on the energy and promptness of General Lloyd. Perhaps he thought that a good thing like the relief of Arrah would bear doing twice over. His force consisted of a hundred and fifty and four English bayonets, twelve mounted volunteers, and three field-pieces, with their complement of artillerymen. The distance to be traversed was fifty miles as the crow flies; and, as the waters were out over the face of the country, and the population was in a state of open hostility, the march proved long and formidable. On the way, Eyre received tidings

of the reverse sustained by Dunbar's detachment. It seemed foolhardy indeed to advance to the attack of an enemy who had just cut in pieces a force twice as strong as his own. But, according to his view of the matter, this consideration did not in any wise affect the result of his reasoning. His axiom was that Arrah must be relieved. There was no one else now left to do the business; so of necessity it fell to him. He had not many soldiers, and would be glad to have more. He did not share the sentiment of King Henry at Agincourt. He would have been delighted to see at his back a thousand or two of those men at Aldershot who did no work that day. But, as he had only a few, he must perform the work with those few. So on he went, nothing doubting.

On the night of Sunday, the 2d of August, our force bivouacked at Googerajunge. In the morning the enemy put in an appearance, and the march was one constant skirmish as far as Bebejunge, where the road crosses a deep nullah. The bridge had been destroyed; and Eyre had nothing for it but to direct his course towards the railway embankment, along which he hoped to force his way to Arrah. This route, however, was barred by a wood, in and about which was drawn up Coer Sing's whole force—two thousand five hundred mutineers, and the *posse comitatus* of the province, estimated at eight thousand men. The rebels, whom their recent success had inspired with unwonted confidence, did not wait to be attacked. The sepoy bugles sounded the "Assembly," then the "Advance," and finally the "Double;" and their battalions, in columns of companies, charged our guns in front, but were driven back several times with great slaughter. Then they tried a surer game, and endeavoured to crush our line with a heavy point-blank musketry fire. "And now," said Major Eyre, "we had as much on our own hands as we could manage." Large numbers of the enemy stole round under cover of the trees, and raked our whole array from either flank. The men began to fall fast; and, in an army of nine or ten score com-

batants, men cannot fall fast for many minutes together without serious consequences. Our troops began to be disheartened, and to be painfully aware of the overwhelming odds against which they were contending. It was trying work receiving twenty bullets for every one they fired. At such a moment the man of sterling stuff feels that things cannot go well, unless he personally exerts himself to the utmost. It is this state of mind that wins foot-ball matches, and boat-races, and battles. A young officer, by name Hastings, not relishing the idea of standing still to be shot down, ran forward, sword in hand, towards the point where the enemy stood thickest, with a dozen volunteers and twice as many soldiers at his heels. This appeared to the sepoys a most unaccountable proceeding; but they were not ignorant of the great military truth that "when two hostile parties find themselves on the same ground "one or the other must leave it;" and, as Hastings and his companions kept coming nearer and nearer with the expression on their faces which the Sahibs always wear when they don't intend to turn back, they had no choice but to run for it. That charge saved Arrah. When once natives have given way, it is almost impossible to bring them again to the scratch. Coer Sing retreated, leaving on the ground six hundred of his followers, most of whom had been killed in the attack upon the battery; and our poor little force, which he had expected to devour at a single mouthful, gathered together the wounded, limbered up the guns, and with lightened hearts pressed forward on its mission of deliverance.

When the garrison looked out of their loopholes at dawn, on the 3d, they were surprised at seeing none of the besiegers stirring in the neighbourhood. As they were not the men to wait tamely for what might befall them without doing something to help themselves, they sallied forth, and took this opportunity to get some fresh air and replenish their larder. After a hard chase about the compound, they suc-

ceeded in capturing four sheep, which they brought back into the house amidst great rejoicing, together with one of the enemy's cannon. Presently the boom of guns was heard in the distance, and excited a strange hope which, but just now, they expected never again to experience. Towards evening the beaten rebels poured into the town in dire confusion. They stayed only to collect their plunder—in the sense in which the word is employed both by a Yankee and an Englishman—and marched off, bag and baggage, never more to visit Arrah, with the exception of a few who returned from time to time in order to be present at their own execution. On the morning of Tuesday, the 4th of August, there was not a sepoy within miles of the station. And then our countrymen came forth, unwashed, unshaved, begrimed with dust and powder, haggard with anxiety and want of sleep, but very joyous and thankful at heart: pleased to stand once more beneath the open sky, and to roam fearlessly through their old haunts, in which the twittering of birds and the chirping of grasshoppers had succeeded to the ceaseless din of musketry; pleased with the first long draught of sherry and soda-water, and with the cool breath of dawn after the atmosphere of a vault, without window or punkah, filled to suffocation with the smoke of their rifles. With what fervour must they have offered their tribute of praise and gratitude to Almighty God—not for having smitten Amalek, and discomfited Moab; not for having overthrown their enemies, and dashed in pieces those that rose up against them; not for having abated the pride of Coer Sing, assuaged his malice, and confounded his devices—but because, in His mercy, He so decreed, and in His wisdom so arranged the order of the world, that civilization should prevail over brute force, fair dealing over treachery, and manly valour over sneaking cruelty, that so all things might work together for our good and His honour!

There are moments when an oppressive sense of Nineteenth Century weighs

heavy on the soul; when we shudder to hear Mr. Cobden pronounce that one number of the *Times* newspaper is worth the eight books of Thucydides. There are moments when we feel that locomotives and power-looms are not everything; that black care sits behind the stoker; that death knocks with equal foot at the door of the Turkey Red Yarn Establishment. Then it is good to turn from the perusal of the shareholder; from pensive reflections on the steadiness of piece-goods, the languor of gunny-cloths, and the want of animation evinced by mule-twist, to the contemplation of qualities which are recognised and valued by all ages alike. It is good to know that trade and luxury, and the march of science, have not unnerved our wrists, and dulled our eyes, and turned our blood to water. There is much in common between Leonidas dressing his hair before he went forth to his last fight, and Colvin laughing over his rice and salt while the bullets pattered on the wall like hail. Still, as in the days of old Homer, "Cowards gain neither honour nor safety; but men who respect themselves and each other for the most part go through the battle unharmed." Still, as in Londonderry of old, the real strength of a besieged place con-

sists not in the scientific construction of the defences, nor in the multitude of the garrison, nor in abundant stores of provision and ordnance, but in the spirit which is prepared to dare all, and endure all, sooner than allow the assailants to set foot within the wall. Though but six years have passed away, the associations of the events which I have related begin to grow dim. So changeable are the elements of Anglo-Indian society that not one of the defenders of the fortification is now resident at the station. Already the wall, on which Wake wrote the diary of the siege, has been whitewashed; and the inclosure, where the dead horses lay through those August days, has been destroyed; and a party-wall has been built over the mouth of the well in the cellars; and the garden-fence, which served the mutineers as a first parallel, has been moved twenty yards back. Half a century more, and every vestige of the struggle may have been swept away. But, as long as Englishmen love to hear of fidelity and constancy, and courage bearing up the day against frightful odds, there is no fear lest they forget the name of the little house at Arrah.

Yours very truly,
H. BROUGHTON.

A FRENCH ETON.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART I.

A LIVELY and acute writer, whom English society, indebted to his vigilance for the exposure of a thousand delinquents, salutes with admiration as its Grand Detective, some time ago called public attention to the state of the "College of the Blessed Mary" at Eton. In that famous seat of learning, he said, a vast sum of money was expended on education, and a beggarly account of empty brains was the result. Rich endowments were wasted; parents were

giving large sums to have their children taught, and were getting a most inadequate return for their outlay. Science, among those venerable towers in the vale of the Thames, still adored her Henry's holy shade; but she did very little else. These topics, handled with infinite skill and vivacity, produced a strong effect. Public attention, for a moment, fixed itself upon the state of secondary instruction in England. The great class which is interested in the improvement of this imagined that the moment was come for making the first

step towards that improvement. The comparatively small class whose children are educated in the existing public schools thought that some inquiry into the state of these institutions might do good. A Royal Commission was appointed to report upon the endowments, studies, and management of the nine principal public schools of this country—Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury.

Eton was really the accused, although eight correspondents have thus been summoned to appear with Eton; and in Eton the investigation now completed will probably produce most reform. The reform of an institution which trains so many of the rulers of this country is, no doubt, a matter of considerable importance. That importance is certainly less if it is true, as the *Times* tells us, that the real ruler of our country is "The People," although this potentate does not absolutely transact his own business, but delegates that function to the class which Eton educates. But even those who believe that Mirabeau, when he said, *He who administers governs*, was a great deal nearer the truth than the *Times*, and to whom, therefore, changes at Eton seem really important, will hardly be disposed to make those changes very sweeping. If Eton does not teach her pupils profound wisdom, we have Oxenstiern's word for it that the world is governed by very little wisdom. Eton, at any rate, teaches her aristocratic pupils virtues which are among the best virtues of an aristocracy—freedom from affectation, manliness, a high spirit, simplicity. It is to be hoped that she teaches something of these virtues to her other pupils also, who, not of the aristocratic class themselves, enjoy at Eton the benefit of contact with aristocracy. For these other pupils, perhaps, a little more learning, as well as a somewhat stronger dose of ideas, might be desirable. Above all, it might be desirable to wean them from the easy habits and profuse notions of expense which Eton generates—habits and notions graceful enough in the lilies of the social field, but inconvenient for

its future toilers and spinners. To convey to Eton the knowledge that the wine of Champagne does not water the whole earth, and that there are incomes which fall below 5,000*l.* a year, would be an act of kindness towards a large class of British parents, full of proper pride, but not opulent. Let us hope that the courageous social reformer who has taken Eton in hand may, at least, reap this reward from his labours. Let us hope he may succeed in somewhat reducing the standard of expense at Eton, and let us pronounce over his offspring the prayer of Ajax:—"O boys, may you be cheaper-educated than your father, but in other respects like him; may you have the same loving care for the improvement of the British officer, the same terrible eye upon bullies and jobbers, the same charming gaiety in your frolics with the 'Old Dog Tray';—but may all these gifts be developed at a lesser price!"

But I hope that large class which wants the improvement of secondary instruction in this country—secondary instruction, the great first stage of a liberal education, coming between elementary instruction, the instruction in the mother tongue and in the simplest and indispensable branches of knowledge on the one hand, and superior instruction, the instruction given by universities, the second and finishing stage of a liberal education, on the other—will not imagine that the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on nine existing schools can seriously help it to that which it wants. I hope it will steadily say to the limited class whom the reform of these nine schools (if they need reform) truly concerns—*Tua res agitur*. These nine schools are by their constitution such that they profess to reach but select portions of the multitudes that are claiming secondary instruction; and, whatever they might profess, being nine, they can only reach select portions. To see secondary instruction treated as a matter of national concern, to see any serious attempt to make it both commensurate with the numbers needing it and of good quality, we must cross the Channel.

I understand that the Royal Commissioners have thought themselves precluded, by the limits of their instructions, from making a thorough inquiry into the system of secondary instruction on the Continent. They will, no doubt, have collected some information upon this subject; for to accomplish perfectly their own duties, even in the narrowest view of them, would be impossible without it. But this information they will have collected either through the English embassies abroad, or by means of private and unofficial inquiry. I regret that they did not trust to the vast importance of the subject for procuring their pardon even if they somewhat extended their scope, and made their survey of foreign secondary instruction exact. This they could only have done by investing qualified persons with the commission to seek, in their name, access to the foreign schools. These institutions must be seen at work, and seen by experienced eyes, for their operation to be properly understood and described. But to see them at work the aid of the public authorities abroad is requisite; and foreign governments, most prompt in giving this aid to accredited emissaries, are by no means disposed to extend it to the chance inquirer.

In 1859 I visited France, authorized by the Royal Commissioners who were then inquiring into the state of popular education in England, to seek, in their name, information respecting the French primary schools. I shall never cease to be grateful for the cordial help afforded to me by the functionaries of the French Government for seeing thoroughly the objects which I came to study. The higher functionaries charged with the supervision of primary instruction have the supervision of secondary instruction also; and their kindness enabled me occasionally to see something of the secondary schools—institutions which strongly attracted my interest, but which the Royal Commissioners had not authorized me to study, and which the French Minister of Public Instruction had not directed his functionaries to show me. I thus saw the lyceum, or

public secondary school, of Toulouse—a good specimen of its class. To make clear to the English reader what this class of institutions is, with a view of enabling him to see, afterwards, what is the problem respecting secondary instruction which we in this country really have to solve, I will describe the Toulouse lyceum.

Toulouse, the chief city of the great plain of Languedoc, and a place of great antiquity, dignity, and importance, has one of the principal lycées to be found out of Paris. But the chief town of every French department has its lyceum, and the considerable towns of every department have their communal colleges, as the chief town has its lyceum. These establishments of secondary instruction are attached to academies, local centres of the Department of Public Instruction at Paris, of which there are sixteen in France. The head of an academy is called its “rector,” and his chief ministers are called “academy-inspectors.” The superintendence of all public instruction (under the general control of the Minister of Public Instruction at Paris) was given by M. Guizot’s education-law to the academies; that of primary instruction has been, in great measure, taken away from them and given to the prefects; that of secondary or superior instruction still remains to them. Toulouse is the seat of an academy of the first class, with a jurisdiction extending over eight departments; its rector, when I was there in 1859, was an ex-judge of the Paris Court of Cassation, M. Rocher, a man of about sixty, of great intelligence, courtesy, and knowledge of the world. Ill-health had compelled him to resign his judgeship, and the Minister of Public Instruction, his personal friend, had given him the rectorate of Toulouse, the second in France in point of rank, as a kind of dignified retreat. The position of rector in France much resembles that of one of our heads of houses at Oxford or Cambridge. M. Rocher placed me under the guidance of his academy-inspector, M. Peyrot; and M. Peyrot, after introducing me to the primary inspectors of Toulouse, and enabling me

to make arrangements with them for visiting the primary schools of the city and neighbourhood, kindly took me over the lyceum, which is under his immediate supervision.

A French lyceum is an institution founded and maintained by the State, with aid from the department and commune. The communal colleges are founded and maintained by the commune, with aid from the State. The lyceum of Toulouse is held in large and somewhat gloomy buildings, in the midst of the city; old ecclesiastical buildings have in a number of towns been converted by the Government into public-school premises. We were received by the *proviseur*, M. Seignette. The provisor is the chief functionary—the head master—of a French lyceum; he does not, however, himself teach, but manages the business concerns of the school, administers its finances, and is responsible for its general conduct and discipline; his place is one of the prizes of French secondary instruction, and the provisor, having himself served a long apprenticeship as a teacher, has all the knowledge requisite for superintending his professors. He, like the professors, has gone through the excellent normal school out of which the functionaries of secondary instruction are taken, and has fulfilled stringent conditions of training and examination. Three chaplains—Roman Catholic priests—have the charge of the religious instruction of the lyceum; a Protestant minister, however, is specially appointed to give this instruction to pupils whose parents are of the reformed faith, and these pupils attend, on Sundays, their own Protestant places of worship. The lyceum has from three to four hundred scholars; it receives both boarders and day-scholars. In every lyceum which receives boarders there are a certain number of *bourses*, or public scholarships, which relieve their holders from all cost for their education. The school has three great divisions, each with its separate schoolrooms and playground. The playgrounds are large courts, planted with trees. Attached to the institution, but in a separate building,

is a school for little boys from six to twelve years of age, called the *Petit Collège*; here there is a garden as well as a playground, and the whole school-life is easier and softer than in the lyceum, and adapted to the tender years of the scholars. In the *Petit Collège*, too, there are both boarders and day-scholars.

The schoolrooms of the lyceum were much like our schoolrooms here; large bare rooms, looking as if they had seen much service, with their desks browned and battered, and inscribed with the various carvings of many generations of schoolboys. The cleanliness, order, and neatness of the passages, dormitories, and sick-rooms, were exemplary. The dormitories are vast rooms, with a teacher's bed at each end; a light is kept burning in them all the night through. In no English school have I seen any arrangements for the sick to compare with those of the Toulouse Lyceum. The service of the *infirmarium*, as it is called, is performed by Sisters of Charity. The aspect and manners of these nurses, the freshness and airiness of the rooms, the whiteness and fragrance of the great stores of linen which one saw ranged in them, made one almost envy the invalids who were being tended in such a place of repose.

In the playground the boys—dressed, all of them, in the well-known uniform of the French schoolboy—were running, shouting, and playing, with the animation of their age; but it is not by its playgrounds and means of recreation that a French lyceum, as compared with the half-dozen great English public schools, shines. The boys are taken out to walk, as the boys at Winchester used to be taken out to *hills*; but at the end of the French schoolboy's walk there are no *hills* on which he is turned loose. He learns and practises gymnastics more than our schoolboys do; and the court in which he takes his recreation is somewhat more spacious and agreeable than we English are apt to imagine a *court* to be; but it is a poor place indeed—poor in itself and poor in its resources—compared with the *playing-fields* of Eton, or the *meads* of Winchester, or the *close* of Rugby.

Of course I was very desirous to see the boys in their schoolrooms, and to hear some of the lessons; but M. Peyrot and M. Seignette, with all the goodwill in the world, were not able to grant to an unofficial visitor permission to do this. It is something to know what the programme of studies in a French lyceum is, though it would be far more interesting to know how that programme is practically carried out. But the programme itself is worth examining: it is the same for every lyceum in France. It is fixed by the Council of Public Instruction in Paris, a body in which the State, the Church, the French Academy, and the scholastic profession, are all represented, and of which the Minister of Public Instruction is president. The programme thus fixed is promulgated by the Minister's authority, and every lyceum is bound to follow it. I have before me that promulgated by M. Guizot in 1833; the variations from it, up to the present day, are but slight. In the sixth, or lowest class, the boys have to learn French, Latin, and Greek grammar, and their reading is Cornelius Nepos and Phædrus, and, along with the fables of Phædrus, those of La Fontaine. For the next, or fifth class, the reading is Ovid in Latin, Lucian's Dialogues and Isocrates in Greek, and *Télémaque* in French. For the fourth, besides the authors read in the classes below, Virgil in Latin and Xenophon in Greek, and, in French, Voltaire's *Charles XII.* For the third, Sallust and Cicero are added in Latin, Homer and Plutarch's *Moralia* in Greek; in French, Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, Massillon's *Petit Carême*, Boileau, and extracts from Buffon. For the second class (our fifth form), Horace, Livy, and Tacitus, in Latin; in Greek, Sophocles and Euripides, Plato and Demosthenes; in French, Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle*, and Montesquieu's *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*. The highest class (our sixth form) is divided into two, a rhetoric and a philosophy class; this division—which is important, and which is daily becoming, with the authorities of French Public

Instruction, an object of greater importance—is meant to correspond to the direction, literary or scientific, which the studies of the now adult scholar are to take. In place of the Pindar, Thucydides, Lucan, and Molière, of the rhetoric class, the philosophy class has chemistry, physics, and the higher mathematics. Some instruction in natural science finds a place in the school-course of every class; in the lower classes, instruction in the elements of human physiology, zoology, botany, and geology; in the second class (fifth form), instruction in the elements of chemistry. To this instruction in natural science two or three hours a week are allotted. About the same time is allotted to arithmetic, to special instruction in history and geography, and to modern languages; these last, however, are said to be in general as imperfectly learnt in the French public schools as they are in our own. Two hours a week are devoted to the correction of composition. Finally, the New Testament, in Latin or Greek, forms a part of the daily reading of each class.

On this programme I will make two remarks, suggested by comparing it with that of any of our own public schools. It has the scientific instruction and the study of the mother-tongue which our school-course is without, and is often blamed for being without. I believe that the scientific instruction actually acquired by French schoolboys in the lower classes is very little, but still a boy with a taste for science finds in this instruction an element which keeps his taste alive; in the special class at the head of the school it is more considerable, but not, it is alleged, sufficient for the wants of this special class, and plans for making it more thorough and systematic are being canvassed. In the study of the mother-tongue the French schoolboy has a more real advantage over ours; he does certainly learn something of the French language and literature, and of the English our schoolboy learns nothing. French grammar, however, is a better instrument of instruc-

tion for boys than English grammar, and the French literature possesses prose works, perhaps even poetical works, more fitted to be used as classics for schoolboys than any which English literature possesses. I need not say that the fitness of works for this purpose depends on other considerations than those of the genius alone and of the creative force which they exhibit.

The regular school-lessons of a lyceum occupy about twenty-two hours in the week, but among these regular school-lessons the lessons in modern languages are not counted. The lessons in modern languages are given out of school-hours; out of school-house, too, all the boarders work with the masters at preparing their lessons; each boarder has thus what we call a private tutor: but the French schoolboy does not, like ours, pay extra for his private tutor; the general charge for board and instruction covers this special tuition.

Now I come to the important matter of school-fees. These are all regulated by authority; the scale of charges in every lyceum and communal college must be seen and sanctioned by the academy-inspector in order to have legality. A day-scholar in the Toulouse lyceum pays, in the lowest of the three great divisions of the school, 110f. (4*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*) a year; in the second division he pays 135f. (5*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*); in the third and highest division, 180f. (7*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*). If he wishes to share in the special tuition of the boarders, he pays from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a year extra. Next, for the boarders. A boarder pays, for his whole board and instruction, in the lowest division, 800f. (24*l.*) a year; in the second division, 850f. (26*l.*); in the highest division, 900f. (36*l.*). In the scientific class the charge is 2*l.* extra. The payments are made quarterly, and always in advance. Every boarder brings with him an outfit (*trousseau*) valued at 500f. (20*l.*): the sum paid for his board and instruction covers, besides, all expense for keeping good this outfit, and all charges for washing, medical attendance, books, and writing materials. The meals, though plain, are good, and they are

set out with a propriety and a regard for appearances which, when I was a boy, graced no school-dinners that I ever saw; just as, I must say, even in the normal schools for elementary teachers, the dinner-table in France contrasted strongly, by its clean cloth, arranged napkins, glass, and general neatness of service, with the stained cloth, napkinless knives and forks, jacks and mugs, hacked joints of meat, and stumps of loaves, which I have seen on the dinner-table of normal schools in England. With us it is always the individual that is filled, and the public that is sent empty away.

Such may be the cheapness of public school education, when that education is treated as a matter of public economy, to be administered upon a great scale, with rigid system and exact superintendence, in the interest of the pupil and not in the interest of the school-keeper.¹ But many people, it will be said, have no relish for such cast-iron schooling. Well, then, let us look at a French school not of the State-pattern—a school without the guarantees of State-management, but, also, without the uniformity and constraint which this management introduces.

A day or two after I had seen the Toulouse lyceum I started for Sorèze. Sorèze is a village in the department of the Tarn, a department bordering upon that in which Toulouse stands; it contains one of the most successful private schools in France, and of this school, in 1859, the celebrated Father Lacordaire was director. I left Toulouse by the railway in the middle of the day; in two hours I was at Castelnau-dary, an old Visigoth place, on a hill rising out of the great plain of Languedoc, with immense views towards the Pyrenees on one side and

¹ *L'administration des lycées est complètement étrangère à toute idée de spéculation et de profit, says the Toulouse prospectus which lies before me; "A lyceum is managed not in the least as a matter of speculation or profit;" and this is not a mere advertising puff, for the public is the real proprietor of the lycées, which it has founded for the education of its youth, and for that object only; the directors of the lycées are simple servants of the public, employed by the public at fixed salaries.*

the Cevennes on the other. After rambling about the town for an hour, I started for Sorèze in a vehicle exactly like an English coach; I was outside with the driver, and the other places, inside and outside, were occupied by old pupils of the Sorèze school, who were going there for the annual *fête*, the *Speeches*, to take place the next day. They were, most of them, young men from the universities of Toulouse and Montpellier; two or three of them were settled in Paris, but, happening to be just then at their homes, at Beziers or Narbonne, they had come over like the rest: they seemed a good set, all of them, and their attachment to their old school and master was more according to one's notions of English school-life than French. We had to cross the *Montagne Noire*, an outlier of the Cevennes; the elevation was not great, but the air, even on the 18th of May in Languedoc, was sharp, the vast distance looked grey and chill, and the whole landscape was severe, lonely, and desolate. Sorèze is in the plain on the other side of the *Montagne Noire*, at the foot of gorges running up into the Cevennes; at the head of these gorges are the basins from which the *Canal du Midi*—the great canal uniting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic—is fed. It was seven o'clock when we drove up the street, shaded with large trees, of Sorèze; my fellow-travellers showed me the way to the school, as I was obliged to get away early the next morning, and wanted, therefore, to make my visit that evening. The school occupies the place of an old abbey, founded in 757 by Pepin the Little; for several hundred years the abbey had been in the possession of the Dominicans, when, in Louis the Sixteenth's reign, a school was attached to it. In this school the king took great interest, and himself designed the dress for the scholars. The establishment was saved at the Revolution by the tact of the Dominican who was then at its head; he resumed the lay dress and returned, in all outward appearance, to the secular life, and his

school was allowed to subsist. Under the Restoration it was one of the most famous and most aristocratic schools in France, but it had much declined when Lacordaire, in 1854, took charge of it. I waited in the monastic-looking court (much of the old abbey remains as part of the present building) while my card, with a letter which the Papal Nuncio at Paris, to whom I had been introduced through Sir George Bowyer's kindness, had obtained for me from the Superior of the Dominicans, was taken up to Lacordaire; he sent down word directly that he would see me; I was shown across the court, up an old stone staircase, into a vast corridor; a door in this corridor was thrown open, and in a large bare room, with no carpet or furniture of any kind, except a small table, one or two chairs, a small book-case, a crucifix, and some religious pictures on the walls, Lacordaire, in the dress of his order, white-robed, hooded, and sandalled, sat before me.

The first public appearance of this remarkable man was in the cause of education. The Charter of 1830 had promised liberty of instruction; liberty, that is, for persons outside the official hierarchy of public instruction to open schools. This promise M. Guizot's celebrated school law of 1833 finally performed; but, in the meantime, the authorities of public instruction refused to give effect to it. Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert opened in Paris, on the 7th of May, 1831, an independent free school, of which they themselves were the teachers; it was closed in a day or two by the police, and its youthful conductors were tried before the Court of Peers and fined. This was Lacordaire's first public appearance; twenty-two years later his last sermon in Paris was preached in the same cause; it was a sermon on behalf of the schools of the Christian Brethren. During that space of twenty-two years he had run a conspicuous career, but on another field than that of education; he had become the most renowned preacher in Europe, and he had re-established in France by his energy, conviction, and patience, the

religious orders banished thence since the Revolution. Through this career I cannot now attempt to follow him; with the heart of friendship and the eloquence of genius, M. de Montalembert has recently written its history; but I must point out two characteristics which distinguished him in it, and which created in him the force by which, as an educator, he worked—the force by which he most impressed and commanded the young. One of these was his passion for firm order, for solid government. He called our age an age “which does not know how to obey—*qui ne sait guère obéir.*” It is easy to see that this is not so absolutely a matter for reproach as Lacordaire made it; in an epoch of transition society may and must say to its governors, “Govern me according to my spirit, if I am to obey you.” One cannot doubt that Lacordaire erred in making absolute devotion to the Church (*malheur a qui trouble l’Eglise!*) the watchword of a gifted man in our century; one cannot doubt that he erred in affirming that “the greatest service to be rendered to Christianity in one day was to do something for the revival of the mediaeval religious orders.” Still, he seized a great truth when he proclaimed the intrinsic weakness and danger of a state of anarchy; above all, when he applied this truth in the moral sphere he was incontrovertible, fruitful for his nation, especially fruitful for the young. He dealt vigorously with himself, and he told others that the first thing for them was to do the same; he placed character above everything else. “One may have spirit, learning, even genius,” he said, “and not *character*; for want of character our age is the age of mis-carriages. Let us form Christians in our schools, but, first of all, let us form Christians in our own hearts; the one great thing is to *have a life of one’s own.*”

Allied to this characteristic was his other—his passion, in an age which seems to think that progress can be achieved only by our herding together and making a noise, for the antique discipline of retirement and silence.

His plan of life for himself, when he first took orders, was to go and be a village curé in a remote province of France. M. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, kept him in the capital as chaplain to the Convent of the Visitation; he had not then commenced the *conferences* which made his reputation; he lived perfectly isolated and obscure, and he was never so happy. “It is with delight,” he wrote at this time, “that I find my solitude deepening round me; ‘one can do nothing without solitude,’ is my grand maxim. A man is formed from within, and not from without. To withdraw and be with oneself and with God is the greatest strength there can be in the world.” It is impossible not to feel the serenity and sincerity of these words. Twice he refused to edit the *Univers*; he refused a chair in the University of Louvain. In 1836, when his fame filled France, he disappeared for five years, and these years he passed in silence and seclusion at Rome. He came back in 1841 a Dominican monk; again, at Notre Dame, that eloquence, that ineffable *accent*, led his countrymen and foreigners captive; he achieved his cherished purpose of re-establishing in France the religious orders. Then once more he disappeared, and after a short station at Toulouse consigned himself, for the rest of his life, to the labour and obscurity of Sorèze. “One of the great consolations of my present life,” he writes from Sorèze, “is, that I have now God and the young for my sole companions.” The young, with their fresh spirit, as they instinctively feel the presence of a great character, so, too, irresistibly receive an influence from souls which live habitually with God.

Lacordaire received me with great kindness. He was above the middle height, with an excellent countenance; great dignity in his look and bearing, but nothing ascetic; his manners animated, and every gesture and movement showing the orator. He asked me to dine with him the next day, and to see the school festival, the *fête des anciens élèves*; but I could not stop. Then he ordered lights, for it was growing dark, and in-

sisted on showing me all over the place that evening. While we were waiting for lights he asked me much about Oxford; I had already heard from his old pupils that Oxford was a favourite topic with him, and that he held it up to them as a model of everything that was venerable. Lights came, and we went over the establishment; the school then contained nearly three hundred pupils—a great rise since Lacordaire first came in 1854, but not so many as the school has had in old times. It is said that Lacordaire at first resorted so frequently to expulsion as rather to alarm people. Sorèze, under his management, chiefly created interest by the sort of competition which it maintained with the lycæums, or State schools. A private school of this kind, in France, cannot be opened without giving notice to the public authorities; the consent of these authorities is withheld if the premises of the proposed school are improper, or if its director fails to produce a certificate of probation and a certificate of competency—that is, if he has not served for five years in a secondary school, and passed the authorized public examination for secondary teachers. Finally, the school is always subject to State inspection, to ascertain that the pupils are properly lodged and fed, and that the teaching contains nothing contrary to public morality and to the laws; and the school may be closed by the public authorities on an inspector's report, duly verified. Still, for an establishment like the Sorèze school the actual State interference comes to very little; the Minister has the power of dispensing with the certificate of probation, and holy orders are accepted in the place of the certificate of competency (the examination in the seminary being more difficult than the examination for this latter). In France the State (Machiavel as we English think it), in naming certain matters as the objects of its supervision in private schools, means what it says, and does not go beyond these matters; and, for these matters, the name of a man like Lacordaire serves as a guarantee, and is readily accepted as such. All the boys at Sorèze are boarders, and a boarder's

expenses here exceed by about 8*l.* or 10*l.* a year his expenses at a lycæum. The programme of studies differs little from that of the lycæums, but the military system of these State schools Lacordaire repudiated. Instead of the vast common dormitories of the lycæums, every boy had his little cell to himself; that was, after all, as it seemed to me, the great difference. But immense stress was laid, too, upon physical education, which the lycæums are said too much to neglect. Lacordaire showed me with great satisfaction the stable, with more than twenty horses, and assured me that all the boys were taught to ride. There was the *salle d'escrime*, where they fenced, the armoury full of guns and swords, the shooting gallery, and so on. All this is in our eyes a little fantastic, and does not replace the want of cricket and football in a good field, and of freedom to roam over the country out of school-hours; in France, however, it is a good deal; and then twice a week all the boys used to turn out with Lacordaire upon the mountains, to their great enjoyment as the Sorèze people said, the Father himself being more vigorous than any of them. And the old abbey school has a small park adjoining it, with the mountains rising close behind, and it has beautiful trees in its courts, and by no means the dismal barrack-look of a lycæum. Lacordaire had a staff of more than fifty teachers and helpers, about half of these being members of his own religious order—Dominicans; all co-operated in some way or other in conducting the school. Lacordaire used never to give school-lessons himself, but scarcely a Sunday passed without his preaching in the chapel. The highest and most distinguished boys formed a body called *the Institute*, with no governing powers like those of our sixth form, but with a sort of common-room to themselves, and with the privilege of having their meals with Lacordaire and his staff. I was shown, too, a *Salle d'Illustres*, or Hall of Worthies, into which the boys are introduced on high days and holidays; we should think this fanciful, but I found it impressive. The hall is decorated

with busts of the chief of the former scholars, some of them very distinguished. Among these busts was that of Henri de Larochejacquelin (who was brought up here at Sorèze), with his noble, speaking countenance, his Vendean hat, and the heart and cross on his breast. There was, besides, a theatre for public recitations. We ended with the chapel, in which we found all the school assembled; a Dominican was reading to them from the pulpit an edifying life of a scapegrace converted to seriousness by a bad accident, much better worth listening to than most sermons. When it was over, Lacordaire whispered to me to ask if I would stay for the prayers or go at once. I stayed; they were very short and simple; and I saw the boys disperse afterwards. The gaiety of the little ones and their evident fondness for the *Père* was a pretty sight. As we went out of chapel, one of them, a little fellow of ten or eleven, ran from behind us, snatched, with a laughing face, Lacordaire's hand, and kissed it; Lacordaire smiled, and patted his head. When I read the other day in M. de Montalembert's book how Lacordaire had said, shortly before his death, "I have always tried to serve God, the Church, and our Lord Jesus Christ; besides these I have loved—oh, dearly loved!—children and young people," I thought of this incident.

Lacordaire knew absolutely nothing of our great English schools, their character, or recent history; but then no Frenchman, except a very few at Paris who know more than anybody in the world, knows anything about anything. However, I have seen few people more impressive; he was not a great modern thinker, but a great Christian orator of the fourth century, born in the nineteenth; playing his part in the nineteenth century not so successfully as he would have played it in the fourth, but still nobly. I would have given much to stay longer with him, as he kindly pressed me; I was tempted, too, by hearing that it was likely he would make a speech the next day. Never did any man so give one the sense

of his being a natural orator, perfect in ease and simplicity; they told me that on Sunday, when he preached, he hardly ever went up into the pulpit, but spoke to them from his place "*sans façon*." But I had an engagement to keep at Carcassone at a certain hour, and I was obliged to go. At nine I took leave of Lacordaire and returned to the village inn, clean, because it is frequented by the relations of pupils. There I supped with my fellow-travellers, the old scholars; charming companions they proved themselves. Late we sat, much *vin de Cahors* we drank, and great friends we became. Before we parted, one of them, the Beziers youth studying at Paris, with the amiability of his race assured me (God forgive him!) that he was well acquainted with my poems. By five the next morning I had started to return to Castelnauary. Recrossing the *Montagne Noire* in the early morning was very cold work, but the view was inconceivably grand. I caught the train at Castelnauary, and was at Carcassone by eleven; there I saw a school, and I saw the old city of Carcassone. I am not going to describe either the one or the other, but I cannot forbear saying, Let everybody see the *cité de Carcassone*. It is, indeed, as the antiquarians call it, the Middle Age Herculaneum. When you first get sight of the old city, which is behind the modern town—when you have got clear of the modern town, and come out upon the bridge over the Aude, and see the walled *cité* upon its hill before you—you rub your eyes and think that you are looking at a vignette in *Ivanhoe*.

Thus I have enabled, as far as I could, the English reader to see what a French lyceum is like, and what a French private school, competing with a lyceum, is like. I have given him, as far as I could, the facts; now for the application of these facts. What is the problem respecting secondary instruction which we in this country have to solve? What light do these facts throw upon that problem? The answer to these questions I must reserve for a second paper.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

CURRENTS AND UNDER-CURRENTS.

THE Marchioness Del Palmetto was one of those noble devotees of a fixed idea, whom Providence scatters among a nation when its destinies are ripe—moral engines of an incalculable power, and without which the task even of a Cavour would be relatively lingering and thankless. He who has not seen one of these exceptional beings at work can form no conception of the vastness and the importance of results which the devouring activity of a single individual can effect. The independence of her country was the focus to which all Signora Del Palmetto's energy of thought and action converged; and that day was lost for her which had not secured to Italy a new friend, to Austria a new foe.

She belonged to a heroic family of heroic Brescia, in which love of Italy, abhorrence of Austria, were hereditary. She had turned her father's house into a hospital for the sick and wounded of the Piedmontese army in 1848; she had, in 1849, loaded and handed muskets to her father and brothers defending Brescia inch by inch against the soldiers of Haynau; she had, on the cold corpse of her eldest brother, killed by an Austrian ball, sworn the oath of Hannibal. Teresa Ombelli was then only seventeen. At Turin, where she and the other survivors of her family had to seek a refuge from the vengeance of the flogger of women, her name, her youth, her beauty, her very eccentric style of dressing, constantly in mourning for her country, surrounded her with a halo of sympathy and respect which gradually extended from the Lombard emigrants, to which it was at first limited, to that of the Turinese society at large,

until in a few years the name of Teresa Ombelli—a name ever associated with all benevolent acts and progressive undertakings—became familiar and dear to the whole liberal party. Her interest and favour with the official and parliamentary world, especially of late days, had considerably and deservedly increased; for it is no exaggeration to say that her indefatigable propagandism had counted for something in the successful cutting of the two hardest knots which the Cavour administration had had to deal with—we mean the suppression of the convents, and the participation of Sardinia in the Crimean War. And persons were hinted at—not a few of them senators and deputies, professedly adverse to both measures—whose conversion she had worked, and whose votes she had sent to swell the ministerial majority. All this, of course, had nothing to do with the hearty reception she met at Rumelli. Who she was, or what she was, the Rumellians knew as little of as they did of Sanscrit; nor would the knowledge have at all helped her popularity. All that the good folks knew, or cared to know, concerning her was, that she was the marchioness, the wife of the representative of a family which had knocked them about for generations, and in whom they consequently put their pride and reverence. Being the marchioness, they would have welcomed and cheered her even had she been old and ugly, haughty and cross—they welcomed and cheered more loudly, perhaps, because she was young and handsome, smiling and affable. This display of good will took place on the Sunday after their arrival; and certainly the explosion of enthusiasm which greeted the young couple on their way to and from Church was remarkable. Not even on the memorable occasion of the Signor Av-

vocato's return from Turin a cavaliere, was the popular commotion so great and universal. The good people of Rumelli had a vast arrear of unsatisfied excitement to give vent to—an arrear which dated so far back as the end of 1854, that being the epoch at which the palace began to put on its cap of dullness.

After vespers the whole village, headed by the town council, and preceded by the band, flocked to the castle. We spare the reader the mayor's official address, as well as the other speeches and the programme of the music performed; the finale of the ceremony was the presentation of an enormous bouquet to her ladyship. The national guard shone by its absence, as Captain Del Palmetto was heard to remark sarcastically. The gates of the castle were thrown wide open, and any one who chose might enter—whoever came was graciously received and hospitably entertained. Nor were the more discreet majority, who were contented with staring in at the windows, or strolling in the park, overlooked. The marquis sent them out tables and chairs, and plenty of wine, and mixed among them, shaking hands and drinking healths with all the zeal of a new convert.

Among the magnates who went in *de jure* and were received with due honour, was Don Pio: the reverend gentleman made a neat little oration, expressing his appreciation of the singular good fortune which had befallen him in the acquisition, were it only for a time, of two such distinguished parishioners, whose presence alone was the cause of such rejoicing among his flock. The marchioness thanked him, and said how touched she was by the cordial welcome the Rumellians had given her.

"A truly excellent and conservative population is ours hereabouts," said Don Pio. "They hold to old associations, and also to old habits and ways."

"Not too much of that, I hope," returned the Marchioness, smiling.

"May I ask," said Don Pio, in his most persuasive voice, "how one can hold too much to that which is good?"

"Gently," said the Signora; "your question implies that you think all was good in the past. Now, that I do not admit. The past has its good and its bad; and true conservatism, to my mind, consists in preserving the former and getting rid of the latter."

"Even admitting this," replied the Curé, "it still remains to be determined what is the good to be kept and what the bad to be removed; and that is a matter of opinion . . . but," he added, in a tone of self-reproach—"but I am ashamed to catch myself arguing when I ought only to think of greeting and congratulating."

Don Pio had only intended to sound the ground; he had every interest not to prepossess against him his newly-arrived and powerful neighbours. The Marchioness, on her side, had neither reason nor wish to offend the most influential person in the parish; her sole motive in saying as much as she had said was to prove to him that she was not the woman to hide her colours. So the discussion ended there.

The pleasurable excitement created by the young Marquis's return with a bride to the castle of his ancestors, did not die away with the demonstrations made on that Sunday. The Del Palmettos themselves, all unwittingly, kept it alive by their daily rounds through the village, and the easy familiarity they displayed on these occasions. They were really grateful for the goodwill shown them, and returned it in kind. By the end of a few days there was no cottage at the door of which they had not stood in friendly converse with the inmates; no old man or woman of whose exact age they were not cognisant; no young candidate for the first communion they had not congratulated; no babe whose gamut of screams they did not know by heart—not that the babies of Rumelli had a greater disposition to scream than to laugh; but, if they had begun by laughing at the Marchioness's pretty face bending over them, it was rare that they did not end by screaming at the hirsute appearance of that of the Marquis. Del Palmetto had been re-

peatedly told, and took a pride in believing it, that he was very like the King ; and, to render the likeness still more striking, he had allowed the tuft on his chin and his moustachios to grow to the fabulous length of those of his royal menechme.

But democratic bias, and study of popularity with the common herd, did not make the young pair forget the claims of the bigwigs of the land. Del Palmetto had his head full of plans of reform, and he knew full well that the influential few could help him far more effectually to carry them out than the many who had no finger in the pie. The curé, the mayor, the ex-mayor, the town councillors, the officers of the defunct national guard, were accordingly called upon, and such among them as could best forward his views, in proper time, asked to dine at the Castle, and carefully catechized *inter pocula*. . . But we must not anticipate.

As to the inmates of the Palace, there was no end to the friendly advances made to them by the Marquis and his wife—advances persevered in, in spite of the passiveness, not to say coolness, with which they were received. The Palace was far from ungracious, but stood on the defensive.

“Really you are too good,” would Signora Candia observe at the Marchioness’s every fresh call, “and I am heartily ashamed of myself when I think of what a poor return I make you for all your kind visits. But I hope you will forgive me—I have had so very much to do ; and then papa is far from well, and I cannot leave him, you understand.”

“Reason the more that I, who have nothing to keep me at home, should come and enjoy your society here,” would the lady of the Castle answer. “There can be no question of etiquette between us.”

Or it was the Signor Avvocato, who, as soon as he caught sight of the Marquis, would cry out, “Here you come, my poor Del Palmetto, to do penance. This is a dull place, and I am but dull company for a spirited young fellow like you.”

“I suspect I am not so spirited as you would make me out,” was the Marquis’s laughing rejoinder, “for I confess that such dulness as I find here pleases me wonderfully well, as my frequent appearance proves. Now, what can you say to that, eh ?”

If there were ever people in the world likely to disagree and to keep as far apart as they could, surely it was the master of the Palace and his daughter, and the Marquis and Marchioness Del Palmetto. Fire and water have as much affinity. The two last were the bold assertion of all that whereof the two first were the negation. What, then, was at the bottom of this seeming pre-determination on the part of the latter to force themselves on the former ? There was nothing more mysterious in it than regard for Vincenzo and a wish to be useful to him. The Marchioness was not so absorbed by politics as to have neither eyes nor ears for other matters. Within a very short time, the Palace had no longer any secrets for her. The split between Vincenzo and the Signor Avvocato, and the siding of Rose with her father, the causes which had engendered it, and the deplorable consequences which it entailed upon Vincenzo—the Marchioness understood it all. To see an evil and to look for the remedy was for her ardent nature one and the same thing. Now, of remedies there was but one—a reconciliation on reasonable terms. She was sure that Vincenzo was too sensible a man not to acquiesce, were any such offered to him ; but she was far from having the same confidence in the good sense of Signora Candia and her father. The Marchioness’s conclusion—we give it in her own words—to her husband, was this : “We must lay regular siege to the hearts of this father and daughter, and try to acquire an influence over them, which we shall use in behalf of your friend. If we succeed, well and good ; if not, we shall always have gained this point—that Signor Vincenzo’s daily intercourse with us will be looked upon as a natural return for our unremitting civilities to his family,

and thus nobody will take umbrage at it." For by this time—the middle of March—Vincenzo was a daily visitor at the Castle—nay, regularly spent his afternoons there, from three o'clock to seven in the evening. He drank largely, we see, from the fresh source of kindness and affection which had gushed up from under his feet, as it were; but he was so thirsty, poor soul! and then his warm-hearted neighbours made him such a golden bridge. Vincenzo had even his little sanctum at the Castle, that same small parlour into which Del Palmetto had taken him to rest on his first visit. "You are to consider this as your own private room," had the Marquis said to him. "In case we are out, or have visitors you don't care to meet, or in case you choose to sulk, here you will find newspapers and books, and perfect solitude, to suit your humour. Recollect, it is entirely your own, and you can come in and out without reporting yourself to anybody." It is useless to say that Vincenzo profited but sparingly by the permission to remain alone—only, in fact, when there were callers up-stairs. His morbid shyness and horror of company, or, worse still, of appearing in public, had outlived his isolation. He never went by the high-road to the Castle, but took the bypath more than once already mentioned. To return: Vincenzo, after availing himself of the opportunity to read the papers, which he did with a zest enhanced by long deprivation (the only paper received at the Palace was a clerical one, and even that rarely came in his way)—Vincenzo, after reading the papers, would seek his friends, and pass the rest of the afternoon with them, indoors, when the weather was bad, but more often in the pleasant shades of the park. Political news and speculations thereon usually formed the staple of the conversation. Signora Del Palmetto had correspondents in all parts of Italy, and consequently had plenty to tell about the blunders of the rulers, and the humours of the ruled, and the almost universal disposition to adhere to and support Piedmont. Politics did not

exclude lighter topics. The Marchioness was quite at home in contemporary literature and art. No distinguished writer of the liberal school, from Leopardi to Giusti, that she had not at her fingers' ends. All Berchet's ballads and Giusti's satires she knew by heart. No renowned painter and sculptor with whose productions she was not familiar, more especially those of the artists who had devoted their talents to the service of the Italian Idea. And, having been, or being personally acquainted with all the men of note, dead or alive, of whom she spoke, she seasoned her conversation about them with the most interesting traits and anecdotes. She laid a great stress on music as a means of inculcating the masses with a national feeling, and used to say that in this point of view Italy was much indebted to the eminent composer and patriot Verdi.

The reader must not infer, from our exclusive mention of the Marchioness's sayings, that she played the lecturer, and had all the talk to herself. No such thing. She courted discussion, even contradiction; and such opinions and preferences as we have had occasion to mention came forth impromptu in the course of friendly chats, in which her husband, and particularly Vincenzo, took a good share. Vincenzo possessed a good store of general information, and had decided opinions on most subjects; and, when these differed from those of the lady, he was not backward in saying so, or to support his own views, though gently and discreetly. The Marchioness did not easily yield; he was tenacious of his point; hence courteous passes of arms, in which the advantage was not always on the Signora's side. She was never so well pleased as when she had succeeded in putting him into a passion—an argumentative passion, that is; Vincenzo needed only just a touch of excitement to grow eloquent. "Did you notice how I set Signor Vincenzo off? What a pity he is too young to be a member!" was what she would often remark to her husband when he came back from

convoing his friend home. "With a little practice, what a debater he would make! It is positively a treason to one's country to condemn such powers of mind as he has to such total and cruel inactivity." But the least approach to this subject with Candia himself, the remotest hint as to the possibility for him of a career of usefulness, was invariably met by the same sad shake of the head, the same hopeless answer, "It is vain to think of such a thing." Nevertheless these earnest friends of his did continue to think of it, and to try their utmost to work the thought into a reality. Their conspiracy of kindness towards their neighbours was pushed on with unabated vigour. Not a day passed without either the Marquis or his wife calling at the Palace—if only to inquire for the Signor Avvocato's health after their usual morning ride or walk. The Del Palmettos were early risers, and loved to saunter about on foot, or ride, in the cool of the morning; they generally, however, went to the Palace towards noon, to make sure of seeing the Signor Avvocato, who was seldom visible before twelve. Not unfrequently, when he was confined to his room by his attacks of pain, the Marchioness would go and sit with him by the hour, talk to him about Turin and Brescia, tell him of Haynau and Austrian rule in Lombardy. The Signor Avvocato's political conversion had not been so thorough as to have cured him of his life-long aversion to Austria. The old gentleman was amused by his visitor's spirit and liveliness, and very soon began to miss her when she did not come—signs which, perceived and noted with feminine perspicacity, gave her the measure of the ground she was gaining in the father's heart.

It was otherwise with the daughter's; there was no way to it, or, if there were, the Marchioness could not find it. She might carry her work as much as she pleased to the Palace, and spend whole afternoons *tête-à-tête* with her fair neighbour, and yet, when she rose to go away, feel herself as much a stranger as when

she had sat down three hours before. All the Marchioness's efforts to thaw Rose's coldness, to gain her confidence, to establish that sort of companionship so natural between young women, were neutralized by a *vis inertiae*, which might arise from an absence of personal sympathy, or from a studied reserve.

"Signora Candia," at last said Teresa to her husband, "is like a smooth surface, off which everything glides; none of my grappling hooks of friendliness can find one point in her on which to fix themselves. Do you know that lately I have begun to suspect she might be jealous?"

"What an idea!" exclaimed Del Palmetto; "jealousy presupposes love, and does she look as if she loved her husband? I should say quite the contrary."

"Certainly, as far as appearances go, I must say you are right; and yet I cannot get rid of the impression that she is jealous. Why should her heart be so shut against me, unless . . ."

"Her heart is shut against you, and me, and her husband, because we are all of us liberals, and she is a furious *codina*. I declare to heavens, my hair stands on end when I think that I once proposed to her; it does, upon my honour."

The Del Palmettos' assiduity at the Palace could not but place them in frequent contact with another equally assiduous, and possibly even more welcome visitor, namely, Don Pio.

These meetings, if devoid of cordiality, were not at all wanting in that washy substitute for it, good-natured civility. It formed part of the policy pursued by the Del Palmettos towards the Palace to keep well with a personage so influential in that quarter as Don Pio; and the priest, on his side, had obvious reasons also for being on good terms with the first family of the neighbourhood. With a view towards maintaining this good understanding, each party had made tacit concessions to the other. For instance, Del Palmetto had given up the turning the Castle into a stronghold of opposition, as he had at first intended;

and, in order to divest his favourite plan—the reorganization of the National Guard—of all aggressive character, he had repeatedly mentioned it to Don Pio, asking him for his co-operation—a co-operation, however, which the priest had declined to give, on the plea that military matters were alien to his calling. The curé had been as courteous on his part. He abstained, in the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness, from all such subjects as might hurt their feelings, or be displeasing to them ; more than that, he had entirely given up those broad political allusions and denunciations of men and things with which, like too many of his clerical brethren of that time, he had hitherto richly seasoned his Sunday sermons. We must not forget that the Marchioness, immediately after her arrival, and when as yet she had no good reason for temporising with the curé, had proclaimed everywhere, and loudly enough to reach his ears, her determination to call him publicly to account if he indulged in diatribes against the Government.

Such was the posture of affairs on the 5th of April, the day which was to inaugurate the formation anew of the National, or Civic, Guard, as thereabouts it was more commonly called. The rank and file of the defunct body were to assemble, by appointment, in the Town Hall, and there proceed to the election of fresh officers, the period of the commission of the former ones having long since expired. It had not cost Del Palmetto any extraordinary efforts to bring about this issue ; the Civic Guard virtually existed ; it was a mere matter of form to call it into activity, so long as its members were willing. And this the immense majority were, who felt it would be no trifling honour to be commanded by their Marquis, a real captain to boot, with three medals on his breast ; for it was already preconcerted that the captaincy should devolve upon Del Palmetto.

Well, out of delicacy, and that it might not be said that he had sought to influence the poll, the Marquis had not

budged from home, where he waited for the result with undoubting confidence. To his amazement John the Miller and Peter the Chandler, the lieutenant and sub-lieutenant in expectancy, came to seek him, much discomposed ; and not without cause, for the news they brought wore a very disastrous look. There had been no election for want of electors—only six out of twenty-seven had attended the meeting—of the remainder eight had already had their names struck off the rolls, and many more were spoken of as having expressed their intention to do the same ; it had very much the appearance of a general *saute qui peut*.

“But there must be a cause for all this,” cried Del Palmetto ; “what is it ?”

The cause was a very prevalent rumour, a terrible rumour—nothing less than that Don Pio had declared that not a single man of the new National Guard should be allowed to receive the sacrament on Easter-Day. Now Easter was close at hand. We spare the reader the polite little appellative which Del Palmetto, on hearing this, hurled at the head of Don Pio.

“And you, what do you think of doing ?” asked he of the messengers. John the Miller and Peter the Chandler protested their entire devotion to the Marquis ; at the same time they were Christians, they were fathers of families, they had souls to save ; in short, for nothing in the world would they miss fulfilling their Paschal duty. Vexed to the heart as he was, Del Palmetto felt and admitted the full force of their reasons, and upon this there was an end of the interview.

The Marchioness took the infection of her husband’s wrath, and they both did nothing, during dinner, but fret and fume, and devise measures of retaliation.

“Since war he chooses, war he shall have,” said Del Palmetto, as he rose from table. “I shall go this very instant, and give this Don Pio a piece of my mind.”

“Yes, do,” said the Marchioness, going down-stairs with him.

Fortunately, as they passed the small parlour they called Vincenzo’s study,

they thought of looking in and telling their friend of their grievance. Vincenzo, after listening attentively, strongly dissuaded their acting upon so flimsy a foundation as a vague rumour.

"As for me," went on Candia, "I take it for granted that Don Pio is the prime cause of this morning's defeat, but I know the man too well not to be sure that he has managed the matter so adroitly as to keep himself clear of all responsibility. Depend upon it, Don Pio is too clever to commit himself so clumsily as by a threat of the kind alleged. At all events, let us first get proofs that he has, and I shall not be the one to bid you restrain your just indignation—only in the meanwhile obey the saying of the sage, 'In doubt abstain.'"

Vincenzo's advice, supported by the Marchioness, won the day, and Del Palmetto, conquered if not convinced, consented to wait for more reliable information before risking an *éclat*. This more reliable information was not long in being obtained ; it came through our old friend Barnaby. That Barnaby was a great partizan of the Castle, and a great favourite at the Castle—that he had at all times his *grandes* and *petites entrées* at the Castle—is what the reader does not need to be told. Barnaby had had all the particulars of the case from Lucangelo, who had every right to be believed, as he was art and part in the whole affair from beginning to end. This was that same Lucangelo who had been dairy-lad at the Palace in 1848, and who had then brought back from Ibella the first news of Vincenzo's escapade. He was now a full-grown man of twenty-two or twenty-three, and farmed a little bit of land of his own, the dowry of his wife. Being by far the tallest and handsomest young fellow of the village, Lucangelo was a very desirable acquisition for the National Guard ; bethinking himself of which, Barnaby, who had continued on good terms with the ex-dairy lad, gave him no peace until he had got him to put his name down on the rolls—an acquiescence which, by the way, had cost Lucangelo

many and many a peevish remonstrance from his wife, who, like most wives, and mothers, and women in general, was against the National Guard. Now, then, to come to the gist of the business—Lucangelo, on this very morning of the 5th of April, had gone early to confession. Don Pio being the only confessor at hand, had nine-tenths of the custom of the village. Don Pio, on his way to the confessional, stopped a while, as was his wont, to count over the number of applicants for confession, and, probably, having satisfied himself that he had not time for the whole, singled out of the number Lucangelo and two of his comrades, and told them they need not wait, as he should not be able to attend to them. This exclusion, not unprecedented on occasions of large attendance, looked the more ominous to the objects of it, that on that morning there were only a scanty few waiting. However, there was nothing for it but to obey, and, much discomfited, they accordingly retired ; but meeting the Sacristan, Lucangelo stopped and asked him whether the Curé would be in the confessional that afternoon, and at what hour. This Sacristan—a gruff, tyrannical old man—was the *âme damnée* of the Curé. He replied,

"You belong to the Civic Guard, do you not ?"

They said that they did.

"Well, then," resumed the Sacristan, "you may spare yourself the time and trouble of coming back here. Not one of the Civic Guard shall receive the Sacrament on Easter Day."

At this terrible fiat, only too well confirmed by the Curé's refusal to hear their confession, the three rustics were seized with a panic—they had a vision of their names ignominiously placarded, as is still the custom in small villages, over the door of the church. They ran in hot haste to such of their friends as they knew to be in a similar predicament to their own ; and, before an hour was over, all Rumelli was full of the news that Don Pio had declared—Don Pio, mark, and not the Sacristan—that none of those who belonged to the National

Guard should be allowed to take the Sacrament on Easter Sunday. Such was the substance of the statement made by Lucangelo to Barnaby. We withhold the old gardener's wrathful comments, on account both of their quality and quantity.

"You see how lucky it was that you did not act on your first angry impulse," said Vincenzo to Del Palmetto. "It would, as we now see, have put you quite in the wrong. If Don Pio has thrown the stone—which, for my part, I don't in the least doubt—he has taken good care that the hand from which it came should remain concealed. It is likely, too, that he has been served beyond his hopes by the gooseishness of Lucangelo and Co. Be this as it may, all we have heard has not given us a tittle of evidence against him. The putting off the confession of three penitents to another time is a course perfectly justifiable by precedent. The indiscreet zeal of that old dotard the Sacristan may be easily disavowed. And then what remains? Zero."

The defeated were the more galled the less they saw any means of reprisal. The natural corollary of this state of feeling was the growing coldness of the Castle towards the Parsonage, which the Parsonage was not slack in reciprocating, and that more markedly after the incident we are now about to relate. On Easter Eve the Del Palmettos and Vincenzo went to confession at a Convent of Capuchins not far off—the same where Rose's deceased spiritual director, Father Terenziano, had lived; and on the morrow they took the Communion at the parish church of Rumelli. Their having sought a confessor elsewhere was so little a measure of retaliation that husband and wife had determined upon doing so long before the late broils—in fact, from the moment they had learned what a fanatic Don Pio was, and what a liberal-minded confessor Vincenzo had found at the Convent above mentioned; but such a step was not the less resented by absolute Don Pio as an intentional slight. Materials for an explosion were thus accumulating on both sides.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

To perpetuate the memory of the granting of a free constitution, the Subalpine Legislature of 1851 passed a law which instituted a national holiday, under the title of *Festa dello Statuto*, to be kept annually on the second Sunday in May. The putting of this law into execution met with many difficulties from the clergy, who, especially since the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, were anything but friendly to the Statuto. Indeed, except in towns of first and second-rate importance, where public opinion exercised a wholesome pressure on the reluctant ecclesiastical authorities, the honours paid to the national holiday were everywhere null or incomplete—null, where the local clergy had influence enough with the municipal body to deter them from any public demonstration; incomplete, where the municipal body had spirit enough to take the initiative as to the rejoicings, the local clergy, as a rule, abstaining. In saying this, we do not mean to allege that there were no exceptions to this rule. They were few, indeed, but there were some; as, for instance, Don Natale.

Thanks to his easy-going nature, and to his friendship for the Signor Avvocato—at that time still a Constitutionalist, at least in name—things had gone on smoothly at Rumelli on the second Sunday in May. Don Natale had arranged that, while he was taking off his robes in the vestry, the singers should begin the *Te Deum*—not the slow and pompous *Te Deum* reserved for great solemnities, but the quick and less imposing one used for minor occasions—in the middle of which Don Natale would, perhaps, show himself, but not in canonicals, and, standing by the singers' bench, join his voice now and then to theirs; and there was an end of the matter. This very lukewarm performance had been persevered in down to 1854; but in 1855 (Don Natale had just died, and Don Pio had been surrogated

to his place) the new curé had judged fit, with the Signor Avvocato's full approbation, to put an end even to that pretence of thanksgiving. It was very easily done. The choir received a peremptory injunction—to which they conformed, nothing loth—to leave their bench immediately after mass, and go about their business. The congregation loitered a little, stared at the empty bench, whispered, "It seems we are to have no *Te Deum* to-day," and took their departure. Two or three of the most daring, who ventured to ask Don Pio the cause of this novelty, received for answer that the Church could have no thanksgiving for the granting of a fundamental law under the rule of which holy monks and nuns might be robbed and despoiled, even of the right of prayer in common. This reply shut the mouth of the questioners, and of all who might be inclined to become such ; and for that year and the one ensuing (Vincenzo was absent on both occasions) the anniversary of the Statuto was no more commemorated at Rumelli than at Vienna or Timbuctoo.

But it was utterly impossible that this sort of shuffling should succeed in the present year, 1857, while the Del Palmettos were actually at the Castle. They neither could nor would remain quiescent, thus appearing to give their sanction to an act of omission which implied disparagement of that which they respected with all their hearts. They accordingly decided that, with or without Don Pio's concurrence, they would celebrate the second Sunday in May as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing for the Statuto. Don Pio, when applied to, and respectfully requested by the Marquis to have a *Te Deum* sung, returned a flat refusal. Short of receiving an order to that effect from his ecclesiastical superior—an order which he had not received, and which he had every reason to believe he would not receive—Don Pio would abide by the precedent he had established. Del Palmetto urged the contrary precedent established by Don Natale.

"Don Natale acted according to his

conscience, and I according to mine," replied the priest."

"Then," said the Marquis, "you will not take it amiss if we go by ours, and if we do the little we can to honour an event which we consider a most happy and beneficial one."

The conciliatory tone of the young nobleman's language was belied by none of the acts which followed. While resolved to accomplish what they looked upon as a duty, the Del Palmettos were equally resolved to accomplish it in the way most calculated to spare, as far as possible, the feelings of the Curé, and, consequently, also those of the Signor Avvocato and his daughter. They made it a point, therefore, to say nothing of Don Pio's having refused his co-operation, and even abstained altogether from pronouncing his name in connexion with the approaching fête ; for that there was to be a little family fête at the Castle on the anniversary of the Statuto, of this they made no secret ; nor could they, even had they desired it, there being several men actually employed in erecting a scaffolding in front of the Castle for the display of fireworks. There were also preparations being made for an illumination. The Del Palmettos wished it so clearly to be understood that their fête was a family one, that they apologized to their habitual guests of Rumelli for not inviting any of them to dinner, on the plea that their party on that day was to be exclusively composed of relatives.

However modestly announced—or perhaps because so modestly announced—the Del Palmettos' forthcoming fête had put the whole village on the tiptoe of expectation ; and the approaches to the Castle on the important morning were besieged betimes by a large crowd eager to have the first view of the expected visitors. As nine o'clock was striking three carriages drove up, out of which got nine persons, three ladies and six gentlemen—four of these last officers. Was this only a beginning, or was it all ? Opinions were divided. A quarter after nine struck, then the half hour, then the three quarters, and no further arrivals.

Alas! it was all—a conclusion which made the funds of the Castle fall ten per cent. in the estimation of the lookers-on ; but there was a proportionate rise the moment the party, issuing forth to Church, afforded the by-standers the opportunity for a nearer inspection. The *personnel* was scanty, it was true ; but then it was uncommonly good-looking, and quality made up for quantity. Could there be a finer specimen of an old gentleman than the one who walked in front with the Marchioness, evidently her father?—or a more prepossessing young fellow than that lieutenant of the Bersaglieri, whose lithe erect figure, expressive olive countenance, and jet-black eyes and hair, allowed of no mistake as to his being the Marchioness's brother? And that fair lady in the blue silk, leaning on the Marquis's arm—had she not the air and the step of a queen?—and this, and that, and the other, was it not a pleasure to behold them? By the time the party from the Castle had taken their seats in the Del Palmettos' side chapel, the funds of the Castle had jumped up to par again ; and when, after mass, the Marquis and Marchioness did the honours of the village to their guests, introducing to their notice, as they went along, the inhabitants *en masse*, and the notabilities one by one, the rise in the said funds reached to quotations unprecedented.

The least the village could do, under the circumstances, was to go after vespers and return the compliment to the Castle, and this it accordingly did, accompanied by the band as a matter of course ; even the Town Council thought fit to send a deputation. This last demonstration, made on such a day, was the more indicative of the actual temper of popular feeling, that it came from a body notoriously composed of partisans of Don Pio. What added piquancy to the affair was, that this deputation were ushered into the dining-hall just at the moment of the toast to the Statuto, and, whether they would or no, they had to drink it.

We have no time to spare for either the official or unofficial proceedings that

followed ; they differed in nothing from those we have repeatedly seen take place at the Palace. Suffice it to say that they were now gone through to the perfect satisfaction of all parties. The hospitality of the Castle, great as it was, proved only second to its graciousness. The Marquis and Marchioness went out frequently into the grounds to make sure that no one was forgotten or overlooked, and their guests mixed freely with the villagers. These latter looked pleased and animated, but as little actuated by any political feeling as if they were wholly ignorant of the cause and purport of the festival they were sharing in. There were lusty cheers for the inmates of the Castle as they passed to and fro among them, but as yet not one single voice had raised one single hurrah for the Statuto. Was this indifference, or was it fear of Don Pio? Whatever the cause, it gave way before one of those irresistible impulses which seize upon a crowd with the instantaneousness of an electric shock. It was *à propos* of a numerous cavalcade of Del Palmetto's brother officers, a dozen of them at least, who came rattling up to the Castle about six in the evening. Both the sight and the sound were inspiring ; and when, before dismounting, the cavaliers waved their shakoes and cried, "Viva lo Statuto!" off went all the rural hats and caps present in joyous sympathy, and every rustic throat joined in a hearty shout for the Statuto.

We must not omit to note that there was by this time, mixed with the local population assembled in the Castle grounds, a good sprinkling of mechanics from Ibella, who had come to see the fête, and contribute to the success of such a novelty in Rumelli as the commemoration of the granting of the Statuto. It was, most likely, with these that the above responsive shouts had originated, but the cry being taken up so quickly and lustily, abundantly showed that it answered to a desire generally felt. Certain it is that, from this moment, the fête assumed a decided political colour ; witness the toasts to

the Statuto which went off like crackers from one table after the other, and the snatches of patriotic songs, which every now and then swelled into a chorus. The band caught the infection and struck up "*L'Italia si desta*," an attempt which at first proved abortive, none of the performers knowing by heart beyond the first three or four bars of the tune. Seeing which, they had to send for the music, and in fact wholly retrieved their honour by playing nothing else as long as it was light. As is generally the case, the darker it grew the louder waxed the clamour and the mirth ; until the whizz of the first rocket came to act as a stopper on the hubbub. The fireworks went off admirably amid alternations of dead silence and of deafening cheers ; and, when, after the dazzling splendours of the "bouquet," the *façade* of the Castle, pitch-dark for one moment, blazed up, as if by magic, with *Viva lo Statuto*, traced in flaming characters of gas, then one immense joyous cry rent the air, and the Statuto was acclaimed for some minutes with a sort of frenzy. Fancy how agreeably tickled by such sounds must have been Don Pio's acoustic nerves ; set on edge already as they were by the patriotic performance of the band. The illumination of the Castle was the climax of the entertainment ; the good folks loitered yet awhile to enjoy the *coup d'œil*, to admire and to criticise—there's never any lack of critics, be the assemblage large or small—and then the grounds began slowly to empty. Most of the Rumellians went to their homes and their beds ; a few of the youths of the place, and the majority of the Ibellians, roamed through the village in search of fresh sport, and fresh sport they soon found.

A squad of urchins, determined to have their illumination also, were busily engaged opposite to the church square, heaping up materials, brought from the adjoining fields and hedges, for a bonfire. You need not ask whether or not the new comers lent a willing hand ; and, the pile having soon reached—thanks to their active assistance—to

respectable proportions, it was set fire to amidst a perfect volley of merry shouts. Now, the spot for this harmless *auto-da-fé*, being isolated from all habitations, was judiciously chosen in so far as the safety of the village from conflagration was concerned, but it had the serious disadvantage of being overlooked by one of the back-windows of the parsonage. Presently this window was opened, and Don Pio's voice was heard asking, in its harshest tones, What was going on down below there, and if they meant to set the place on fire. This interrogation was answered by a burst of hisses and groans ; and a threat which followed of coming out to punish the offenders, was received with a renewed cry of "*Viva lo Statuto ! Down with the Codini !*" whereupon the window was noisily shut to an accompaniment of crowing, barking, mewing, grunting, squeaking, and what not. Don Pio had the prudence not to commit himself any further, and let the bonfire and the excitement spend themselves unopposed, which came to pass in good time. The party from Ibella marched off the ground in military order ; and, with a parting salutation to Don Pio in the shape of another hearty "*Down with the Codini ! down with Don Pio !*" bellowed beneath his very windows, they left Rumelli to finish its slumbers in peace. The young men of the town had, in truth, a crow to pick with Don Pio, for having suppressed the fête of the Statuto, and also for having so changed and enfeebled that old favourite of theirs, the Signor Avvocato.

The Marquis and Marchioness knew nothing of this episode until the morrow. The Marchioness first heard all the particulars from Signora Candia, who had had them fresh from no less an authority than Don Pio. Don Pio, entirely silent as to any provocation having been given, represented the whole affair as a premeditated insult to himself ; the violence of the assailants might be easily conjectured from the insolent sentences chalked over the parsonage door, "*Down with the Codini ! down with Don Pio !*"

Signora Candia had seen this with her own eyes. She felt strongly on the subject and expressed herself strongly, and so did the Signor Avvocato, who could not sufficiently regret that the Castle, by the demonstration it had made, should have set an example which had led to such excesses. The Marchioness, with much warmth, disclaimed any such responsibility, and threw it back upon those who opposed the general feeling of the community. The Castle had simply exercised a right, and fulfilled a duty, with all due moderation. In fact, the only example the Castle had given was that of respect to the laws of the country. If others had done the contrary, they had done so at their risk and peril; if there had been excesses—which, however, she was not inclined to believe—let the proper authorities prosecute the offenders; there was justice for every one in the land, thank God!

“Except for Ecclesiastics,” quoth the old gentleman.

“Indeed, Signor Avvocato, you calumniate your country,” was the quick retort.

It made her lose in one instant the place she had secured in his good graces by the attentions of months. But the Marchioness’s blood was up.

To widen the split, there came a flaming article in *The Citizen*, the Radical paper of Ibella. It was headed, “*Post tenebras Lux.*” It gave an extravagant description, through three columns and a half, of the fête at the Castle; every item of which—hospitality, illuminations, fireworks, concourse of people, and enthusiasm—was on an unparalleled scale. The conclusion ran thus:—

“Are we to consider this as a mere *ignis fatuus*? We can answer emphatically, No. We are able to give all friends of liberty the glad tidings that Rumelli is definitively gained over to the cause of progress. We can ask no better voucher of the fact than the name of Captain Del Palmetto and his worthy lady, née Signora Ombelli, who have put themselves frankly at

“the head of the Liberal party there. “The blighting influences which for the last two years have preponderated in the village and its environs have now received their death-blow. We are happy and proud to be the first to record this fresh victory of the spirit of the age, a spirit so worthily represented at Rumelli by the accomplished givers of a fête which marks a new era in the annals of that little and interesting community. *Post tenebras Lux.*”

Copies of the paper containing this rhapsody were liberally disseminated through the parish. The barber’s shop, the chandler’s shop, each received one by the post, and so did Don Pio, and the mayor, and the councillors, and all the principal inhabitants; all except the Signor Avvocato, an exception which proved beyond all doubt that the distribution of this number of *The Citizen* must have taken place under the superintendence of the Castle, for the Castle naturally wished to spare the feelings of the Palace. And the fact of the superintendence, once ascertained, of necessity implied the other fact, that the article had been inspired, if not actually composed and written, by the Del Palmettos. The feeling of Rumelli was unanimous on this point, and the earnest denials of the master and mistress of the Castle, who regretted the incident more than anybody, only served to confirm and root more deeply the common sentiment. The only person who dissented was Don Pio, too clear-sighted not to perceive at a glance the flagrant contradiction which existed between this act of open defiance, and the temperate behaviour of the Castle throughout the whole affair. However, it mattered little who had, or who had not, thrown down the gauntlet—it sufficed that it had been thrown, that public opinion indicated a certain party as having thrown it for him to lift it; he must do so, or farewell his authority—and so he did lift it.

Don Pio, on the next Sunday, addressed his flock from the pulpit on the events that had taken place on the preceding Lord’s Day. He said he much

regretted to have to state that serious disorderly conduct had marked a day especially intended for rest and prayer. Their pastor, in the privacy of his domestic abode, had been made the butt of much coarse abuse and invective, nay, had even been threatened. A furious gang, in the dead of night, had laid a sort of siege to the parsonage, and left on its door, amid vociferations and imprecations worthy of savages—testimonies of the fiendish passions by which they were animated—expressions of hatred and contempt too disgusting to be repeated in a holy place. Don Pio hoped and trusted that none of his parishioners had taken any part in this disgraceful scene ; if any of them had, so little was he prompted by resentment that he did not wish to know ; he pardoned them from the bottom of his heart. His motive for at all referring to the painful subject was the opportunity it afforded him of deducing from it a practical moral, of pressing upon his hearers a sound piece of advice. Don Pio's piece of advice to his flock was from henceforth not to let themselves be prevailed upon, under any circumstances, to keep any other festivals than those instituted by "our holy mother, the Church." The dangers of a contrary course were too clearly illustrated by the incidents of the Sunday before. In the Church alone was vested the power to establish obligatory fêtes ; those imposed by the State were not binding on the conscience. The Church, assisted by the Holy Ghost, was an infallible guide, and as such was to be blindly and implicitly trusted in ; whereas the State, with no safer beacon than that Will-o'-the-wisp, called human wisdom, was liable to err, and to lead others into error. Nobody, for instance, was ignorant that under the very shadow of that Statuto (the recurrence of the anniversary of which many would fain make an occasion of rejoicing) unpardonable acts of oppression and spoliation had been committed against both the secular and the regular clergy. . . .

At this point of Don Pio's harangue the Marchioness Del Palmetto rose from

her seat and, followed by her husband, walked out of the church. The sensation created by their sudden exit may be more easily imagined than described. The Curé had to abridge the explanation of the Gospel, and to go through the second part of the Mass in a hurry, so palpable was the impatience of the congregation to be at liberty to discuss the great event. Indeed, it was the talk of all Rumelli, and nowhere was it commented upon and discussed more thoroughly, or with more spirit, than at the Castle itself, where there happened to be on that very day a large dinner-party, exclusively composed of Rumellians, to whom the noble hosts thought themselves bound in common civility to explain the motives of their behaviour that morning. They had gone to church, they said, to be edified, and not to listen to political lucubrations, still less to hear the fundamental law of the land reviled and traduced. Don Pio had no more right to attack the Statuto from the pulpit than a deputy to fall foul of a dogma, or to preach a schism from his seat in Parliament. It was much against the grain that they had left so abruptly, but on no account would they even for a moment seem to countenance by their presence, language against which their consciences protested. No, never again would they set foot in a church, where party spirit, instead of the spirit of the Gospel, inspired the language held in the pulpit. This, and much more that they added, the Marquis and Marchioness knew full well would be reported to Don Pio by some of those present, and they were not sorry for it ; nor did they in the least shrink from saying it all to Don Pio's face on the very first opportunity that occurred.

From this day the rupture between the Castle and the Parsonage was complete. Faithful to their word, the Del Palmettos never again set foot in the parish church, but went regularly to Ibella to hear mass on all succeeding Sundays and fête-days. Del Palmetto again took up, and with renewed vigour, his lately abandoned scheme of the National Guard—this time with perfect

success. Next Easter was too far off as yet to serve as a scarecrow, and Don Pio had the mortification of seeing his noble antagonist—who of course had been elected captain—drilling his men in the Church Square on every Saturday afternoon. An active canvass was also begun, and vigorously pursued, the avowed object of which was the ousting of the *Piani* (the adherents of Don Pio) from the Town Council, and filling their places by *Marchesotti* (as the partisans of the Castle had been nicknamed), at the next election of 1858. By this time those *Piani* who had still continued to visit at the Castle after the rupture, had gradually withdrawn, and the Castle had become what the Marquis had meant to make it from the beginning, the head-quarters of the Opposition.

Meanwhile the intercourse between the Castle and the Palace lived on as well as it could, or rather, as well as the Castle's firm determination not to let it die, could keep it alive. The visits of the Del Palmettos, those especially of the Marchioness, met, indeed, with little encouragement in a region so devoted to Don Pio; but so long as they lasted they accounted for, and, so to speak, justified the daily ones paid by Vincenzo to the Castle, and which were positive life to him. Vincenzo had necessarily experienced at home the recoil of the passions which were rending peaceful Rumelli in twain—dividing it into two hostile camps. What did he care? What did a few pin-pricks matter to him, the spoiled child of a friendship as pure as it was elevated? The Castle was his real home—there, he felt among his own, in that sympathetic atmosphere alone did his intellectual and affective lungs—we, each of us have a pair somewhere—breathe and expand freely; his looks were less wan, his breath less short, his step less heavy, than some months before had been the case. The very excitement of the strife going on around him did him good; he could not help taking some interest in it, though convinced it would burst like a bubble the moment those who had produced it should be gone. Were

they, then, about to go? Alas! yes. Del Palmetto's five months' leave of absence expired with the month of August. The time for their departure drew nearer and nearer—it came at last.

The Marchioness would not go away without making a last effort in Vincenzo's behalf, or rather without accomplishing what she considered a duty. One day that she found Rose alone, she gave her, with the utmost prudence and gentleness, some hints as to the delicate state of Vincenzo's health. She was sure, that Signora Candia must have remarked how little he ate, and how easily he was put out of breath. Did she not think that a change of air and scene, and perhaps some agreeable and regular occupation, might prove beneficial to him? There were certain organizations, certain temperaments—the Marchioness had known of such—for which work of some kind or other was a condition, *sine qua non*, of good health.

Signora Candia answered that her husband had always been more or less delicate, nor had she noticed any change in him for the worse, though, truth to say, she had seen so little of him lately that, of the two, the Marchioness must be a better judge than herself of how he was. If Signor Candia wished for change of air, no one detained him at home—he was free to go; and why should he not avail himself of the present opportunity to do so, in such excellent company?

The Marchioness chose not to perceive the palpable irony of the suggestion, and replied, with great coolness, "Had Signor Candia expressed any wish to accompany us, we should be only too happy to have his society; but he has said nothing of the kind; we are only his friends, and do not consider ourselves entitled to interfere in so delicate a matter, or to give advice which by right ought to come from those nearer and dearer to him. After all, since you feel no uneasiness on Signor Candia's account, I take it for granted that you know best, and that there is

no ground for anxiety. All I have to do is to beg you to forgive me for having broached so disagreeable a subject."

This interview impressed upon the Marchioness's mind the double conviction, that Signora Candia loved her husband enough to be jealous of him, and that the hint she had thrown out in reference to Vincenzo's health was not likely to be lost. And thus she was a little re-assured as to Vincenzo's future welfare. We pass over the parting hour ; it was painful to those who went ; to him who remained, it was awful. The offers of service which the Del Palmettos pressed on their friend were as unlimited as they were cordial and sincere.

"If ever you alter your mind, and feel inclined to give your country the benefit of your labour, remember you have only a line to write, and a place worthy of your talents will be ready for you at any moment." Such were the parting words of the Marchioness to Candia.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE GREAT PEACEMAKER.

ON the morrow, when the usual hour for his going to the Castle arrived, Vincenzo. . . . But what is the use of entering into any detailed account of his misery? The task is too sickening for us to undertake it. Suffice it to say that Vincenzo felt as if he had never before known what it was to be alone and miserable and hopeless. For the following three months his mind and body were in a continuous state of collapse. He was perfectly conscious of the fact, and anything but sorry for it.

On a wet day in early December, it might be four o'clock in the afternoon, Vincenzo was lying on his bed, dreaming wide awake, as usual, when he was startled out of his reverie by a succession of piercing screams from Rose. He hurried down stairs, went into his wife's apartment—it was empty—rushed

to that of the Signor Avvocato ; ran through the two first rooms, and in the third and last, he came upon a sight which for an instant made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. Stretched at full length on the floor, near the foot of the bed, lay the ponderous form of the Signor Avvocato, to all appearance lifeless ; Rose was kneeling by his side trying to lift up his head. "Quick, for Don Pio, somebody, run directly for Don Pio." Such were her first words at the sound of approaching footsteps ; she could not see who had come, her back being turned to the door. The excitement of the moment supplied Vincenzo with energies, of which five seconds before he would not have believed himself capable. He snatched the pillows off the bed, pushed them under the prostrate head, flew into the next room, opened the window, shouted for help, and in a twinkling was again standing by his godfather.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"I don't know," was Rose's answer. "It might have been three o'clock when I left Papa ; he begged me to go away, as he felt so heavy and drowsy, and inclined to sleep. I went down stairs to count over some linen, which took me rather a long time. I was listening all the while though, for any noise overhead. I heard none whatever. When I came up about an hour after" sobs here stopped her utterance. The household were now flocking in one after the other—the cook, the housemaid, Marianna, Giuseppe, were all there. "Quick, quick, go for Don Pio," Rose kept on repeating ; but not one of the servants stirred ; they seemed spell-bound, the women already beginning to wail.

"Hush !" cried Vincenzo ; "instead of weeping, make yourselves useful ; bring me some cold water and some vinegar. You, Giuseppe, look sharp, take the carriage and drive to Ibella, as if for your life, and bring back with you Doctor B. or Doctor N. ; or stay, better bring them both. You, Carlo, take the gig to Rumelli ; go first to the

Parsonage, and tell Don Pio he is wanted at the Palace in a hurry ; tell him why, but don't stop for him—make all haste to old Geronimo, and bring him and his lancet-case here at full gallop. The quicker you are, the greater the chances of saving your master's life." Then turning to Barnaby, who might think himself ill-used if he had nothing to do (only that poor Barnaby was too terror-stricken to think of anything but his master), Vincenzo added, "Come by me, Barnaby, we want your help ;" and Barnaby was made to assist prominently in the application of the usual restoratives in such cases—too familiar for us to spend any words in describing them. They proved fruitless. The old gentleman's teeth being tightly locked, there was no possibility of forcing any cordial down his throat.

The first of all the persons sent for who made his appearance was naturally old Geronimo. Why so called, considering he was old neither in age nor looks, we cannot say, unless it were on account of his proverbial taciturnity.

Old Geronimo was a retired army surgeon of that inferior class—now, we believe, done away with—which went under the name of phlebotomists, and whose only business was to bleed and apply leeches. He asked no questions, but, going straight to the unconscious Signor Avvocato, knelt down by him, and began with a large pair of scissors to slit up the left-arm sleeve of his dressing-gown and those of his shirt and flannel waistcoat.

"Are you going to bleed him ?" asked Rose, in some alarm. Old Geronimo turned his eyes on her, as much as to say, "For what else was I brought here ?" and then coolly proceeded with his preparations ; which being finished, he opened a vein, and let the blood flow freely. At this juncture, Don Pio stole in on tiptoe. Rose went up to him, and, drawing him into a corner, said something to him in a whisper, and then resumed her place by her father. Don Pio followed her ; inspected the patient closely, felt his pulse, his hands and feet, and nodded affirmatively to

her. She had asked him whether he thought it had been right to bleed her father. The taking away of blood had, however, worked no change for the better ; the Signor Avvocato lay motionless as before, to all appearance dead or dying. Don Pio, after repeatedly leaning over his face, put on his stole and began reciting the prayers for those in the agony of death. Rose, on her knees to the right of her father, tried in vain to repress her sobs ; near her was old Geronimo, his eyes fixed on the Signor Avvocato. Vincenzo and Barnaby stood on the left ; they were scarcely less moved than the sobbing daughter. Grouped in the background were the servants, some terrified, some loudly weeping. The scene was the exact reproduction of Vincenzo's dream at Turin ; with this difference, however, that he was at the Palace—and oh ! what a comfort it was to him to be there !

At the end of twenty interminable minutes of this awful suspense, the pale lips began to quiver—a pin might have been heard to drop—but there issued forth no sound. Old Geronimo speedily forced a spoon, full of some cordial, between the half-opened teeth—this was swallowed, thank God ; then the eyes half-opened, but only to close again and then again ; at last they remained wide open, and stared slowly round. They had a distracted look as they travelled from face to face ; the moment they fell upon that of Vincenzo, the wildness in them softened, the rigidity of the countenance relaxed by degrees, especially about the mouth, and melted into a sweet smile. Had the expression of intense agony convulsing his son-in-law's features gone straight to the old man's heart and conquered it anew ? or had his apoplexy struck off the tablets of his memory a whole set of relatively recent disagreeable impressions, leaving associations of a far older date, and far more agreeable also, intact and fresh ? just as lightning will strike dead some young branches, leaving alive some old ones on the same tree.

Vincenzo, who was not prepared for this change, in a transport of tenderness

leaned forward over his father-in-law, threw both arms round his neck, and kissed him on the forehead. At sight of this act a murmur of pleasure ran through the room, and all eyes moistened. Rose spoke cheerfully to her father, and so did Don Pio. The Signor Avvocato listened to them, nodded his head, would fain have spoken, as was evident from the motion of his lips, but could form no articulate sound—nothing save that bubbling noise which persons shuddering with cold are apt to make.

All this time the old gentleman was lying on the bare ground—too uncomfortable a position for him to be left in ; and yet to lift so ponderous a body as the Signor Avvocato's on to the bed not only offered serious difficulties of accomplishment, but might be fatally injurious to one still labouring under such an alarming attack. Old Geronimo, in this dilemma, brought his experience of similar cases into play ; he suggested that a couple of mattresses should be laid on the floor, and then the patient slipped gently upon them—an operation which required the united exertions of all present, but which was safely managed. They then proceeded to make this temporary couch as comfortable as circumstances would permit ; and then Rose dismissed the servants, with the exception of Barnaby, and she and Don Pio, Geronimo, Vincenzo, and the old gardener, brought chairs and sat round the shake-down, keeping silent watch over the old gentleman, who lay very quiet, giving no indication whatever of being in pain. Indeed, he dozed almost constantly, awoke from time to time with a slight start, his eyes wandering with a restless expression, which vanished whenever his glance fell on Vincenzo. He would then again drop off to sleep.

At nine in the evening Giuseppe returned from Ibella with one of the doctors sent for, who immediately proceeded to a careful examination of the patient, in the course of which he put several questions to him, which met with no more articulate answer than the bubbling sound mentioned above. The doctor, in reply to Rose's anxious in-

quiries, said that she need not be so much alarmed by this symptom, which, nine times out of ten, was only temporary ; it was rare that, in cases of congestion, the nerves presiding over the functions of speech should not be more or less affected. The doctor, on the whole, seemed tolerably easy about the old gentleman ; his having been so promptly bled had been of the greatest service—had, indeed, probably saved his life. There was nothing more to be done for the present—absolute abstinence from food, although drink might be given in moderation if asked for ; this was all. Should any new symptoms be observed during the night, he begged he might be immediately called ; otherwise there was no necessity for his seeing the patient before the morning ; and then the doctor said good night, and retired to the room which had been prepared for him. Don Pio and old Geronimo took their leave. Vincenzo and Barnaby each put a mattress on the floor, and lay down dressed as they were. Vincenzo was dead tired. Rose had a bed made up for herself in the adjoining room, and half an hour afterwards the house was as silent as if it were uninhabited.

The Signor Avvocato passed a good night. The doctor was very early by the sick-bed, and this time subjected his patient to a far more minute and close examination than that of the previous night. Vincenzo observed, among other things, that the doctor, keeping his eyes firmly rivetted all the while on the Signor Avvocato's countenance, pinched and stroked his legs and arms very hard ; not a muscle of the sick man's face moved. The doctor's fiat, nevertheless, was, or at least sounded, altogether reassuring. No fever, no plethora, no coma, no difficulty of respiration. The nervous centres, it was true, had not yet recovered from the shock that they had sustained, nor would do so, in all likelihood, yet a while. Science might do a little to hasten the salutary action of time, and to this effect he recommended the immediate application of a blister to the nape of the neck, and

frictions with flannel along the spine thrice a day, each friction to last a quarter of an hour. Light food was to be given occasionally, always in small quantities ; no wine or other stimulant at all. Should the Signor Avvocato (it was better to be prepared for all contingencies) grow suddenly restless, and also become red in the face, with red streaks in the eye-balls, the lancet must be had recourse to without delay. But he hoped there would be no necessity for that. If everything went on well, he saw no objection to the old gentleman being lifted—of course, as gently as possible—and placed in his bed towards the afternoon ; and, winding up with the promise of returning on the morrow, the doctor made his bow. Vincenzo and Rose accompanied him, with many thanks, down the stairs. While doing this, Vincenzo felt a light tap on his shoulder from the doctor, who was behind him, which he interpreted at once as a sign that the medical man wished to speak to him in private. The doctor, in fact, desired Giuseppe, who was already at the bottom of the perron with the carriage, to go and wait for him at the gate of the avenue. "I feel rather stiff," he added, "and I shall be better for a little walk." Vincenzo insisted on accompanying him, and Rose left them.

As soon as they had cleared the flight of steps leading into the avenue, the doctor, passing his arm under Vincenzo's, said, "Do you know whether your father-in-law has made any arrangements—I mean, made his will ?"

"Indeed, I have not the least idea," gasped Vincenzo, horrified. "Why do you ask ?"

"In case he has not done so, to impress upon you the urgency of getting him to do it the moment he recovers his speech, if he ever should."

"Is he, then, in danger ?" exclaimed Vincenzo.

"For the moment, no more than you or I—but—you are a man, and I may speak frankly to you—but I do not believe he will survive a second attack, and I am sorry to say a second attack is inevitable."

"Inevitable ?" repeated Vincenzo ; "can you, then, do nothing to avert it ?"

"Alas ! I could martyrize him to no purpose, and that is what I will not do. He is paralyzed from head to foot, his nervous system is shattered—don't you see that his intelligence is already obscured, and will grow more so every day. I am grieved to be obliged to distress you, but . . . forewarned is forearmed. It is in your interest that I speak."

"I have only one interest—that he should live," returned Vincenzo.

"In that case, recommend him to God Almighty, who alone can work a miracle. Hullo ! what's the matter with you ?"

Vincenzo, what with emotion and the exertion of walking, was nearly exhausted, and had to stop to recover his breath.

"You are yourself ill, my dear sir," exclaimed the Doctor ; "I can scarcely find your pulse. Take my advice ; turn back and go to your bed at once."

"I don't feel ill, only weak ; it's of no consequence," said Vincenzo.

"I beg your pardon ; weakness, when it reaches this degree, constitutes an illness of itself. Go to your bed, I say."

"That's impossible just now."

"Well, at least, do not over-exert yourself ; above all, don't sit up late at night ; I positively forbid it. There are people enough at the Palace to nurse your father-in-law without you. Follow my advice, I beg of you ; and good-bye for the present."

The Doctor jumped into the carriage, and Vincenzo went up the Avenue again, with heavy tottering steps, and a still heavier heart. He might have been absent half an hour. Rose met him at the door of the sick-room :

"How long you have been, Vincenzo ! Papa has been fretting after you all this time."

It was quite a novelty for Vincenzo to hear himself addressed by his christian name, and in so gentle a tone. The Signor Avvocato's face was slightly flushed ; there was a frown on his

brow and anger in his eyes. Vincenzo hurried forwards, and, leaning over him, stroked his forehead, speaking at the same time cheerfully and kindly : as if by magic, the wrinkled brow grew smooth again, and the eyes and mouth smiled. Don Pio called early and stayed for some hours, now and then addressing words of encouragement, or pious exhortations, to the sick man, who, truth to say, hardly seemed to heed the Curé at all. The Signor Avvocato ate with evident pleasure the little that was given him ; Vincenzo it was who had to put the food into his mouth, and, so long as he could see Vincenzo, he lay quiet, with a look of contentment—save, indeed, when the operation of transferring to the bed the mattress, with him on it, was undertaken, a change of which he expressed his disapprobation as explicitly as a dumb man might, and to which all Vincenzo's caressing words and smiles could scarcely reconcile him. Vincenzo, Rose, and Barnaby, took their meals on a small table placed close to the bed. That Barnaby should so easily be prevailed upon to sit at table with his young mistress—he who had resisted the entreaties to do so of two generations of his masters—was another decisive proof that the good old fellow had fairly broken down.

Days swelled into weeks without bringing any amendment in the patient's power of speech, or of motion, or of understanding. The doctor from Ibella called regularly three times a week, professed himself satisfied with the Signor Avvocato's state, and for the rest, inculcated patience and a reliance on the action of time. Dr. Moreri, who had been telegraphed for, came from Turin, approved of all that had been done by his medical brother of Ibella, delivered a sort of lecture upon the sluggishness of the nervous centres, once interfered with, to resume their functions, and further spoke of the mud-baths at Acqui as worth trying in the spring. "But it was a long while yet to spring," observed Rose ; "in the meantime, might her father leave

his bed?" Certainly, he not only might but ought to do so, always provided he was properly attended to, and care was taken not to shake or fatigue him. Signora Candia must not anticipate the possibility of her father being able to stand ; but he might be able to sit in a half-recumbent position, less fatiguing than always lying at length. At Turin, under the Portici di la Fiera, there were to be had couches on castors, a new invention for invalids, which, by a very gentle pressure, could be raised or lowered at will. Perhaps, the Signor Avvocato being uncommonly bulky, it might not be easy to find one of these couches to suit him ready made, but one could be ordered.

Signora Candia had all the requisite measurements taken, went to Turin herself, and ordered one of these invalid chairs, which, thanks to the extra price she volunteered to give, was finished in a relatively short time and sent to Rumelli. It was wheeled in triumph into the sick-room, shown to the Signor Avvocato, and its use and intention explained to him—the comfort it would be to him to change his position by sitting in it enlarged upon, all to his seeming satisfaction, so long as the demonstration was confined to theory ; but, when the moment arrived for putting the theory into practice, and the first step to that end was taken by dressing the old gentleman, such was the horror he betrayed at the novelty, he grew so cross and excited and red in the face, that, from fear of consequences, the attempt had to be given up ; nor could he be restored to his usual tranquillity and serenity, until the obnoxious piece of furniture was removed out of his sight.

It must be here noted that full three weeks had now elapsed since the Signor Avvocato's seizure, and communication with him—such communication, at least, as could be had with a speechless person—had become somewhat more easy to those in constant attendance upon him. Rose, Vincenzo, and Don Pio—(Barnaby was too deaf and too stunned to have much perception of

anything)—had come by dint of habit to fix a precise meaning to each of the inarticulate sounds emitted by the sick man. They knew, for instance, by the peculiar intonation, when it was his daughter or Vincenzo that he wanted, when he wished for food or drink, when he meant yes or no, enough or more, &c. As to how far his comprehension went of what others said, there was a great difference of opinion. Vincenzo thought that he understood very little; Don Pio, that he understood a good deal, especially on certain days; and Rose, that he comprehended everything and always; but with her the wish was probably father to the belief. Rose was most anxious that her father should receive the Sacrament; but this he could not do without having first confessed, and confess he could not, unless he was in the full enjoyment of his understanding. The terror lest he should die without having taken the Sacrament had been haunting her, day and night, ever since his illness.

One thing was certain, that Don Pio, in his character of the Signor Avvocato's spiritual guide, was the most competent judge as to whether his penitent was in a befitting condition or not for confession; and Don Pio, one morning, declared his penitent to be lucid enough for that purpose. Accordingly, Vincenzo was requested to leave the room, which he did; not, however, without observing that the Signor Avvocato's medical man ought first to have been consulted as to the safety of the step. Rose answered this objection by affirming that she had asked and obtained the physician's authorization long ago. There was nothing more to say, and so the confession was proceeded with. When, after the interval of a good half-hour, Vincenzo was again admitted, he found his godfather dreadfully excited, and he had to use all his influence to soothe him into calmness again. Seeing this, he urged the expediency of putting off the Communion to the morrow. Rose explained that this could not be done, Don Pio having already gone to fetch the Host. Vincenzo then entreated her to go, and

herself see that there was no ringing of the bell within hearing of the sick room, and also to give orders that no one should enter it, not even the house; no one, in fact, except Don Pio. Rose willingly agreed to follow his advice. Owing to these precautions, and, probably, yet more to Vincenzo's presence and gentle encouragement, the Sacrament was administered without any impediment—indeed, without the Signor Avvocato betraying any special uneasiness. We need hardly mention that all Rumelli had accompanied the Host to the Palace—those of the inhabitants who happened to be at work in the fields hastening, at the sound of the Communion-bell, to join the impromptu procession. It required all Don Pio's authority, and Signora Rose's popularity, to keep the crowd from entering the house; the feminine portion being almost frantic with disappointment at this deprivation of what they considered their right. In small rural places, it is, in fact, a sort of right, based on custom, for neighbours to go and have a peep at the dying persons on the occasion of their receiving the Eucharist.

Up to this day the godfather's predilection for his godson had made the latter somewhat of a slave; from this day he literally and altogether became the old man's victim. No respite for Vincenzo by day or by night—the Signor Avvocato could not bear to lose sight of him for a moment. There was the waywardness of a child to manage, and the wants of an infirm old man to minister to. The Signor Avvocato generally slept from nine or ten in the evening to three or four o'clock in the morning; and, as he could not bear to remain alone, the moment he awoke he summoned Vincenzo to his side. He was not difficult, it is true, as to the diversions chosen for his amusement. Vincenzo had only to show him the pictures in a book, or to read aloud to him, or even merely to sit by the bed, and speak to him from time to time, to make the old gentleman look quite contented. But even this entailed on Vincenzo an almost total loss of sleep; for,

in his state of nervous excitement, the result of anxiety and exhaustion, it was seldom that he fell asleep before midnight, or even one in the morning. Indeed, he never, any night, laid himself down on his mattress, without asking himself, with terror, whether he should be equal to getting up on the morrow, and praying God that it might be so. Rose, with the best will in the world, could do nothing to relieve her husband ; if she went, instead of him, to answer her father's call, an angry jerk of the sick man's head warned her that she was not the one he wanted. Rose was evidently uneasy about Vincenzo's health. Supposing that the Marchioness's broad hints on that score had produced no effect, the doctor's reiterated warnings to Vincenzo against sitting up late at night at all events had.

Rose was now thoroughly awake to the dangers of over-exertion for her husband, and more than once lately he had caught her eye fixed on him full of a tender anxiety. Could it be that the Marchioness's conjectures were well-founded, and that the partiality shown for him by a young and handsome woman had awakened Signora Candia to a sense of her husband's merits ? Or was it the revival of her father's fondness for his godson, and the rich return it met with, which had pleaded in his favour and touched her heart ? Whatever the cause, or causes—and each of those we have enumerated had, probably, its share in the result—the fact is that Rose's feelings were singularly softened towards her husband.

As to poor Barnaby, his part in the sick room was more that of an incumbrance than a help. It seemed as if the same stroke which had rendered his master speechless and motionless, had done the same to him. He would sit for hours, his hands on his knees, looking about him vacantly, like a man in a dream. When he got up from his seat, which he did with difficulty, it was to shuffle along, bent double, here and there, without any apparent object but that of making himself believe that he was of some use, and then he would sit

down again and relapse into listlessness. Perhaps if Rose, or Vincenzo, or Don Pio, or indeed any one belonging to the household, came in his way, he would whisper a question, always the same—"Do you think he will ever come round ?" immediately adding, "I don't." These were the only words that had passed his lips since the fatal evening ; at the same time he kept his watch faithfully, even to the last, like a *sentinel perdu*. Vincenzo could not help a tear at sight of the good old man, his own faithful friend, so sadly broken down.

One very stormy night, late in January, that Vincenzo could not sleep, less from the noise of the incessant peals of thunder than from the effects on his shattered nerves of the electricity in the air, he saw, or fancied that he saw, by the glare of a flash of lightning, the Signor Avvocato start up with a sudden jerk, as though he strove to assume a sitting posture. Vincenzo sprang to the bed, and found his godfather with his head hanging over the side, and quite black in the face. In an instant he had given the alarm, and the whole house was on foot. Old Geronimo and Don Pio were sent for ; and, in the meanwhile, water and cordials, and strong scents were tried, in the desperate hope of restoring the old gentleman's consciousness. This time Geronimo's lancet was of no avail. The Signor Avvocato was dead.

Don Pio and Rose remained the whole night in prayer by the corpse. Vincenzo, who would fain have done the same, before long fell into a deep sleep, and was removed to a bed in the adjoining room. Amid the general bewilderment caused by the fatal event, nobody had thought of Barnaby, who continued to lie quietly on his mattress. At break of day Rose went and called him. No answer. She then touched him on the shoulder. Barnaby was stiff dead. God in His mercy had spared the affectionate old servant the trial he had most dreaded—that of seeing his master die first.

To be continued.

THREADS.

- ¶. THE metal sleeps in its hidden vein,
The blue-eyed flax waves over the plain,
The silk-worm spins on the mulberry-leaf ;
Days are spinning their joy and grief.

Threads are a-twining, manifold,
Of flax, hemp, cotton, and silk, and gold ;
For joyous Beauty, for Soldier proud,
For work-dress, cable, halter, and shroud.

From fields of sense, and mines of thought,
Threads of life are twisted and wrought :
We are weaving Character, weaving Fate,
And Human History, little and great.

- ¶¶. This is worth noting : wit's controll'd by dulness ;
The deepest thought can scarce be said in fulness ;
Elixir to the blood of two or three,
Poison to lives of common men 'twould be.
-

- ¶¶¶. Earth's night is where she rolls
In her own shade ;
And even thus the Soul's
Dark hour is made
-

- ¶¶¶. O Heroes, ye comfort my brotherly heart !
O Scoundrels, too often with you is my part !
-

WRITING.

- ¶. A man who keeps a diary pays
Due toll to many tedious days ;
But life becomes eventful, then
His busy hand forgets the pen.
Most books, indeed, are records less
Of fulness than of emptiness.
-

- ¶¶. In a deeper sense than the common
A skeleton typifies Death,
Death being the bones of a fact,
Wanting the blood and the breath.
-

- ¶¶¶. Virtue's Toleration
Is sweet as flowers in May ;
Vice's Toleration
Has a perfume of decay.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CLOSING OF A CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN "DEAR SIR" AND "YOURS FAITHFULLY."

BIG as the world is, it turns round every day upon a fine axle. In truth—so they say at Cambridge—this axle, which is almost eight thousand miles long, if it could fairly be drawn out, without risk to the credit of the *Nautical Almanac*, would appear to be a wire, fine as a knitting-needle, or, as we say, infinitely fine. Be this as it may, it is certain that the things of the world, not excepting the greatest of them, do take pattern by the earth itself, and are wont to revolve upon small pivots; or, as above said, upon things as small as knitting-pins. Yes, so it is, that empires and dynasties may be seen whirling about upon insignificant spindles! Just as it is at a fair on a common, so with the giddy roundabout which history is gravely to give an account of on her next page; it will be seen to be ridden—"first horse," an emperor; "second horse," a pope; "third horse," another emperor; "fourth horse," a prime minister, and so on until the showman has not another horse at his disposal.

Yet it is not emperors and ministers of state only that are used to ride upon wooden horses in roundabouts. The Preacher's exclamation, "vanity of vanities," is appropriate in view of the shiftings of things of a more sedate quality. I will not provoke a thunder-clap of contradiction by attempting to exemplify my argument by instances drawn from the history of "philosophy," and of the "progress of opinion," and such-like high matters; nor will I venture to affirm that, even these matters, deep and high as they are, do sometimes turn, not even upon *wires*, but upon straws!

Modes of feeling, and modes of acting too, which touch what is genuine and vital in human nature, a change in which goes near to revolutionize the

heart and soul of the social and domestic economy—even such things as these do wonderfully come within the range of insignificant (we may think them insignificant) co-ordinations. Enter now the first stationer's shop on your way through the city, and, as you stand waiting until a lady has been suited with her purchases, compare, in idea, what you see piled up, right-hand and left-hand, with the writing materials—the paper, pens, and ink—that were crammed into his huge side-pocket by Dr. Samuel Johnson, when he was preparing himself to provide copy for the next ensuing number of the *Rambler*. Then, with these articles, compare the equivalents of them, procurable by Chaucer, in his time; by Bede, in his time; or, to take a leap over many centuries, imagine that you see Tacitus, Virgil, Thucydides, Pindar, each at the desk with the pen, or the style, or the reed, or the brush, which he, in his time, was used to handle. Think also of the ink, the dye, the paint; think of the paper, the codex, the leaf, the skin, upon which he made those immortal tracings which the printer has since taken charge of! Beside these mechanical provisions, you must bear in mind what is implied in the difference of the form and the combination of the *symbols*. Think of the clumsy uncial, then of the cursive writing, with its intricate contractions; think of an ode of Horace, or a book of the *Georgics* written off in the fashion of the most ancient of the manuscripts of Virgil. When you have duly considered all these matters, and what is implied in them, severally, you will be ready to allow that Lofty Thought, even the soarings of immortal minds in the upper heavens, is not a little ruled or qualified by the mechanical necessities of the material it employs—in a word, by the sort of article which Pindar, for instance, might find ready

for him on the stationer's counter where he obtained his supply of paper, pens, and ink. Or, to look at the case from another side, ask yourself whether you can believe that Cicero, furnished with his writing apparatus, and with no better, could have set himself down at one in the morning, in Printing House Square, to write the leader upon the debate of that evening, so as to be ready for the compositors at 2 A.M. ? It could not have been done. Cicero could not have done it; no, nor Cæsar, although he might manage to dictate to half a dozen secretaries at a time. If you proudly say that Mind is Mind, in any age the same, I may grant it, only appending a condition, as thus—Mind is Mind, if always you make due allowance for the material that is supplied to it by the stationer. Yet there was a balance of advantage on this ground. Pure Mind had its prerogatives when it contended with difficult mechanical conditions in the modes and materials of writing. If the great writers of Greece and Rome had used the steel pen, the fluid ink, and hydraulic-pressed *blue laid*, and had practised our cursive hand, neither the History of the Peloponnesian War, nor the Phædo, nor the annals of the imperial times, would have been what they are—classics; but, in a greater or less degree, they would have been loose, desultory, digressive, and, perhaps, they might have found their oblivious resting-place in the waste-paper basket of the middle ages.

But now, not intending myself to abuse the facilities of the steel-pen, fluid ink, and smooth *blue laid*, I come to my purpose—namely, to give some account of the close of a long-standing correspondence, which happened in the manner following:—

It would be trite now to dilate here upon the incalculable benefits that have resulted from the great Postal Reform of our times. In three or four words, these benefits, shed through all departments of the social system, have been innumerable, inestimable, incalculable, almost infinite. Some of the remoter consequences of the Penny Postage re-

volution and the charge by weight, not by sheet, and not by distance, may have escaped notice, and these consequences might be entered on one side, or on the other side of the balance-sheet, as people may think. Penny Postage has dried up the great Euphrates of letter-writing, and has given us, instead of its copious waters, a shallow, noisy, inundation of notes:—or let me change my figure, and say the rustling fall of the leaf on a windy day, in the forest, is what we get in place of the felling of timber, which gave us something weighty, solid; something worthy of the axe and saw. LETTERS are no more! Notes, by hundreds, have driven letters from the field. Letters arrived now and then: notes come, tens at a time, and at the rate of three or five deliveries *per diem*. But what were those *letters*, which now, are nowhere to be seen. Young reader! it has not come within the limits of your experience in life to receive a veritable letter! Big was it in the hand, carefully was it folded, and carefully sealed. To break the seal of such a letter was an event! The recipient of such a letter glanced at the first page and at the last. He refolded it, thrust it into his or her pocket, retreated to his study, or she to her *boudoir*, or wandered forth to the hill-side, or the shady grove, there to enjoy it at leisure. It has lately been my occupation to overhaul a mass of such letters of the olden time. Demy or foolscap sheets, filled to the brim! three lines to the inch; spaces carefully marked for the scaling; the ends filled and crossed. Such letters must have been written in eras of antediluvian leisure—leisure of a sort which has quite fled from earth, driven off, frightened by the roar of express trains.

These veritable letters—what an opening out of the writer's inmost mind and soul was there in them! No stint of words in the letters of those times—no nippings of the spirit. It was an outspending; it was a pouring-forth; it was a deluge of feeling sent to vivify a parched land! In a letter of that era there was elbow-room for intimate friendships; room was there for digres-

sions, for explanations, for prosings, for recitations, for excuses, for palliations, for entreaties. Free field was there for garrulous exuberances, for wearisome continuations, for anecdote, for insinuation, for whisperings, backbitings, evil surmisings; room was there, in a word, for an endless circuit of verbiage which should contain, but should not verbally express, the writer's real meaning and remote intention. Thus it is that if, on one hand, we mourn the decease of letters, we may, on the other hand, find consolation in the thought that many a sheet which ought not to have been written at all, in the bygone time, will not have been written at all, in this era of notes.

The old postage charge, as everybody knows, was assessed upon the sheet, or *integer of paper*, big as it might be; and then upon the distance. The smallest letter from Edinburgh or Inverness—a shilling—fourteenpence, or more. A demy sheet, weighing two ounces, not more, if single. Under this fiscal system there was a premium upon lengthy letters; for the writer naturally wished to give his correspondent, *who then paid the postage*, as much ink as possible for his money. Not so now; the tendency is all the other way. The prepayment dispels the impulse which induced the writer to make his letter seem worth what the recipient must pay for it. And the change which allows scraps, from different hands, to be thrust into one envelope, acts as a sort of hydraulic pressure upon the quantity of each of the enclosed bits. Mark the consequence—or the consequences, rather. See what it is that is turned out of an envelope on a breakfast table, in these latter days! There is first a brief note from the chief person of one family, to the chief person of the other family; but beside this main matter, there are scraps for the juniors—there is the paper pattern of a collar to be worked; there is a caricature likeness of Mr. Snub, Junior:—there is—any sort of thing—frivolous, nonsensical, worthless, that may have been thrust into the envelope at Belfast, or

at Falmouth, or at Brecon. So it is that, under favour of the half-ounce, or the ounce weight, the chips and the tatters, the odds and the ends, of our vivacious family existence, the cram of nothings, has come in the stead of the lengthy somethings of the past age.

Changes of this order do not fail to bring in changes which, some of them, are of more significance. Letter-writing is obsolete; nor do we now hang out our individual minds to dry upon foolscap sheets. The causes aforesaid have brought about this revolution; and in great part the change is to be laid at the door of Sir Rowland Hill; yet not entirely so, for other influences have been at work at the same time. Let it be that, regardless of recent fashions, I am in mind to write *a letter*, in the old fashion; and, if it be not merely a narrative of small local-events, or the incidents of a continental tour, then its theme must be philosophical, or political, or sentimental, or what not. But now, whatever my taste or turn of mind may be, I find myself forestalled—admirably forestalled and "prevented," in the very last number of the penny, or the sixpenny, or the aristocratic shilling *Illustrated Illuminator*, which I take in. Unless, therefore, I am wonderfully fond of my own mode of thinking on all subjects, I shall find it an irksome labour to think, and to write, upon a subject which has been so well handled by an "able correspondent," in the recent number on my table. I abstain; and instead of the threatened letter, I write to my friend just these nine words:—"Have you seen the admirable paper in *So and So* last month?" So it is that we cease to write letters *upon subjects*; for they are written for us, and well written, and printed too. I find that the "Leaders" in penny papers, and the "Essays" in weekly, and monthly, and quarterly numbers, have fairly taken the breath out of me, as to letter-writing. Everything that may be said, has been said, about everything: no wonder then that lengthy letters have disappeared.

When it happens that great changes are silently taking place in the course of human affairs, it happens too that the antiquated mode, or, as we may call it, the superannuated style, leaves standing some residual practice, some memento of itself, which awaits the moment when it also is to be swept away. Gradually the antiquated mode or style attracts notice as an absurd incongruity: people come to see that what was fit fifty years ago, is ridiculous now. Twenty things might be named along with bagwigs, pigtails, and dress swords, which, from time to time, are thrown overboard, as past their date. Such must soon be the fate of the still extant style of the heading and the finishing of our epistolary performances. I have just now before me a demy-sheet letter, dated some sixty years back; there is enough in it for a pamphlet! Grave and difficult are the subjects touched upon therein. Wide was the writer's horizon; deep were his plunges into the abysses of thought: keen were his probings of his friend's inmost consciousness. This ample outpouring of a head and heart might, therefore, very properly, be prefaced by the wonted formalities, as thus—"My ever dear and much esteemed Friend." And well might it be brought to a close with those other terminal phrases—"Believe me, my dear friend, to remain ever faithfully and affectionately yours, Cornelius Folio." But now think of the absurdity of attaching these, or any similar assurances to the head and the tail of a note, such as are those that are now despatched by millions daily through the metropolitan districts, as thus—

CURT HALL: 7/15/63. 1 P.M.

MY DEAR NED,—Must shift my engagement with you. Can't help it: will

Friday, say 3.45, suit you? If not, write by return: if it will, I shall hold it so, not hearing.

Believe, me, my dear NED,
Yours faithfully,
T. BREVITY.

TO EDWARD SHORT, Esq.
Long Grange.

This won't do. We must now make shorter work with our "highly esteemed" and "affectionately" regarded friends and acquaintances. We must think it enough if we assure them, solemnly, once a year—say at Christmas—or once in three years, that our estimation of their worth and virtues stands at par; or is the same as it was when last reported. But this reform has more in it than merely a saving of time, paper, and ink. It is part and parcel of a great social movement tending toward the same end. We are moving in mass toward—abbreviation, despatch, economy of moments; towards reality, sincerity, straightforwardness; in a word—toward truth and substance. We are coming more and more to be impatient of cumbrous formalities, of hollow pretensions, of unasked-for professions—of apologies, whether well-founded or not. We have already paid for our tickets in the express train that girdles the planet, and that takes no account of the longitude of intermediate stations.

In the track of these revolutions or reforms, which shall put us out of liking of paint and varnish, stucco and gypsum, veneered furniture, and electrotype plate, we shall come to ask this favour of our friends, to tell us—in fewest words—just what they have to say, neither more nor less;—and then, no doubt, there will be an end of the antiquated correspondence between "My dear Sir," and "Yours faithfully."

SERVITUDE FOR LIFE (A BRIEF DIALOGUE).

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

[Most of the readers of Mr. Carlyle's little article in our last have been astounded that the question between the North and the South should have been stated as it was there stated—that Slavery should have been described by any one simply as “a hiring for life.” As Mr. Carlyle must have had all the grounds of this astonishment (even those which our respected contributor now brings forward) familiarly in his mind when he used his phrases, it must be supposed that he had somehow convinced himself of their substantial fitness nevertheless. Perhaps he had not Slavery only in view, but the whole visible difference of dispositions between South and North, as extending to their modes of providing themselves with *all* kinds of service—that of politicians and leading men included. But, doubtless, Slavery was mainly in his thoughts.—*Editor.*]

Frederick Maximus. Harkee here, Dan, you black nigger rascal. You're no longer a slave, you're a servant hired for life.

T. C. Niger. By golly! Wife and chil'n servants for life too, massa?

F. M. Yes, all you niggers. But you must work all the same, you know.

T. C. N. Iss, massa. What wages you gib?

F. M. Wages, you rascal? Quart of corn a day and three shirts and pantaloons a year, for legal hours of work; fourteen hours a day for half the year, and fifteen the other half.¹

T. C. N. Any priv'leges, massa?

F. M. Privileges? Ha! ha! Yes, privileges of John Driver's whip, or of such other punishment as I choose to inflict, and of not being believed on oath if you go and peach against me, and of being sold down South when I please, and of being converted by any parson whom I choose to allow.

T. C. N. Hm. Wife and chil'n my own dis time, massa?

F. M. Ha! ha! ha! Yes—till I or Mr. Overseer want them. But you have the privilege of taking another wife as often as I allow it, and of having as many children as it pays me to bring up.

T. C. N. Beg pardon, massa, but what for you call me servant hired for life?

F. M. What for, you rascal? Because a great man, after whom I named you, when he had written a d—d good book on the “nigger question,” says that *is* all the difference between you and those mean white-livered Yankee working men, who are hired by the month or the day.

T. C. N. Massa, if him book good book, why's I not priv'leged to learn read it?

F. M. Read, you infernal scoundrel! Why, if any one were to help you to learn, the law gives him fine and imprisonment or lashes,¹ and what do you suppose you'd get? So off with you . . . Stay—how old is that yellow nigger, your wife's daughter?

T. C. N. Born three weeks 'fore Miss Susy, massa.

F. M. She'll fetch a right smart price at Mobile, now that New Orleans . . .

T. C. N. (*Aside, while going away.*) Dey say de Yankees aint bery long way. Wish dey was heeah. Wish dey'd gib me a rifle 'fore I dies.

¹ Laws of South Carolina.

MY FIRST GLACIER PASS.

I HAD engaged myself, somewhat unwillingly—for I am not of a roving disposition—to accompany my cousin William Jones and a friend in a tour among the Alps last season. William is an indefatigable climber, and makes it a matter of conscience to scale some hitherto-untrodden peak every year, for no earthly reason that I can see except that no one has ever been there before, or is likely to go again. He had often tried without success to induce me to accompany him; and at last I thought that, as Goethe placed himself under fire in order to experience what the battle-fever was like, I might as well scale the Alps to put myself in sympathy with the mountain-maniacs.

I could not start with my friends, as I was engaged to play in a cricket match with the gentlemen of my county against those of Wessex, which I am happy to say we won; and it was only by travelling day and night that I managed to keep the rendezvous at the little village of Oberheim, in the Steinthal. William had sent me a letter of advice as to the things I should take, all of which could be carried in a knapsack; but, as I did not fancy the cheap and nasty way of doing business, I added a well-filled portmanteau, to be forwarded from place to place as convenience might require. In his letter he informed me that his sister Emily was engaged to join a party travelling in Switzerland, and that we should probably fall in with each other. This did not operate to deter me, as I had once before found her a very agreeable companion on the Rhine. Without any adventure worth recording, but nearly knocked up by my hurried journey, I joined my friends in the Steinthal, and was warmly welcomed by them. I had left my portmanteau at Interlachen, whence I thought I could send for it at any time when I knew our intended route.

It seemed that William's object in coming to Oberheim was to make a new pass, the summit of which it was said a certain chamois-hunter had reached from the Sennenthal, and had looked down upon the upper part of the Steinthal. He had not crossed over, and William had written to him from Paris to meet us, that we might try the pass from the Oberheim side. He did this, knowing that, if we could reach the summit, the descent into the Sennenthal was secure; whereas, if the pass had been attacked from the side already known, and insurmountable difficulties had been met with on the descent, a night on the glacier, if nothing worse, might have been entailed upon us. As it was, our retreat was always secure should we fail in reaching the summit.

The plan decided on was, to take a short walk in the afternoon to a chalet at the foot of the glacier. We had to cross and sleep there, so as to be as near our work as possible by daylight the next morning. I was glad to find that we had not to carry our own knapsacks, as, besides a Chamounix guide who was travelling with William, and the hunter, we engaged a local guide to take us as far as he knew our proposed route, and afterwards accompany us to our destination. The gentlemen were to carry their own provisions. William had a prejudice against wine during a walk, and persuaded us each to take a bottle of good strong tea instead, an arrangement which the guides did not consent to adopt for themselves. I found to my chagrin that I had neglected to bring a veil and spectacles, and William looked grave when I told him so. It was discovered, however, that the landlord of the inn had an old pair of spectacles, of which one glass was broken; his daughter sewed a piece of black cloth over the damaged part, so that both my eyes should be

protected from the glare of sun and snow, though only one could be used; and a sort of mask was made out of a white pocket-handkerchief, to be tied round my head with string. I tried on these articles amid much merriment from all present, and presented the appearance of a man with a white face, and one green and one black eye, both of enormous size. I pocketed my new acquisitions, and we set off in capital spirits for the chalet, a walk of three or four hours only. I was not by any means satisfied with my condition, as railway travelling always puts me out of trim; and I felt that I should have to do my utmost to keep up with my companions on the morrow. They had been taking their week's training, and resting comfortably at night. However, I had helped to beat the Wessex men, and the thought of this consoled me under my anticipated difficulties. We were most hospitably received by the people at the chalet, and were enabled to keep our provisions intact for the morrow. They had very little to eat except the products of milk: a little flour, and some black bread baked the previous autumn, and literally as hard as a stone, was all the farinaceous food they possessed; animal food was quite unobtainable. They made with flour and milk a porridge which they called *brei*, and this, eaten with *niedel*, a kind of clotted cream, proved to be so enticing that I at least took more than was good for me. A bowl of tea and some hot brandy-and-water sent us to bed, on some hay in the barn, in a comfortable frame of body and mind, though William, maliciously quoting "Peaks and Passes," reminded me that what seemed to be hay was probably a mixture of hay and fleas. We turned in before sundown, as we had to be up at three in the morning. I was asleep directly; and, with the exception of a few minutes when I was awakened by the hundred and fifteen cows belonging to the establishment coming home for the night, each with an enormous bell round her neck, I was undisturbed till the guide shook me and told me it was time

to turn out. It was still dark, and we managed as well as we could to get a wash at the trough outside. I had not shaved since leaving England, and had hoped for an opportunity of doing so that morning, but found it impossible under the circumstances. William was much amused at the idea of such a thing, and prophesied that I should remain unshaven during my whole stay in Switzerland—on which I announced my intention of shaving the very next day, but only got his usual grunt and a provoking little laugh in reply. We made an excellent breakfast on boiled milk, with some of the white bread we had brought soaked in it. The weather was glorious; and we set out at a moderate pace, with the first streak of dawn, and in the highest spirits.

We were not long in getting to the glacier, which poured down a small lateral valley into the Steinthal. As we turned the corner the sun was just lighting up the distant peaks and high snows over which our course lay. The whole scene was so glorious, and so much beyond what I had expected, that I felt that one sight alone would have been worth the hurried journey from England, even if I had to return immediately; and I looked forward to my month's rambling amid such scenes with the liveliest anticipations. I could only give vent to my feelings by repeating Dante's magnificent description of morning:—

"Tempo era dal principio del mattino;
E il sol montava in su con quelle stelle
Ch'eran con lui, quando l'amor divino
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle."

My excitement caused me to hasten my pace, for which I was at once reproved by William, who told me the mountaineer's step should be long, slow, and lasting: "*Ohne Hast und ohne Rast*," as the Germans say; "*Douce-ment et toujours*," as the French have it.

The very first step which I made upon the moraine at the foot of the glacier brought me down upon my nose, to my great surprise, as I had been assured that the glacier ice was not at all slippery, and, where I stepped

upon it, it was entirely covered with sand; but it was this very circumstance which caused my fall, as the sand was lying lightly on the surface of the ice, preserving it from the direct action of the sun's rays, which roughen it where exposed. The sand, when stepped upon carelessly, slips from under the foot, so that the inexperienced traveller is in the greatest danger of falling when he thinks himself most secure. I had not been long upon the ice, before William perceived that I did not understand the management of my alpenstock, as I placed it below me instead of holding it across my body with the point towards the slope above, and leaning my weight upon it. He showed me how the slightest slip of the point, when it was below me, made it worse than useless, whereas when I held it towards the slope of the hill, at about the level of my knee, I could instantly, in case of a slip, obtain a fresh support by leaning hard upon the point. I soon became expert enough in its use, and we made good, steady way along the surface of the glacier, which at first had no very great slope or wide crevasses.

We soon, however, came to a spot where the glacier made a descent over some steep rocks, and it was necessary to seek a passage round the difficulty. I was filled with wonder at the magnificent appearance presented by the ice-fall: enormous blocks, as large as houses and churches, were heaped upon each other in wild confusion; and, whilst I gazed, one toppled over, and fell in ruin with a noise like a battery of heavy guns. I confess to having been awed, if not frightened, by the sight and sound; but they only seemed to raise my companions' spirits, as they gave a simultaneous shout of delight which rang cheerily over the frozen wastes; and William's friend treated us to the song of the hunter in "Wilhelm Tell," commencing:—

"Es donnern die Hohen, es zittert der Steg."

For my part I was beginning to feel very much out of sorts, which I attri-

buted, perhaps unjustly, to the evil qualities of the seductive "niedel" I had indulged in the previous evening. I felt, however, that it would never do to give in to my uncomfortable feelings; and just then, as we had been out four hours, and a stream was trickling down the rocks on our left, the last water we might get, it was judged as well to halt for a short time, and take a little refreshment. I swallowed a hard boiled egg and a slice of bread and butter, for which I had but little appetite; and, as my friends had not finished eating, I took out my sketch-book, and was proceeding to transfer some of the glories before me to paper, when William caught sight of my proceedings, and shouted out, "Hollo! what are you about? No sketching allowed, except on off-days. Making a new pass is no joke, I can tell you; and we can't be delayed by every pretty bit you may take a fancy to draw. We must pass on at once: it is very important not to lose a moment in the early part of the day; for, whilst we linger here, the sun is hard at work above us softening the snow, and we do not know what difficulties we may meet with to delay us before we get to the top. So be a good fellow, put up your things, and let us be moving."

I had read in Alpine books of the importance of an early start to get to the upper snows whilst still hard frozen; so I lost no time in being a good fellow, and putting up my things. It was judged necessary, in order to avoid the ice-fall, to pass along a steep snow-slope which had been formed by avalanches between the rocks and the ice, and which, as it was on the shady side of the valley, was still hard-frozen. We were a long time traversing this, as it was so steep that steps had to be cut with the ice-axe to give us foothold; and, when we had passed it, we had to take to the precipice on our left, as the bergschrund, or chasm, left where the ice had melted away from the hillside, was quite impassable where it was not filled up with the snow brought down by the avalanches.

The precipice we were obliged to face had always been deemed impracticable ; but it has become a proverb with alpestrians that impracticable means unattempted, and that where there is a will there is a way. The rocks were exceedingly steep, but fortunately afforded good foot-and-hand hold, and the strata dipped inwards ; we were all roped together, and those in advance were thus able to help those who followed. The hunter led the way, and occasionally pulled himself up by a hook which screwed into the top of his alpenstock.

After having made considerable progress we came to a vertical cliff, which, though of no great height, was beyond our powers, as we had no ladder with us. It was proposed to return, and try the pass again next day with the assistance of a ladder ; and we had already begun the descent in no very cheerful mood when William perceived a gap on the left, which had been concealed from us during our ascent ; the hunter was sent to investigate, and shouted to us to come on. We found the place decidedly stiff ; but, as we were all pretty good climbers and had good heads, we succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. For one moment only were we in any real peril, and this was when a large stone was disengaged from the face of the rock by our leader ; it came bounding down the gully, glancing from side to side, and struck the Chamounix man, who was last on the line, heavily on the thigh. He was swept off his legs in an instant. I was next before him, and, being tied to him with the rope, was also dragged down ; but, whilst falling, managed to clutch hold of a projecting piece of rock ; and those above, having better foot hold, tightened the rope upon us, which helped me to hold on. We escaped with only a few scratches, and the temporary loss of my alpenstock, which was recovered with difficulty from a ledge below, where it had been arrested in its fall.

An hour and a half later than we had hoped, we stepped off the rocks on to the snow-fields of the upper part of the glacier. A halt was called for a mouthful of food, and for the purpose of putting

on gaiters, spectacles, and veils. We still continued roped together—a precaution which should never be omitted on a snow-covered glacier, as it is impossible to see the hidden crevasses gaping to swallow up suddenly any one who breaks through the treacherous snow-bridges which cover them. We had now conquered all the real difficulties of the pass, as a survey of the route before us showed nothing but gently rising snow-fields, with an occasional sharp pull for a hundred yards or so.

Though we had no more difficult obstacles to encounter, we found immediately, on starting again, that we should require our whole stock of patience and pluck to enable us to gain the summit, as the snow grew softer and we plunged deeper into it every moment. Although I was fifth on the line, I observed that I broke in oftener than the others through not having acquired the knack of planting my feet flatly and softly on the snow. I was much inconvenienced, too, by my mask, which did not fit properly, and was constantly slipping down and dragging my spectacles off my eyes ; and it served to make me so dreadfully hot that in my despair I determined to brave all consequences, and removed the obnoxious articles from my face. I kept as close to the man before me as I could, to take advantage of his shadow ; I looked doggedly on the ground, and trod exactly in his footmarks. We all soon began to break in at every step, and I found this some slight relief. As the foremost men had the work of wading and treading down the snow for those who followed, we occasionally stopped to change leaders, and let the guide who brought up the rear go in front. During one of these pauses, I asked the hunter if a certain rise close in front of us was the summit. Never shall I forget the despair which came over me at his energetic reply : “*Mein Gott, nein ; wann “Sie da sind haben Sie noch drei “Stunden.”*” I felt inclined to throw myself down then and there, careless of what became of me. I had by this time a splitting headache, and felt very sick ; my want of condition was beginning to

tell terribly upon me, and I thought what a fool I had been to bring all this upon myself for the sake of a cricket match. I even ventured to tell my companions how seedy I felt. I was recommended to take a good drink of tea, and they kindly called a halt to allow me to recover myself. My bottle was about three parts full, and they told me to fill it up with snow to cool it. I felt revived on the instant; and, when I had saturated a lump of sugar with brandy and swallowed it, I announced myself ready to proceed. I was exhorted to resume my mask and spectacles, but said it was simply impossible; besides I did not feel the glare so very much and the cool wind to my face was quite refreshing. I got on somewhat better for a while, and determined steadfastly to show no more signs of weakness. To keep to this resolution, however, I was obliged every time we halted to change leaders, to have recourse to my brandied lump of sugar; and, though I gained temporary strength by this means, I do not think I improved my mental condition. I made the most solemn resolutions to myself that I would never cross a glacier again; surely one such tramp as this would give me a sufficiently lively idea of the high snows. Snow was snow, and there could be no variety in it, except indeed when we fell into hidden crevasses, which we all did several times; the rope, however, prevented all dangers from these tumbles. At last my mind began to wander. I fancied I was one of a gang of Russian prisoners chained together and condemned to exile in Siberia; that I had been already several months on the journey, and had many more before me. I thought the change of leaders was the relief of the guards, and that I must not complain or it would be the worse for me. The time when I had not been tramping through soft snow, and when life was pleasant to me, seemed as long past, as did the time when he was not being flogged to Somerville the soldier during his agony. I was aroused from my despair by the cheerful yodel of my friends which announced our arrival at the summit. I thought for an instant

that it was the emperor's reprieve, and sank down exhausted and thankful on the snow, and was soon in a sound sleep. I really think I had been half asleep before, and that dreams mingled with my waking consciousness.

My companions, who were quite fresh, thought it better to leave me alone for a while, and actually made an expedition on their own account to obtain a view from a neighbouring summit, leaving one of the guides to smoke his pipe and watch over my welfare. My face was covered up, and I was softly laid upon plaids. I was awakened when the party returned, and felt much refreshed by my snooze; but, I think, still more by the consciousness that the climbing was all accomplished. The effects of the brandy had gone off, and I found I could eat heartily.

Immediately below us there appeared a snow-slope, which, notwithstanding its soft state, was voted practicable for a glissade. I was given in charge of one of the guides, who sat down, and I sat behind him. I trusted everything to him, and we arrived quite safe at the bottom of the slope, which was some hundreds of feet in length. I was so exhilarated by the ease and rapidity of the descent, that I changed my opinion of Alpine snow on the instant; and, instead of determining never to go on it again, thought I would in future only cross passes the time required for making which was well known, so that I should never find the snow in so bad a state as we had done that day. Our hunter told us that we should have to descend an ice-fall, which there was no means of avoiding; and we soon came to it. Then began the most exciting work I ever had—so much so, that all sense of fatigue left me, and I entered into the business *con amore*. Although the hunter was the only one of the party who had been down the pass before, I observed that he gave up the leadership here to the Chamounix guide, who was a most experienced iceman, though he did not appear to me to be a particularly good rock-climber. There is no regular way down an icefall, as the crevasses change

from day to day, and a general knowledge of icework is of more importance than a local acquaintance with the pass. I certainly could not have thought it possible that men could pass unharmed among the toppling crags and gaping rifts through which we threaded our way. The large blocks of ice, now softening in the afternoon sun, were crashing down in thunder every ten minutes; but our guide seemed to have an instinct for safe places, and only once did he think it necessary to pass under any blocks the slope of which threatened a fall; and here he exhorted us to hasten, lest we should be crushed beneath the frowning masses. I was thoroughly carried away by the excitement of the work, and was much congratulated by William on my recovery from the effects of the *niedel*. Sometimes we had to let our leader down an iceblock with a rope; and, when safely landed below, he would cut steps for those who were to follow, or hold his alpenstock horizontally against the ice at the level of his shoulder to give them a stepping-place in their descent. He never lost an inch of ground; and we found ourselves always getting lower, though we had to wind about a good deal. On one occasion he thought he should have to retreat a little, as he deemed the crevasse in front too wide to leap. No sooner had he said this than I jumped over. The breadth was not so very great; but the drop was considerable, and the others hesitated to follow. I called to William to pitch over the knapsacks—which he did at once; and, as I caught them in succession, the guides fairly laughed with delight, and said they had never seen such a thing done before, and declared themselves ready to go to the end of the world with us. I immediately thought how my cricketing had fitted me for my excursion, instead of being a hindrance. The others jumped over in succession. After this feat we sat down to rest a bit. I asked the hunter how much longer we should be in the ice-fall? He said, "Two hours," and after a pause added, "But, if you stop here four, that will

make it six"—a remark which brought me to my legs at once. He proved to be right in his calculations, for cutting steps and heading round crevasses takes up much time, with small results in direct progress to show. When we were free from the entanglement of the fall, we proceeded at a brisk pace down the more level part of the glacier. There were still frequent crevasses to jump, and, as the excitement diminished, I began to feel my fatigue return; but, as I was assured that three hours would bring us to our inn, I kept up my pluck as well as I could. I found, however, that going down-hill caused my new boots to rub my toes in a very disagreeable manner, and blisters were soon added to my fatigue; but I held on my way uncomplaining, though in pain and weariness. At last the welcome sight of the hotel appeared immediately below us; a yodel and a pistol-shot, to announce our arrival, brought all the loungers, guides, and tourists, to the door; and many were the conjectures as to the route we had come. When we got lower we came to a path which zig-zagged considerably, and I thought I would make a short-cut down. Whilst attempting this, and descending carelessly, I stepped upon a slippery pine-root, and instantly tumbled forward, striking my breast violently against the ground, and having my waistcoat much torn by a dead branch lying near. I felt half stunned; happily no bones were broken, or much damage done; but I received another lesson in going carefully, even in places apparently the most safe.

When we arrived and announced that we had made the pass from the *Steinthal*, loud were the congratulations on all sides; the landlord brought out a bottle of his best wine, and insisted on our drinking it then and there. We were decidedly the heroes of the hour, and I went to bed about nine o'clock, after a capital supper, in a high state of satisfaction. I was soon asleep, and, alas! soon awake again. My burnt face, and the amount of wine I had drunk since my arrival, made me quite feverish. In vain I drank tumbler after tumbler

of water to quench my thirst. I could slumber for a few minutes only at a time; my old fancies of the Siberian pilgrimage returned with every kind of aggravated horror; the crevasses into which I tumbled were transformed into oubliettes, from which I was dragged only to endure fresh tortures, of which being beaten on my breast with clubs, and on my face with nettles, being bastinadoed on the soles of my feet, and having pepper thrown in my eyes, formed a part, William and the hunter being the chief tormentors. I dreamt that a tyrant had condemned me to cross a glacier without any protection from clothing, and that my whole body was being scorched by the glare of sun and snow. At last I was kept awake by the excursionists who were getting up at 2 A.M.—the thin wooden partitions of the hotel making their every movement audible. The noise lasted till daylight, when I got up to examine my burning face in the glass. With the exception of a broad white band at the top of my forehead where my hat had protected me, it looked like a boiled lobster; and I felt much as the poor animal must do during the process of being cooked. The whites of my eyes were pink, and I could hardly bear even the yet dim light; my lips were swollen to twice their natural size, and nearly as black as ink; and the state of my beard, unshorn for three days, added to my frightful appearance. This, however, I thought I could soon rectify, and proceeded, not without some satisfaction in thinking of William's prophecy, to divest myself of my superfluous hair. I had not calculated on the blistered state of my skin, which rendered the process so agonizing, that I fairly gave in after having shaved one side of my upper lip. I wondered if I could manage to singe the rest of my beard, but had not pluck enough to light a match and try that expedient. With a groan I turned into bed again, and thought with terror on the figure I should cut in public, and the quizzing of William; for I dared not hope that he was in as bad a plight as myself, as he had worn his veil and spectacles through-

out the passage of the snow. I fell asleep, and awoke to find him smiling over me. His "Well, old fellow, how do you feel this morning?" elicited such a groan that his heart was softened; and, when he perceived that I could not bear to keep my eyes open, he told me to cheer up, and that if I wore some darkened spectacles for a day or two my eyes would soon be right again—that I had better get up and put a good face upon it (a *good* face indeed; how I wished I could!). He said he had ordered breakfast at 8 o'clock, and asked me if he should send me up any hot water to shave with. I said, "Yes, please," with rage at my heart. He came up again presently with a pair of spectacles, and I got up and made my appearance at the breakfast-table. There was a large party assembled, mostly English; and I thought I observed an amused look on their faces as I entered. However, I could hardly see them, and knew they could not see my eyes; so I did not feel so much exposed as I otherwise should have done. I noticed they often asked each other for the "niedel," and felt at once that William had been amusing himself at my expense, as they were generally smiling when my great goggle eyes were turned towards them inquiringly to see if they were quizzing me. After breakfast a stroll was proposed to a neighbouring waterfall, William maliciously reminding me not to forget my sketching materials. I felt quite angry with him, and made an excuse of my blistered feet for remaining at home. The fact is, I was so stiff that I do not think I could have walked two miles; so I lay down on the grass in front of the hotel, and solaced myself with my pipe as well as I could. My face was covered with pimples which exuded water copiously; and I had to purchase a veil, as the burning of the sun was intolerable. Reading was out of the question; and, as I could not enjoy the scenery, my day was miserable enough. When my companions returned, I found they had made an engagement with some other enthusiasts to attempt the ascent of the Dreisennen-

spitz—a peak which has long been an object of desire to the mountain-maniacs, but has hitherto defied their efforts. I refused at once to join the expedition, which was to last two days; and it was agreed that I should await my friends' return.

They started the next day; which was to me like the previous one, except that the matter exuded from my face was yellow like the yolk of an egg. On the third day I had turned completely black; the skin of my face was so tight that I could neither eat, speak, nor laugh without the greatest pain; and, as to blowing my nose, it was a thing not to be attempted. My poor lips were gaping with fissures, and I felt myself an object of wonder, as well as of pity, to all beholders; my eyes, however, were quite well again, and I could leave off my spectacles.

My friends did not come back as I had expected, but I was in no hurry for them. On the fourth morning when I looked in the glass I observed that the black burnt skin was peeling off in strips, so that I presented the appearance of a half-shaved zebra, and I thought I was more frightful than ever; but the pain was gone, and life no longer a burden. Before leaving for his expedition William had entered our names in the hotel-book, with a long account of the new pass. He described it as an easy walk of twelve hours, if the snow was in good condition, and proposed exercising the privilege of a discoverer, to name it the "Niedelundbreijoch." I knew he had done this to quiz me, and felt accordingly.

Whilst I was lounging outside the hotel-door, beginning to think the party of excursionists must be lost—as they had been absent for four days—I observed a vetturino drive up with a carriage drawn by four horses. He had evidently brought a large party, as there was plenty of luggage. I asked him where he was going; he said he had only been engaged to come as far as the hotel with a party who had diverged to see the waterfall, and were following on foot. He said he was going back to

Interlaken as soon as possible; did I want to go? he would take me for the price of a one-horse trap. Just as he made this offer, I caught sight of the name "Emily Jones" on one of the packages he had brought. She, then, was coming; she would see me in my hideous deformity! No, not if I could help it. I closed with the vetturino at once, hurried into the hotel, called for my bill and a sheet of paper—on which I wrote a few lines to William, saying it was too bad of him to serve me such a trick as he had, and that I was off to make the ascent of Mont Blanc (nothing was really farther from my thoughts, as I had mentally vowed that my next walking-tour should be in Holland), but that I would wait a few days at Vevay to hear what he was about.

As I passed the door of the public room on my way out, I heard Emily exclaim, "I do declare William and John are here; how delightful! and they have made a new pass, and propose to call it ——" She bungled so over the name that I was out of earshot before she had mastered it; so the pain of hearing the words from her lips was spared me. I drew my veil over my face and buried myself in the carriage, which drove off immediately. I picked up my portmanteau at Interlachen, and proceeded to Vevay, where I spent many days in the delightful hotel, the "Trois Couronnes," fishing, bathing, sketching, and boating to my heart's content. My beauty was restored, my face clean shaven, and my person faultlessly got up. William had written saying that he had gone off to Italy, and that I had better take care of myself. I was doing so to my entire satisfaction; so I dismissed him from my mind at once. He did not enter into any account of his excursion; so I judged it had been a failure. I was getting somewhat tired of staying in one place, and of having no society except that of the chance acquaintances of the *table d'hôte*, when, on looking over the visitors' book, I found the names of Emily and her friends. I lost no time in inquiring for them, and found them at breakfast

in a private room. Emily looked hard at me with evident surprise, and exclaimed, "Why, John, how well you are looking! They told me—" and then she stopped short and smiled. I complimented her in return, and sat down to breakfast with them. I heard all about William's adventures; he had returned the evening I had left without accomplishing the desire of his soul. With much labour the party had climbed what they imagined to be the highest peak of the mountain, and discovered the true summit about thirty feet above them, but separated from them by an impassable gulf. There was nothing for it but to descend and attack the hill again next day from the other side. Their second attempt was less successful than the first, as the clouds prevented their seeing the right direction to take, so that the Dreisenenspitz still rears its unconquered head above the Sennenthal.

I was easily persuaded to join my friends, who were travelling homewards by way of the Rhine. Emily and I had many a pleasant ramble among well-remembered scenes, during which

she revealed to me the many cutting things that William had said about my mountain-sickness, and the ludicrous description he had given of my personal appearance. I determined to have my revenge immediately on my arrival in London. I became a member of the Alpine Club, and attended a dinner a few days afterwards. Here I gave a flaming account of the new pass I had made, never mentioning William's name, and proposed to call it the "Steinjoch". (I knew he intended writing a paper about it, so I thought I would take the wind out of his sails). I further said that I intended next year to ascend the Dreisenenspitz or perish in the attempt; and I greatly ridiculed a party who, I was told, had this year attempted it from the northern side, which every one knew only led to one of the secondary peaks which had been previously scaled. I have not seen or heard from William since his return, and cannot help thinking, from his prolonged silence, that he has heard of my proceedings, and objects to the manner in which I have behaved; but still he cannot question my right to sign myself
A. C.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE," AND "THE GOBLIN MARKET."¹

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE "Skeleton in the Cupboard," is a theme heavily dwelt upon. That there is a skeleton in every cupboard—no family without such an appendage, no destiny without such a flaw—is the argument of one of the wittiest and most worldly-wise of our popular prose-writers. But it was reserved for a poet, with a true poet's heart, to oppose to the "Skeleton in the Cupboard," "The Angel in the House"—to show that no home, be it ever so humble or ever

so lowly, need be without that peaceful presence, and to sing this true and tender "Psalm of Life" to all who choose to listen—to all who do not wilfully shut their ears to the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely."

This task has been accomplished by Mr. Coventry Patmore. The echo of a hundred thousand "welcomes" to the Princess Alexandra are still vibrating in the hearts of Englishmen. The interest—brother-like, father-like, lover-like—taken by them in the fulfilment of life's best hope, heightened by all the adventitious circumstances that can increase sympathy and surround the

¹ "The Angel in the House." By Coventry Patmore. Two vols. Macmillan and Co.

"The Goblin Market, and other Poems." By Christina Rossetti. Macmillan and Co.

picture of happiness with a dazzling halo, is still fresh among us. Crowds run hither and thither on the chance of seeing the Bride of England pass by; groups stand waiting in her path. Her happiness and the happiness of her youthful husband are somehow made part of ours. We triumph in their vision of wedded love. We rejoice that “the Angel in the House” has come to dwell in the Royal Palace. Yet that part of a royal destiny, which seems to us so superlatively bright, is within the reach of any man who chooses so to school his passions and affections as to make a sane choice in life.

Those who would study the lesson that reads so like a romance, those who would profit by the gentle philosophy of theories which the most simple may put in practice for their own temporal and eternal welfare, cannot do better than make Mr. Coventry Patmore’s book the companion of hours spent in the hush of the library, the tedium of the railroad, or the sequestered calm of summer rambles. The stamp of earnest truth is on every page; and the wisdom that permeates through the argument of the story, without one dogmatic sentence to startle or offend, would win the most careless and convert the most scoffing to the true faith of virtuous love. Peace, self-conquest, and the serene joy of religious trust hang like a blessed atmosphere around this poem. It is a book to instruct the young, to guide and comfort those who are still midway in the rocking storm of life’s uncertain passage, and to lull with the best of harmonies those whose hopes are ended either by fulfilment or disappointment.

In style Mr. Patmore may claim the merit of originality. Undazzled by the Tennysonian radiance, he has pursued a path of his own to the inner recesses of the human heart. In the occasional homely diction, and in the choice of familiar themes, he resembles Crabbe: but he has more skill in rhythmical composition and a loftier tone of thought.

The framework of his poem, “*The Angel in the House,*” is simple enough. It is the wooing and winning of a life-

companion in the shape of a virtuous wife—such a one as he himself describes in one of his minor poems, in a stanza of perfect beauty:—

“And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown,
A Mary in the House of God,
A Martha in her own.”

That such wooing may have, and must have, in the youthful heart, its share of passionate earthliness, is shown in the beautiful lines:—

“Your name pronounced brings to my heart
A feeling like the violet’s breath,
Which does so much of heaven impart
It makes me yearn with tears for death.
The winds that in the garden toss
The Guelder-roses give me pain,
Alarm me with the dread of loss,
Exhaust me with the dream of gain.
I’m troubled by the clouds that move;
Thrill’d by the breath which I respire;
And ever, like a torch, my love,
Thus agitated, flames the higher.
All’s hard that has not you for goal;
I scarce can move my hand to write,
For love engages all my soul,
And leaves the body void of might.
The wings of will spread idly as do
The bird’s that in a vacuum flies;
My breast, asleep with dreams of you,
Forgets to breathe, and bursts in sighs.
I see no rest this side the grave,
No rest or hope from you apart;
Your life is in the rose you gave,
Its perfume suffocates my heart.
There’s no refreshment in the breeze;
The heaven o’erwhelms me with its blue;
I faint beside the dancing seas;
Winds, skies, and waves are only you.”

A fit following to the tender passion of these verses is found in the proposal:—

“Twice rose, twice died my trembling word;
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touch’d me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom’s gentle neighbourhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seem’d most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, own’d that she loved too.”

The familiar sweetness of companionship echoes the foregoing description:—

"I praised her, but no praise could fill
The depths of her desire to please,
Though dull to others as a Will
To them that have no legacies.
The more I praised the more she shone,
Her eyes incredulously bright,
And all her happy beauty blown
Beneath the beams of my delight.
Sweet rivalry was thus begot ;
By turns, my speech, in passion's style,
With flatteries the truth o'er-shot,
And she surpass'd them with her smile."

It winds up pleasantly with this compliment to matron charms:—

"For, as became the festal time,
He cheer'd her heart with tender praise,
And speeches wanting only rhyme
To make them like his gallant lays.
He discommended girlhood, 'What
For sweetness like the ten-years' wife,
Whose customary love is not
Her passion, or her play, but life!
With beauties so maturely fair,
Affecting, mild, and manifold,
May girlish charms no more compare
Than apples green with apples gold.'"

The disappointment of a rejected suitor was, perhaps, never more simply or touchingly rendered than in the few lines that close Frederick Graham's letter to his mother:—

"My Mother, now my only friend,
Farewell. The school-books which you send
I shall not want, and so return.
Give them away, or sell, or burn.
I'll write from Malta. Would I might
But be your little Child to-night,
And feel your arms about me fold,
Against this loneliness and cold!"

And the vain corroding jealousy in the same heart was never better confessed than later in the volume:—

"And o'er this dream I brood and doat,
And learn its agonies by rote.
I think, she's near him now, alone,
With wardship and protection none ;
Alone, perhaps, in the hindering stress
Of airs that clasp him with her dress,
They wander whispering by the wave ;
And haply now, in some sea-cave,
Where the ribb'd sand is rarely trod,
They laugh, they kiss. Oh, God ! oh, God !"

A fine warning succeeds against that commonest of all temptations—a marriage from pique:—

"Wed not one woman, oh, my Son,
Because you love another one !
Oft, with a disappointed man,
The first who cares to win him can ;
For, after love's heroic strain,
Which tired the heart and brought no gain,
He feels consoled, relieved, and eased
To meet with her who can be pleased
To proffer kindness, and compute
His acquiescence for pursuit ;
Who troubles not his lonely mood ;
Asks naught for love but gratitude ;
And, as it were, will let him weep
Himself within her arms to sleep."

And again at page 65:—

"Many men cannot love ; more yet
Cannot love such as they can get.
To wed with one less loved may be
Part of divine expediency."

The young man marries, however, in spite of these maternal warnings ; and the wavering of a mind, which afterwards settles to steadier attachment, is finely given:—

"But sometimes, (how shall I deny !)
There falls, with her thus sitting by,
Dejection, and a chilling shade.
Remember'd pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and, in fading, grow,
Like foot-prints in the thawing snow.
I feel oppress'd beyond my force
With foolish envy and remorse.
I love this woman, but I might
Have loved some else with more delight ;
And strange it seems of God that he
Should make a vain capacity."

The yearning of the heart to old days is perfectly described in another letter to his mother:—

"And then, as if I sweetly dream'd,
I half remember'd how it seem'd
When I, too, was a little child
About the wild wood roving wild.
Pure breezes from the far-off height
Melted the blindness from my sight,
Until, with rapture, grief, and awe,
I saw again as then I saw.
As then I saw, I saw again
The harvest waggon in the lane,
With high-hung tokens of its pride
Left in the elms on either side ;
The daisies coming out at dawn
In constellations on the lawn ;
The glory of the daffodil ;
The three black windmills on the hill,
Whose magic arms, flung wildly by,
Sent magic shadows past the rye.
Within the leafy coppice, lo,
More wealth than miser's dreams could show,
The blackbird's warm and woolly brood,
Five golden beaks agape for food ;

The Gipsies, all the summer seen
Native as poppies to the Green ;
The winter, with its frosts and thaws
And opulence of hips and haws ;
The lovely marvel of the snow ;
The Tamar, with its altering show
Of gay ships sailing up and down,
Among the fields and by the Town.
And, dearer far than anything,
Came back the songs you used to sing."

The gaiety and sprightliness of Lady Clitheroe's letters aptly break the somewhat dreary impression made on the reader by the young sailor's grief and disappointment, and by the death of his simple, loving helpmate, whose dying words may be laid to heart by many who wring impossible promises of faith from those who survive to lament their loss :—

" Oh, should the mournful honeymoon
Of death be over strangely soon,
And life-long resolutions, made
In grievous haste, as quickly fade,
Seeming the truth of grief to mock,
Think, Dearest, 'tis not by the clock
That sorrow goes ! A month of tears
Is more than many, many years
Of common time. Shun, if you can,
However, any passionate plan.
Grieve with the heart ; let not the head
Grieve on, when grief of heart is dead ;
For all the powers of life defy
A superstitious constancy."

And these results of linked companionship, whether for joy or sorrow, are finely contrasted with the fair but barren picture of the resolute maidenhood of Mary Churchill.

" The world's delight my soul dejects,
Revening all my disrespects,
Of old, with incapacity
To chime with even its harmless glee,
Which sounds, from fields beyond my range,
Like fairies' music, thin and strange."

Very fine is the burst against the Pharisical tutoring (common in these days).

" And if, my Children, you, for hours
Daily, untortur'd in the heart,
Can worship, and time's other part
Give, without rough recoils of sense,
To the claims ingrate of indigence,
Happy are you, and fit to be
Wrought to rare heights of sanctity,
For the humble to grow humbler at.
But if the flying spirit falls flat,
After the modest spell of prayer
That saves the day from sin and care,

And the upward eye a void descries,
And praises are hypocrisies,
And, in the soul, o'erstrain'd for grace,
A godless anguish grows apace ;
Do not infer you cannot please
God, or that He his promises
Postpones, but be content to love
No more than He accounts enough.

At least, leave distant worlds alone,
Till you are native to your own ;
Account them poor enough who want
Any good thing which you can grant ;
And fathom well the depths of life
In loves of Husband and of Wife,
Child, Mother, Father ; simple keys
To all the Christian mysteries."

The same just train of thought is continued at page 202, where the permitted joys of earth are pleaded for :—

" Be ye not mocked ;
Right life is glad as well as just,
And, rooted strong in ' This I must,'
It bears aloft the blossom gay
And zephyr-toss'd, of ' This I may.'"

Till, finally, this sweet picture of tranquil home concludes the theme :—

" Here, in this early autumn dawn,
By windows opening on the lawn,
Where sunshine seems asleep, though bright,
And shadows yet are sharp with night ;
And, further on, the wealthy wheat
Bends in a golden drowse, how sweet
To sit and cast my careless looks
Around my walls of well-read books,
Wherein is all that stands redeem'd
From time's huge wreck, all men have dream'd
Of truth, and all by poets known
Of feeling, and in weak sort shown,
And, turning to my heart again,
To find I have what makes them vain,
The thanksgiving mind, which wisdom suns
And you—"

It is a sorrowful reflection, at the close of this fine poem, to know that she who inspired it is gone to that world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage ; but where the hope of future meeting still shines mysterious and star-like from the distance.

Of a very different nature from the "Angel in the House," is the poem mated with it in our reviewer's page. The "Goblin Market," by Miss Christina Rossetti, is one of the works which are said to "defy criticism." Is it a fable—or a mere fairy story—or an allegory against the pleasures of sinful love—or what is it ? Let us not too

rigorously inquire, but accept it in all its quaint and pleasant mystery, and quick and musical rhythm—a ballad which children will con with delight, and which riper minds may ponder over, as we do with poems written in a foreign language which we only half understand.

One thing is certain; we ought not to buy fruit from goblin men. We ought not; and we will not. The cost of doing so, is too passionately portrayed in Miss Rossetti's verses to permit us to err in such a sort. The cunning, and selfish overreaching of the goblins is too faithfully rendered in Mr. D. G. Rossetti's picture—"Buy from us with a golden curl"—to allow us to be taken in. Decidedly not all the list of delicious fruits with which the volume opens shall make us waver in our resolution. We agree with Lizzie, the conscientious sister—

"We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?
'Come buy,' call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
'Oh,' cried Lizzie, 'Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.'
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook:
'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.'
'No,' said Lizzie: 'No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.'"

We regret Laura's fall in spite of such sweet warning:—

"But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste;
'Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.'

'You have much gold upon your head,'
They answered all together:
'Buy from us with a golden curl.'
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away,
But gathered up one kernel-stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

"Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
'Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more but dwindled and grew
grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'"

We tremble as we read the contrast, suddenly resulting, between the two golden-haired sisters:—

"Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night."

We shudder over the weird change in poor Laura:—

"Day after day, night after night,
 Laura kept watch in vain
 In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
 She never caught again the goblin cry :
 'Come buy, come buy ;'—
 She never spied the goblin men
 Hawking their fruits along the glen :
 But when the noon waxed bright
 Her hair grew thin and grey ;
 She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
 To swift decay and burn
 Her fire away.

"She no more swept the house,
 Tended the fowls or cows,
 Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
 Brought water from the brook :
 But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
 And would not eat.

Till at last, as with Effie and Jeanie
 Deans, the one sister risks all to save
 the other ; and Lizzie, putting a silver
 penny in her purse, sets out to buy
 from the goblin-men !—

"Laughed every goblin
 When they spied her peeping :
 Came towards her hobbling,
 Flying, running, leaping,
 Puffing and blowing,
 Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
 Clucking and gobbling,
 Mopping and mowing,
 Full of airs and graces,
 Pulling wry faces,
 Demure grimaces,
 Cat-like and rat-like,
 Ratel- and wombat-like,
 Snail-paced in a hurry,
 Parrot-voiced and whistler,
 Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
 Chattering like magpies,
 Fluttering like pigeons,
 Gliding like fishes,—
 Hugged her and kissed her,
 Squeezed and caressed her :
 Stretched up their dishes,
 Panniers, and plates :
 'Look at our apples
 Russet and dun,
 Bob at our cherries,
 Bite at our peaches,
 Citrons and dates,
 Grapes for the asking,
 Pears red with basking
 Out in the sun,
 Plums on their twigs ;
 Pluck them and suck them,
 Pomegranates, and figs.'"

Here is a picture of the spite which
 goblin-men show, when you will not eat
 with them of their strange fruits :—

"They trod and hustled her,
 Elbowed and jostled her,

Clawed with their nails,
 Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,
 Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
 Twitched her hair out by the roots,
 Stamped upon her tender feet,
 Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
 Against her mouth to make her eat."

We are relieved to find that Lizzie
 nevertheless escapes in safety :—

"At last the evil people,
 Worn out by her resistance,
 Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
 Along whichever road they took,
 Not leaving root or stone or shoot ;
 Some writhed into the ground,
 Some dived into the brook
 With ring and ripple,
 Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
 Some vanished in the distance."

"She cried 'Laura,' up the garden,
 'Did you miss me ?
 Come and kiss me.
 Never mind my bruises,
 Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
 Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
 Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
 Eat me, drink me, love me ;
 Laura, make much of me :
 For your sake I have braved the glen
 And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura's penitence is as mysterious as
 her sin ; but we are beyond measure
 soothed and comforted when we learn
 this :—

"But when the first birds chirped about their
 eaves,
 And early reapers plodded to the place
 Of golden sheaves,
 And dew-wet grass
 Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
 And new buds with new day
 Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
 Laura awoke as from a dream,
 Laughed in the innocent old way,
 Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ;
 Her gleaming locks showed not one thread
 of grey,
 Her breath was sweet as May,
 And light danced in her eyes."

Very beautiful are the simple lines
 which follow :—

"Days, weeks, months, years,
 Afterwards, when both were wives
 With children of their own ;
 Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
 Their lives bound up in tender lives ;
 Laura would call the little ones
 And tell them of her early prime,
 Those pleasant days long gone
 Of not-returning time :

Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood."

There are other poems in the volume full of serious power and purpose, and full also of poetry and passion. The sonnet, entitled "Rest," is one of the finest of these; and the brief, but full of meaning, "Up-hill," the gentle page, "Consider the Lilies of the Field," and the less openly intelligible but beautiful "From House to Home," prove the versatility, as well as the originality

of genius, which has fallen to the share of this young writer. Many verses of Miss Rossetti, scattered through other works, make many readers familiar with her writings; but incomparably the best of her compositions is the "Goblin Market," which may vie with "Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," in its degree, for the vivid and wonderful power by which things unreal and mystic are made to blend and link themselves with the everyday images and events of common life.

ON THE LINKS OF ST. MUNGO: A DAY WITH THE GOLFERS.

WHEN, six weeks ago, I came to St. Mungo, Evan Dundonnel, of Drumwhalloch—the Prince of Golfers and of good fellows—was my sole travelling companion. Drumwhalloch is a stalwart man; a mighty swimmer and deer-stalker; light-haired, and blue-eyed, and bare-legged—like Balder who sings in Walhalla—a regular Viking, I was going to add, but the *Saturday Reviler* (good pugilistic Mr. Bright, why are you yourself so thin-skinned?) has never been intimate with Vikings, and I would not grate the sensitive nerves of a critical fop for a kingdom. However, a Viking be it—but a Viking of this present evil world; who reads the daily papers; who swears by Robert Browning, and Mr. Jowett, and the Bishop of London; who is for relaxing the Articles, but wants a stringent code about poachers; who would rather like to see the Tories in office, but doesn't object to universal suffrage. He is apt to get loudly indignant on comparatively neutral subjects; but (in these days when nobody has any opinions left) one does not love him the less for that.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, addressing an imaginary antagonist, as the train glided round the beautiful estuary of the Ituna, and showed us, rising into the misty gold of the sunset, the venerable towers of St. Mungo,

"that Browning can't draw women, as this consummate ass, begotten in an evil hour, complains. Shakespeare excepted, Browning is perhaps the only English poet who has the art of making sweet women. Strongly marked features, the lights and shades of masculine passion, even when complex in structure and enigmatical in expression, may be transferred to the canvas with comparative facility; but the acute and reticent organization of girlhood is easily wounded, and demands a light hand and quickest sympathy." "Can't we touch these bubbles then, but they break?" Now Browning has learned this art—his touch, besides, being wonderfully refined, delicate, and incisive. Who can resist the helpless charm the wild-violet-like fragrance of poor Phene? What do you say to Colombe—

"Colombe our play-queen,
For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,
We'd pour our veins forth to enrich the soil—"

surely a queenly girl, bright, strong, loving, and true—or to the little dainty duchess, who, though her eye be soft and dreamy in its blue depths, is yet as merry and piquant and saucy as Gainsborough's charming Mrs. Graham. Then there is Mildred Tresham—Mildred, whose childishness (for she is barely more than a child) is combined with the

maturity which sin—sin quickening, not obscuring her sense of maiden modesty—and pitiful remorse have imported into her life. The whole conception of Mildred, of her guilelessness and helplessness—

“I was so young—I loved him so—I had
No mother—God forgot me—and I fell;”

and of her unresisting submission to what, in her startled innocence, she deems the inevitable retribution, is intensely and purely tragic—more so even than the light talk, the dismal gaiety, the heartlessness, and the broken-heartedness of the unhappy woman in *Pippa Passes*. By the immortal Gods! what a fool the man must be.”

“I don’t know much about Browning’s girls,” I replied, in a dreamy tone of voice, for I had been getting fugitive glimpses of the sea and of the old towers growing black in the gathering darkness, and of rabbits hopping in the moonlight through the furze upon the links—the famous links—along which we were passing, and I had not listened very attentively to the argument with which I had been favoured; “I don’t know much about Browning’s girls, but I know that the girls at St. Mungo are nicer and prettier than the girls anywhere else.” On which Evan returned into his shell, and “swore at large” against railway officials and omnibus conductors, when, soon afterwards, the train set ourselves and our clubs down at the pretty rustic station.

I am sure that I shall not soon forget the scene which greeted me when I drew aside my bedroom curtain next morning and looked abroad. It was one of those summer mornings with which we used to be familiar at Interlachen or at Venice, but which have been rarely met with on this side of the Channel until the July of this year of grace 1863. I might write pages about it; but an older pilgrim has described the scene in a few poetic words which cannot be imitated. He, standing on the rocky ledge and looking down—

“Beheld an ocean bay girl by green hills;
And in a million wavelets tipt with gold
Leapt the soft pulses of the sunlit sea.”

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The forlorn sea—forlorn, yet keeping as bright and cheery and gracious a face as if it were not haunted by any wretched memories—as if it had no dismal secrets to hide. And lo! among the white-edged breakers and upon the yellow sands, the sea-nymphs at their sport, the Sirens with dripping locks, and rosy lips and cheeks, and such soft and musical words and laughter as might wile away the wisest Ulysses of us all. It is impossible to resist the fresh breath of the morning; so—arraying ourselves hastily in dressing-gown and slippers—we hurry to the easternmost headland, to which the sea comes up pure and blue, and where we have a hundred feet of water at our feet. Through the retreating waves we make way swiftly, the sea-mews dipping beside us, an occasional seal dropping from his perch in our wake, the herring-boats, with their wet nets and brown sails, passing us, one by one, as they return to the harbour, until we are right below the battlements of a ruined keep—like that which Black Agnes kept so well—

“Great Randolph’s fearless daughter,
Lord March’s dame is she:
Beside the ocean water
Her towers embattled be.”

Then, after brief rest upon a desolate island crag, back once more to the shore from which we started—to the dressing-gown, to the stroll on the beach, to the dish of fresh-gathered strawberries, and the fresh eggs, and the fresh-caught salmon, and the fresh butter and cream, and the fragment of oatcake and fragrant honey or marmalade, which form the outworks of a Scottish breakfast. Much labour is there for mortals ere the day be done; but surely rest is sweet, and, for half an hour at least, we may lie upon our oars, and, as the white smoke of the manilla escapes through the open window, watch that little comedy down yonder upon the sands. A slight thing in its way; and, though not exactly novel, yet keeping a natural grace which makes it always pleasant to look upon. “We have known love ourselves in our sweet youth,” and we bet you a real gold guinea of the reign of George the Third

against Mr. Thackeray's bad half-crown of the reign of George the Fourth, that we guess precisely what is going on there. Isabel, in a breezy wide-awake, has perched herself upon a tangled rock, which the ebbing tide has left high and dry, and is scratching careless hieroglyphics on the wet sand at her feet with the point of her parasol; while Tomkins—Tomkins it is, but Tomkins transfigured and a hero—tries to gaze into those veiled and innocent eyes. Beware, Tomkins, beware, beware! Do you not know what a little wicked witch it is? A surprisingly novel feeling you experience about the thorax, you say. Why, man, it is as old as the day when Eve tempted our father. Such a light in those eyes, such a flush on that cheek, such gold in the hair, such constancy in the heart! Oh, you blissful idiot, do you not know that the trick has been discovered ever so long ago, and that love is not to "cast its glamour" over grown-up lads any longer? Listen, my friend, to the old Spanish ballad (if such it be, or not rather a scrap from the sorrowful loves of Catullus); and—if you will—get Isabel to read it to you in that low voice, "fed on love's moody food," which has wounded the hearts of so many heroes—

"One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the waves of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting one by one
The ripples of the mighty river,
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated—
A wild, bright, wicked diamond pair.

"She stoop'd, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the living sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing;
Three words she wrote, and not one more:
What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore—
'Death, not inconstancy!'

"And then her two large languid eyes
So turn'd on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
By such an eye, and such a hand:
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand."

Learn, if you like, "what song the

Sirens sang, or what name Achilles bore when he hid himself among women;" but expect not constancy from a coquette.

But it is time to start, for, ere we reach the Links, haunted by the golfers, we must give you a glimpse of this peerless little city. Not what it once was, indeed, yet still charmingly quaint, old-fashioned, and picturesque. Here, in "the unhappy, far-off times," not many hundred years after the death of our Lord, came a great Christian missionary, bearing with him (reverently, in a silver casket) "three of the fingers and three of the toes" of a yet great apostle. Here he founded a Christian Church, and converted to the true faith "that bloody, savage, and barbarous people the Pighths." Here a long line of saints and bishops, from Adrian to Arthur Ross, lived and died, and were buried in sumptuous tombs which those humble shepherds took care to build for themselves. Here, on a barren promontory, rose an exquisite shrine (300 years they took to raise it), whose burnished copper roof, when struck by the beams of the sun, was seen miles off by the hardy mariners of France and Flanders who ploughed the northern seas. Here grey friars and black friars grew fat and sleek upon the prudent piety of Scottish kings—here high-born and high-bred cardinals and legates kept princely state—here beautiful and subtle French Maries landed and feasted—here martyrs suffered, and their foes followed swiftly.

It could hardly happen that such a history could transact itself, even upon a storm-beaten headland, without leaving some trace behind it. The iconoclasts, indeed, were active and bitter enemies; "the proveist, the magistrates, and the commonalty," as the great reformer has it, "did agree to remove all monuments "of idolatry, *quhillk* also they did with "expeditione;" but the idolaters had built with such a cunning hand, and with such strength of arm, that even to-day the fragments of their work remain—noble, massive towers, windows of exquisite design, sculptured gateways, ivy-grown walls, cloistered walks, a

bishop's sepulchre, fretted and chased and finished like a Genevese bracelet. As you walk through the picturesquely irregular streets, you are constantly reminded that a story is attached to each nook and cranny of the place. The life of the castle alone, what a chequered and startling romance it discloses! From its dungeons the son of a king was taken away that he might die in a royal palace a slower and secreter death. In its courtyard the martyrs were condemned—from its battlements they attained,

“Thro' the brief minute's fierce annoy,
To God's eternity of joy;”

while, “on rich cushions laid for their ease,” high-bred and politic prelates witnessed the translation. There simple and learned men came, “with a glad heart and mind,” to give their lives for what they considered the true gospel of Christ. “Some have falsely spoken,” said the most gifted of the brethren, as he stood upon the scaffold beside the sea, “that I should hold the opinion, “that the souls of men departed sleep “after their death until the last day; “but I know and believe the contrary, “and am assured that my soul shall be “this night with my Saviour in heaven.” This said, he bowed his knees, and, “having conceived a short, but most “pithy prayer, he was led to the stake, “and then cried aloud, ‘O Saviour of “the world, have mercy upon me! “Father in heaven, I commend my “spirit into Thy holy hands!’ The “executioner having kindled the fire, “the powder that was fastened to his “body blew up. The captain of the “castle, who stood near him, perceiving “that he was yet alive, bade him be of “good courage, and commend his soul “to God. ‘This flame,’ said he, ‘hath “scorched my body, yet hath it not “daunted my spirit; but he who from “yonder high place beholdeth us with “such pride shall, within a few days, “lie in the same spot as ignominiously “as now he is seen proudly to rest him- “self”—a prevision which the Cardinal may, perhaps, have recalled when, a year afterwards, Norman Leslie dragged him from his bed.

How well men died in those times! —not the noble army of martyrs only—not the men only who, with wasted cheeks and hollow eyes, consumed by fiery zeal, felt, with the hermit, the support of an invisible presence,—

“There, where I stand in presence of my king,
There stand I, too, in presence of my God;”

but mere men of the world even—merchants, lawyers, dissipated young nobles. They prided themselves, indeed, on doing it with perfect correctness and good [breeding—their lace-ruffles stiff with starch; their long locks elaborately curled; and the neat little speech, with its not over-hackneyed quotation from Horace and Tacitus, to wind up with. Sir Thomas More set the fashion: it was kept up by all his successors during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. One of the last and most perfect specimens of an art that has died out, like the Greek encaustic or the Brummel tie, is the speech of the Lord Grey of Wilton, who was tried with Raleigh in 1603. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, these were his words: “I have nothing to say;” there he paused long; “and yet a word of Tacitus comes in my mind—*non eadem omnibus decora*: the house of the Wiltons have spent many lives in their prince's service, and Grey cannot beg his. God send the king a long and prosperous reign, and to your Lordships all honour!” Neat and curt as an epigram, and surviving as such to the present day, while more words have been spent vainly—a warning to Parliamentary orators. Yet, after all, the grave Montrose's is unique. “When doom was pronounced upon “him, he lifted up his face, without any “word-speaking.” Silently protesting, silently appealing, *he lifted up his face.*

But we must not linger longer among the tombs, for a bright and animated assemblage is gathered along the margin of the links, and the play is about to commence. The stalwart champions of the green have already “played a round.” Twenty couples started two hours ago: eighteen of these have died like heroes,

and gone to Hades ; Drumwhalloch and a single antagonist remain to contest the honours of the day. As they buckle on their armour for the decisive encounter, let us look about at our friends, and try to initiate South-country readers into the mysteries of a noble and ancient pastime.

The "ring" is a gay but somewhat motley one. There are members of "the Royal and Ancient," splendid in martial red : professional players, golf-makers, ball-makers, and *caddies* ; and, on the terrace in front of the club, such a cluster of bright faces and bright dresses, that it is plain the reigning *belles* of St. Mungo are not unworthy of the *belles* who welcomed Mary of Guise. "But, when the queen came to her palace," the old chronicler observes, "and met with "the king, she confessed unto him, that "she never saw in France, nor in no "other country, so many good faces in "so little room, as she saw that day in "Scotland : for, she said, it was shown "to her in France, that Scotland was "but a barbarous country, destitute and "void of all good commodities that used "to be in other countries ; but now, she "confessed, she saw the contrary, for she "never saw so many fair personages of "men, women, young babes, and chil- "dren, as she saw that day." It would not be fair to betray the incognito of that throng of "sweet girl-graduates ;" but you would never forgive me if I neglected to introduce you to this charming old lady—one of the finest specimens of the ancient Scottish gentlewoman. She is as neat, as natty, as daintily dressed (though the dress be made after another fashion), as her granddaughters ; and her eyes, which have seen eighty summers, are nearly as bright as theirs, and disclose a fund of shrewd intelligence and sarcastic life. She belongs, in fact, to an earlier matronhood—a matronhood of vigorous actors and vigorous speakers—a matronhood which witnessed a good deal of hard living and hard drinking and hard swearing without being prudishly scandalized. I fear, indeed, that the good old soul is a bit of a heathen at heart. She feels, at least, and some-

times sharply expresses, an immense contempt for sons and grandsons (though she loves "the lads," too, in her way) who want to elevate the lower classes, and to teach them sobriety and continence—who do not swear like troopers, and who cannot take their claret like the men of her rosy youth. A relic of the old times, all the legends of that time cluster around her. She is the centrepiece of a host of stories, with which, it may be, she is, as matter of fact, entirely unconnected. Thus her directness of speech and somewhat easy morals are illustrated by her reply to an evangelical matron who, when recommending a cook, assured her that the servant in question was a very decent woman. "Oh, d—n her decency ! Can she make good collops ?"

It is well-nigh twenty years to-day, my friend, since you and I last stood together on the green ; and during the interval time and death have been hard at work. The lads who were our school-fellows are scattered over the face of the earth—grave judges in India, wealthy Australian sheep-farmers, naval and military magnates at home and abroad—

"Some lie beneath the churchyard sod,
And some before the Speaker."

Indian mutinies and Crimean campaigns thinned our ranks sadly—not a few of the brightest and kindest of the set sleeping now outside the shattered walls of Delhi and Sebastopol. I am sure that not many of the survivors have read a touching passage in Mr. Kinglake's wonderful history unmoved, or without a very tender and wistful glance back into the past :—"Then a "small childlike youth ran forward "before the throng carrying a colour. "This was young Anstruther. He "carried the Queen's colour of the "Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games "of English school-life, he ran fast ; "for, heading all who strove to keep up "with him, he gained the redoubt, and "dug the butt end of the flagstaff into "the parapet, and there for a moment "he stood, holding it tight, and taking

“breath. Then he was shot dead, but
 “his small hand, still grasping the flag-
 “staff, drew it down along with him,
 “and the crimson silk lay covering
 “the body with its folds: but only
 “for a moment, because William Evans,
 “a swift-footed soldier, ran forward,
 “gathered up the flag, and, raising it
 “proudly, made claim to the Great
 “Redoubt on behalf of the Royal
 “Welsh.”

Ah! well—*dulce et decorum est*—they sleep well who, with their feet to the foe, die for England; but stalwart men remain, and many of them are present upon the green to-day. But the professionals have suffered a loss that cannot be repaired. One mighty golfer is gathered to his fathers. “Allan”—the hero of our boyhood—is dead. “Tom” is a famous player, and he merits his fame; but “Allan” had no peer, and he has no successor. Shall we, or our children, look upon his like again?¹

That narrow strip of barren sand and bent stretching for nearly three miles along the sea-shore (only the other day it was *under* the sea, they say), and lying between the city and the estuary of the Ituna, forms the links, or downs, of St. Mungo. The *course* on which the game is played, and which runs from end to end of the downs, is covered

¹ Allan came of a golfing “house;”—his father having been a good player in his day. A poetical golfer has paid a tribute to father and son:—

“Great Davie Robertson, the eldest cad,
 In whom the good was stronger than the bad,
 He sleeps in death; and with him sleeps a
 skill,
 Which Davie, statesmanlike, could wield at
 will.

Sound be his slumbers; yet, if he should wake
 Where golf is played above, himself he’d shake
 And look about and tell each young beginner,
 ‘I’ll gie half-ane—nae mair, as I’m a sioner.’
 He leaves a son, and Allan is his name,
 In golfing far beyond his father’s fame;
 Tho’ in diplomacy, I shrewdly guess,
 His skill’s inferior, and his fame is less.”

though Allan was a bit of a diplomatist in his way, too.

“Golfiana.” By George Fullerton Carnegie.
 Blackwood, 1842.

with a peculiarly soft and scrubby grass, interspersed with whins, sand-holes, &c. These *bunkers*, as they are called, constitute the hazards of the game. The holes are eighteen in number, and are placed at favourable points at unequal distances along the green—the shortest “hole” being about one hundred, and the longest about four hundred yards. The golfing-ground is under the *surveillance* of the Society of Golfers, and is strictly protected. Some years ago, the Court of Session granted an interdict, at their instance, to prevent rabbits from burrowing on the green; but the mandate does not appear to have been respected by the parties against whom it was directed, as “rabbit-scrapes” are still the plague of the golfer. The links, in fact, have been frequently in the law-courts—more than once in the House of Lords. In the event of their again finding their way to that august assembly, Lord Westbury will, no doubt, avail himself of the opportunity to express again his courteous and ill-concealed admiration of the institutions of “Scotland.”

The game of golf, the Scot will assure you, is as old as the Roman Empire. At all events, it it has been, *par excellence*, the national game of Scotland for many hundred years. During the reign of James II. the Parliament, indeed, does not appear to have regarded it with favour. It had become so popular that it threatened to interfere with the practice of archery; and in 1457, an act “Anent Gowffing” was passed, by which the game was prohibited. The act is a short and pithy one, and as a specimen of the Scotch language and legislation of the period is very characteristic:—“Item, “It is decreeted and ordained, that the “weapon schawings be halden be the “Lordes and Barones Spiritual and “Temporal, four times in the year. “And that the Fute-ball and Golfe “be utterly cryed down, and not to be “used. And that the bow markes be “made, at ilk Parish Kirk a pair of “Buttes, and schutting be used. And “that ilk man schutte sex schottes at “the least, under the paine to be raised

"upon them that cummis not at the least; twa pennies to be given to them that cummis to the bowe-markes to drink. And this to be used fra *Pasche* till *Alhallow-mes* after. And as tuitching the fute-ball and the golfe, to be punished by the Baronis un-law, and gif he takis not the un-law, that it be taken be the Kingis Officiares." But, like most sumptuary laws, the Act does not appear to have worked effectively. Not only did "the commonalty" continue to golf, but it became a favourite pastime with several of the Stewart kings. Charles I. was playing a match upon the links at Leith, when news was brought him that Ireland was in revolt. Since his days few eminent Scotchmen—lawyers, soldiers, or divines—have been unable to handle a club. The great President Forbes, of Culloden, was, in 1744, the Secretary of the "Honourable Company" of Edinburgh; "Jupiter Carlyle" was a mighty *swiper*; and Sir Hope Grant's achievements upon the green are worthy of the hero who, in the farthest east, has added a stirring chapter to the chronicles of Kilgraston. And we need not wonder at this association; for golf is a science which, simple as it appears to the tyro, demands a combination of qualities not always found together—a ready hand, a fine eye, a cool head, prudence, promptness, and *pluck*. The battle is not to the strong, and mere brute force is of little service on the green; for golf must be played "with brains;" and the first-rate golfer is generally the man who, if bred to arms, would make a dashing soldier, or, if bred to the law, a sound counsellor and judge. Luck, no doubt, enters into the play; but then luck, here as elsewhere in the world, commonly attends the man who knows how to make the most of it; or, as Tom Alexander used to say, in his shrewd way, "Luck's a lord, if it's weel guidet."

On Golf itself many treatises have been composed; and to these we must refer the neophyte who wishes an introduction to the finer and more recondite subtleties of the game. It is

played with clubs and balls, the object of the player being to "hole out" in the smallest possible number of strokes. A great variety of clubs are used, the particular club being determined by the character of the ground and the kind of stroke which requires to be played. When the ball is *teed*, or lies clear and fair on the turf, "the play-club" is the proper weapon. When the ground is heavy, or broken and ridgy, the "spoon"—long or short—comes into use. When the ball has to be taken out of sand or whins, an "iron" is the only club that can be safely depended upon. When the "swiping" is over, and the green where the hole is placed is gained, the player lays aside his longer clubs, and betakes himself to his "putter" or his "cleek." Some men excel in "swiping;" others in what is called "the short game" beside the hole—the "quarter-stroke," and the "put;" but the great player must be able to play both parts of the game with nicety—to drive with the play-club a stroke of 150 or 200 yards, and, on the green, to lay his ball "dead," or to "put" it into the hole with precision. A third-rate player cannot, probably, "hole" the round at St. Mungo in less than one hundred and ten strokes: Allan did it once in seventy-eight. It was not merely because he could drive a longer "teed" stroke than the other, but because he could better extricate himself from difficulties, because his quarter-strokes were played with greater exactness and judgment, because he could "put" his ball into the hole from a distance of six, eight, or ten feet, with instinctive certainty, that he was able to distance an indifferent performer by thirty or forty strokes.

And now Drumwhalloch and "the Captain" are ready to start. The foes are not unequally matched. The chief, indeed—a magnificent specimen of humanity—is double the weight of the other; but every player on the green knows well that this slim and wiry soldier is a tough antagonist, and that, at present, he is in first-rate condition and first-rate play. They strike off—

Drumwhalloch's ball mounting high into the sky, and descending gracefully on a green bank, within fifty feet of the burn: the Captain's, not so lofty, but quite as far and sure, a low and raking shot, which whistles through the air like the bullet from a Whitworth rifle. I should like much to describe to you, with a little, perhaps, of what Mr. Kinglake calls "the fire of Homer's battles," the varying fortunes of the field: but the patience of the most Job-like editor is not inexhaustible; and, therefore, I can only allow "Ned"—the *caddie* who accompanies and carries the chief's clubs—to relate briefly, in his own style, the issue of the contest:—

"Weel, you see, sir, they turned a' even—neck and neck. The first hole hame was halved—Drumwhalloch holing a lang *put*. The Captain wan the neist and the neist—twa holes to the good, and sax to play—lang odds. But the Laird was cool and keen, and he pit the heather hole in his pocket—the Captain comin' to grief amang the stiff whuns on the brae. At the Hole Across

baith drove weel aff the *tee*, weel on to Elysium; but the Captain's second shot gaed slap into Hell—which settled *him*.¹ A' even again, and four to play—a teuch fight—the Captain as white as death, and the Laird *vefra* douce, but no canny to come across. Weel, the fourth hole was halved—never seed it played better—but the neist finished the match—the Captain hookit his ba' into the Principal's Nose, and the Laird lay snug on the green at the *like*. After that the Captain never lookit up, and Drumwhalloch wan easy at the burn."

So Drumwhalloch returned radiant and triumphant, to be *feted* and medalled, and made much of by Isabel and the rest of the Naiads. And then, as the sun sank behind the hills, and the shade of the autumnal evening—

"Another kind of shade than when the night
Shuts the woodside with all its whispers up,"
gathered into the sky, and across the sea—we all went home, and—dined.

¹ "Hell" and the "Principal's Nose" are two notorious *sand-bunkers*: beyond Hell lie the Elysian fields.

ASSUERUS.

I SMOTE Him!—I! By that wide judgment-door,
Within the purple shadows of the Hall,
I cursed Him—the pale Christ! Then lifted He
The gracious and cool fringes of His eyes
At my hot breath; but never word He spake—
He was so thornless. By the judgment-door
I smote Him—I—on that calm breast! He stayed;
Then drew His pity round Him, as a robe
As white as all the lilies of the field
Had mantled Him; and kingly He went forth
Who was a king!

I smote Thee! Ah! Thou Christ,
I knew Thee not on earth, that Thou wert He
Whose face shall draw the streaming heavens behind,
And throng the skies for judgment. Thou hadst sheathed
The God in such a crust of mortal clay.
I strove with Thee, thou Breaker! Since that stroke,
Thy mountains through the ages melt away,
The plains lift up, the ancient cities fail,
And day by day I learn another speech;

And, where the sea hath laid her beating heart,
 And rocked, and cradled, she is known no more.
 She shrank through ages; and the ripening lands,
 That lay within their silver rivers bound,
 In silent morsels she hath swallowed all.
 Thy wedded life and death make all things new;
 But *this* that smote Thee shall not wither up;
 This tongue that cursed Thee holds its evil roots;
 These feet that bare me in Thy bleeding steps,
 And touched their crimson, they shall bear me on
 Through ages, ages, ages of this earth,
 To plead before Thee on the day of doom.

I standing by the cross, there dropped a cry
 "Forgive them, Father!" and the fiend in me
 Fell down at such a cry. I saw those lips
 Yet wrapped in pleading; and my heart dissolved
 With this one will, that I might touch His feet,
 Such heaven came floating on me at His cry.
 But in my heart rose up the bitter fiend;
 Ah! bitter, that his mocking was a sword!
 His laughters ran in all my bones like fire;
 And, strong in rage, I cursed the man who hung.

I stood by that red cross! He lifted up
 Those awful steepèd brows; He cried aloud;
 Ah, mightily! He shook the heart of earth,
 The light of day, and brake it—shook my heart,
 And bowed it, brake it. And the mount grew quick;
 The cross swung slow, with anguish in the rock;
 And all things pained and muttered and sank down
 From day to darkness. Lo! He bowed His head;
 And wider grew His arms upon the cross
 With travail; and for woe His face was set
 As keen as lightning! From the cross I fled.

Here am I, from the shadow of the cave,
 And standing by the lonely, scorched palm.

Who spake? Who walks in this wide wilderness?
 Who calls me as a man? Nay, not a man;
 His creature, and the marvel of His wrath;
 A man, and no man. Call me not a man!
 Before His cross I laid my manhood down,
 And grew a scourging angel to myself,
 And drave me from the loving homes of men,
 To naked rocks, and blinding desert sands,
 The moaning wilderness, and piercing moons,
 And dropping, shivering nights. Nay, not a man!
 I stand within the lion's raging breath;
 He shrivels in his eyes till they are dark,
 And, softly-footed, slowly, blindly, shrinks.
 He knows me, and he fears me. Not a man!
 I leaped with madness from a giddy height;

The air grew strong against me, bare my limbs ;
 I lit, and had no hurt. Nay, not a man !
 And low I beat my life with many strokes,
 And stole from it with famine. I crept down,
 And found a land of dim and rushing shades,
 And lower yet ; and on that door of hope,
 Death's portal, my hands wandered, in a night
 That heard not, spake not, saw not. At that gate
 I could not enter in.

There is no rest.

Ah, trance of fire ! the vision ! How it comes !
 In this grey wilderness it breaks on me !
 The rocks take shapes of men ; the dull earth cries—
 But nay, the multitudes ! the multitudes !
 The sun is red as slaughter, and this mount ;
 The multitudes are rolled in such a sea.

How ? All this place is spread with solemn air,
 So keen, so fine, as it were angel's breath ;
 And lo ! Thy cross is rising in the dews,
 And drooping, leaning, from the lonely air,
 Wide arms of mercy. Willing bowed head,
 And fixèd feet ! Mute Pity, most pale Love !
 I bow, I bow the soul within this flesh
 Before Thy Vision ! Hide Thy wounds from me ;
 Oh, hide them, Christ ! Thou knowest they have slept
 These ages in anointing balms of Heaven !

Is this a vision ? Have the years gone back ?
 Has earth gone back to bring that day again ?
 And is it years, or hours, or ages, Christ,
 That Thou dost hang with all these weeping limbs
 Upon the Cross ? For I am old and sere,
 So sere and scorched, and nothing like a man,
 Who stand within the shadow of Thy woe.
 But is it ages ? for the Angels sang
 That Thou should'st pluck the ages of their sting,
 And lay Thine hand upon eternal joy,
 To clothe all creatures : Is it hours, oh Christ ?
 They sang, An hour of God, when He should stoop,
 Should bring more fruit than all the groaning years !

Ah ! mercy, Christ, and wash my sin away.
 Mine ages are with Thee a tale of hours ;
 Mine hours, Thine ages ; blot my sin away ;
 Me, broken, marred with all these shocks of years,
 Wash with Thy crimson blood. I kneel to Thee ;
 I see the prints of love within Thine hands,
 Ah ! Christ, I see the way of love they clave,
 And found Thine heart ! Ah, bid me enter in ;
 Thou didst deny no nail, nor spear, nor thorn !

Ah me ! the ghost hath left Him ! Ah, His face !
 A silent storm of death hath striven there ;
 His lips are white with coldest beating hails ;

His eyes death-crushed; the sorrows of His brow
 All washed, and marred, and mingled, and out-swept;
 The still tide grows so deep. This is not Christ,
 But dull, cold, drowning death. It changes yet;
 He lives, He lives! lo, Christ, how art Thou wrapped!
 Thy neck, Thy limbs, in victor's crimson signs;
 And all the cross is overflowed, out-swept
 In such a conquering flood! I see His face;
 A God's full joy is speechless on His lips!
 A God's full joy is spread below the thorns
 Upon His brow! It fades—all dim, all gone;
 And but His eyes. Ah, Christ, Thine awful eyes!
 Thine awful eyes! Twin-shining stars I see:
 They gaze on my frail soul, and baffle it
 With floods of blinding light, that I am whirled
 A speck, a mote, upon a sea of light,
 And lost in brightness. Draw Thine eyes away!
 I cannot feel the earth beneath my feet,
 Nor breathe this rushing air!

It breaks! It breaks!

It was a vision! Lo! these jagged rocks,
 Now dropped with setting sun-light; not a breeze;
 The blue hot sky! No more is here, no more,
 But empty barren earth, and barren air.

J. MORESBY.

THE RUSSIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL MOVEMENT OF 1860-62.

BY A RUSSIAN PATRIOT.

THE present time is rather an unfavourable one for writing about Russia. The civilized world is not in a temper to sympathize with us. The atrocities related every morning by the newspapers, as having been committed by Russian soldiers and generals in Poland; the ambiguous conduct of Russian diplomacy; the old remembrances of serfdom—all these have very materially engendered a notion, as if Russia were some kind of Asiatic empire, strong only for purposes of destruction, and as if the Russian people had no other aspiration than external greatness, for which it was ready to pay by the sacrifice of its liberty and its human dignity. This belief, like nearly every other strong belief, is certainly not without some foundation; but, happily for Russia, it does not represent the whole truth; and the purpose of the present paper is to try

to show the bright side of the picture, of which England generally sees only the dark one—to show, in opposition to official Russia, with its atrocious external policy, with its stifling of every internal liberty, of all local life and independence, the new Russia, the party which can be fairly said to represent the best of national aspirations, the noblest part of its character. I will try to show the tendencies of this party, not in idle words and high-sounding political programmes, but in work—in earnest and hard work; and I hope that the sympathy of every honest Englishman will be with us—that he will more leniently look on the errings of a deluded multitude, and abstain from any sweeping condemnation of a nation the future of which may yet be great and truly useful to humanity.

The Crimean war was undoubtedly a

period of renovation for Russia. How bright, how full of hopes and fresh energy that time appears to us now, when we look back to it! Where are those hopes, that glowing enthusiasm to which all difficulties appeared child's play? Cooled down in some distant exile; or, worse, turned to scepticism, by the failure of long-cherished plans! But let us speak of that time. The simple remembrance of it is refreshing and invigorating. The Government was humbled by the signal failure of the war, and in the meantime national pride was gratified by the heroic defence of Sebastopol. Naturally enough, society began to look on Government and the system of Nicholas as the cause of our defeats, and to compare the imbecility of superior command with the valour of the soldier and subaltern officer. The Crimean war was a practical illustration of the weakness of the Government and of the vital strength of the people. The Government itself instinctively felt this. For some years afterwards it dared not interpose its pseudo-activity in every department of human life. Only by degrees, as time effaced the impression produced by the Crimean struggle, did it again take to its traditional policy—improved this time by a careful study of a worthy teacher, the French Emperor, and his scientific system of administration. But, for some three or four years, the saying of Prince Gortschakoff, "*Le Gouvernement Russe se recueille,*" was as true for the internal as for the external policy. Gloriously, like spring vegetation after a hard winter, did the social strength break out at that period. Grand industrial enterprises, railroads, renovation in literature, all came at once. Certainly, faults were committed. The want of experience, and a too great confidence in our young and yet untried forces, led, particularly in industrial life, to hazardous enterprises. Some failed; but who can boast of a beginning without such faults?

The question of popular education was one of the favourite topics of the time. It was a field on which nearly all was yet to be done. A great

number of young men, wearied of the eternal speeches about love for the lower classes, and the wish to sacrifice life and fortune for their sake, were eager to illustrate their theories by experiment. In this class of men there was an eager longing for actively helping the people, and showing by palpable facts that they earnestly meant what in the opinion of their opponents was considered to be mere phrases without meaning. The best part of the landed nobility concurred in this feeling. They wanted to make amends to their serfs for the misdeeds of their ancestors—to fill the chasm which separated them from their peasants. They hoped in time to modify the strong prejudice of the peasants against any one who differed from them in dress or habits of life—to bring them to look on the civilized classes as their protectors against the encroachments of bureaucracy. Under the influence of these feelings, Russian society determined to take into its own hands the education of the people. This was a question of vital importance. Till then, the great argument of Government for taking into its hands the management of every department of life, was the indolence, the frivolity of society, its incapacity for prolonged exertion. Society had to prove that this was not the case. In this special question of popular education it had to assert its capacity for practical work; and both sides understood very well the conclusions which were to be derived from the contest. The Government understood that society, having taken the guidance of popular education, and proved itself able to manage it, would be proved able to manage many things besides, and would claim independence in some form or other.

All the aspirations I speak of were embodied in a practical form in the Sunday-school movement. This was the field on which the battle between society and Government was fought.

The Sunday-school movement began in the summer of 1860. If I mistake not, the first example was given by

the University of Kiew; but not more than a fortnight later the first Sunday-school was opened also in St. Petersburg. Here the honour of the beginning belongs to military men—staff-officers and engineers. The building used for the first school was a military barrack belonging to military telegraphists. The leaders of the movement asked the authorization of Government for opening a Sunday-school, and using for this purpose the Government building. Great was the perplexity of Government. To refuse was to take the odium of being opposed to one of the first efforts made to civilize the people; and a Government which at that time had the pretension to be called liberal would not take such a decisive step. So, after some wavering, consent was reluctantly given, and the first school in St. Petersburg opened in the barracks of the telegraphists. But the consent reluctantly given was, for some time, again withdrawn. One Sunday the boys and teachers found the doors of the barracks, where they assembled, closed by superior command. The crowd stood for some time wavering before the doors, the poor boys quite puzzled to find their notions about the necessity of learning subverted in this manner. Happily, in the crowd of teachers stood the priest who had volunteered his services to teach religion—a noble-hearted man, devoted to the cause of popular education. Turning to the assembled school, he attributed to some misunderstanding the closing of the barrack; and, taking the lead of the boys, he carried them away to his lodging, and there gave his customary lesson. The barrack was soon again opened to the school; but this episode showed the position which Government had taken towards the new movement.

The example of the school in the barrack of the telegraphists soon found numerous followers. Schools began to spring up in every part of the town; and six months had not passed after the beginning of the movement when St. Petersburg could boast of twenty-eight Sunday-schools. Generally the opening

of a Sunday-school took place in the following manner:—Private gentlemen, interested in the subject, formed a committee, collected money, and sent a deputation to the chief of some government-building suitable for the school, and not used during Sundays, asking leave to place the Sunday-school in it. Petersburg possesses seven gymnasiums, or schools preparatory to the university. The class-rooms of these gymnasiums, not used during Sunday, offered a ready place for the Sunday-schools, and to the directors of the gymnasiums the Sunday-schools applied. With the exception of one single pedantic director (a German), their request was received favourably. The German director I allude to refused, saying that the dirty street-boys assembled in the Sunday-school would spoil the floors of his class-rooms.

Some schools found room in barracks, some in military schools. Two were even opened by the student-officers of the staff and artillery academies. A few schools found room in private dwellings. The committee of the school which was opened in the suburbs of Schlusselfurg, the most industrial part of St. Petersburg, applied to the owners of a manufactory of the neighbourhood, for a place in which to establish the school; and these gentlemen most generously collected money and took a separate house for the purpose.

The room in which to establish the school having been found, the managing committee bought the necessary books and school materials, and invited teachers. Teachers were easily found. The whole youth of the middle classes of St. Petersburg volunteered their services. Students of the university and of the school of law, with artillery, engineer, and staff officers, private gentlemen, and a great number of ladies, came forward, happy to be useful to their fellow-creatures. Only the court-aristocracy (there is no other in St. Petersburg) held aloof from the movement, too indolent to undertake the difficult duties of teachers, and too servile to countenance a movement which was viewed unfavourably in high quarters. These gave neither their money

nor their influence. They proved, as they always have done in Russia, useless or even worse. The same cannot in justice be said of the clergy. I do not speak of the higher orders of the hierarchy—these followed the example of the aristocracy; but some of the parish priests showed themselves in a very favourable light—which, it must be also said, was little expected from them. The Sunday-schools helped to discover many and many a true Christian priest, who devoted his labour to the teaching of the children, and whose influence was beneficially felt in the school committees. The ladies who undertook to teach in the schools also belonged to the middle classes—chiefly wives and daughters of scientific men, of officers, and of country squires spending the winter in St. Petersburg.

The number of teachers was more than sufficient, and some schools were even obliged to refuse offers. On the average every school had more than forty teachers, and the total number of them in St. Petersburg was more than 1,000. This great number of teachers allowed the use of a particular method of teaching, which cannot be used in common schools. A school of, let us say, 200 boys or girls had forty teachers, every one of whom took round him a group of five pupils. In some schools the teachers divided themselves according to the subjects taught—arithmetic, writing, and spelling, history, geography, &c.; and in that case the group of pupils was handed from one teacher to another, or rather one teacher after another came to it. But the teaching was always carried on in groups of from four to six pupils. In the greater number of schools one teacher took charge of one group and taught it all the different branches.

The subjects taught, and the methods used in teaching, were different in different schools. All questions of this kind were decided for every school by the teachers, assembled in meetings. The teachers became members of the committee which had created the school; and this committee elected a manager

and a secretary, who took charge of the whole business of the school; but all questions relating to different pedagogic methods, the selection of class-books, &c. were decided by meetings of the teachers, generally held in every school once a fortnight.

The teaching in the Sunday-schools embraced reading and writing, conducted together; arithmetic, taught as much as possible in examples taken from everyday life; a little geography; national history; and, in some schools, the rudiments of natural philosophy. Some schools were happy enough to find volunteer teachers of drawing; but those were exceptions. Religion was taught in all the schools by priests who had offered their services. In the six girls' schools the same subjects were taught, by ladies and gentlemen together, the latter undertaking generally the teaching of arithmetic and natural philosophy.

In the first period of the existence of the schools there was no community between them. Each formed a whole, quite independent of the rest. But, by degrees, a certain community sprang up. The municipality of St. Petersburg took a lively interest in the question, and delegated one of its secretaries to study it, and help the schools by grants of money and school materials. This secretary, a most able and honourable man, was the first link between the schools. Another means of union arose out of the creation of a Sunday-school fund at the establishment of one of the most important booksellers of St. Petersburg. This fund was raised by voluntary subscriptions. To help it, lectures were delivered, during the winter of 1860-61, by the most distinguished Russian writers; books were published, and private theatricals performed, for the same purpose. The funds derived from all these sources were very fairly divided among the schools. Another, and even more powerful, bond of union among the schools originated in one of the girls' schools, the committee of which invited delegates of all the other schools to take part in its meetings, and decide questions of common utility.

The Sunday-schools—as, I believe, is clear from this sketch—were not, like the English ones, purely religious schools. They had a far more secular character, and were rather destined to help the general education of the people in its various branches, including religion, than to keep exclusively to this last.

All the schools were crowded. Some, as the one in the suburb of Schlussemburg, had more than 500 pupils, mostly from the manufactories of the neighbourhoods. Generally, the schools had from 100 to 200 pupils. The twenty-eight schools of St. Petersburg had, in all, nearly 4,500 pupils. Generally, these belonged to the lowest classes of the town-population; children of servants, apprentices in different workshops, formed the majority. Grown-up peasants and workmen were intermingled with these; and one would frequently see, at the same table, boys of ten and full-grown peasants, working diligently at some problem of arithmetic. The girls were, for the greatest part, apprentices in the numerous dressmakers' shops of St. Petersburg. Daughters or servants of petty traders came also in great number; but generally the girls belonged to a class somewhat higher than the boys. In age they varied between ten and eighteen.

The attendance at the schools was pretty regular—at least in so far as it depended on the pupils. The girls particularly were not always allowed to attend, especially before the Christmas and the Easter holidays, when high life had to get new dresses and bonnets. At these times the poor girls had to work on Sundays as well as on week-days. Some of the dressmakers could only be induced by repeated entreaties from the members of the school-committees, and sometimes by the threat of publicity, to allow their apprentices to go to school. And yet the teaching took very little time. The schools were opened at eleven, after church service, and at two the secular teaching was finished, and one hour more was taken up by the priest. At three the pupils left the school. Except the Sundays, all the

great holidays of the Greek Church were used for school teaching. Christmas gave three days, Easter the same; so that the whole number of school days in the year was from seventy to eighty.

With only that limited time at their disposal, the Sunday-schools made a great advance. After one year's schooling a great number of pupils who at the beginning did not even know the letters of the alphabet were able to read fluently, to write, and use the four rules of arithmetic. The more advanced had got some knowledge of history, geography, and natural philosophy.

It was a general rule in all schools that the pupils should be treated with the greatest kindness. No punishment or compulsion was ever used. The pupils were free to come or absent themselves without any one asking the reason. In some schools, particularly with grown-up pupils, it was left to their own decision what they should study; and very often a man who was able to read and write came only to study drawing or arithmetic. The schools lent books to pupils who wished to read at home during the week, and the books were always carefully returned. It was a rule to address the pupils with "you," instead of "thou," the former locution being used in Russia between equals, and the last only towards inferiors. This friendly tone of the Sunday-schools was a great inducement for the pupils. It contrasted so agreeably with the coarseness of their every-day life—the teaching was so pleasant, so diversified, the relation on equal footing with civilized persons so attractive—that the schools were crowded. Friendship sprang up between pupils and teachers. One winter did much to destroy the prejudice created in the mind of the people by centuries.

Hitherto I have spoken only of St. Petersburg. But the same movement went on all over Russia. Moscow had twenty schools; the other great towns each four or five. There was no town which had not at least one school; and at the beginning of 1861, the total

number of Sunday-schools in all Russia, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and with voluntary teachers, was certainly not less than 300, with 25,000 pupils, and nearly 4,000 teachers. The character of the movement was a little different in different towns. We have seen that in St. Petersburg the movement was exclusively supported by the middle-classes, and viewed rather with enmity by the aristocracy. In Moscow the corresponding middle-class is not so numerous, and, generally speaking, not so 'civilized' as in St. Petersburg. The bulk of so-called Moscow society consists of absentee landlords, retired officials, &c.; it does not stand high either in energy for purposes of common welfare, or in true civilization. This was the reason that in Moscow, with few exceptions, the Sunday-schools were in the hands of the students of the university.

Let us return now to the Government. We have seen that from the beginning it was not well disposed towards the new movement. As the movement extended, the anxiety of the Government increased. Members of the imperial council denounced it as a gigantic conspiracy to overthrow imperial authority, to destroy religion, property, family, all ties of society. Rash sayings of young students, often purposely changed in meaning by the spies who had overheard them, were officially quoted as a proof of the dangerous character of the movement. But, side by side with those who foolishly denounced a conspiracy where there was and could be none, the teaching and meetings being quite public, there was among the counsellors of the Emperor a far more dangerous set. These understood the meaning of the contest; they saw the influence which the Sunday-schools began to give to the civilized classes, the sympathy growing stronger and stronger between the peasant-pupil and the teacher. They saw a danger for their system. They decided to fight against the first earnest striving of Russian society. The plan of those men was, on the one hand, to influence the Emperor against the Sunday-schools,

by representing them as revolutionary, dangerous, immoral; and, on the other hand, to try, by unnecessary interference with the school organization, to disgust society with the work so brilliantly begun, and drive it, perhaps, to some rash step.

The first step in this direction was taken in the winter of 1861, some months after the beginning of the movement. The Minister of Popular Education published a regulation for the Sunday-schools. By it every school was submitted to a Government inspector. The teaching of history, geography, and natural philosophy was prohibited. This regulation was calculated to create discontent among the teachers, and to disgust them with the work they had undertaken; and, indeed, in Moscow, and some other university-towns, where the Sunday-schools were chiefly directed by young students, the Minister of Popular Education realized his purpose. The young men were disgusted with this insolent intervention in their work of love; a great number of them left the schools; and only by the exertions of the older and more steady teachers were the schools continued in those towns. But in St. Petersburg the regulation had not the influence it was calculated to produce. The teachers—generally steady men—understood the aim of the Government, and preferred to do half the work they intended, rather than to leave it entirely undone. The entreaties of this section of the teachers prevailed; and the school movement not only continued, but even increased in St. Petersburg. In the spring, a great number of the teachers left town to go into the provinces and the neighbouring villages, as is the custom in Russia during the summer. But enough remained to continue the work; and those who had left the town tried to apply in the country their experience as teachers, to popularise their new methods, recommend new manuals, &c.

The year 1861-62 found the Sunday-schools strongly organized. The novelty was gone; but the schools were felt as one of the elements of town-life, a thing

which had vitality in it. During the winter a whole popular school-literature sprang up; and a society for facilitating the circulation of the new school-books, so as to bring them within reach of village-schools in the remotest provinces of the empire, was organized, and went actively to work. In St. Petersburg and Moscow reading-rooms for the people were opened, and were soon over-crowded by peasants, workmen, and small tradesmen.

We have to relate now the end of this movement, which many a Russian remembers with more pride than many a bloody battle bravely fought for other interests than the welfare of Russia.

The month of May, 1862, saw a great part of St. Petersburg in flames. The poorer parts of the town were consumed; terror was in every heart. As is always the case in such calamities, every party accused every other of atrocious acts. The Reactionary party accused the Liberals—the “reds,” as they were called; the people accused the Poles. At the first moment, when the flames broke out, the Government was terrified. It expected an outburst of popular discontent; but, when it saw the people and society even more terrified than it was itself—when the Emperor found himself surrounded by devoted multitudes which looked at him as their saviour in this terrible crisis—the Government took heart. It decided to improve the opportunity, and destroy with one blow the growing influence of the Liberal party. The Government took on itself the dreadful responsibility of officially accusing the Liberals of having ordered the fire with the hope of bringing the people to a revolution. At another time such an accusation brought against honourable men would have found no belief, but in the excitement of the moment the people could not be expected to reason calmly. All the influence produced on

the popular mind by the Sunday-schools was lost, at least for the time. The people clamoured for blood, for the execution of the criminals. It was enraged at the pretended weakness of the authorities. But there was no one to be punished; and, till the present time, not the slightest fact has been found to support an accusation which, at the time, might have led to a general massacre of all the educated Russians.

The Sunday-schools were not forgotten in this proscription of the Liberal party. When the popular feelings were sufficiently excited, a circular of the Government put an end to the existence of the Sunday-schools, and the popular reading-rooms, sweeping away with one stroke of the pen 300 schools, with nearly 25,000 pupils, and some twenty popular reading-rooms, and thus destroying in one minute the hard work of two years.

This, I trust, is a fair description of the first trial of Russian society to do practical work. I believe that no impartial judge will say that it had failed in the work; and the violent end put to the existence of the Sunday-schools is certainly no argument against them. My purpose has been to show to the English public, by this episode of our history, a Russia which is totally different from the official Russia—a Russia whose ideal is not in physical force, but in civilization; a Russia which, though a small minority, though persecuted by the Government, never loses heart, and which at the present moment is certainly beginning anew the work of civilization and liberation, not to be stopped till success crowns its persevering efforts. My aim has been to bring the English public to distinguish between these two Russias, and to sympathize with the one as much as it hates the other. I shall be happy if I have done even a little towards realizing my purpose.

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LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER V:—A JOURNEY, A GRAND TUMASHA, AND THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CIVIL SERVICE CAREER.

CALCUTTA, *March 12.*

DEAR SIMKINS,—I have lately witnessed some phases of life in India which have little in common with Calcutta grandeur and civilization. To begin with the travelling: I spent sixteen hours on the four hundred miles between the capital and Patna, and seventeen hours on the forty odd miles between Patna and Mofussilpore. And uncommonly odd ones they were. I started at ten P.M. on the 9th of last month in the time-honoured palanquin. My suite comprised sixteen bearers, two fellows with torches, and four banghy-wallahs, who convey luggage in something resembling the received idea of the Scales in the zodiac. The performances of these thin-legged, miserable, rice-fed "missing links" are perfectly inexplicable according to our notions of muscular development. Four picked readers of Kingsley would find it hard work to bring along an empty palanquin at their own pace; whereas a set of sixteen bearers will carry you and your traps at the rate of four and four and a half miles an hour for twenty leagues on end. The powers of the banghy-wallahs are something portentous. Two of them took to Mofussilpore, turn and turn about, a gun-case and a carpet-bag containing, among other things, twenty-eight pounds of shot and three hundred and fifty bullets, going the whole way at a swing trot. And yet the physical conformation of these men is so frail,

that a blow on the body is liable to cause instant death. It is commonly believed that this proceeds from the large size of the spleen: and, whether true or not, the theory has its advantages; for the lower classes of Europeans are a little too apt to be free with their fists, and the coolies who come in their way escape many a thrashing which would fall to their lot if their midribs were less ticklish to meddle with. Recruits are always solemnly warned of this peculiarity in the Hindoo constitution by their comrades who have been some time in the country. And more than once a soldier, when seeking redress in a court of justice for a fraud or theft committed by a native, has excused himself for not having taken the law into his own knuckles, by reminding the magistrate of the thinness of the defendant's pericardium. Talking of midribs, have you observed that there is a class of words which never appears except in translations from classical authors? Who ever employed "hansel" otherwise than in connexion with "*κωιζευ*," or "forsooth," save as a representative of "scilicet"? "Nay, rather," and "Will you not not?" are combinations which can hardly be said to occur frequently in colloquial English; and yet there are not twenty lines together in the crib to any Greek Tragedian, in which they do not play a conspicuous part.

In the rainy season, the Ganges at Patna is a sheet of water six miles in

breadth; but in February it flows along two channels on either side of a low sandy island. On arriving at the first branch of the river, the whole company got on board a large boat, and we were ferried across for the moderate remuneration of three mites a head. The bearers enjoyed the passage amazingly; handing about the fraternal hubble-bubble, and discussing whether the Sahib was a planter or a police-officer—to which opinion the majority eventually inclined, on the ground that he had black hair. We then crossed the island, and a little after midnight embarked on our second voyage. I fell asleep directly after we started, and awoke again at four in the morning to find the boat stuck fast on a sand-bank in the centre of the stream. The crew, three in number, were up to their middles in the water, in the last stage of exhaustion, vainly endeavouring to shove us off; while the other natives, twenty-two in all, reclined at their ease on the benches, waiting apparently till the first rains in June should set the vessel afloat. The appearance of my head from the door of the palanquin produced an instantaneous effect. The whole party fell to upbraiding each other with indolence and selfishness, until at length one individual, more public-spirited, or, perhaps, more weak-minded than the rest, slowly divested himself of his toga, and stepped over the bulwarks into the river. His exertions were not followed by any visible amelioration in our position, and, when this fact had been thoroughly realized by his companions, another lowered himself into the gulf with the most leisurely air of self-sacrifice. By the time it came to the Quintus Curtius, another half-hour had gone by, and I could stand it no longer. So I bundled the whole lot bodily into the water, and, after a great deal of sighing and grunting, we bumped gradually into a deeper channel, and arrived at the left bank without any farther mishap.

As it was now five o'clock, I resolved to get some breakfast at the dawk bungalow, which stood near the ferry. There was only one Sahib staying in the

house, a fat civil servant, whom at first I mistook for Josh. Sedley. He was travelling in most luxurious style, with a complete *batterie de cuisine*, and at least a dozen servants. He turned out to be a capital fellow, and provided me with a complete breakfast—tea, fish, steak, and curry. When he learnt that I was a competition-wallah, he was highly delighted, and asked me whether I was a good scholar. Then, without waiting for a reply, he informed me that the classics were his hobby, that they had long formed his only recreation, with the exception of pig-sticking, and that his mind was so thoroughly imbued with the literature of Greece that it had become positively Hellenized. To this I replied that our nature gradually moulds itself till it resembles the object of our favourite pursuit; which was rather an unlucky observation, as he was wonderfully like a pig. However, he took the remark in a favourable sense, and proceeded to tell me that the study of the ancients was the passion of his mature years. He had not been remarkable for early proficiency, although, indeed, on one occasion, he had come within seven of the classical medal at Haileybury. He was at present engaged on a work, the scheme of which, he flattered himself, was both judicious and original. It was neither more nor less than the rendering of the “Lays of Ancient Rome” back into the ballad poetry of which they are supposed to be translations. This, when complete, would, he observed, be a “*χρήμα εἰσαεῖ*.” He then repeated the opening lines of “Horatius,” which ran thus:—

“En! Lars Clusinus per ter tres Porsena
Divos

Jurat Tarquinius ne longa injuria vexet
Se provisurum. Per ter tres Porsena Divos
Jurat, et Auroram certam proclamat ubique.
Et speculatores decurrere solis ad ortus,
Solis et occasus jussit, Boreamque, No-
tumque,
Et latè Tuscum agmen ‘ad arma’ vocavit,
‘ad arma.’”

“Observe,” he cried, “the repetition in the last line. The first ‘*ad arma*’ may be supposed to be the summons to battle; the second is, as it were,

the universal answer of the people. Is it not life-like?" I replied that it might be like life, but that it certainly was not like the production of a Roman bard who lived more than three centuries before Virgil was born or thought of. I reminded him that the hexameter was borrowed from Greece at a later period than that imagined by Macaulay as the date of this poem, and suggested that the Saturnian metre would be more appropriate. He asked for a specimen, and I repeated the only lines in that measure with which I was acquainted:—

"Et Nævio poetæ, cùm sæpè læderentur,
Dabunt malum Metelli: dabunt malum
Metelli:"

an attack upon the poet which was called forth by the epigram:—

"Fato Metelli fiunt Romæ consules :"

a satire, the point of which is so preternaturally mild, that it is difficult to account for the bitterness which it excited. Hereupon my companion's countenance assumed an air of thought, and he retired into his bedroom, whence he emerged after an interval of about an hour, with the information that he had re-written the commencement of the lay in a manner which undoubtedly displayed considerable powers of adaptation:—

"Ab urbe rex amicus cùm sæpè pelleretur,
Mox Porsenæ minacis cohors Etrusca Romæ,
Dabit malum superbæ; dabit malum super-
bæ."

Almost immediately afterwards I set off again on my journey, not without painful misgivings as to what my friend would do now that he had used up all his model in the first three lines of his poem.

About half-way to Mofussilpore we came upon a native lying asleep under a tree at the side of the road. The bearers stopped, and informed me that he was a dawk runner, carrying the post, and that, whenever the Sahibs saw a dawk runner asleep or loitering, they always got out and beat him with their feet. On subsequent inquiry, I found that the statement was correct. The postmen are bound to travel at the

rate of six miles an hour; but, in point of fact, they seldom or never go beyond a walk. If, however, an Englishman heaves in sight, they set off, and puff and blow like a pedestrian who is trying to look as if he were being outrun by Deerfoot. Not wishing to appear ignorant of the custom of the country, I alighted, and began banging the man about with my umbrella, and asked him what the Son of Morning he meant by his conduct. It turned out that my zeal was misplaced; for, when returning consciousness disclosed to him the presence of a Sahib with an avenging alpaca, he looked up in my face with an air of reproachful innocence, and said, "Main dawk nahin hi. Main express hi." (I am not the dawk; I am only the express.)

The omnipresence of "hi" never fails to impress a new comer. As it forms the termination to four sentences out of five, he at first imagines that it is an interjection with a sense of command. He deduces this theory partly from the fact that at home the particle in question is exclusively employed by 'bus-drivers as a preliminary to running over deaf people; and partly from the profusion with which the word is used out here by Englishmen in giving their orders to inferiors. He therefore tacks it on to the end of the name of any article which he may require, exclaiming with touching confidence, "Belattee Pawnee hi!" "Beer Shrub hi!"—a form of expression which simply amounts to predicating the existence of those luxuries. This practice may be defended by the precedent of Rowley, better known as Anthony Rowley, when he called for bacon and spinach on the occasion of his friend's setting forth on a matrimonial project without having previously assured himself of the maternal approbation. It must not, however, be forgotten, that Rowley qualified "hi" by the addition of "ho!"

At five o'clock in the afternoon, we had still an hour's journey before us. As it was no longer too hot to be pleasant, I sent on the palkee and my luggage, and walked into the station

alone. The last two miles lay through the Bazaar. I was surprised, and not much flattered, by the indifference to my presence shown by the ladies seated in the verandahs bordering on the road. Whether travellers by profession have a higher opinion of their own personal charms than any other class of men, I cannot say, but their books usually teem with passages in this style: "The fair daughter of Mahomet, as the sound of wheels reached her ears, drew over her stately head, in playful haste, the veil which religion and custom alike prescribe, but not so quickly as to rob the stranger of one glance at her dark features and chiselled brow, worthy of a home in the Paradise of the blessed:" or, "From behind the lattice issued from time to time the noise of suppressed laughter, while a careful observer might note a gazelle-like orb peering through the framework in curious admiration of the ruddy countenance and stalwart form of the young Frank." My own impression is, that a native female troubles herself as little about young Franks as a Yorkshire girl about young Gentoos. A recluse, who knew the world only from books, would imagine that all women were of exquisite beauty, and thought about nothing from morning till night except the admiration which they excited. This is only another form of the fable of the lion and the sculptor. If the immense majority of books had been written by women, the conventional idea would have attributed good looks and coquetry to men. Poetry would have been full of tapering moustachios and waving whiskers, and Apollos de Medici, and men in their hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please. A strong proof of the rapid spread of cultivation and knowledge among English ladies is afforded by the fact, that much of the nonsense about bright eyes and cruel charmers with which the literature of a century ago is larded would not be tolerated by modern readers. We owe this to Miss Austen, Currer Bell, Harriet Martineau, and others of their sex, who have shown by indisputable proofs

that women are good for something better than to point a sonnet or adorn an eclogue.

At every turn of the road I came upon a policeman in a bright blue tunic, tight yellow pantaloons, and a red pugree or turban. It is some time before the mind can grasp the conception of police, in a country where the cooks are all of the male sex, and where religion forbids the consumption of cold mutton. The absence of areas is compensated to a certain extent by the village well, whither the officer on duty retires occasionally to refresh himself with a drink and a flirtation. The police force is in a state of reorganization over the whole Bengal Presidency. Under the old system, the duties were left unperformed by a watchman in every village, and by a Thannadar, or Government officer, who was a person of no small authority, having Burkandazzes under him, and saying to this man, "Find me a culprit, or I will give you a hundred lashes;" and to another, "Pay me down twenty rupees, and I will let you have six hours' law;" and to the civil servant in charge of the district, "Sahib, the murderer has escaped over the frontier disguised as a Fakeer." The new police has been constructed on the Irish model. They are entrusted with various services which once fell to detachments from the regular army; such as guarding prisons, escorting treasure, and such-like. The inspectors and superintendents are taken for the most part from among regimental officers, and it is said that the tendency of the new force is become too decidedly military. The detective element is certainly rather weak at present; but it is better thus than that the constables who are supposed to check crime should be a gang of Jonathan Wilds, which was too often the case before the present reforms began to take effect. The same complaint is brought against the Irish police. The magnificent fellows who parade in pairs, rifle on shoulder, along the highroads of Mayo and Limerick, consider it a great feat to capture an illicit still once every two years in a region where nine-tenths of the whisky

on sale has never paid duty. In time of peace, there is something droll in the mixture of dislike and contempt with which they are regarded by the country people. When the tourist finds himself obliged to wade a stream, the chances are that he will be told by his guide that there was a beautiful bridge two years ago, which the police broke down by marching over it in step. It is needless to add that this accusation is merely the form in which the popular sentiment has thought fit to express itself.

It was just dark when I arrived at the Collectorate. My cousin Tom welcomed me warmly, if warmth can be connected with anything pleasant in such a climate as this. In Eastern imagery, the idea of comfort and solace is expressed by similes which imply protection from heat and glare. "Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," would mean very little on Ben Cruachan or the Scawfell Pikes. If, in the course of time, the language of our countrymen in India adapts itself to their altered tropics, we shall talk about our hearts cooling towards a kindred nature, and our disappointment at meeting with a hot reception from an old friend.

There was a large dinner-party in the evening, and every guest on his arrival was duly acquainted with my having performed the last four miles of my journey on foot. It was very amusing to observe the incredulity with which this statement was received by some, and the hilarity which it excited in others. That ghastly allusion to the supposed poverty of one's feet, which apparently had just penetrated to Bahar, was freely drawn upon for my benefit. One or two old Indians were seriously put out at such a piece of enthusiastic folly; and a young assistant magistrate, who had won the mile race at Eton, and who, in the long vacation before he came out, had discovered three passes in Switzerland, talked of my "superabundant energy" with the languid pity of an Oriental voluptuary. From the moment when he is cheated in the purchase of his first buggy by a third-hand

dealer in Calcutta, to the time when, amidst an escort of irregular cavalry, he dashes through wondering villages in all the state of a lieutenant-governor, your true civil servant never goes a-foot on the highroad for a hundred yards together. And this does not proceed from indolence or effeminacy; for a Mofussil official, on the most dim rumour of bear or tiger, will carry his gun for days over ground that would heartily disgust an English sportsman. But horses and grooms and fodder are so cheap out here, and the standard of incomes so high, that no one need walk except for pleasure; and the pleasure of walking in Bengal is, to say the least, equivocal. During the whole of my stay in these parts, this feat provided a subject for inexhaustible chaff, with the smallest conceivable admixture of grain.

It so happened that the Rajah of Futtehgunge, which lies somewhere in the outskirts of this district, called at Mofussilpore on his way back from the Durbar, or levée, held by the Viceroy at Agra. He had invited all the English residents to a grand tumasha at his camp, which was to take place the evening after my arrival. A "tumasha" is anything special in the way of amusement; a feast, a ball, or a play. The word has a magical effect upon the native mind. On one occasion, a friend of mine prevailed upon his bearer to submit to an agonizing series of electric shocks, under the assurance that the proceeding was a "tumasha."

We left the Collectorate at nine at night, and drove to the tents, which were nearly half a mile off, between hedges of blazing lights, in three rows, one above another. The Rajah received us at the entrance of the pavilion; and, after mutual compliments, we seated ourselves on a row of arm-chairs on either side of the great man. The scene was very picturesque. The tent, which was of immense extent, open at the sides, was thronged with guards and retainers in the most gorgeous costumes, studded with gems which glittered and twinkled in the fitful flaring torchlight. In the darkness outside thronged the

whole population of the neighbourhood. The centre was spread with a broad rich carpet, on which were seated the performers. First came a nautch, which afforded a striking example of the profound dissimilarity in taste between Asiatics and Europeans. I have witnessed the exhibition of Mr. Woodin; I have seen Charles Kean enact the lover in a sentimental comedy; I have a horrible dream of having sat through the explanation of the comic dissolving views at the Polytechnic Institution; but, though a being of awful experiences, I could not have believed in the existence of an entertainment so extravagantly dull as a nautch. A young lady not remarkable for her charms, dressed in a very splendid robe, which was several inches too long for her, came forward a few paces, stumbling over her skirts, and commenced a recitation in a singular and monotonous key, accompanied by three musical instruments of barbaric fashion, which I concluded to be sackbuts and dulcimers. She sang the praises of Tom Goddard, his early promise, his beauty, his high birth. She related how he excelled all his companions in manly exercises, and how the Moonshes, who conducted his education, foretold his future greatness. (The fact is, that he was the most notorious muff on Bigside, and that the Principal of Haileybury threatened him with expulsion at the end of every term.) Then she described how the deities of the sea made smooth the waves around the prow of the ship which bore him across the black water. (He was unable once to leave his cabin between Southampton and Alexandria.) How, when he sat upon the bench of judgment, all wondered at the precocious wisdom of the youthful sage, and how the rulers of the land vied to do him honour, and disputed with each other the possession of so bright a jewel. (He began his public career in the north-west, under a magistrate who reversed three-fourths of his decisions, and made it a personal favour that he should be removed to Bahar, where he turned over a new leaf.) She then spoke of the condition of the province over which he

now extended his fostering care. She told us that the period of his government was the golden age of the district; that force and fraud were unknown throughout the borders; that the planter did not grind the ryot, nor the ryot write libels on the planter; that the fields were white with poppies, and that grain had fallen three seers in the rupee; that fuller vats foamed with bluer indigo, and more vigilant policemen watched over emptier jails. At this point of the eulogium, Tom, who had only the day before committed twenty-three dacoits, blushed visibly—a performance to which I had thought him unequal. All this while, two stunted girls had been coming forward at intervals of some minutes, who, after waving their arms in time to the music, turned short round and ran back to their places. Meantime, another woman, with a sword between her teeth and bells on her fingers, was throwing about her head and hands in most ungraceful contortions. And this is the famous nautch, on which natives of the highest class gaze in rapture for three, four, six hours together!

To the nautch succeeded the drolleries of a company of comedians, ten or twelve in number. The Rajah had prudently given them a hint to be careful, feeling that even greater reverence is due to collectors than to boys. The affair, in consequence, was grossly proper, but excessively childish and absurd. It began with imitations of various animals—the peacock amongst others—which was represented by an ancient man with a long white beard, evidently the Robson of the troupe, who held up a lighted torch behind him to represent the bird's tail, and ran round and round cackling like a goose as he was. After this a number of scenes were enacted, in which the old fellow always played the principal character. At one time he was an Arab stable-keeper, while the others were grooms, horses, and customers. On another occasion he was a magistrate in Cutcherry, who, when a knotty case is brought before him, sends it to be determined by the Joint Sahib (as the natives designate the joint magistrate),

and calls for a light to his cigar. Finally, all the rest of the party lay down on their backs, and clapped their hands, while he passed a lighted torch over them. This was feebly supposed to suggest the idea of a pyrotechnical exhibition.

We were roused from the profound melancholy into which we had been thrown by this specimen of Eastern humour, by a summons from our host to take supper previously to witnessing a display of fireworks. A magnificent banquet was laid out in an adjoining tent. We each sipped a glass of wine, and, declining any more solid refreshment, proceeded to mount a sort of grand stand, which had been erected for our accommodation, leaving the feast to be devoured by two deputy opium agents and an Irish gentleman, who, according to his own account, was engaged on a tour for the purpose of collecting facts with a view to entering upon public life, but who was very generally supposed to be Haynes the murderer—a report that was eventually traced home to the assistant-magistrate, who had been persuaded by the stranger into purchasing a spavined horse. The dullness of the nautch certainly had not communicated itself to the fireworks. Rockets, wheels, flowerpots, fountains, Bahar lights, Roman candles, were fizzing and blazing in every direction. There was no attempt at effect or grouping. Men rushed about with torches, lighting anything that stood most convenient. Within twenty minutes a good two hundred pounds' worth of gunpowder must have flashed away into the illimitable. The whole entertainment could not have cost the Rajah less than four thousand rupees; and yet the same man would think ten rupees a year a very handsome subscription to the dispensary or the schools in his own town.

The motive for this profusion is evident enough. All the world within a hundred miles will hear that the Futteh-gunge man has induced the Sahibs of Mofussilpore to be present at a tumasha; and the Rajah of Doodiah, his dearest

enemy, will not know a moment's peace until he has achieved the same honour. Under the feeble rule of the Mogul, these great landholders exercised an absolute authority within their own borders, and made war upon each other with considerable gusto. Since we have been in the country they have been forced to confine their rivalry to quarrels concerning precedence, and endless litigation about every imaginable subject. At one of Lord Canning's Durbars a dispute arose between two Rajahs, as to which should be presented the first. They agreed to refer the decision to an eminent member of Council then present, who proposed that they should settle the point by the ordeal of tossing up. They answered that they would be quite ready to adopt his suggestion for that occasion only, but that the matter was one which concerned all time, and must not be lightly disposed of. Accordingly the Englishman, whom they had appointed arbiter, went thoroughly into the question, studied their respective genealogies, and drew up a report which was generally allowed to be conclusive. The unsuccessful claimant retired almost broken-hearted.

Next day the servants of the Rajah came with the intimation that the great man would pay us a visit in the course of the morning. They brought Tom a dolly, which is the name given to the only description of present that Government servants are permitted to accept. A dolly consists of trays of provisions, the number of which is regulated by the rank of the person to whom the compliment is paid. Thus, a lieutenant-governor gets fifty trays, while I, as a hanger-on of Tom's, came in for a little dolly of ten. The size of the offering, however, is of no consequence at all, as the only article that an Englishman ever dreams of touching is the box of Cabul grapes, of which each dolly, great or small, contains one and only one. The huge unsightly fish, the heaps of greasy sweatmeats, and the piles of nondescript fruit and vegetables, are appropriated by your servants, who are in a state of plethora for forty-eight hours

after, and of dyspepsia during the whole of the next week.

Towards noon the Rajah came with a following of eighteen or twenty cavaliers, mounted on raw-boned horses daubed with paint according to the taste of their riders, and about two score guards on foot, armed with halberets, sabres, and blunderbi of that bell-mouth form which the Irish landlord knows so well. "Oft in the stilly night" he describes a tall hat peering over a neighbouring stone wall, in company with that primitive weapon, which, after a laudable effort at missing fire, belches forth a shower of slugs and rusty nails and copper halfpence, as an instalment of the rint which has been withheld. Then he rides home cautiously, looking out for the gates which have been taken off their hinges and laid across his horse's track ; and, while his wife picks the bits of old iron out of his back, he discusses with the police serjeant the identity of the man who has been compelled, by a crisis in his affairs, to borrow the village blunderbuss. A Government less powerful than our own might object to the troops of armed ragamuffins who live at the expense of the great noblemen of these parts. But it is well understood, that all this state is merely maintained with a view to keep up their position in the eyes of their countrymen. There is no one who gets so little fun for his money as your rich Hindoo. He lives in a wretched doghole, and feeds on rice and spices and sweetstuff, like the meanest shopkeeper. Yet he is always in debt, always mortgaging his land to planters, and screwing his tenants, and cheating and being cheated by his agents and bailiffs. The mass of his income goes to gratify what is neither more nor less than the genuine spirit of snobbishness. The Rajah of Doodiah has forty armed men in attendance—he must have fifty. The Rajah of Nilpore keeps eighty riding horses—he must keep a hundred, although he never stirs out except in a litter. And yet Thackeray will have it that snobbishness is the peculiar weakness of Britons!—the

crying sin for which fire from heaven is to descend upon Brompton, and turn Islington into a sea of brimstone!

What is the champagne from the public-house round the corner, and the greengrocer in white cotton gloves making off with a cold chicken in his umbrella, to the gigantic ruinous pretension and display of a highborn zemindar? I hate this ignorant abuse of everything English. It is an ill novelist that fouls its own nest. Is it really the fact that in England, of all countries in the world, a titled fool can command the worship of society, while merit without a handle to its name is doomed to contempt and sixpenn'orth of beef from the cookshop? If Mr. Gladstone were a Hindoo gentleman of limited means, his rare mental gifts would certainly not compensate in the estimation of the community for his deficiency of rupees. If Mr. Roupell were the wealthiest landholder in Tirhoot or Chumparun he might accuse himself of forgery for thirty hours out of the twenty-four without losing an atom of his influence and power. But it is the same in everything. Though the marriage tie is more sacred in England than in any other European community, though our literature is pure compared with the German, and prudery itself by the side of the productions of modern France, there are writers who perpetually inveigh against our licentiousness and immorality. In spite of hospitals and refuges, and shoe-black brigades and Lancashire Relief Funds, you would judge from the sermons of some clerical horse-leeches that there was neither charity nor humanity throughout our island. We are not inclined to self-glorification. We have no Fourth of July, and we do not desire to have one. But it is affectation to deny that, as nations go, we honestly strive to learn what our duties are, and to fulfil them to the best of our abilities.

The Rajah's address, like that of all Bengalee grandees in the presence of Englishmen, was a curious compound of solemnity and servility. He told us a little about the Durbar, and we told

him a little about the Great Exhibition. He spoke of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales, and expressed his surprise at that ceremony having been deferred till the bridegroom was twice the age at which he himself had taken his first wife. He informed us that a report prevailed in Bahar to the effect that the Muscovites, assisted by the King of Roum, were on the point of sailing up the Persian Gulf to the rescue of Brigadier Jefferson Lincoln. My cousin advised him to have his son vaccinated, and in return he made a wild attempt to get his assessment lowered. Tom pretended to mistake his meaning, and answered that the Government was inclined to regard with favour the zemindars who promoted the cause of popular education by example and pecuniary assistance. Upon this the Rajah, who found the conversation growing unprofitable, took his leave, and drove away amidst a salute from all the fire-arms in his train which were capable of going off on so short a notice. This proceeding raised the most lively apprehension in the breast of the Irish gentleman, who was in a state of feverishness tempered with belattee-pawnee after the dissipation of the previous evening. Under the impression that a mutiny was on foot, and that the Rajah, with all the native police of the district, was besieging the Collectorate, he rushed out in his night-shirt and drawers, with a gun cocked and loaded, and was with some difficulty prevented from shooting Tom's principal Sudder Ameen, an eminently respectable Baboo in high judicial employ, who happened to be the first native that came in his way.

The Indian Civil Service is undoubtedly a very fine career. Here is Tom, in his thirty-first year, in charge of a population as numerous as that of England in the reign of Elizabeth. His Burghley is a joint magistrate of eight-and-twenty, and his Walsingham an assistant-magistrate who took his degree at Christ Church within the last fifteen months. These, with two or three superintendents of police, and, last, but by no means least, a judge,

who in rank and amount of salary stands to Tom in the position which the Lord Chancellor holds to the Prime Minister, are the only English officials in a province a hundred and twenty miles by seventy.

You must not imagine, my own Simkins, that a collector in Bahar at all resembles the individual at home who comes round with a pen in his mouth, leaving a notification at his first visit, and a surcharge at his next, and finally bringing a wheelbarrow and pickaxe to cut off your water, neglecting at every stage alike to scrape his shoes before he enters your hall. The *employé* who rejoices in the full dignity of collector and magistrate, in addition to the special duty of handling the revenue and determining all questions connected with the Land Settlement, is the chief executive authority in the district to which he is attached. His freedom of action is controlled by none but the commissioner, who presides over a division containing five or six districts, and whose immediate superior is the Lord Sahib, or Lieutenant-Governor, who is inferior only to the Burra Lord Sahib, or Viceroy, who owns no master save the Secretary of State, for whom the natives have not invented a title, and of whom they probably know very little, except they happen to be in the service of a planter, in which case they have heard that functionary anathematized by their master whenever indigo showed any symptoms of heaviness, or the ryots of independence.

Work in India is so diversified as to be always interesting. During the cold season the collector travels about his district, pitching his camp for a night at one place and for three days at another, while at the larger towns he may find sufficient business to occupy him for a week. Tent-life in the winter months is very enjoyable, especially to a man who has his heart in his duties. It is pleasant, after having spent the forenoon in examining schools and inspecting infirmaries, and quarrelling about the sites of bridges with the superintending engineer in the Public

Works Department, to take a light tiffin, and start off with your gun and your assistant-magistrate on a round-about ride to the next camping-ground. It is pleasant to dismount at a likely piece of grass, and, flushing a bouncing black partridge, to wipe the eye of your subordinate, and then to miss a hare, which your bearer knocks over with his stick, pretending to find the marks of your shot in its forequarter. It is pleasant, as you reach the rendezvous in the gloaming, rather tired and very dusty, to find your tents pitched, and your soup and curry within a few minutes of perfection, and your kitmutgar with a bottle of lemonade just drawn from its cool bed of saltpetre, and the headman of the village ready with his report of a deadly affray that would have taken place if you had come in a day later. Is not this better than the heart-sickness of briefs deferred; the dreary chambers, and the hateful lobby; the hopeless struggle against the sons of attorneys and the nephews of railway-directors; the petition to be put into one of the law offices that you may eat a piece of bread? Is it not better than grinding year after year at the school-mill, teaching the young idea how to turn good English verses into bad Latin; stopping the allowances, and paring down the journey-money; crowding as many particles into an iambic as the metre will bear? Is it not better than hanging wearily on at college; feeling your early triumphs turn to bitterness; doubting whether to class yourself with the old or the young; seeing around you an ever-changing succession of lads who, as fast as they grow to be friends and companions to you, pass away into the world, and are no more seen?

During ten months in the year the collector resides at the station. The Government does not provide its servants with house-room; but they seldom experience any inconvenience in finding suitable accommodation, for the native landlords make a point of reserving for every official the residence which had been occupied by his predecessor. No advance in terms will tempt them to let

the judge's bungalow to any but the judge, or to turn the joint sahib out of the dwelling which has been appropriated to joint sahibs ever since that class of functionaries came into being. They charge a very moderate rent, which includes the cost of gardeners and sweepers for the use of the tenant. This is an effect of the passion for conferring obligations upon men in authority which exists in the mind of every Hindoo. The life of a collector in the Mofussil is varied and bustling even in the hot weather. He rises at daybreak, and goes straight from his bed to the saddle. Then off he gallops across fields bright with dew to visit the scene of the late dacoit-robbery; or to see with his own eyes whether the crops of the zemindar who is so unpunctual with his assessment have really failed; or to watch with fond parental care the progress of his pet embankment. Perhaps, instead of "sporting about by the side of his dams," he has a run with the bobbery pack of the station, consisting of a superannuated foxhound, four beagles, a greyhound, the doctor's retriever, and a Skye terrier belonging to the assistant-magistrate, who unites in his own person the offices of M. F. H., huntsman, and whipper-in. They probably start a jackal, who gives them a sharp run of ten minutes, and takes refuge in a patch of sugarcane, whence he steals away in safety while the pack are occupied in mobbing a fresh fox and a brace of wolf-cubs, to the delight of a remarkably full field of five sportsmen, with one pair of top-boots amongst them. On their return the whole party adjourn to the subscription swimming-bath, where they find their servants ready with clothes, razors, and brushes. After a few headers, and chota hasree, or little breakfast, of tea and toast flavoured with the daily papers and scandal about the commissioner, the collector returns to his bungalow, and settles down to the hard business of the day. Seated under a punkah in his verandah, he works through the contents of one despatch-box, or "bokkus," as the natives call it, after another;

signing orders, and passing them on to the neighbouring collectors; dashing through drafts, to be filled up by his subordinates; writing reports, minutes, digests, letters of explanation, of remonstrance, of warning, of commendation. Noon finds him quite ready for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the favourite meal in the Mofussil, where the tea-tray is lost amidst a crowd of dishes—fried fish, curried fowl, roast kid and mint-sauce, and mango-fool. Then he sets off in his buggy to Cutcherry, where he spends the afternoon in hearing and deciding questions connected with land and revenue. If the cases are few, and easy to be disposed of, he may get away in time for three or four games at rackets in the new court of glaring white plaster, which a rich native has built, partly as speculation and partly to please the sahibs. Otherwise, he drives with his wife on the race-course, or plays at billiards with the inspector of police, or, if horticulturally inclined, superintends the labours of his Mollies. Then follows dinner, and an hour of reading or music. By ten o'clock he is in bed, with his little ones asleep in cribs enclosed within the same mosquito curtains as their parents.

The ladies, poor things, come in for all the disagreeables of up-country life. Without plenty of work, India is unbearable. That alone can stave off languor and a depth of *ennui* of which a person who has never left Europe can form no conception. In a climate which keeps every one within doors from eight in the morning till five in the evening, it is, humanly speaking, impossible to make sufficient occupation for yourself, if it does not come to you in the way of business. After a prolonged absence from home, reviews and newspapers become uninteresting. Good novels are limited in number, and it is too much to expect that a lady should read history and poetry for six hours every day. What well-regulated female can make dress an object in a society of a dozen people who know her rank to a tittle and her income to a pice; or music, when her audience consists of a

Punkah-wallah and a Portuguese Ayah? Some ladies, as a matter of conscience, go very closely into the details of household affairs; but after a time they come to the conclusion that it is better to allow the servants to cheat within a certain margin for the sake of peace and quietness; for cheat they will, do what you may. Oh! the dreariness of that hour in the middle of the long day when the children are asleep, and your husband has gone to tiffin with the judge, and the book-club has sent nothing but Latham's "Nationalities of Europe" and three refutations of Colenso (who seems to take an unconscionable amount of refuting, considering the size of his publication), and the English post has come in yesterday, with nothing but a letter from your old governess, congratulating you for being settled among the associations of the Mahommedan conquerors of India, and asking you to take some notice of her nephew, who is in the office of the Accountant-General of Bombay. It is very up-hill work for a lady out here to keep up her spirits and pluck, and her interest in general subjects. The race-week, the visit to her sister in the Punjab, the hope of being ordered down to Calcutta, the reminiscences of the sick-leave, and the anticipations of the furlough, are the consolations of a life which none but a very brave or a very stupid woman can endure long without suffering in mind, health, and *tournure*. If a lady becomes dowdy, it is all up with her; and the temptations to dowdiness in the Mofussil cannot well be exaggerated.

I know of no better company in the world than a rising civilian. There is an entire absence of the carping, pining spirit of discontent which is so painfully apparent in able men at home who find themselves kept in the background for want of interest or money. In most cases, the normal condition of a clever Englishman between the ages of twenty-two and thirty is a dreary feeling of dissatisfaction about his work and his prospects, and a chronic anxiety for "a sphere." If he is a master at a public school, he wastes a couple of hundred

pounds at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple, in order to delude himself with the fond idea that he will one day exchange his desk in the fourth-form room for the more stirring cares of forensic life. If he still hesitates to surrender the ease and security of a fellowship, he compounds with his intellect by writing for the *Saturday Review*, and representing the liberal element in the governing body of his college. He takes to the law, only to discover that there are instincts in the human heart which even conveying will not satisfy; to the Church—no, he does not take to the Church; to literature, and finds himself in the plight of that gentleman who,

“At thirty years of age,
Writes stately for *Blackwood's Magazine*,
And thinks he sees three points in Hamlet's
soul
As yet unseized by Germans.”

An Englishman cannot be comfortable if he is in a false position; and he never allows himself to be in a true position unless he is proud of his occupation, and convinced that success will depend upon his own efforts. These agreeable sensations are experienced to the full by an Indian civil servant. It is impossible for him to have any misgiving concerning the dignity and importance of his work. His power for good and evil is almost unlimited. His individual influence is as great as that arrogated by the most sublime of Doctor Arnold's favourite prepositors during his first term at the university. He is the member of an official aristocracy, owning no social superior; bound to no man; fearing no man. Even though he may be passed over once and again by a prejudice in the mind of his commissioner, or some theory on the subject of promotion held by his lieutenant-governor, he is well aware that his advancement does not hang upon the will and pleasure of this or the other great man, but is regulated by the opinion entertained of his ability and character by the service in general. In order to rise in India, it is not necessary to be notorious. In fact, notoriety is rather a clog than otherwise. People out here

are not easily bamboozled, and like you none the better for trying to bamboozle them. A civilian who is conscious of power does not seek to push his way into notice by inditing sensation minutes, or by riding a hobby to the death; but makes it his aim to turn off his work in good style, trusting for his reward to the sense and public spirit of his chief. There is nothing which men in power out here so cordially abominate as solemnity and long-winded pedantry. A ready, dashing subordinate, who, to use a favourite platonic phrase, “sees things as they are,” is sure to win the heart of every resident and chief commissioner with whom he may have to do. I have observed that, if ever a young fellow is spoken of in high quarters as an able and promising public servant, he is sure, on acquaintance, to turn out a remarkably pleasant and interesting companion. A collector or under secretary will sometimes get a little maudlin over his cheroot, and confide sundry longings for literary society and European topics; but he never speaks of his duties except in a spirit of enthusiasm, or of his profession without a tone of profound satisfaction. He no more dreams of yearning for “a sphere” than for a pentagon or a rhomboid. A magistrate had been mildly complaining to me that he found no time for scientific pursuits. “But, after all,” he said, “who can think about butterflies or strata when there are embankments to be raised on which depends the famine or plenty of a thousand square miles; and hundreds of human beings are waiting their trial in jail; and millions are living and dying in ignorance, for want of schools and teachers?” He must be a happy man who can talk of his daily occupations and responsibilities in such terms as these.

But, besides the blessings of absorbing work and an assured position, a civilian enjoys the inestimable comfort of freedom from pecuniary troubles. Intriguing mothers used to say that a writer was worth three hundred a year, dead or alive. It requires some self-denial, during the probation in Calcutta,

to make both ends of the six months meet; but in the Mofussil a young bachelor has enough and to spare. Tom's assistant-magistrate keeps four horses, and lives well within as many hundred rupees a month. If a man puts off his marriage to within a year or two of the age at which he may take a wife in England without being disinherited by his great-uncle, he may always have a good house and plenty of servants, his champagne and his refrigerator, his carriage and buggy, an Arab for the Mem Sahib, and for himself a hundred-guinea horse that will face a pig without flinching. He will be able to portion his daughters and send his son to Harrow and Oxford; and, while still in the vigour of life, he may retire to a villa at Esher, or a farm in his native county, with a pension of a thousand a year, and as much more from the interest of his savings. Bobus Smith, during the intervals of writing hexameters which put to shame all Latin verse of the present day, used to say that a man could not live in India on less than two thousand a year, and could not spend more than three thousand. An amendment which would insert the word "married" before the word "man," and alter the numbers to fifteen hundred and two thousand respectively, would be nearer the mark. In a climate where fresh air and cool water are bought for a price, a good income is essential to comfort; but, when comfort has been attained, there is no object on which money can be laid out. A man might subscribe to every charity and every newspaper without being two hundred pounds the worse at the end of the year. The sum which can be thrown away on horse-racing is limited by the paucity of the people who desire to win your gold mohurs or to lose their own. There is no temptation to display; for every member of society knows the exact number of rupees which you draw on the fifteenth of each month. A joint magistrate and deputy collector who marries on nine hundred a year may count on being a full magistrate and collector at one or two and

thirty, with an income of two thousand three hundred. In five years more, with industry and ordinary parts, he will be in receipt of three thousand a year as a civil and sessions judge; or, if he prefers to wait his time, he will have charge of a division, with a commissioner's salary of three thousand six hundred. Then there are the quartern loaves and the plump fishes: the chance of Bombay or Madras; the lieutenant-governorships, with an income of ten thousand pounds; the Council, with an income of eight thousand; the chief commissionerships, with an income of six thousand; the secretariat and the board of revenue, with something under five thousand a year. And these prizes are open to every subject of the Queen, though his father be as poor as Job subsequently to the crash in that patriarch's affairs, and though he does not number so much as the butler of a member of Parliament among his patrons and connexions.

To those who think that life should be one long education, the choice of a profession is a matter of the greatest moment: for every profession that deserves the name must draw so largely on the time and intellect of a man as to allow scant opportunity for general study. Therefore, any one who wishes to preserve a high tone of thought, and a mind constantly open to new impressions, must look for a calling which is an education in itself—that is, a calling which presents a succession of generous and elevating interests. And such is pre-eminently the career of a civil servant in India. There is no career which holds out such certain and splendid prospects to honourable ambition. But, better far than this, there is no career which so surely inspires men with the desire to do something useful in their generation—to leave their mark upon the world for good, and not for evil. The public spirit among the servants of the Government at home is faint compared with the fire of zeal which glows in every vein of an Indian official. During a progress through his province, a lieutenant-governor is everywhere followed about

by magistrates, who beg with the most invincible pertinacity for a thousand rupees more towards this infirmary, for another one per cent. on the court fees towards that Cutcherry. Our modern questors are every whit as grasping and venal as the satellites of Verres and Dolabella ; but it is for the benefit of their district, and not for their own pockets. It is this deep and pure love for his adopted country, transplanted to an uncongenial soil, which too often attaches to the retired Indian the fatal title of "bore," which unites all parties in the endeavour to keep him out of the House of Commons, and cough him down if he succeeds in forcing an entrance. It seems incredible to him that people should exhibit indifference towards subjects which have been his dearest care ever since he was punted up the Burrampootra to his first station ; that there should be men who shudder at the bare mention of the Annexation Policy ; who read a social Ryot Act at the most faint allusion to the indigo troubles. But it is out here that the fruits of this noble and earnest philanthropy are manifested in their true light. It is a rare phenomenon this of a race of statesmen and judges scattered throughout a conquered land, ruling it, not with an eye to private profit, not even in the selfish interests of the mother country, but in single-minded solicitude for the happiness and improvement of the children of the soil. It is a fine thing to see a homely old pro-consul retiring from the government of a region as large as France and Austria, together with a clear conscience and a sound digestion, to plague his friends about the Amalgamation Act and the Contract Law ; to fill his villa on the Thames or the Mole, not with statues and bronzes snatched from violated shrines, but with ground-plans of hospitals and markets and colleges, and translations of codes, and schemes for the introduction of the Roman character.

Whence comes this high standard of efficiency and public virtue among men taken at random, and then exposed to the temptations of unbounded power

and unlimited facilities for illicit gain ? It cannot be peculiarly the result of Haileybury, for that institution, from its very nature, united the worst faults of school and college. The real education of a civil servant consists in the responsibility that devolves on him at an early age, which brings out whatever good there is in a man ; the obligation to do nothing that can reflect dishonour on the service ; the varied and attractive character of his duties ; and the example and precept of his superiors, who regard him rather as a younger brother than as a subordinate official. One black sheep, and two or three incapables, in a yearly list of forty or fifty names, is a large average. Hutchinson, a young member of the secretariat, a dead hand at a minute, and the best amateur critic I ever came across, told me that, if he had been the eldest son of a man with broad acres in England, he should nevertheless be glad to have spent ten years in India for the sake of the training, moral and intellectual. The absence of bigotry and intolerance here is undoubtedly very remarkable. Where there is so much work to be done by any one who will put his hand to the plough, men have no time to quarrel about the direction and depth of the furrows. Because you drive a pair of oxen, and I an ox and a donkey ; because your share is curved, while mine is straight ; am I, therefore, bound to mulet you of your hire, and pelt you off the fallows with clods and pebbles ? Here, at least, the waste lands are plenteous, and the labourers are very few. Here, at least, we can well afford to leave each other to toil in peace. Jones has doubts about the Pentateuch ; but he has just sailed for England, leaving his health behind him in that pestilential district which he volunteered to take during the cholera, and where his theories on draining and burning jungle saved countless lives ; and I really have not the heart to let him be anathema maranatha—a curse which a mind unlearned in Oxford theology would conclude, from the context, to have no bearing on the authenticity of the Book

of Deuteronomy. In spite of Doctor Pusey, I cannot help greeting as a brother Protestant the little Danish missionary who has changed those blackguard murderous villagers of Kur-naum into Christians and payers of rent. Flanagan rides twenty miles every fortnight, to Dinagegur, to hear mass and get shrived ; but I can remember when he rode as many leagues, through the September sun, with my baby on the saddle before him, a musket-ball in his shoulder, and his cheek laid open by a sabre-cut.

The drawbacks of Indian life begin to be severely felt when it becomes necessary to send the first-born home. From that period until his final retirement there is little domestic comfort for the father of the family. After two or three years have gone by, and two or three children have gone home, your wife's spirits are no longer what they were. She is uneasy for days after a letter has come in with the Brighton post-mark. At last there arrives a sheet of paper scrawled over in a large round hand, and smeared with tears and dirty fingers, which puts her beside herself. You wake two or three times in the night always to find her crying at your side ; and the next morning you write to the agent of the Pando to engage places for a lady and ayah. At the end of the six months she writes to say that the doctor has insisted on Joey's going to Nice for the winter, and that she must stay to take him. Shortly after you receive a communication from your mother-in-law, to the effect that you must give Anna another summer in England, under pain of the life-long displeasure of that estimable relative. And so it goes on, till, after the lapse of some three or four years, your wife joins you at the Presidency in a state of wild delight at meeting you, and intense misery at finding herself again in India. Within the next two hot seasons she has had three fevers. She tries the hills, but it will not do ; and at last you make up your mind to the inevitable, and run down to Calcutta to take your seat at the Board of Revenue and de-

spatch her to England, with a tacit understanding that she is never to return. Then you settle down into confirmed bachelor habits, until one day in August, when all Chowringhee is a vast vapour-bath, you feel, in the region of your liver, an unusually smart touch of the pain which has been constantly recurring during the last eighteen months, and it strikes you that your clever idle son will be more likely to pass the competitive examination if you are on the spot to superintend his studies. So you resign your seat in Council, accept a farewell dinner from your friends, who by this time comprise nearly the whole of Calcutta society, and go on board at Garden Reach, under a salute from the guns of Fort William and an abusive article in the *Hurkaru* on your predilection for the natives.

But the returned Indian does not leave all his troubles behind him on the ghaut whence he embarks for England. In fact, it is not till after the first year of home-life that he begins to appreciate the dark side of the career in which he takes just pride. The first sight of turnip-fields and broad-backed sheep ; the first debauch on home-made bread, and bright yellow butter, and bacon which is above suspicion ; the first picnic ; the first visit to the Haymarket Theatre ; the first stroll round the playing-fields with his pet son, the Newcastle medallist of the year, are joys so fresh and pure as to admit no doubt about the future or yearnings for the past. But before long he is conscious of a certain craving for the daily occupation to which he has been accustomed since boyhood. He remembers, with fond regret, the pleasure with which he plunged headlong into the Settlement of the Rajbehari district on his return from furlough in '47. Though far from a vain man, he misses the secure and important position which he has so long occupied. He feels the want of the old friends with whom he lived during his prime ; the old habits and associations which are familiar to him as Household Words ; in fact, much more familiar, for he left England just in time to miss

the first number of that exemplary periodical, and returned to find the name and publisher already changed. It is a severe trial for a leader of Calcutta society to become one of the rank and file in the pump-room at a watering-place; to sink from the Council-board to the Vestry, and from the High Court to the Petty Sessions. It is a severe trial, when settled down at Rugby or Harrow, seeing that his boys learn their repetitions and get up in time for morning school, quarrelling with their tutor, and requesting the head-master to publish his Confirmation sermon, for a man to look back to the days when he coerced refractory rajahs, bearded the secretariat, and did the Finance Minister out of a lac

and a half for his favourite cotton-road. It is a severe trial to live among men who know not John Peter, who hold the opinion that the opium duty is immoral, and who are under the impression that a zemindar is a native non-commissioned officer. He must console himself with English air and scenery and books and faces, with the consciousness of a good work well done, and a good name handed on unstained to the children who are growing up around him.

Dear Simkins, pray do not write any more nonsense about Poland. You seem to imagine that Kosciusko was the same man as Sobieski. Yours ever,
H. BROUGHTON.

A SOCIETY OF ABERDEEN PHILOSOPHERS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY JAMES VALENTINE.

IN the middle and latter half of the eighteenth century, the far-north city of Aberdeen, though not rejoicing in such a cluster of intellectual lights as Edinburgh, still contained more eminent men than perhaps any other provincial town in the three kingdoms—the seats of the great English Universities excepted. Aberdeen itself, indeed, with the small neighbouring town of Old Aberdeen, at that time boasted, as it did until within a year or two ago, of being the seat of *two* universities, each represented in a single college—"University and King's College" being the local Oxford, and "Marischal College and University" the local Cambridge. The eminent men we speak of were, most of them, occupants of chairs in one or other of these institutions.

Of the *Dii majores* of this Aberdonian cluster, there was, first of all, Dr. Thomas Reid, the famous metaphysician and father of the so-called modern system of Scottish Philosophy. Then there was Dr. George Campbell, then and since a man of great influence

in the theological world, and still well-known for his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," and other works. There was Dr. John Gregory, one of a gifted race, the grand-nephew of the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and whose own writings were more than merely respectable, as his very sensible "Legacy to my Daughters" well attests. There was Dr. David Skene, a young but very able and enthusiastic botanist, the Edward Forbes of his day, a correspondent of Linnæus, who addressed him with the flattering appellation *vir clarissime*. Dr. Alexander Gerard, a solid, clear-headed, and industrious divine, and James Beattie, author of the "Minstrel"—now, perhaps, as well known as any of the others (but then considerably their junior in years)—were also conspicuous in the society of the Granite City.

Among the minor lights in the group in which these shone as the greater, were Professors Trail, Ogilvy, Dunbar, Gordon, Stewart, Dr. G. Skene, and the Rev. John Farquhar, parson of Nigg, a parish close by Aberdeen—all

very respectable "philosophers," as the word was then understood.

Most of these men, as we have said, were professors—some of them, indeed, teaching the same subjects in the two rival colleges within a mile of each other; yet they lived on the most friendly terms, and were strongly bound together by a common zeal for knowledge. Besides, though most of them were somewhat reserved in general society, they were peculiarly formed for choice social intercourse and select friendships. As to Reid, we know that even young children marked the peculiar expression of kindness in his eye. Gregory—a nephew of Reid's, by the way, the mother of Reid having been a Gregory, and one of a family of twenty-nine children—was of a like spirit, but with a mixture of harmless pomposity.¹ Campbell, though a grave Presbyterian divine, and a stout controversialist, is said to have possessed, above all his compeers, the gift of talking innocent nonsense, and, for his goodnature, has been called, in the language of the place, the "sweet-bleedit Doctor."² Skene, we take it,

¹ This trait is playfully alluded to in a MS. doggerel composition, in which Beattie's hand is traceable, though not in the following lines:—

"And likewise thee, Magnus Gregorius,
We hail with most profound respect,
For sure it would be most notorious
Thee amongst others (for) to neglect."

The point of this is explained by a habit which this highly respectable man had, it would seem, of using "for" before the infinitive.

² "Sweet-bleedit" is Aberdonian for "sweet-blooded"—one of the peculiarities of the Aberdeen dialect of the Scotch being the substitution of the sound of *ee* for that variety of the French *u* sound which the Scotch generally use for the English *oo* or *u*. Thus, *Pool*, in Scotland generally *Fule*, is, in Aberdeen, *Feel*; and *Brute* is, in Aberdeen, *Breet*. Another peculiarity of native Aberdeen pronunciation, is the invariable substitution of *F* for *wh*. The two peculiarities together make a bit of genuine Aberdeen speech an astonishment even in Scotland. Thus, "Fa fuppit the peer fite fulpy?" is what a tender-hearted Aberdonian might say on seeing a little dog escaping in the street from a carter's whip—meaning, "Who whipped the poor white whelp?"

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must have excelled in conversation. Beattie, when in health, greatly relished the society of kindred spirits. Gerard's manners were equally agreeable.

As we have said, the common desire for mutual improvement drew these men together; and in 1758—chiefly, as would appear, on the initiative of Reid, who, being considerably older than the rest, took the lead among them—a society was formed calling itself the "Philosophical Society in Aberdeen." The name given to the body by outsiders, and by which it was, perhaps, best known at the time, was the "Wise Club." The minutes of the Society are still preserved in MS., and form a volume of antiquarian and literary interest. Having had access to this record, we shall give a plain outline of the constitution and working of the Society—really a model of its kind, we believe, and, as we hope to show, productive of good fruit. Only a few general references to the Society in the biographies of Reid, Beattie, &c. have hitherto been published.

The Society was formed in January, 1758. Meetings were held once a fortnight, on the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month. It was enacted that each alternate meeting should "begin with a discourse or dissertation, "not exceeding half-an-hour in length, "the subject and design of it being intimate" [*sic*] "at a previous meeting." After the discourse was read, every member in his order, "had access to "make his observations in a free but "candid and friendly manner." The limits of discussion were strictly and, as we think, wisely defined. Thus: "Criticisms upon style, pronunciation, "or composition, are to be avoided, as "foreign to the design of the Society." "The member that discourses," it was also provided, "may answer to any observations made, but the observer is to "make no reply without leave of the "President." Each member was required to bring forward a discourse once a year. Occasionally, at the end of a discourse and the observations on

it, and, as a rule, at each alternate meeting, a question previously proposed by each member in his order was "conversed upon." The proposer of the question "had access to speak first, and the other members in their course." But no member could speak above twice on the same question without leave of the President. The nature of the subjects of the discourses and questions was carefully defined. We transcribe the rule on this head in full, as we find it in the Minute Book in Reid's hand-writing:—

"The Subject of the Discourses and Questions shall be Philosophical; all Grammatical, Historical, and Philological Discussions being conceived to be foreign to the Design of the Society. And Philosophical Matters are understood to comprehend—Every Principle of Science which may be deduced by just and Lawful Induction from the Phaenomena either of the Human Mind or of the material World; All Observations and Experiments that may furnish Materials for Such Induction; The Examination of False Schemes of Philosophy and False Methods of Philosophizing; The Subserviency of Philosophy to Arts; the Principles they borrow from it and the Means of carrying them to their Perfection. If any Dispute should arise whether a Subject of a Discourse or a Question proposed falls within the Meaning and Intendment of this Article, it shall be determined by a Majority of the Members present."

Care was taken that neither the discourses themselves, nor the observations made upon them, should pass away quite forgotten. Records of them were kept during the greater portion of the Society's existence. The discourses were recorded in one book, each by its author; the questions and abstracts of conversations on them, in a second—a duty devolving, in each case, on the proposer of the question recorded. The minutes and financial accounts were recorded in another book—the same which has given us materials for the present paper.

The Society chose members for itself, seeking only the fit though few. On a desirable "philosopher" being thought of, he was proposed—often, it would seem, without application on his part, or even without his knowing anything about it. No person was elected but by the unanimous suffrage of the Society,

after notice given to all the members present or absent, and the due entry of the day of the proposed election in the minutes. The person elected was then "sounded," and, if willing to act, was admitted. Every member, in the early period of the Society, was President for one month in his turn; afterwards the office was held for a year. The President had an approach to autocratic powers.

Our philosophers, according to the custom of those days, kept early hours. They assembled at first at four in the afternoon, and afterwards, for some time, as early as two; but, latterly, and for the longer period of the Society's existence, the hour was five. At no time was the *business* of a meeting prolonged after nine. On assembling at two o'clock, the arrangement was "that business begin immediately after dinner." The principle was fully recognised, indeed, that the Society could not subsist on philosophy alone. On all occasions "entertainment" was provided as a relief from the dissertations; but it was a distinct rule that "the members shall leave the meeting-room at ten, and the entertainment shall not exceed eighteen-pence a head." The minutes faithfully record the expense incurred on each evening, so long as the charges of the "entertainment" were defrayed from a common fund, as was the case during a good part of the Society's existence. We have also before us a few details in the shape of some of the "bills" rendered by the landlord—for the meetings, we need hardly say, were held in a tavern. Here are two exact transcripts:—

To one Botle Port	£0 2 0
To Punch	0 2 6
To Porter	0 0 8
To Pipes & Tobaco	0 0 4
Entert.	0 4 6

	£0 10 0
Bill at J. Beans ¹	0 0 6

£0 10 6

March 11th, 1772;

¹ There is an entry in the Town's records of date December, 1751, which sets forth that "John Bean was granted liberty to be a

Again—

To 1 Mutchken Punch . . .	£0 2 6
To 2 Botels Red Port . . .	0 4 0
To 3 do Porter	0 1 0
To Supper	0 3 0
To Paps & tobaco ¹	0 0 6
	<hr/>
	£0 11 0
Addition by Entertainment	0 1 6
	<hr/>
	£0 12 6

[No date.]

The highest bill run up at any one "diet" of the philosophers, was on May 8, 1770, the amount being 19s. 10d. Six members were present on that evening, and the subject of conversation was Question 105, proposed by Beattie, namely, "Whether the use of Translations can ever supersede the necessity of studying the Greek or Roman authors in the original languages?" We note that, in 1766, "the Society met in August and September, upon the usual days, but did not enter upon any business," and that the bills for those days are, with the exception of the one above-mentioned and another, the highest recorded. We should mention that, while the President was to keep the members to the business in hand, yet it was a rule that, "when the chair is empty, the members shall not be confined to form, but have all the liberty of free conversation." Another rule was that "any member may take a glass at a by-table while the President is in the chair, but no healths shall be drunk during that time."²

malster and mealseller within the Burgh, on payment of the usual composition of 50l. Scots." This is subscribed by John himself in a bold round hand. Whether this victualler was the actual Boniface of the philosophers or not, the house where they met was no doubt a respectable one, and the Society must have given it an additional reputation.

¹ We know from Reid's correspondence that he smoked, and also used the weed in another form—which latter he calls "a nasty custom."

² While our philosophers had "entertainment" such as may be inferred from the above statements, the ordinary fare in the house of the common farmer in the locality about the period was as follows:—

"Breakfast: pottage made of boiling water thickened with oatmeal and eat with milk or ale; or brose made of shorn cabbage or cole-worts, left overnight, after either oat-cakes

Most of the professors lived within or very near their respective colleges. As some of our philosophers thus resided in Aberdeen and some in Old Aberdeen, the Society met (at least during part of its time) in each place alternately. Such an arrangement, in those days when people in health almost always walked ("wheel carriages" were but just coming into use), implied some personal trouble; and the road connecting the old town with the new—the Howe (*Anglicè*, valley) of the Spital—was very far from inviting. Even but a few years ago a certain vivacious professor (since, happily, removed to a more congenial sphere) felt and described it as a "Pandemonium of mire and darkness," with "oceans of mud" and other horrors. What must it have been when, eighty years before, Reid (not Blackie) and his companions traversed it in the dark winter nights, when, besides, it had the reputation of being a peculiar resort of sturdy beggars, vagabonds, and robbers?

But even the "Howe of the Spital" would not be always dark and muddy. On a summer afternoon, the walk to Old Aberdeen, for the New Town professors, would be a healthful recreation. The road passes from the "Howe" over a considerable eminence, from which an excellent view is to be had of a fine sweep of bay, extending from the Girdle Ness to the Buchan Ness, some thirty miles; and we can easily imagine the group of philosophic friends pausing on this height—for they would probably go in company—to admire the scene, and, perhaps, watch the approach of a vessel from some distant voyage. Then would come the dip to the lower level on which the old town stands. No one and milk, or, where they have not milk, kail and small beer. *Dinner*: sowens eat with milk; *second course*, oat-cakes eat with milk or kail. *Supper*: *first course*, during the winter season kail-brose eat about seven at night, while at the fire the tale goes round among the men and maid-servants; *second course*, kail eat with oat-cakes, about 9 P.M. During the summer season there is generally but one course, pottage and milk, or oat-cakes and kail or milk.—*Douglass's Description of the East Coast of Scotland* (1780).

can look along the outline of pinnacles and towers which this old out-of-the-way place presents without some emotion; and it is not likely that the sight would be lost upon our philosophers, especially the ardent and imaginative Beattie.

But the friends meet. Luckie Campbell has her largest room in order, and nervously straightens her apron, and modestly drops a curtsey, as the wise men, one by one, arrive. There are the usual greetings; the weather receives its due share of attention, as does also the haggis. But now to the business. Take one meeting as a specimen.

The date is June 14, 1758. Campbell is President for the day; Gregory, Skene, Reid, Gordon, Gerard, and Farquhar, are present. A strong-built, firmly-knit, dumpy figure, with a kindly but subdued eye, whom one would not readily guess to be, as he is, near fifty, somewhat diffidently takes a MS. from his pocket. His subject is modestly stated—"Some observations of the Philosophy of the mind in general, and particularly on the Perceptions we have by Sight." This is Reid, with his theory—Philosophy according to the principles of Common Sense. Ten months later he volunteers a discourse entitled "Analysis of the Senses." A year after, he continues the same subject. In three months, he gives a paper "On the Sense of Touch." In his next discourse, twelve months afterwards, he resumes his observations on the "Sense of Seeing," followed, after an interval, by a continuation of the same subject. We next meet with the following minute:—

"Oct. 11, 1762.—Present, Dr. Campbell, President; Dr. Reid, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Farquhar, Dr. Skene, Dr. Gerard, and Mr. Gordon.

"Dr. Reid read his discourse, which the Society approved of. But Dr. Reid declined inserting it, in regard he proposed soon to send it to the press along with the other discourses which he had read before the Society."

Here then, within this little circle, may be said to have been the birthplace of the "Inquiry into the Human Mind," a work which, we have Dugald Stewart's authority for saying, revolu-

tionized the philosophy of Scotland and France. The same writer adds that "it is doubtful whether Reid's modesty would have ever permitted him to present to the world the fruits of his solitary studies, without the encouragement which he received from the general acquiescence by his associates (of this Society) in the most important conclusions to which he had been led."

The minute of the Society's proceedings, on the evening when Reid's next discourse was due, contains the following: "As Dr. Reid has left this country¹, no discourse to be expected from him" (Oct. 23, 1764)—referring to his appointment to the Moral Philosophy chair at Glasgow.

Similarly we may trace Campbell's best-known work. On March 8, 1758, "Mr. Campbell" read the first discourse given in the Society—on "The Nature of Eloquence, its various species and their respective ends;" and he was "unanimously requested to record it in the Society's book." Six months afterwards he discourses on the "Relation that Eloquence bears to Logic." Then follows a "continuation of the same subject." In January, 1763, he gives a discourse on "The Dependence of Eloquence upon Grammar." Between March, 1763 and February, 1768, he reads ten similar discourses, most of them "continuations." On March 14, 1769, he discourses on "The Canons of Verbal Criticism." After three other continuations, we come to the minute of January 3, 1771, when the series is closed by a discourse on "Words connecting Sentences and Periods."

This, then, was the "Philosophy of Rhetoric," the whole of which—or with not a large exception—as Campbell himself informs us, was submitted to the friendly criticism of the Society.

The works of our philosophers, it will thus be noted, were of remarkably slow growth. The modern rate of throwing off a volume or two per month was very far from their idea of authorship. Campbell, however, who had greater

¹ The idiom in Scotland for a district of country.

facility, as well as greater art, in composition than Reid, had published once or twice (and written many professional lectures and pulpit discourses) during the progress of his chapters on Rhetoric through the Society. On the other hand, the germs of the work had been meditated when the author was a country clergyman, twenty years before he finished his readings in the Society; and the work was not published till five years after the last of these. So Reid, who was ordained to a country charge in 1737,¹ deeply pondered his philosophical theories during the whole fifteen years of his incumbency, if not for a longer period, afterwards wove them into his professorial lectures, and finally submitted the results to the critical examination of his associates; and it was only in 1764, when he was fifty-four years of age, that he brought them before the world.

In like manner we might trace more or less fully through the Society Gerard's "Essay on Genius," Beattie's "Essay on Truth," Gregory's "Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World," and other works which illustrated the literature of the north at that period.

Among the subjects of discourses read in the Society, and not enumerated above, were the following:—"Euclid's Definitions and Axioms," (Reid); "The Universal Belief in a Deity," (Reid); "Inequality among Mankind," Rousseau criticised, (Trail); "Memory and its Influence in Forming Characters among Men," (Gordon); "The Imagination," (Farquhar); "The Use of Leaves of Plants," (Ross); "On a Particular Providence," (Farquhar); "Concerning the Nature of Evidence," (Stewart); "Foundation of Taste in Music," (Gregory);² "The Manner in

which Association is influenced by the Causes of the Passions," (Gerard); "Origin of Language," (Professor Dunbar); "On the Advantages and Disadvantages of the Methods of Classifying Plants," (Three discourses by Dr. D. Skene); "Practical Geometry," (Trail). "Principles which determine Degrees of Approbation in the Fine Arts," (Beattie); "Influence of Place and Climate upon Human Affairs," (Dunbar).

Reid visited the Society once during his vacation from Glasgow in August, 1771, and no doubt took part in the conversation of the evening—"How are the Proceedings of Instinct to be distinguished from Reason or Sagacity in Animals?" He felt a warm interest in the prosperity of the body, as his correspondence proves. From this, also, we learn how great an influence the speculations of David Hume had on the minds of the members. Reid, in a letter to Hume, dated King's College, 18th of March, 1763, says:—

"A little philosophical society here . . . is much indebted to you for its entertainment. . . . Since we cannot have you upon the bench, you are brought oftener than any other man to the bar, accused and defended with great zeal, but without bitterness. If you write no more in morals, politics, or metaphysics, I am afraid we shall be at a loss for subjects."

"Always battling with D. Hume?" he asks, years after, in a letter from Glasgow to his friend Skene.

We have a record altogether of upwards of one hundred and twenty questions "conversed upon" during the fifteen years embraced in the records of the Society. These may be ranged, according to their subjects, as follows:—Philosophy, Theology, &c., one-third; Natural Science, one-fourth; Political Economy, one-fifth; Education, Literature, Philology, &c., another fifth. Some of the questions which have deeply agitated society in recent times were the subjects of conversation among our philosophers a century ago. Of such as relate to deep things—

"Providence, fore-knowledge, free-will, fate"—we note the following:—"How far

¹ Reid was not a popular preacher. On his first going to the parish of New-Machar, the people threatened to duck him in a pond. His own good qualities, however, and those of his wife, reversed this feeling; and, on his removal, the people were as much inclined to duck those who took him away from them.

² Dr. Gregory took an active part in conducting an instrumental musical society in the

town. So also did Beattie, who took his place in the orchestra with his violincello.

"human actions are free or necessary?" (Proposed by Skene). "Is the human soul confined to any part of the human body; and, if so, to what part?" (Stewart). "Whether mankind, with regard to morals, always was and is the same?" (Reid). "What is the foundation of moral obligation?" (Farquhar). "Whether human laws be binding on the consciences of men?" (Stewart). "Whether every action deserving moral approbation must be done from the persuasion of its being morally good?" (Reid). "Whether brutes have souls; and, if they have, wherein do they differ from human?" (Dr. Skene). The subject of *slavery* came up under different aspects. In March, 1764, the Rev. Mr. Farquhar introduces the question, "What is the origin of the blacks?" Later, Beattie modestly asks, "Whether that superiority of understanding by which Europeans and others imagine themselves to be distinguished may not easily be accounted for without supposing the rest of mankind of an inferior species?" Again, "Whether slavery be in all cases inconsistent with good government?" and "By what circumstances has slavery become supportable to so many nations of mankind?"

In general politics we have the question, "Whether, upon the whole, a high national debt be a benefit to a nation?" followed immediately by this other, "Whether paper credit be not beneficial?" Then we have a question which Aberdeen doctors could, we suppose, afford, at the time, to debate in a purely speculative way, "How does it appear to be equitable that the subjects of a State should be taxed in proportion to their respective fortunes, and not equally overhead, or by any other rule?" The question, "Whether increasing the number of Peers enlarges or diminishes the powers of the Crown?" was followed by the deeper one, proposed by Gerard, "Whether any form of government can be perpetual?" (December, 1766). To a like class belonged questions as to the good and bad effects of provision

for the poor by poor's-rates, infirmaries, and hospitals; the effect of machinery on labour and population; Church Establishments, &c.

As to population, Malthus was anticipated, in subject at least, for, in 1766, Professor Dunbar calls the attention of his associates to the question, "Whether good policy may not sometimes justify the laying a restraint upon population in a State?" Reid, however, had previously—namely, in June, 1763,—put the question in an opposite form, thus, "Whether by the encouragement of proper laws the number of births in Great Britain might not be nearly doubled, or, at least, greatly increased?" To refer to later times—so, perhaps, was Mr. Darwin anticipated by Campbell, when he propounded the curious question, "Can the generation of worms in the bodies of animals be accounted for on the common principles of generation?"

The philosophers did not, so far as we observe, debate the question, "What is poetry?" but they did "handle" two questions closely allied to it, "Whether poetry can justly be reckoned an imitative art?" and (Beattie appropriately asked) "How far versification is essential to poetry?"

Dr. Gregory propounded the question—rather bold for an M.D.—"Whether the art of medicine, as it has been usually practised, has contributed to the advantage of mankind?" while a reverend preacher (Dr. Gerard) asks, "Whether eloquence be useful or pernicious?" Nor were our philosophers regardless of passing events, for they discussed the proceedings of Wilkes (who is described as a "favourite of the mob") and (beforehand) the transit of Venus across the sun's disc in 1761. They were as little insensible to more practical matters, for we find that they conversed on the effects of lime and water respectively upon the soil, and even debated, on Reid's proposal, what measures should be taken to prevent an extravagant rise of servants' wages.

Subjects connected with the business of the members as instructors of youth were pretty frequently discussed. Among

these were the comparative merits of public and private education; methods of teaching dead languages; whether longer time should not be given for acquiring Greek in the Scottish Universities; whether a teacher should adapt his instructions to the dull or aid the ingenious; and, finally, whether the "commonalty may not have too many opportunities, the good of the State considered, for acquiring a learned education."

Among other subjects of questions were—the food of plants; evaporation; the nature of light; the apparent form and colour of the heavens and heavenly bodies; instinct and reason; wit and humour; the ludicrous; justice; benevolence; enthusiasm; luxury, &c.

The following are the more interesting questions discussed in the Society, not previously noticed:—

"What is the cause of that pleasure we have from representations of objects which excite pity or other painful feelings?"—(Campbell.)

"What is the true cause of the ascent, suspension, and fall of vapours in the atmosphere?"—(Stewart.)

"Is there a standard of taste in the fine arts and in polite writing? and how is that standard to be ascertained?"—(Campbell.)

"How far the motion of the earth and light accounts for the aberration of the fixed stars?"—(Trail.)

"Whether justice be a natural or artificial virtue?"

"Wherein does happiness consist?"—(Skene.)

"The nature of contrariety?"—(Campbell.)

"Whether the sense of hearing may not be assisted by art, in like manner as that of seeing is by optical glasses?"—(Stewart.)

"Whether, in writing history, it be proper to mix moral and political reflections, or to draw characters?"—(Farquhar.)

"Whether it is proper to educate children without instilling principles of any kind whatsoever?"—(Reid.)

"Is there any injustice done to an impressed man when he is punished according to the articles of war?"—(Ogilvy.)

"How far the facts relating to the burning of the Roman ships, in the harbour of Syracuse, are reconcilable to the laws of reflection and refraction of light?"—(Gordon.)

"Whether music, painting, or poetry gives the greatest scope to genius?"—(Entered but not discussed.)

The members, we infer, voted on the questions after the conversation; but we

have no means of ascertaining the decisions. The books containing abstracts of the discourses and questions were broken up and distributed, each man getting his own, before the close of the Society.

So far as we can gather from the minutes, visitors were not admitted to the Society's meetings. To this rule there were a very few exceptions. Dr. Trail, Bishop of Down and Connor, a correspondent of Beattie, was present on one occasion, when he was made an honorary member—the only person on whom that distinction was conferred. The Earl of Buchan—who sought to gratify a silly vanity through a pretended zeal for literature and learning, and an ostentatious patronage of their professors, qualities for which Lockhart has pilloried him in the "Life of Scott"—was also present at one of the meetings, his name being in the sederunt. A standing instance of the ruling passion of this personage crops out even as far north as Aberdeen: he gave money to be applied by Marischal College Senatus in an annual competition for a silver pen, associated, of course, with his name.¹ The only other visitor to the Society was Dr. James Fordyce, a popular preacher in London, and a native of Aberdeen, who was also once present.

The ravages of time, after a period, told on a circle so narrow. Reid's book was scarce dry from the press when, as we have seen, he was called to succeed Adam Smith at Glasgow, Gregory also left soon after for a medical chair, and a good practice in the Scottish metropolis. Skene, the naturalist, was cut off, prematurely, by death. Farquhar and Stewart also died.² Beattie—whose "Minstrel" was written during the currency of the Society—was sometimes away in London, visiting peeresses and

¹ The honour of "the silver pen" at Marischal College was, at least latterly, conferred annually upon the best scholar in the first or youngest class of Greek. It consisted not in getting a silver pen, but in having one's name engraved on a disc of silver, which was added to the previous discs in a kind of frame hung up in the college library.

² Professor Ross, one of the members (who, however, attended seldom), was choked, by swallowing a spider in a glass of claret, in 1777.

poets, or sitting to Sir Joshua; often also he was suffering from domestic affliction or from feeble health. And, though Campbell, who had no family, and kept close to his books, regularly attended the Society, as also did Gerard—who was the best attender of the whole (having been present at 212 out of 239 meetings held during his membership)—yet, with losses so great—the blanks not being filled up—the Society began to decline.

A penal system formed part of the rules;¹ “forfeits” being attached to certain omissions of duty by the members. The Secretary kept a note of the “forfeits,” carrying forward the accumulation of arrears; and towards the close we have such minutes as the following:—

“Apr. 13, 1772.—Present, Dr. Beattie, Vice-President; Mr. Gordon, Drs. Gerard and Campbell.

“Dr. Geo. Skene’s four discourses not ready; due 100 forfeits.

“Dr. Geo. Skene due 13 forfeits for his abstract of quest. 87.

“Dr. Geo. Skene due 3 forfeits for not opening quest. 106.

“Dr. Geo. Skene’s abstract of quest. 106 not ready; due 21 forfeits.

“Dr. Geo. Skene due 17 forfeits for not proposing a question.

“Mr. Ogilvie’s abstract not inserted; due 11 forfeits.

“Mr. Ogilvie’s discourse not ready; due 12 forfeits.

“Mr. Ogilvie’s discourse for this year not ready; due 5 forfeits.

“Discoursed on q^a. 111, and Dr. Campbell appointed to make an abstract. Q^as. 120 and 122 are to be the subject of conversation at next meeting, which is to be at Mrs. Campbell’s, in the Oldtown, to dinner, the 2nd Tuesday of May next.”

Sometimes now two or three members assembled, but this formed a quorum only for “entertainment;” one could scarcely

¹ The practice of imposing fines appears to have been in use, to a great extent, in various bodies about this time; for in the Council Register of the City of Aberdeen we find that, in October of every year, the Council enacted “that ilk (*Anglice*, every) serovenient (late-comer) after 10 o’clock, in time coming each Wednesday, shall pay 6 shillings Scots money, and each absent from the Council every Wednesday shall pay 12 shillings Scots money.”

discourse to two auditors, nor could three “handle” a question with much spirit. So the Society came gradually to a pause. There is no record of its actual dissolution; but, after the minute of March 9, 1773, the book is blank paper. The number of meetings in all was 244.

Some account in detail of this little Society of Northern Philosophers deserved to be put on record. Its constitution, too, may, as has been, already observed, afford hints for similar bodies even now, a century later. Briefly to recapitulate: A small circle of able and true men, all taking an effective part; written discourses, and quiet, but earnest, conference rather than debate; well-defined limits as to subjects, admitting those only that could be at once usefully and dispassionately considered; abstracts of theses and conclusions put on record; the due observance of well-considered rules, but with a margin for “all the liberty of free conversation;” early hours, yet a long sitting to give time for patiently looking at a matter from many points; the stretch of the mental faculties relieved by a moderate “entertainment” for the body—the cultivation of good fellowship, thus going hand in hand with that of philosophy:—all these were model features in this Society, whose utility is signally proved by the fact of its having brought to maturity several of the most notable works of the last century.

The meetings of celebrated friends have often been chosen as subjects of illustration by our modern artists. We have the Waterloo banquet, with the guests thrown into all sorts of positions, so as to let their faces be seen. Sir Joshua Reynolds and his friends, and Scott and his friends, are better handled; and Phillip’s marriage of the Princess Royal is nearly perfect in this matter of grouping. Mr. Phillip, being an Aberdonian, will, perhaps, excuse us for suggesting that a meeting of the Philosophical Society in Aberdeen, either in their resort in Bean’s or their meeting place in the “Aulton,” might be no unfit subject for his pencil.

VINCENZO ; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

ROSE SEEN TO ADVANTAGE.

BARNABY shared in all the honours paid to his master. The two bodies lay in state in the same room, open to the public, and there was a never-ceasing flock of visitors on the next day, and the one following up to ten in the forenoon, the hour appointed for the double interment at the parish church. Vincenzo, though scarcely able to stand, could not be dissuaded from attending, and drove to Rumelli with his wife. The funeral was on the most splendid scale. The whole church was hung with black, and masses for the souls of the departed succeeded each other without intermission at all the altars. The concourse of people—not counting the Rumellians, who were there to a man—was very great, especially from Ibella. The Del Palmettos had come on purpose from Turin. Rose was the more overcome by this mark of respect and interest from them, that she did not expect it, that indeed she had done nothing to incite it—not even sent any announcement of her father's death; and it was a touching episode of this sad drama, and which left few eyes dry, when the bereaved daughter, in her deep mourning, threw herself on the neck of the Marchioness and, in default of speech, sobbed aloud on her bosom.

Another and still more painful incident threw an increased gloom on a ceremony lugubrious enough in itself. Vincenzo had presumed too much on his strength, and it had failed him. He fainted away, and had to be conveyed home and consigned to his bed. Fortunately, the Ibella physician, who had been in attendance at the Palace, was present, and could render immediate assistance. "It was a case of marasmus,"

said the doctor, "and, he regretted to have to add, of confirmed marasmus. He had warned Signor Candia already more than once, but his advice had been unheeded, and here was the consequence. None of the vital organs, so far as he could judge, seemed in any way damaged; it was their action, languid in the extreme, which was faulty; the lamp was whole, but the oil was wanting. The doctor wound up by saying he apprehended no danger just at present, but . . ." That *but* was pregnant with a frightful significancy. Rose threw herself at the doctor's feet in a paroxysm of terror. "For God's sake, Doctor, save him! oh! save him—take my fortune—all I have; but don't let him die, so young, so—Oh! it's too horrible—I cannot bear it." The doctor answered that no doubt he would do all he could for the invalid; the first step was to put him in a state that would enable him to bear a journey to the sea-side without danger. Sea-air alone, if anything, could restore his stamina. Sea-air, yes, and unremitting care; without this last desideratum the other would be insufficient—Signor Candia needed devoted, persevering care—not a minute relaxed in—the care of a mother for a sick babe. The physician had apparently his own reasons for insisting on this point. Rose said simply—such care her husband should have.

Within a couple of weeks the doctor pronounced that, with due precautions and with several rests on the road, Vincenzo was able to undertake the journey—not a long one after all; as to go from Rumelli to Genoa was not over twelve hours by railway. But Vincenzo did not wish to go, could not bear the thought of moving. A benumbed traveller, who has dropped by the side of the road in a snow-storm, has not a greater horror of exertion than had Vincenzo. His wife

had to beg the Marchioness to help her to overcome his resistance ; which was successfully effected. The Marchioness, unwilling to leave the neighbourhood while Signora Candia was in the first bitterness of her grief, had stayed all this time at the Castle ; duty had obliged Del Palmetto to return to Turin the day after the funeral. The Marchioness watched for every opportunity to make herself useful, and she could be so in many ways—among others, by writing and securing an eligible house by the sea-side, as well as the services of a trusty hospital attendant, who had much experience in the management of invalids. And, when the time came for the move, she preceded the travellers to Turin, and was at the terminus on their arrival to take them in her carriage to the nearest hotel, where rooms had been bespoke, and beds prepared, and fires lighted—in short every possible arrangement for comfort made. And, when they started for Genoa on the next day but one, the Marchioness accompanied them to the railway, and obtained their immediate admission into the coupé purposely arranged with pillows and wrappers and furs ; small attentions not much thought of by the strong and healthy, but of which those ailing, or those attending some dear invalid, know the full value. Rose's heart overflowed with gratitude, unmixed gratitude ; she felt towards this Good Samaritan very differently from what she had done at their last interview in August, and she expressed what she felt. As to Candia himself, he was too weak to notice, or, if he noticed, to heed, what was passing round him.

The husband and wife, with the attendant, reached their destination on one of the last days of February. The weather was as mild and lovely as if it had been May, the air embalmed with the fragrance of orange-flowers. Nobody will wonder at this who knows Nervi, and its sheltered position on the eastern Riviera of Genoa. The little casino hired for them by the Marchioness was situated to the east of the small town, at the distance of a quarter of an hour's walk, on a diminutive promontory over-

hanging the sea. It had a small garden and an open lobby or gallery on the side next to the sea, with a short flight of steps leading down to the beach. Short of choosing a vessel afloat for an abode, no situation could be more exposed to the strengthening emanations of the sea.

We have just left one sick room, and have no intention of detaining the reader long in another ; we will tarry in Vincenzo's only the time indispensable for ascertaining a few facts essential to the comprehension of the little that remains of our story. Rose, to begin with, performed the mission she had taken on herself with admirable skill and devotion ; no mother could have been more assiduous, more tender in her care of a dear fragile babe, or more full of contrivances to soothe, or more anxious to comfort, than Rose was to comfort and soothe this big husband of hers, who in many respects was as helpless as an infant. Nor was this unremitting care unrequited, in more senses than one. Vincenzo's health mended slowly, very slowly, but mended enough to dispel all fear that the sword of death, hitherto suspended over his head, should fall upon it. To give an idea of the snail's-pace at which his convalescence went on, we will only note that it took him three whole months before he could walk up and down the garden, and more than five before he could venture to the beach.

It is said, and I think with truth, that mothers cling most tenderly to those of their children whose rearing has cost them the most pain and trouble. We suppose that it was in virtue of a sentiment somewhat akin to this that Rose's devotion to her husband grew in strength in proportion to his want or her, to her sacrifices for him, to the use of which she felt herself to be. The late sad events had admirably prepared the ground for this transformation of Rose's feelings. The part of guardian angel Vincenzo had played towards her father, the fact that he was indissolubly mixed up with all her last recollections of that adored departed one, his utter disregard of self, which had so nearly

cost him his life, all these were new and powerful holds on her heart ; and yet, not until she had seen him struck down, helpless, dependent as a child on her—not until she had realized that she could be all that she was to him—not until then was she seized upon by the impetus of that immense tenderness which changes duty into choice, sacrifices into joys ; which transfuses, as it were, one existence into another. That he should live, that he should be happy—henceforth Rose had no other aim, no other interest in life. And he, the object of all this solicitude ; he, the spoilt child, so gently lulled on that motherly lap—how could he feel otherwise than penetrated by so much affection, thankful for it, blessed by it ? It was long ago—from that day, indeed, on which his godfather, from his bed of suffering, smiled on him again—it was long ago since all resentment for past wrongs had vanished from Vincenzo's heart ; and even the remembrance of them, day by day, grew more indistinct, as of things which had only been dreamed. In his morbidly languid state of mind and body, he felt like one roused from a distressing nightmare to sweet everyday realities. It seemed to him as though between the gentle wife who nursed him so tenderly, and the sweet girl who had tended him so carefully in his convalescence after his bad fever some five years ago, there was no solution of continuity—the one was but the complement of the other. Strange, how obstinately his mind would recur to that period. Strange, how vividly he recollected all, even to the least token of partiality which she had then vouchsafed him. And, as naturally as sound comes forth from a chord that is struck, so also from these recollections, so fondly dwelt upon, were evolved the sentiments of the time to which they belonged. Vincenzo was going over again his days of courtship.

As soon as Vincenzo had rallied enough to talk at length on any interesting subject, the almost exclusive theme of conversation between husband and wife was, of course, the Signor

Avvocato. This proved a new link, which drew them closer and closer together. Death had divested the venerable figure of all its harsh lines, and thrown a halo round those which gratitude for early kindness and beneficence had engraved on Vincenzo's memory. A son by birth could not have felt and spoken about his own father with more tender reverence than did Vincenzo of his father by adoption. He never tired of enumerating over and over again, one by one, all the benefits he had received from him. Vincenzo and Rose vied with each other in their worship of the Signor Avvocato's memory—only Rose, in addition, never failed to enlarge on the incalculable blessing that Vincenzo had been to her father, always, but most especially during his last illness. Now that Vincenzo was able to bear the suggestion, Rose told him of her great wish that a monument should be erected to her father in Rumelli churchyard. The idea was enthusiastically taken up by Vincenzo, who never more than then regretted his inability to draw. He gave her his notions on the subject, however, and mentioned such rising sculptors at Turin as might be safely entrusted with the execution. The discussing of this project was to both a soothing and constant occupation for months together. On the monument, beneath that of his late master, Barnaby's name was of course to take its place, as it naturally did in all the talks about that dear departed master of his. Need we say that it was never pronounced but with feelings of affectionate respect and regret, more particularly by Vincenzo, who had contracted a new debt of gratitude to his old and tried friend since his death ? By his will, deposited with a notary at Ibella, Barnaby had made Vincenzo sole heir to all his, not inconsiderable, savings.

Rose knew full well that her husband could no more do without mental than without material food ; so, when she judged him equal to the exertion of reading, she wrote to the Marchioness, with whom she occasionally corre-

sponded, requesting her to send such newspapers, pamphlets, reviews, and books, as the Marchioness thought likely to suit Vincenzo's taste, and to interest him. And thus it came to pass that early one morning Rose went to her husband, with her apron full of papers and books of all sizes, which she scattered on the bed, and said, in answer to his look of marked interrogation, "Have I not guessed right, that you would be glad to see how things were going on in the world?"

"Yes," replied Vincenzo, "but it is not a pleasure I would buy at the price of the smallest discomfort to you."

"I wish it to be clearly understood between us," said Rose, "that nothing which gives you pleasure can give me discomfort. Only don't read too much at a time, and, when you get tired, promise to tell me, and to let me read aloud to you."

Vincenzo promised. Severed as he had been for months from all knowledge of foreign or home news, his morning and evening paper were, indeed, an immense boon—but far more precious in his eyes was the phase of toleration which Rose's spontaneous kindness in the matter so clearly showed. She often read aloud to him, and sometimes articles in which the clerical party was severely taken to task, without wincing.

Rose's next step, as her husband gained additional strength, was to introduce to him, one at a time, such of the acquaintances she had made as she fancied would be most congenial and agreeable to him. She had plenty of choice; for nearly all the occupants of the neighbouring casini—and they were numerous—had evinced the greatest interest and sympathy for the young invalid, whom they had seen carried into the little house in a seemingly dying state. There had been no end to the calling and to the inquiring after him. Rose made her selection quietly. Three or four of these kind neighbours—the quietest and best informed, as far as Rose could judge—she invited to come for an hour or so on such and such a day, thus affording Vincenzo a whole-

some and agreeable change. They were all welcome, as they deserved to be—still Vincenzo had his favourite among them. This was a young and rather consumptive German, who had been ordered to the sea-side for the benefit of his health. The similarity of their situation would of itself alone have attracted the two young men towards each other, even had not another and still more powerful link existed between them. This was their common love of Italy. Herr Wolfgang had been betrothed to a young Italian girl, whom he tenderly loved. She had died in the flower of her youth, and he had transferred all his devotion and passion for her to her country. This enthusiast felt and spoke to all intents and purposes like an Italian, and accordingly watched, with an eagerness and intensity not second even to that of Vincenzo, the signs of the times, which were, if ever, towards the last half of the year 1858, pregnant with decisive events for the destiny of the peninsula. The nature of the conversations between the two young men may easily be guessed; it was such as would, at other seasons, have made Rose draw back in disgust, and hate this new friend of her husband's. No such thing now. She listened now to what they had to say without ever, by word or gesture, showing the least disapproval or dissatisfaction; and to Herr Wolfgang she was specially courteous—nay, cordial in the extreme. Was Rose, then, a convert? Yes, as to the necessity of letting her husband think, and speak, and act, according to his own feelings, so that he might live and be happy. Wolfgang had just finished writing a book—the fruits of his forced leisure—on the subject of, or rather, to be precise, against the temporal sovereignty of the pope, which he held to be—with Dante, Petrarca, and Machiavelli, to quote only the highest among ancient authorities—the great stumbling-block in the way of Italian independence and unity. He was now collecting materials for an appendix, which was to consist of quotations in support of his view of the question,

most of them from the above-named writers. These quotations, given in their original text, had also to be translated into German—the book being written in German. In this last part of his task Wolfgang had often to apply to his friend for elucidation of the Italian text ; which Vincenzo was not only willing but perfectly qualified to give, for he was familiar with most of the passages in Dante bearing upon that vexed question ; and, as to Petrarca's famous sonnets against Rome, he knew them entirely by heart. But there arose a difficulty now and then not so easy to be surmounted. Supposing the exact sense of an Italian phrase or word ascertained, there remained to be seen whether the German phrase or word into which it was translated was really the best equivalent. Wolfgang, who was conscientiousness itself, could not help continually starting such doubts, which Vincenzo, being ignorant of German, could not solve, save by analogies deduced from his knowledge of English. Wolfgang said to him one day—

“ Why don't you learn German?—you who are so well acquainted with English ? The one would help you with the other.”

“ Why, indeed, should I not ? ” said Vincenzo—“ that is, if you think you can muster patience enough to teach me.”

So said, so done ; and Vincenzo, who had a peculiar facility for languages, in a few months knew enough of German to understand any book of average difficulty. This new study was not entered upon, you may be sure, until Rose had granted permission—not, indeed, until Vincenzo had been eight months at Nervi, when his recovery was so far advanced that it was evident he might occupy himself seriously for a few hours every day without danger.

The Candias' little home was order and comfort itself. A prince of the blood royal could not have been served with more promptitude and zeal than was Rose's husband. His least whims were watched for, guessed, and attended to as if by magic. Rose could not sleep

at night for thinking of some dish which might tickle his languid appetite—obstinate inappetence being the great obstacle to his complete restoration. But Rose's unremitting pre-occupation and anxiety about Vincenzo's comfort did not make her for an instant lose sight of the interests she had left behind. She carried on a regular correspondence with Giuseppe, now her factotum, giving him minute directions as to what he was to do, with that spirit of order and practical instinct of business which were among her distinctive qualities. And, not contented even with this, she summoned him every three months to Nervi, to hear from him a verbal account of the state of her affairs.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine set in. Every one has fresh in his memory the few ominous words which fell from mighty lips over the cradle of the new year, sending a shiver of expectation throughout Europe. It was the shiver of the forest, which feels the coming tempest in the breeze. The Italian question was evidently sweeping swiftly on to a crisis. Not a day that passed but brought fresh evidence to back this anticipation. Austria was strengthening her Lombard frontiers with additional bayonets and new bulwarks. Piedmont, on its side, was arming to its utmost. The spring, the coming spring, was the time universally assigned to the duel between the two countries. Our German threw physic to the dogs, and towards the end of January went off to Turin. Signora Candia, whose keen eyes Vincenzo's excitement did not escape, would fain have said to her husband—Let us both go with Herr Wolfgang. She dared not. Only a fortnight since, the doctor who came now and then from Genoa to see Vincenzo had pronounced it advisable for him to stay another season at the sea-side, and this time to try the effect of sea-baths.

Just at this moment Del Palmetto came on a flying visit to the Candias. He brought amazing news. Two hundred thousand French soldiers were posted on the other side of the Alps, ready, the moment the signal was given,

to come to our assistance. Volunteers were flocking into Piedmont from all parts of the Italian peninsula. The youth of Lombardy and Venetia were emigrating *en masse*. Men bearing the noblest names of Italy were glorying in the worsted epaulets of private soldiers. Garibaldi was talked of as entrusted with the organization of a legion.

"I wish you could see Turin at this moment," wound up Del Palmetto. "It is worth seeing—full as an egg; and, as to pluck—I just wish you were there to judge for yourself."

Discourses of this kind were little calculated to allay Vincenzo's excitement. Rose, with a qualm, remarked his increasing restlessness; the little appetite he had had, altogether failed, and his nights were again become sleepless. She set off for Genoa, went straight to the doctor, and placed the dilemma before him. "What was she to do?"

"Take your husband to Turin immediately," was the physician's sensible reply. "The one essential consideration in Signor Candia's case is a quiet mind. All the rest is merely accessory. Who knows, after all, but that the mental stimulus which he will find at Turin will act as beneficially on his health as sea-bathing!"

On the evening of the same day, Rose said to her husband—

"Suppose we go to Turin ourselves, and see all the fine doings Del Palmetto has been telling us about."

Vincenzo's face brightened at this proposal. He said—

"I should like it of all things, I confess—only . . . I know you would prefer going to Rumelli."

"No, indeed," said Rose; "the Palace is no longer what it was to me when . . . when poor papa was there. Still I shall not be sorry to be nearer to it than I am here; for then I can go over sometimes and look after *our* affairs. Besides, you know I wish to go to Turin about the monument we talked of—and—I like Turin, and feel an interest in all that is going on there at this moment."

Vincenzo kissed his wife's hand, and said—

"You are very good to me."

"And, if I am, is it not my duty to be so to my husband?"

"Only your duty?" asked Vincenzo.

"I don't mean that," exclaimed Rose. "My duty, and my pleasure, too."

Signora Candia wrote, without further delay, to the Marchioness, begging her, if possible, to secure lodgings for them. The Marchioness wrote back that there were no lodgings to be had for love or money, but that Signor Onofrio, who was starting for Paris on a mission, begged to place his apartment, such as it was, at their service. Rose accepted the offer, and on the 23d February the Candias left Nervi, not without regret, for the capital. They had spent nearly twelve months at the sea-side.

CHAPTER XLVI.

VINCENZO'S BARK IN FULL SAIL.

ROSE could not congratulate herself enough on the step she had taken, when she saw how instantaneous were the beneficial effects derived from it by her husband. After having spent a few days in Turin, Vincenzo grew quite another man from what he had lately been at Nervi. He ate well, slept better, and, along with his activity of body, quickly recovered his serenity of mind. And yet the weather was coldish and wet, far from propitious to delicate people; indeed, contrasted with that he had left, the climate of Turin was a decided change for the worse. Neither did the aspect of the city present any strikingly new feature to one who, like Candia, had seen it as full and far more excited in 1849. What subtle agency was there then busy with him? None other than the current of patriotic electricity in the air, which he drank in with every breath he drew. Vincenzo felt himself in sympathetic communion with one and all of these thousands of his fellow-citizens crowding the streets, and revived in that feeling.

He passed much of his time out of doors. He liked to loiter, with his wife or alone, as the case might be, under

the arcades of Via Po, and listen to the political effusions of the passers by, or of the shopkeepers, as they stood at their respective doors, comparing notes upon the posture of public affairs. Not one of the shop windows on his road, in which was exhibited the last political caricature, or the last published map of Italy, or the portraits of the leading men of the day, but he would halt at, staring at these novelties with quite a childish pleasure. Everybody and everything had an interest for him. The first time that he met Count Cavour under the colonnades of Piazza Castello, and witnessed the marks of tender reverence universally shown towards that great man, he could have leapt and wept for joy. If a drum beat, or a military band played within his hearing, he would set off running, like any schoolboy, to go and see the soldiers file past. If he chanced on young recruits at drill, in one or other of the squares, he was never tired of watching them, straining his eyes to single out who were the volunteers among them. It was in the course of such physiognomic studies that one day Vincenzo discovered, in the ranks of an awkward squad, his German acquaintance of Nervi, and, the drill over, carried him home in triumph.

Save Wolfgang, (who, from this day, spent all his hours of liberty with them), and the Del Palmettos, who called as often as they could, the Candias saw very few people—occasionally two or three of Vincenzo's old fellow-students, met with in his perambulations. As for the Marchioness's visits, they were generally short and hurried. She had more to do than she had time or strength for; besides the epistolary propaganda which she carried on with every part of Italy, and which the pressure of the momentous circumstances had swollen to fabulous proportions, Signora Del Palmetto was the leading spirit of patriotic committees of all sorts and denominations, and the natural central point to which all belonging to the new and the old emigration converged. Ministers were not more busy than she

was. Her only moment—we must not call it of leisure, for of leisure she neither would nor could have any, but we will say of slackened work—was of an evening, when, perhaps, between a telegram received and one sent in answer, she found means of discussing the last news, and of anticipating what the morrow might bring forth, with a circle of distinguished visitors—senators, deputies, general officers, &c., who thronged her salons. Among these probably the most obscure, but not the least welcome, were often Rose and Vincenzo. The Marchioness lost no opportunity of marking her partiality for Signora Candia, and her high appreciation of Vincenzo's talents. Her golden opinion of the young man, aided and set off by his becoming modesty and good sense, shortly gained for him the sympathy and good will of all those he met at her house.

Towards the end of the third week in March, Signor Onofrio returned from Paris. The Candias, who knew, through the Marchioness, the precise time he would arrive, had shifted their quarters the day before to a hotel where they had long before bespoken rooms. This arrangement did not please Vincenzo's old friend, who insisted on their coming back and staying with him; a tempting proposal, which, however, they resisted, aware that, at a moment like that, a public man in Onofrio's position ought to have entire command of his time, and entire liberty of action. They managed, however, to see each other daily, and without hurry, by always dining together, one day at the Candias' hotel, and the other at Onofrio's house. Onofrio had brought from Paris such a stock of high spirits as made him young again, and the most entertaining companion possible. He made not the smallest attempt at diplomatic concealment of the grounds of his buoyancy—or, perhaps more truly, it formed part of his diplomacy to be frank. In order to bring something to pass, it is often only necessary to give it out as certain and inevitable. It was upon no other principle that Count Cavour, assuredly no

novice in diplomacy, had been acting when, during the two past years, he had constantly asserted that a war against Austria had been decided on in Paris.

The perfect harmony existing between Vincenzo and Rose could not but immediately and pleasantly impress so acute an observer as Vincenzo's mentor. He was not slow in offering his congratulations. "You have," said he, "achieved a conversion which does you great honour. I wish you could tell me how, that I might impart your recipe to some friends of mine, who stand in great need of some such help."

"It came of itself," returned Vincenzo ; "I can claim no merit in it, unless it be a merit to have been long and dangerously ill."

"Perhaps it was just that—women are such queer fishes—anyhow, now that your wife has become a thorough patriot, she will no longer object to your doing something to serve your country, will she ?"

"I should say not," replied Vincenzo ; "we shall see when the time comes."

"But the time ~~is~~ come, my dear fellow. Within a month from this day we shall be at war, and you don't mean, I suppose, to sit with your hands on your knees, while every Italian worth the name is striking a blow for his fatherland ?"

"No, I do not ; but, except handling a musket, which I can't do, I don't see of what use I could be in a time of war."

"By giving that which rules the muskets—brains, sir, brains," cried Onofrio.

"Well, such as I have, and my heart into the bargain, belong now and ever to my country ; *only* I don't wish to be hasty, to seem so, at least—it is a whim, perhaps, but I would fain wait until affairs take a decisive turn."

Onofrio interpreted Vincenzo's unwillingness to accept employment as a want of confidence in the completeness and durability of his wife's conversion ; a want of confidence which Onofrio shared, and which had prompted him

to strike the iron while it was hot. However, he did not insist for the present. Onofrio was not entirely mistaken. Vincenzo anticipated no difficulty as to his resumption of office from his wife ; she had humoured, nay, prevented, all his wishes—in a word, she had lately spoiled him to a degree which excluded even the thought of a possible opposition on her part. But Vincenzo was not sure that her acquiescence to his again entering the service of the Government might not cost her a pang, and, generous and loving as he was, he wished to spare a possible pain, so long as the inflicting of it did not become a matter of absolute necessity ; for, if public affairs came to a crisis, he considered that it would be his imperative duty to strike his blow, to use Onofrio's words, in behalf of his country. It was true that Rose, especially since their arrival in Turin, had evinced, on political matters, opinions and feelings quite in unison with his own. But might she not do this out of complaisance to him ? The doubt was natural in one who could not help having deep-rooted impressions of her former ways of thinking, and of the tenacity with which she adhered to them. And yet this doubt was unfounded. Rose acted no part. She had to some extent caught the infection filling the ambient air—the judgments passed by the notable persons she met daily at the Marchioness's had not been lost upon her—the enthusiasm which had incited numbers of youths belonging to the most illustrious families of Italy, and with many of whom she was personally acquainted, to exchange their princely homes for the bare walls of a barrack—well, neither had that enthusiasm failed to elicit some sparks of responsive feeling in her own bosom. Rose was on the eve of becoming a thoroughgoing *bonâ fide* liberal.

As days and weeks passed on, Vincenzo had more reasons than one to rejoice over his wise procrastination. The chances of war seemed rather to diminish than to increase. The European Powers, awakened to the imminence of a general conflagration, strove

with might and main to avert it. France, apparently at least, vigorously seconded these efforts. There came a day when even Cavour himself, for a moment, despaired of the issue so long coveted. It was on the 19th of April that a telegram from Paris reached him—a laconic, imperious telegram—desiring him to accept, purely and simply, the preliminaries of the Congress as set forth by the Powers. Now these preliminaries imported no less than the disbanding of the volunteers and the suspension of all armaments. It was an awful moment. Fortunately, the gods had struck with dementia those whom they designed to chastise. Three days after, two officers, in white uniforms, traversed the streets of Turin, bearers of the Austrian ultimatum. Its tenour is too widely known to need repetition here. Cavour, and with him twenty-four millions of Italians, breathed freely again.

Count Buol's haughty summons did not reach its destination until the 23d of April; but Austria's rash determination was known in official spheres as early as the 21st. On the morning of that day, while sitting at breakfast with his wife, Vincenzo received a hurried scrawl, worded thus—“*Alea jacta est*—the time for indecision is past. I have a capital post in view for you. Prepare your wife. You shall hear all particulars *viva voce*. Onofrio.” Vincenzo remained thoughtful.

“No bad news, I hope,” said Rose.

“Quite the contrary—the news is excellent,” replied Vincenzo. “War is all but declared.”

“Ah! so much the better,” said Rose. “But what, then, makes you look so grave?”

“The fear of giving you pain, dear. Onofrio warns me to get ready for active service.”

“Not as a soldier, not as a soldier,” cried Rose, springing to her feet, and clutching both Vincenzo's hands.

“No, no, not as a soldier. Alas! I am not fit for one,” said Vincenzo. “But, even if I were, for your sake, I neither would nor ought to hazard my life. Onofrio expects me to serve my

country in some civil capacity, which he does not mention. You understand, Rose, that in this moment, when the storm is about to break over Italy, none of her sons worthy of the name can shrink from his duty without dishonour.”

“I would not, if I could, deter you from doing your duty,” said Rose, calmly; “only I beg of you, I entreat you, Vincenzo, not to run any unnecessary risks.”

“I shall have no risks to run,” said Vincenzo—“probably I shall not even have to quit Turin. At all events, I promise, faithfully, to take as much care of myself as I would of you, dear Rose.”

When, later in the day, Onofrio came with the details of the momentous intelligence, and broached, not without misgiving, the question personal to Vincenzo, explaining the nature of the appointment which was in store for him, the good gentleman was most pleasantly surprised at the perfectly sensible view taken by Signora Candia of this opening for her husband, and also by her composed manner. Rose spoke like one who had taken it for granted that Vincenzo would not, indeed could not, hold back in an emergency such as the present; and, though not dissembling the pain which the prospect of even a short separation gave her (Vincenzo's intended post involved his temporary removal from Turin), she declared that she submitted to it without a murmur, for their country's sake. Onofrio took his leave, quite edified by her plain good sense and quiet fortitude. Signora Candia went through the ordeal with an equanimity which never failed her. What she had said to Onofrio she repeated to the Marchioness, and to all those who, when her husband's appointment became public, congratulated or condoled with her. She made no display of a heroism which she did not feel. Still less did she make any mystery of how much rather she would have had her husband working from morning to night in some office in Turin, than sent to the frontier, on ever so pacific an errand. As it was, she

submitted to the force of circumstances, and put her trust in God.

The post assigned to Vincenzo had, in fact, some danger attached to it ; but far more on the face of it than in reality. He was to be one of the secretaries to the Civil Commissioner Extraordinary for the provinces of Vercelli and Novara, appointed by royal decree on the 26th. Both these open frontier towns—bearing the same name as their provinces—lying as they did out of the line of defence, forced upon the Piedmontese army by its comparatively small numbers, were inevitably doomed to be occupied by the Austrians. To explain to, and reconcile the populations of these districts, as far as possible, to this dire necessity ; to watch that no pretence for provocation was given to the enemy ; to re-assure, to guide, to help in every way compatible with the situation—such was the mission confided to Vincenzo's new chief. They had to start for their destination on the very day of their official appointment. Rose, as arranged beforehand, went to stay with the Marchioness till Vincenzo's return. Del Palmetto was absent with his regiment at Chivasso.

Vincenzo's tenure of office was and could only be short. The Austrians crossed the Ticino on the 29th of April ; were at Novara by the 2d, and at Vercelli on the 5th of May. As the enemy advanced, so did the Civil Commissioner and his staff fall back upon the points still unoccupied, doing all the little good they could in the restricted sphere of action left them. Indeed, as late as the 20th of the month, they remained in the near neighbourhood of the invading army—an always difficult, and often precarious situation, and one which not unfrequently called for a certain amount of decision and presence of mind. On the 20th, the Austrians retired into their positions behind the Po and the Sesia—a movement which freed the way to Vercelli, immediately occupied by Cialdini ; and, a little later, to Novara, at one or other of which places the Commissioner and his suite tarried till the end of the

month. This is all that we choose to record as to this brief period of Vincenzo's official career—this, and the fact that he found leisure and inclination to write daily to his wife. As for the rest, we have known him too long not to feel sure that he did his duty thoroughly, and we have every reason to believe that his *pro tempore* superior was emphatically of the same opinion.

Vincenzo, on his return to Turin, met with the two rewards he most coveted—a very affectionate, indeed a positively enthusiastic, welcome from his wife ; and the warmest encomium that words could convey, from Onofrio. The looks and words of both friend and wife testified to how proud they were of him ; both anticipated for him a fresh field of action and of honour. Language of this sort, in Rose's mouth, betokened a new and happy phase of feeling, that was hailed with rapture by her husband. The month that had just elapsed had been rich with startling impressions for Rose of many a kind—impressions which had raised her patriotic fervour to the maximum of heat of which her nature was susceptible. Rose was made of flesh and blood after all ; she loved the land of her birth, after her manner—probably loved it more than she herself knew ; and to see it actually violated and trampled upon by the Austrians put her into such a storm and agony of pain and passion as to make her fairly forget that *they, too, were Christians* (one of her famous arguments against the war in 1848), and to see in them only the invaders and the enemies of her country. The frantic exclamations, and tears, and prayers, with which the whole city had accompanied the king and the army on their departure for the camp, the awful solemnity of the days of suspense that followed, the mad excitement of the emperor's arrival at Alexandria, the intoxication of the victories of Montebello and Palestro—Rose had seen and felt it all, and she was still vibrating with the noble emotions inseparable from such indescribable scenes and feelings. Hence her new-

born pride in her husband and in the task he had accomplished ; hence her eagerness that he should be again employed.

In this she was soon gratified. On the third day after his arrival, Vincenzo received a hurried note from the Marchioness del Palmetto, informing him that she had just seen Count Cavour, that he had expressed a wish to make Signor Candia's personal acquaintance, and that he would receive him at such an hour of the same day. Signora Candia clapped her hands with delight.

"I only hope," she said, suddenly checking herself, "that he is not going to send you away from this."

"I hope not," returned Vincenzo ; "but I don't see how I could decline to go, if he should."

"Couldn't you tell him frankly," persisted Rose, "that you would prefer some occupation in Turin ?"

"Certainly, if I had a good reason to give," observed the husband.

Rose blushed scarlet, and said, "All I can say is, that *I* have a good reason for not wishing you to go away."

And this reason of hers, to all appearance, was of so jealous a nature as not to permit of its being spoken aloud ; it was whispered in his ear. Whatever it was, it sent a thrill of joy through Vincenzo's whole frame ; he clasped her to his bosom, exclaiming, with warmth, "God bless your gentle heart, my darling ! Nothing now is wanting to my happiness. I will do my best not to be sent away—at least not for long."

He was not sent from Turin. Count Cavour, after a few kind words, said : "I hear that you know several languages. I require some one to read every morning for me all the foreign newspapers comprised in this list, to point out to me all the passages which might prove injurious to our cause, and to contradict or refute such of them as I shall direct. Can you do this ?"

"I think I can," answered Vincenzo. "Very well. Now, can you also undertake to write occasional articles, or even a series of articles, on subjects suggested by me, and that on the short-

est notice, and in a clear and familiar style ?"

"I will do my best," said Vincenzo.

"That's it. Be here to-morrow morning at six, and ask for Signor Pietro. Signor Pietro will show you to a room, where you will find all the newspapers for your inspection. As soon as your work is done, bring it to me. You have only to knock at the little door opposite to that of your study, and you will find me. Come in, without waiting for an answer. Good day."

Vincenzo on the morrow punctually followed these instructions, and from that moment found himself in daily communication with that man, a mere peep at whom in the street had been ever enough to make his heart leap for joy—the man in whom he had for years put his trust, his ambition, his pride. This it was which gave his present appointment its greatest zest. On the other hand, the task was peculiarly congenial to his tastes and powers ; its only drawback the frequent inevitable hurry, and consequent insufficiency, of the directions he received. Vincenzo was left to guess much, and was lucky enough to guess well, and to give satisfaction. We need scarcely say that his rectifications and refutations of hostile foreign articles, as well as his leaders on such and such a subject, were inserted either in the official gazette, or in the semi-official papers.

Meanwhile, the course of the war, if not smooth, was yet invariably prosperous for the Allied forces ; the victory of Magenta had opened the road to Milan ; the victory of Solferino brought them to the walls of Peschiera. All eyes were now turned to the Quadrilateral. Venice, from the other side of it, was already stretching her fettered arms towards her deliverers. One more strenuous effort, and Italy was free from the Alps to the Adriatic, and the grand programme of Milan became an accomplished fact. The peace of Villafranca fell like an extinguisher upon these bright prospects. The nation, suddenly plunged into darkness, reeled as if drunk. Cavour felt himself in the way, and

resigned. Vincenzo would have fain also retired into private life, but the great minister said to him, "Now that the sword fails us, reason the more for sticking to the pen, the sole weapon left us. The appointment I created for you has answered too well not to make me hold to its continuance. I shall recommend you to my successor, and—well, perhaps we may meet here again some of these days." Vincenzo obeyed, and continued to perform his duty faithfully, earnestly, scrupulously; but his heart was no longer in it. Rose shared in his disappointment, and soothed and comforted him like a true wife.

Little by little, however, the sunken spirits of the nation rallied; all hands joined in the manœuvre; and by dint of concord, industry, and perseverance, the vessel which bore the destinies of Italy, stranded for a moment, was made to float again. True enough, that the crew missed from the helm the tried steersman in whom they had put all their trust; but they knew that he was still in the same boat, and that his strong arm and clear head were at hand, if need were, and answered for its safety. Confidence gradually revived, and the course of events justified the feeling. It is not our province to dwell or even to touch upon that series of facts which intervened between Cavour's resignation and his resumption of office, and which must be present to every memory. We accordingly take up again the thread of our simple narrative.

We hinted, not long ago, that the future held in store a great joy for Vincenzo; we may now add, that the happy consummation of his hopes took place in November. Rose made him a present of the most wonderful little creature that ever graced the eyes of fond parents, and which was christened Rose. Vincenzo insisted on the name, as the only one that, by any possibility, suited the tiny rosy fairy. The Marchioness del Palmetto and Signor Onofrio were godfather and godmother to the child. I leave you to imagine the pleasurable excitement and the heartfelt rejoicings

incident to such an occasion. Vincenzo had not long enjoyed his paternal dignity, when another piece of good fortune happened to him and to his whole country. On the 17th January, 1860, Count Cavour once more held the reins of government, and that daily intercourse with the great man, so precious to Vincenzo, was again his privilege. Cavour was in high spirits, less straitened for time, and much more communicative, and disposed to take the young man into his confidence, than he had had either leisure or inclination to be during the period of their former relations. The sphere and importance of the work required of Vincenzo increased in direct ratio with the confidence he inspired; and more than one official document, jealously guarded from all profane eyes, was allowed to pass under his, for purposes it would take us too long to detail. The three months that followed after Cavour's return to office passed like lightning for Vincenzo. They were the fullest and happiest of his life.

All the cravings of his nature, all the claims of his heart and intellect, were at one and the same time satisfied. He had, in the first place, just work enough, and that of the sort he preferred, to enhance the hours of sweet leisure and privacy of home; he had the consciousness of being useful, and the prospect of an honourable career, with a seat in parliament as soon as he should be of the requisite age; he beheld his country, his hourly anxious preoccupation, moving on slowly, but steadily, in spite of wind and tide, towards a better future; and, to crown all, he was blessed in the affection of his wife, and in the joys of paternity. Withal, his health, without being strong, was good enough. Indeed, if one of those kindly disposed fairies, whose business it was in olden times to bestow gifts on poor mortals, had presented herself to him, and told him to form a wish and it should be granted, Vincenzo would have been fairly puzzled what wish to form.

To be continued.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

How comes it, Flora, that, whenever we
 Play cards together, you invariably,
 However the pack parts,
 Still hold the Queen of Hearts?

I've scanned you with a scrutinizing
 gaze,
 Resolved to fathom these your secret
 ways:
 But, sift them as I will,
 Your ways are secret still.

I cut and shuffle; shuffle, cut, again;
 But all my cutting, shuffling, proves in
 vain:
 Vain hope, vain forethought too;
 That Queen still falls to you.

I dropped her once, prepense; but, ere
 the deal
 Was dealt, your instinct seemed her loss
 to feel:

"There should be one card more,"
 You said, and searched the floor.

I cheated once; I made a private notch
 In Heart-Queen's back, and kept a lynx-
 eyed watch;
 Yet such another back
 Deceived me in the pack:

The Queen of Clubs assumed by arts
 unknown
 An imitative dint that seemed my own;
 This notch, not of my doing,
 Misled me to my ruin.

It baffles me to puzzle out the clue,
 Which must be skill, or craft, or luck
 in you:
 Unless, indeed, it be
 Natural affinity.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

ON PHYSICAL PAIN,

BY FRANCIS ED. ANSTIE, M.D.

AMONG the mysteries of physiology, there is one which, in spite of its obscurity, by its universal interest compels every one to attempt some sort of solution of it, however unsatisfactory, for his own private guidance—I mean the nature and causation of physical pain, and the place in the scale of vital phenomena which ought to be assigned to it. Of late years, some real success appears to have attended the efforts of physiologists; not that the essential nature of pain is at all understood, but that we begin to appreciate more correctly the bodily conditions to which it is attached, and the manner in which it is so attached. What lends a special interest to the results obtained by the latest researches on this question is,

that we appear to be approaching towards conclusions which are essentially the same with those which were arrived at by the two greatest philosophers of antiquity, and which have been more or less forgotten or obscured amidst the speculations of later ages.

It is to Plato, as Sir W. Hamilton has pointed out, that we owe the first enunciation of this interesting and important series of propositions. In the *Philebus* he puts into the mouth of Socrates the following statement of his theory of the production of pleasure and pain: "I say, then, that, whenever the harmony in the frame of any animal is loosened, a loosening is made in its constitution, and at the

“ same time pains are produced. . . .
 “ But, when the harmony is restored,
 “ and the breach is healed, we should
 “ say that then pleasure is produced,”
 &c. And he instances, as illustrations of these opposite conditions, the pain of hunger and thirst, and the pleasure caused by the removal of the emptiness which causes them, by means of food and drink. In the ninth book of the Republic he carefully guards against the supposition, that pain and pleasure are the mere negations of each other, or that it is necessary that the one should in all cases precede the other. In the Timæus he restates the doctrine thus: “ This, then, is what
 “ we should think concerning pleasure
 “ and pain : an impression produced in
 “ us contrary to nature, and violently,
 “ produces pain—one that is agreeable
 “ to our nature, however powerful,
 “ pleasure ; whereas an impression that
 “ is gentle and gradual is unfelt, and
 “ the contrary to these produces con-
 “ trary effects.” From a comparison of these passages it is obvious that the central idea of Plato’s doctrine was that pain implied an interruption of the bodily harmony, and that the severity of the pain would be proportionate to the disorganizing violence of this interruption.

From this idea it seems but a step to the theory which was held by Aristotle, which he propounds in the tenth book of the Nichomachean Ethics, and which is substantially this—that pleasure is the necessary accompaniment of the perfect operation of any bodily energy which is directed upon a suitable object, and that the most perfect energy, exerted upon the most suitable object, is accompanied with the highest sense of pleasure. Pain is, of course, always the accompaniment of imperfect, hindered, or misdirected energy. Sir W. Hamilton has virtually adopted a slight modification of this theory: “ Pleasure,” says he, “ is the result of certain harmonious relations—of certain agreements; pain, on the contrary, the effect
 “ of certain unharmonious relations, of
 “ certain disagreements. Pleasure is a

“ reflex of the spontaneous and unim-
 “ peded exertion of a power of whose
 “ energy we are conscious ; pain, a
 “ reflex of the overstrained or repressed
 “ exertion of such a power.”—(*Lectures on Metaphysics*, ii. p. 440.)

It would be interesting, I think, to test the value of this theory by examining as to how far it applies to the phenomena of physical pain, as they are seen with the eyes of modern physiology and bed-side observation.

Let us first take the simplest variety of physical pain. This is to be found in ordinary neuralgia (*e.g.* tic douloureux, sciatica), because here the painful sensation is well pronounced ; and, at the same time, there is the minimum of organic change in the affected part. Now there can be little doubt that, in an affection of this kind, the conditions are such as point to a low degree of vitality in the painful nerve. The principal momenta of the proof of this are as follows :—1. The general bodily condition is, in the large majority of cases, obviously one of defective nutrition. 2. The pain may be relieved—when it can be relieved at all—by means which improve the general nutrition, and especially by such as tend to the formation of blood highly qualified for the effective nutrition of nerve-tissue. 3. The pain may be temporarily relieved either by means which merely cause an increased blood-supply to the painful nerve (*e.g.* blisters, hot fomentations, shampooing), or by means which increase the activity of the general circulation (*e.g.* alcoholic drinks, strong muscular exercise). 4. The pain is directly aggravated by the withdrawal of blood either from the part or from the general circulation. Instances must be familiar to most persons, in which the occurrence of a severe nose-bleeding, or other hæmorrhage, has aggravated a slight nervous pain into the severest kind of neuralgia. 5. Neuralgic pain is often arrested by the occurrence of slight inflammation of the nerve.

An apparent objection to these arguments may be raised from the fact that

the application of continuous cold will sometimes relieve neuralgia; but this is because the part is thereby rendered dead for the time, and is incapable of feeling pain at all. And, as soon as the nerve is allowed to resume its former low degree of vitality, the pain will return. A second objection may be grounded on the fact that the medicines known as narcotics, when taken into the body will relieve pain, and that we know that narcosis is a paralyzing, devitalizing process. But it is necessary to observe that the so-called "narcotics" act in two ways. Given in small doses, they are purely *stimulant* (at least the majority of them are), and tend directly to increase the vital power of the nerves when this is low. Given in large doses, (true narcosis), they do indeed paralyze, or reduce the sensory nerves to a condition resembling death. And thus both the small and the large dose of a "narcotic" may relieve pain: but the former has a beneficial, the latter a poisonous, action on the system at large.

Passing now from the simpler form of pain, as illustrated by neuralgia, to the more complex forms observed in some inflammations, we find ourselves confronted with what, at first sight, appears to be an instance of pain occurring under totally opposite conditions to those which we have been considering; namely, in organs, which from the nature of the case must contain, on the whole, much more blood than usual, and in which the vital processes might be supposed to be performed with unusual energy. But the phenomena of painful inflammations may be explained by dividing them into two classes:—(1) those in which the pain only occurs at the commencement; (2) those in which it persists. 1. It has been pointed out, by Dr. Radcliffe, that this is the normal type of inflammation; and that the pain is to be referred to the preliminary stage of *irritation*. This stage is marked by coldness of skin, shivering, and general contraction of the bloodvessels; and there is little doubt that the nerves are in a condition of unusual feebleness, and of elec-

tric disturbance owing to that feebleness. But, as soon as the second stage, or that of inflammation proper, accompanied with excited circulation, commences, spontaneous pain ceases, and only tenderness on pressure remains. 2. But in certain cases pain persists after the congestive stage has commenced, and the skin is hot and the pulse throbbing. These cases, however, are universally such as are distinguished by the fact¹ that the nerves of the inflamed part are subjected either to compression, or to friction or stretching, both of which are only varieties of compression. We are immediately reminded by this of the *tenderness to pressure* which, in the ordinary course of an inflammation, follows the cessation of spontaneous pain; and we perceive the probability that the continuance of the pain, during the congestive stage, is the result of the accidental presence of pressure—more especially as the pain is severest in those instances where there is constant *friction* going on.

In the next place, let us think of pain as it results from injuries of the body from without. In the case of cutting wounds it is obvious that the nerves of the part will be more or less drained of blood by the incision, and also pressed upon by the blood extravasated around them. In the case of bruises, the nerves will be subjected to pressure, both from the blow and subsequently from blood extravasated around them.²

Then as to the phenomena of the mortification of parts: it is well known that the pain is severest shortly before the nerves (usually the last structures to die) are about to become altogether dead. Again, in recovery from frost-bite, or from profound alcoholic intoxication, the nerves, during their struggle from temporary death, through low degrees of vitality, up to a state of healthy energy, are excessively painful.

¹ Medical readers will be at once reminded of the case of sub-fascial suppuration, of pleurisy and peritonitis, and of gout, respectively.

² It is probable that injury to nerves, whether by cutting, pricking, or bruising, causes a diminution of their normal electricity—another source of vital depression.

The varieties of physical pain which we have mentioned, so far, certainly do appear, when stripped of their accidents and regarded in their essential characteristics, to present one common type; or, to speak with proper diffidence on so difficult a subject, they suggest an idea of their probable oneness. But, if it be ultimately decided that this agreement of character really does distinguish them, we shall undoubtedly be obliged to refer them to the class of "pains which are the reflex of *impeded energy*."

With regard to the supposed class of "pains which are the reflex of an over-stimulated energy," I would submit that there is some confusion of ideas here. The pain produced is not contemporaneous with the excessive energy, but with the exhausted condition in which the organ remains after the energy has operated. The brain, for instance, which has been labouring beyond its strength has really been consuming its tissue faster than nutrition can repair it, until at last it comes to have an imperfect energy, owing to want of material in itself; and the result is a condition of the nervous system which, as far as its outward symptoms go, closely resembles the "irritative" stage of an inflammatory disease, such as I have already described it, with pale, cold, shrunken skin, and a tendency to shiver; it is under such circumstances as these that the headache of over-worked brain sets in. The muscles of the boy who is going through his first fencing lesson have already been much exhausted, and the nerves that supply them have shared that exhaustion, before they get into that condition in which movement is attended with pain. The pain occurs during a state of *disorganization*, when it would certainly seem that the energy must be *impeded*. And this probability is increased on consideration of the fact that in certain exceptional cases, where nutrition can be proportionately increased to meet the excessive waste of tissue, the sense of fatigue, and the pain which naturally accompanies it, are not produced, or are produced only in a much less degree than they would otherwise be.

An apparent instance of pain, occurring as the reflex of over-strained energy, is to be found in the painful fatigue which affects organs of special sense, such as the eye or the ear, when they have strenuously been directed, for long periods of time, to the appreciation of external objects. But the supposition is doubly inappropriate in this case. It is inappropriate for the same reason as in the cases already alluded to, because the painful feeling is not the accompaniment of the energy, but of the exhaustion which succeeds it. And it is further inappropriate, because it is irreconcilable with what we know of the structure and functions of the organs of distinctive sense. For these organs consist essentially of nervous expansions on the surface of the body, which passively receive certain impressions (for the reception of which they are specially fitted) of which the mind takes active apprehension. When by an exercise of volition we place the organ in the best position for receiving external impressions, and by the exercise of attention provide that the whole perceptive faculty of the mind shall take note of these impressions, it will be found that the organ is capable of receiving a certain number of them, for a certain length of time, without fatigue—that is, without physical injury. But beyond this limit it is impossible to go; the only result of any effort in this direction will be a confusion of all the impressions received, and a sense of painful fatigue, which is obviously the reflex of an *impeded energy* (using that word, energy, as Hamilton does, to express passive as well as active processes). The receptive capacity of an organ of distinctive sense must surely be proportioned strictly to the state of its nutrition, and hence we can understand how that capacity may be increased by anything (*e.g.* gentle and regular exercise) which may improve the nutrition of the organ. Such improvement, however, must be the work of time; meanwhile it appears to be a contradiction in terms to say that an organ whose duty is passively to receive certain impressions can be "stimulated,"

at any particular moment, to receive more of those impressions than its actual capacity is adapted for. With regard to cases in which strong emotion seems to intensify the acuteness of any sense to a preternatural degree, while at the same time a feeling of pain is produced, it may be remarked that these cases, on careful analysis, range themselves under the head of *special and exaggerated attention*. A familiar illustration of this kind of phenomenon is to be found in one of the most admirable scenes of Scott's "Old Mortality." Henry Morton is awaiting in agonized suspense the striking of the hour at which the Covenanters have threatened to kill him. With inimitable skill the author describes the strange sense of *monstrosity* with which the prisoner's imagination invests all the objects in the room; the central point of interest being the ticking of the clock which marks the flight of his few remaining minutes of life. "The light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ." This description is perfectly true to nature, and is therefore valuable. It carefully avoids leading us to suppose that Morton's senses were really heightened; on the contrary, every word is designed to show that his attention was morbidly fixed on certain sights and sounds, and especially on the sound of the clock, which therefore seemed louder than it would have done had his attention been divided between the variety of objects which would have interested one whose mind was calm. And this is not improbably the true explanation of the apparent exaltation of sense which strong emotion causes; and, also, as Dr. Chambers has remarked, of the similar phenomena which have been so often observed in fevers, and in mania. It would appear, then, that we have no right to assume that our senses can be *momentarily* "exalted" at all, in the strict sense of the word; and that still less can pain be predicated as the reflex of such supposed exaltation.

Such is the brief outline of the more salient facts which appear to support the ancient belief that pain is the result of a destruction of the bodily harmony which causes an impediment to the exertion of the bodily energies. We must now glance at certain phenomena which at first sight appear rather to contradict this opinion—the phenomena, namely, of Narcosis. By Narcosis I must be understood to mean, exclusively, the action of *large doses* of the substances called Narcotics upon the organism. This action is essentially a paralysis, affecting the various portions of the nervous system successively, till, in extreme cases, it reaches those more important parts of it without the action of which life cannot continue. Now, if pain were the reflex of impeded energy (that is, its constant potential¹ accompaniment), it would appear that every instance of the production of Narcosis ought to be attended, in the stage which immediately precedes the production of paralysis, or temporary death of the nerves, with pain; and, also, that in every such case, where recovery takes place, the passage of the nerves from complete paralysis to complete energy ought to be painful. But, in the case of the inhalation of chloroform for surgical purposes, it is notorious that neither during the induction of, nor the recovery from, narcosis, does any pain occur, save in exceptional instances. It must be remarked, however, that in chloroform-narcosis, the brain begins to be paralysed at a very early stage, and the perceptive faculty is thenceforth only alive to such impressions as fall with some impetus upon the organs of sense; and that this brain-paralysis is not recovered from till the sensory nerves, as far as can be judged, have already shaken off the influence of the narcotic. This circumstance, I believe, affords the explanation of the fact that pain is not a constant phenomenon in narcosis. For, in the case of narcotics which do not, at such an early stage, paralyse the brain, pain

¹ Potential only, because it might be unperceived, owing to the direction of the mind.

really is produced: witness the well-known effects of large doses of alcohol, which often cause headache before drunkenness, and almost always during the recovery from it. The same remarks apply accurately to the effects of opium, and of every other slowly-acting narcotic with which I am acquainted, provided the dose, and the condition of the patient taking it, are such as allow of the production of true narcosis at all. And this leads me to remark, that even chloroform, provided its entry to, or exit from, the body be slowly accomplished, instead of, as usual, very rapidly, will cause pain both before the induction of complete narcosis, and during recovery from its effects. I have proved this in my own person, by *swallowing* as large a dose of chloroform as was consistent with safety: narcosis was produced very slowly, with great depression and severe headache. The recovery was intentionally delayed by my sitting perfectly quiet, and fasting, in a room of moderate temperature, so as to limit respiration, and excretion generally, as much as possible; the result was, not merely headache, but neuralgic pains all over the body, lasting for about two hours. During this time of pain, the power of perception of external objects by the touch was very imperfect. This is a very different order of things from that which presents itself in ordinary chloroform inhalation.

It is obvious that an immense field lies open for research as to the necessary conditions of physical pain. How much may be done in the course of the next few years it is impossible to say, since we have already taken a great stride in advance of previous knowledge, owing to the researches of Dubois Reymond, Humboldt, Matteucci, and others, upon the natural electricity of nerve and muscle. This department of inquiry is hardly more than opened, as it were, but few physiologists having fairly engaged in it (although these few are illustrious); yet already we are in possession of priceless facts. We *know*, for instance, that the electrical condition of nerve which exists during pain, is a

reversal of the ordinary electrical state; and there is the strongest possible ground for suspecting that the abnormal electric condition is the sign of a lowered vitality. If the freshly amputated limb of a frog be placed in such a position, that its principal nerve forms part of the circuit of a galvanometer, and the indicating needle be allowed to settle into the position which represents the natural electricity of the nerve; and if now a hot iron be approached sufficiently near to the nerve to inflict a physical damage on it, by removing some of its moisture, the needle will suddenly swing to a position indicating a reversal of the ordinary electric state; but, unless the damage has been too extensive it may be recovered from, and the normal electric state resumed, on allowing the nerve to re-imbibe moisture, in other words, to be re-nourished. This is only one fact from a number of equally striking ones, which might be adduced from the annals of modern experimental research, the tendency of which certainly appears to be towards the conclusion that pain is a reflex of lowered vitality.

One source of possible confusion in dealing with this subject of pain must be touched on. The usage of ordinary speech tends too much towards the neglect of clear distinction between perception proper, and sensation proper. The former faculty takes cognisance of external objects in the way of *accurate distinction*—the latter merely appreciates the pleasurable or painful nature of the impression. The law of correlation between them is stated by Hamilton in this way:—That sensation proper and perception proper must always co-exist, but that, so far from existing in equal degrees, their respective amounts are in exactly inverse proportion to each other. The more receptive of pleasurable or painful sensations an organ may be, the less adapted is it to the purposes of distinctive perception. There is no space here to discuss the value of the evidence adduced by Hamilton in support of this dogma, nor the anatomical theory which he pro-

pounded in accordance with it. But I may mention here one or two facts which seem to me of value, which have come under my observation, and which appear to support this law. In giving chloroform for surgical purposes, it is of course the object to produce only just that amount of paralysis of the nervous system, which will allow of painless cutting, &c. ; but the extent to which the paralysing process must be carried varies much, according to the sensitiveness of the parts. Thus the observation of a large number of cases of operation under chloroform, enables us to speak with certainty as to the comparative sensibility of different parts; and in this way we are enabled to assert with confidence, that the "quick" of the toe-nail is nearly the most sensitive part of the body. Now, the quick of the toe-nail, where undefended by the nail itself, though exquisitely sensitive, is remarkably deficient in the power of distinctive perception, as may be tested, provided sufficient caution be employed, by examining how far the part has the power of deciding whether one or two objects are impressed on it. This is the well-known method of Weber,

who tests the sensibility of parts by their power to recognise the impressions made by a pair of blunted compass points as *two* and not *one*, when the compasses are opened to a greater or a less extent. It is probable that Hamilton was right in supposing that the employment of such a test as this is quite useless, unless we first make up our minds clearly as to what we are testing—whether perceptive power, or merely impressibility to sensations.

It may be hoped that the statements made in this short paper have indicated good reasons for the general reconsideration of popular ideas of pain. Whatever may be the opinion of men of science, it is certain that the common conception of pain is that of an active force, to be subdued, or smothered, by various debilitating and paralysing measures. That such an assumption is very far from being warranted by the present state of science is, I hope, made tolerably obvious by the facts above collected; and I believe it is not unimportant that a mistrust of such assumptions should be generally diffused.

MR. D'ARCY THOMPSON'S "ANCIENT LEAVES."¹

BY JOHN KERR.

IF to reproduce the matter, manner, and spirit of an author be, as Southey says, the perfection of translation, it will no doubt be admitted that, in this branch of literature, great advances have lately been made. There has not been, within our recollection, any scarcity of word-for-word dictionary translations of the best Latin and Greek authors, tolerably accurate and fit for the use—or abuse if you will—of schoolboys. Such translations have generally transformed Latin and Greek vocables into English ones,

¹ Ancient Leaves: Translations and Paraphrases from Poets of Greece and Rome. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Edmonston and Douglas.

and have, accordingly, given us the matter of the original pretty well, with, in many cases, little of the manner and less of the spirit; and where verse has been done into prose, with little, if any, of either. We do not class among these such books as the Oxford translation of Tacitus, Davis and Vaughan's Republic of Plato, Kennedy's De Corona, Blackie's Æschylus, and some others. In all these the English is vigorous and idiomatic, and the representation of the original is very generally correct. In translation, an approximation is often all that can be aimed at. It is scarcely possible to conceive of idiomatic English which

would more than fairly represent the condensed style of Tacitus, or some of the speeches from Thucydides.

Without discussing the question, as to whether it is not better that Greek prose and poetry alike should be translated into prose, we may assume as *à priori* probable that what has taken gracefully a rhythmical form in the poetical mind of one people, will admit of a similar investiture in that of another. The element common to all poetical composition, and in virtue of which it is called poetical, can, in all probability, be expressed in a form more or less similar to the original one. A good poetical translation from a foreign tongue may, therefore, be assumed as a not impossible achievement. But it is also a desirable one; for it is beyond a doubt that, when passion of any kind is expressed in a suitable metrical form, much of its power is due to the fact that the form of expression is metrical. Let any one take a spirited piece of verse and make prose of it, and he will find that in the simple arrangement of the very same words in a metrical form, there is a swing, vigour, and effect, which prose wants.

But, while good poetical translation is possible and desirable, it is far from easy. The repeated attempts at the rendering of Homer that are being, or have lately been, made, and the vexed question as to the most suitable measure, are proofs of the dissatisfaction felt with all previous attempts. Pope and Dryden have given us, in some respects, a very fine Homer and Virgil, but a Homer and Virgil of their own. The original Homer is to Pope's as the athlete of rough old times, strong of thew and broad of chest, is to the still handsome, more refined, but enervated dandy of the present—a Homer-and-water. Professor Blackie gave us, some years ago, in his translation of *Æschylus*, a proof that good English verse together with the preservation of the spirit of the original, was a possible task. No one, who has not tried, can have any idea of the difficulty of rendering that author at once accurately

and elegantly, or of avoiding diffuseness; but, whatever may be said of this there is no doubt that, æsthetically, his translation is a very good one. He has caught the spirit of his author more successfully than any of his fellow-labourers in the same field.

The little volume now before us we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most successful of its kind we have seen. Its perusal suggested to us an addition that might be made to Southey's definition of a perfect translation, viz. "that it should not seem to be a translation at all." This is a merit which it has beyond any other book of the same kind with which we are acquainted. While the translation is almost literal, we feel as if we were reading an original composition; and, familiar as we are with many of the passages, we read them in their English dress with a feeling of their reality, and an interest in their incidents, we never felt before. This effect is increased by the almost unmixed Saxon which the author has chosen as their fitting dress, and over which he shows a mastery far from common.

The volume is from the pen of Mr. D'Arcy W. Thompson, of the Edinburgh Academy, and contains translations of the *Ajax* of Sophocles, a choice scene from the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides, extracts from Homer, and a number of minor Latin pieces.

The *Ajax* holds the place of honour, and to it we first invite attention. A short sketch of the play may not be unacceptable to readers unacquainted with the original.

Ajax, one of the bravest of the Greeks who joined the expedition against Troy, enraged at the slight put upon him by the chiefs, in awarding the arms of Achilles to Ulysses instead of himself, determined to avenge it by slaying the *Atridæ*, and others whom he considered the authors of his disgrace. With many of the highest qualities of a hero, he has the fault of being self-reliant to the extent of impiety, inasmuch as he boasts that his bravery needs not the assistance of the

gods, and by it alone he can win renown and the foremost place. For this impiety the Nemesis of the gods overtakes him, as he is about to fall on the Atridae. He is seized with madness, and, mistaking sheep and cattle for his intended victims, he slaughters them. On coming to himself, and perceiving what a laughing-stock he must become to his fellow-soldiers, his remorse and shame are overwhelming, and are delineated by the tragedian with marvellous power. His folly seems irretrievable; he has "lost use, and name, and fame," and has nothing left him but to die. He kills himself; and here an English author would have brought the play to an end, but the importance attached by the Greeks to the rites of sepulture protracts the action, till burial, at first refused, is at length granted. The interest flags, however, after his death, and the closing scenes would, to an English audience, materially mar the effect of the piece.

His wife thus describes his behaviour after he has slain the herds (301-322):

"And at the last he issued out of doors,
And with some fancied creature of the brain
In boastful words held converse of the kings,
The Atridae and Ulysses, laughing the while
At all the vengeance that he held in store;
Then came indoors, where by most slow
degrees,

Little and little his poor wits came back:
But, when the horror all around grew clear,
He struck his forehead, shrieked aloud, and fell

Down in amongst the weltering carcasses;
And there he sat with his hair clenched in
both hands.

So for a while he sat without a word;
Then burst he out into most awful threats
Unless I told him the whole story out,
And let him know the case wherein he stood.

And I, my friends, in terror told him all,
All that I knew; and straightway he burst
out

Into a groan, the like of which I ne'er
Had heard before from him; for he was wont

To reckon such the mark of a mean soul;
And so with him 'twas no shrill cry, but a
groan

Stified, like the low bellowing of a bull."

Now this, we submit, is a piece of very good verse, the cadence and freedom of which has no smack of trans-

lation with it. But it is more than this; it is a most correct translation, without amplification or omission, in which not only the spirit of the original is preserved, but in general the most minute details of language are fully brought out.

Mr. Thompson is very happy in his rendering of 348 and following lines, beginning *ὦ φίλοι ναυβάται*.

"O messmates, dear, of many friends
Faithful among the faithless found;
See what a surging tide of blood
Circles me round, circles me round."

And, again, at 475:—

"O 'tis a shame to wish for length of days,
When length of days brings with it only
sorrow;
For how can one, day after day, delight
In hanging pendulous 'twixt life and death?
I would not value at a straw the man
That warmed his heart with vain and silly
hopes:
Nay, either noble life or noble death
Becomes the brave."

The prayer of his wife (485), entreating him to spare his life for her sake and his son's, is reproduced with all the original pathos and dramatic effect; but it is too long to quote, and too good to be spoiled by selecting parts of it.

The only point in which Mr. Thompson has failed of most satisfactory success, is one in which all his predecessors have had the same fate, and that probably from the inherent difficulty of it; viz the infusing of reality and dramatic effect into what was originally the whole, and, during the best age of the drama, a most important part, of Greek tragedy, but which, even in its most rudimentary form, has no exponent in modern times. We mean, of course, the choric element. That there should be continually on the stage a body of men to lecture the *dramatis personæ* on points of morality, and make reflections and a running commentary on the action as it proceeds, is totally at variance with modern notions of theatrical representation. To the fact that this element is in our time entirely abnormal must be added the further difficulty, that the deliverances of the Chorus are usually

of a rhapsodical and, dramatically considered, ineffective, if not unintelligible, character. We have always had difficulty in believing that a Greek audience of ordinary culture could listen with intelligence or interest to a choral rhapsody delivered a single time in their hearing. No doubt many of the choruses, as we have them, are sadly corrupted; but the very fact that they are often corrupt, while the ordinary text is intact, is the strongest proof of their being originally, to some extent, unintelligible and enigmatical. The measure is, besides, broken and irregular, and one for which, so far as experiments hitherto go, it seems impossible to find a corresponding English one consistent with anything like exact translation. In Mr. Thompson's version of the choruses we have neither more nor less of that unsatisfactory and irregular measure than we find in the original. In the one or two cases in which he has attempted a regular one, he will, we think, himself admit that he has given a paraphrase rather than a translation.

We are tempted, as we read on, to stop every now and then to quote a few lines which have been rendered with exquisite taste; but this, besides being impracticable on the score of room, is useless to such as may not compare them with the Greek.

The beautiful soliloquy of Ajax before he falls on his sword is too long to be quoted entire. We give the end of it (845-865).

"And thou, O sun, that climbest the steep sky,
When thou shalt look upon my fatherland,
There stay thy golden reins, and tell the tale
Of my sorrows and my death to my old father
And my poor mother—ah me! alas, poor mother,
What cries will thine be, when thou hear'st the tale!
But truce to sorrow—to work—and quickly too:
O Death, O Death, come now and gaze upon me—
And yet I soon shall see thee face to face;
And, O thou bright light of the shining day,
And thou, careering sun, I call upon you
For the last, last time, and never more again.

O light, O sacred soil of my native earth,
Mine own isle Salamis, and my father's home,
Ye founts and rivers, and ye plains of Troy,
I call upon you—fare ye well, old friends—
These words speaks Ajax with his latest breath;
All else i' the realms below he'll speak with Death."

This is an exact, and almost line-for-line transcript of the Greek.

The rendering of the following Aria is very happy, though, as we have said, less close than that of the iambics (879-890).

"Come, fisher, from thy wakeful toil,
Come, nymph, or river-god,
Come, guide our wandering steps, and show
The path our Ajax trod.
O, after roaming on the seas,
And watching on the plain,
Sore task it is for weary limbs
To toil, and toil in vain."

Again, 971,
πρὸς ταῦτ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν κενοῖς ὑβριζέτω.

'Then, let Ulysses have his silly laugh.'

And 1010-11

*ὄρω πάρα
μῆδ' εὐτυχούντι μῆδ' ἐν ἡδονῇ γελᾶν*

"He, a man, whose countenance
Was of the grimmest in his best of moods."

And, indeed, the whole of this speech of Teucer's is faithful and effective.

Perhaps the translation of *μὴ τεῖνε μακρὰν* (1040), "Cut short thy words," addressed by the Chorus to Teucer while bewailing his brother's fate, conveys an idea of harshness not intended in the text.

The passage 1093-1117, in which Teucer expresses his determination, at all hazards, to give Ajax the rights of sepulture, is done perhaps as well as possible. The defiant tone, and the boldness arising from the righteousness of his cause, are maintained throughout. The revilings which ensue between the two (1120-41), while closely rendered, are even more dramatic than the Greek. Here, and throughout the play, Mr. Thompson has been very successful in —by no means the easiest part of his task—the giving of effect and action to dialogues in which a single line is

assigned to each speaker ; and which, in the original, are frequently stilted and undramatic.

We must pass on, however, to the other parts of the book, recommending to the notice of the reader the speeches of Agamemnon and Teucer at 1226 and 1266. We repeat, that a perusal of this version of the play will give to most readers a more thorough appreciation of it than they had before.

The passage from the Iphigenia commences at 1100. Her mother and she have arrived at Chalcis, and have learnt that the latter was sent for by her father, not to be married to Achilles, as he pretended, but to be sacrificed to Artemis, in order to secure a passage for the Grecian fleet. The greeting of the father is very pretty. (1122).

“Why weep, my child, and wherefore meet
me not
With the old smile ? Why is thy face cast
down,
And wherefore with thy mantle shade thine
eyes ?”

The pleading of Clytemnestra for her daughter's life is very touching ; but the appeal of Iphigenia herself is by much the finest passage, and we cannot resist quoting it. (1211-1252).

“O, if I had the voice of Orpheus, father,
To draw the stones with music after me,
And charm with words each listener to my
will,
I would use words ; now use I what I have,
My tears ; I have nought else to plead for
me.

I am thy child, born to thee of this lady,
And I entreat thee, clinging to thy knees,
Slay me not in the springtide of my days :
Life is so sweet, so sweet ; O force me not
Out of my happy youth into my grave.
I am thy first-born ; it was my voice first
That babbled ‘ father ; ’ first upon thy knee
’Twas I that sat, caressing and caressed.
And thou wouldst often say, ‘ I wonder,
child,

If I shall see thee grown to womanhood,
And in some prince's house a happy wife,
In state, as suits the daughter of a king,
And, playing with thy beard, which now I
hold

A humble suppliant, I would make reply ;
‘ I wonder if the days will ever come
When thou shalt have grown old, and I
shall have
A home wherein to welcome thee and pay
Thy former love by nursing thy grey hairs.’

All this I do remember well, but thou
Forgettest, and thou seekest my young life.
O, by the shades of our great ancestors,
Have mercy on me, and for my mother's
sake,

Who at my death will feel a second time
The pangs she suffered when she gave me
birth.

Why, what had I to do with Helen's loves ?
And how should Paris come to ruin me ?
Nay, father, look on me, give me one kiss,
And, if thou wilt not hearken to my prayer,
And I must die, then I will take the kiss
Away with me in memory of thy love.

And thou, my brother, little as thou art,
Do what thou canst, and join thy tears
with mine,

And of thy father beg thy sister's life ;
Even thy little brain may dimly guess
What sorrow means—see ! without words
he prays ;

Two, whom thou lovest, are clinging to thy
knees ;

Thine infant boy, thy daughter in her
prime.”

In this extract the accuracy of the scholarship is not exceeded by the elegance of the translation ; and the latter will, we think, be universally admitted.

After the Iphigenia follow the “Shield of Achilles,” from the eighteenth, and the whole of the twenty-second, book of Homer's Iliad. Here Mr. Thompson's success is another and an important contribution to the settlement of the question as to the most suitable measure for the translation of Homer. The English hexameter has always seemed to us deficient in rapidity and action for the effective narration of deeds of arms. It is not a fighting measure. There is a want of tension and vigour in it which gives to a death and life contest the dragging and nerveless character of a sham-fight. Whether this opinion be correct or not, there can be no doubt of the success of the measure now employed, and of the almost unmixed Saxon which, to an English ear, seems most nearly to represent the Homeric style. A specimen or two, taken almost at random, will, probably, justify this opinion.

Hector is flying before Achilles
(XXII. 191-204).

“And as when on the mountains from its
lair
A hound hath raised a fawn, and chaseth
it

Through pass and glade, and, if the flying
fawn
For refuge cover into a brake, the hound
Runs on and on, until it track it out ;
So after Hector swift Achilles ran.
And, evermore as Hector made to win
The gates right underneath the battlements,
So oft the other, running in betimes,
Turned him towards the plain ; for ever-
more
Fled Hector for the city ; and so it was
As when one thinketh in a dream to run,
When whose follows never overtakes,
And whose flees seems never to escape :
So 'twas with Hector and Æacides.
And maybe Hector had escaped his doom
But that Apollo at the last drew nigh,
And made him stout of heart, and lithe of
limb."

The death struggle, 304-330, is thus
vigorously handled.

"He spake, and from the sheath the sharp
sword drew,
That from his loins was swinging, great and
strong ;
And, crouching down, he made a swoop, as
when
A soaring eagle through the murky clouds
Swoops down upon the plain to seize its
prey,
A tender lamb or cow'ring leveret ;
So Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp
sword.
Achilles too rush'd on, his whole heart full
Of rage, and before his breast he held his
shield
Of chased-work, beautiful ; and over-head
His shining helm was nodding, and the
plumes
Were streaming o'er his shoulders and
around,
Plumes golden-yellow, which the Artist-God
Luxuriant had scattered on the helm.
And, as among the stars at dead of night
Shines Hesperus, the fairest star in heaven,
So went a gleam from the sharp-pointed
spear
That great Achilles wielded, vowing death
To Hector, and scanning all his form to find
Where best his armour would let in a
wound.
But Hector's body was all cased in mail,¹
The shining mail from off Patroclus torn ;
Only between the shoulders and the neck,
There where a wound is mortal, might be
seen
An opening, and thereat Achilles aim'd,
And through the soft flesh the sharp spear-
point drove.
The windpipe was untouched ; so for a while
The power of speech was left the wounded
man :
Down in the dust he fell, and over him
In triumph the great son of Pelus spake." ;
The binding of Hector to the chariot,

the wrath of Achilles, the grief of
Priam and Hecuba, and the agony of
Andromache, are brought before us
as vividly as in a picture. When the
last saw her husband's body dragged
behind the chariot, we are told that—

"Down upon her eyes the black night came,
And falling backwards she swooned out her
life,
And from her head the shining head-gear fell,
The band and coil and woven anadem,
And the veil that golden Aphrodite gave,
That day when Hector of the glancing helm
Led her away from her old father's home,
A queenly wife and with a queenly dower."

Next follow translations and para-
phrases from Ovid, Statius, Claudian
and Catullus. The paraphrases are
mostly humorous, and are handled in
a style that reminds one strongly of
Colman the younger. Take, for example,
a passage from the transformation of
the boy into a lizard by Ceres.

"To take an aim she just drew back a pace,
Then flung the porridge in the urchin's face ;
With pimples straight the face was mottled
o'er,
And wee legs grew where arms had grown
before ;
Down on all fours he grovelled, and a tail
Behind him on the ground was seen to trail ;
For fear the imp should mischief find to do,
His shape was shrivelled to an inch or two ;
His mother shrieked, and tried in vain, poor
soul,
To clutch him, but he slipped into a hole."

Or, again, that of the boy into an
owl :—

"His little snub-nose sharpens to a beak ;
A fluffy down spreads gradual o'er his
cheek ;
Into his head one half his body flies,
And from his head stare out two big round
eyes."

Or that of the rustics into frogs :—

"Their heads and bodies touched ; no neck
was seen ;
Their stomach was all white ; their back
was green ;
A hump was there, where necks had been
before ;
Their mouths stretched out till they could
stretch no more."

The transformation of Atlas is admir-
ably done. The last few lines are as
follows :—

"Big as he was, Atlas to mountain turned ;
His hair and beard pass into shaggy woods ;

His shoulders into ridges stretch away ;
 Where was his head, is now a mountain
 peak ;
 His bones to granite change. On every side
 He grows and grows past measure, till the
 heaven
 Reposes on him with its weight of stars."

In the minor pieces the Latin and English are side by side ; and the translations generally are executed in a style that almost defies censure. There are, in particular, two pieces from the *Thebais* of Statius, I. 303-311 and II. 32-42, and one from Claudian, *Rapt. Pros.* I. 253, which, whether viewed as translations or as English verse, are exquisite.

Take as a specimen four lines from an extract from Statius :—

"Nonne gemam te, care puer? quo sospite,
 natos
 Non cupiis; primo gremium cui protinus ortu
 Applicui fixique meum: cui verba sonosque
 Monstravi, questusque et murmura cæca
 resolvens."

Translated thus :—

"Shall I not mourn thee, darling boy; with
 whom
 Childless I missed not children of my own ;

I who first caught and pressed thee to my
 breast,
 And called thee mine, and taught thee
 sounds and words,
 And solved the riddle of thy murmurings."

The last line is quite perfect.

The quotations we have given will, probably, justify our very favourable criticism of the book. In the Greek plays we noticed once or twice a line or two left out, probably by an oversight, and here and there a line unnecessarily harsh or defective in measure. Viewed, however, in the light of the substantial and well-sustained merits of the work, these defects are unimportant. The book deserves, as it will no doubt get, a hearty welcome. It has the merit of being fitted to interest and edify the classical and English reader alike. A few more such books are much wanted; and we hope Mr. Thompson may be encouraged, by his present success, to gratify the scholar and general reader by giving to the world, ere long, a similar book of larger dimensions and more ambitious aim.

GOLD, ITS CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

BY DR. T. L. PHIPSON, F.C.S. ETC.

In a historical and political point of view, gold is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the metals hitherto discovered by man. Its comparative scarcity, its beautiful yellow colour, and its extraordinary physical properties, have rendered this metal precious in all ages. For most metals we are able to trace out the origin of their discovery, and the name and circumstances of the person to whom the discovery is due; but a few of them appear to have been known to man since the earliest dawn of history, and among these few we must place gold. A learned philosopher of the 19th century says:—"Gold seems to have been known from the very beginning of the world," a phrase which is evidently devoid of all
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sense. He adds that "its properties and its scarcity have rendered it more valuable than any other metal." But it must be borne in mind that gold is only valuable on account of its comparative rarity, and some of its properties, such as its inalterability in the air, its ductility and malleability. In other respects it is far less valuable than iron, which, if we except aluminium, is the most common metal in the earth's crust.

The vain attempts of the alchemists to convert other metals into gold form an interesting and not altogether unimportant period in the history of the development of science. This period extends, more or less, over twelve entire centuries; and, though modern chemistry

has since been established upon a firm basis, and ranks, perhaps, as the most useful and important science of the present day, yet there exist here and there in Europe a few persons who still propagate the dreams of the alchemists, and who really believe, not only that it is possible to transmute metals one into the other, but that, as chemical science progresses, so will medical knowledge; and, consequently, they imagine that mankind will eventually possess the other imaginary treasure of the alchemists, the Universal Medicine, or the Elixir of Life, which is calculated to procure eternal life upon earth. Now, the old alchemists believed in the existence of a *Philosopher's stone*, or philosophical powder, which enjoyed the ideal reputation of procuring both these phenomena—namely, the transmutation of metals and the prolongation of life.

But the moderns who speculate upon the realization of their mediæval ideas do so upon the strength of certain curious and hitherto unexplained phenomena met with in organic chemistry, and appear to have totally abandoned the notion of a *lapis philosophorum*. Although the opinions of those men may be as totally erroneous as those of the ancient Hermetic philosophers, yet it is useless to submit them to ridicule. Truth will eventually work itself out in spite of any preconceived ideas, and in the meantime their experiments may bring to light certain new facts. In this way, indeed, did the alchemists discover sulphuric acid, zinc, phosphorus, &c., which, in the hands of modern philosophers, have yielded an endless variety of treasures. As concerns the sciences of observation, the essential point is activity: whatever be the notions which guide us, let us work constantly—only, there is not the slightest doubt that the man in whose brain reigns the soundest theory will make the most discoveries, as we witness, for instance, in the marvellous disclosures of modern chemistry when compared with those of the old adepts.

The reason why gold has been known for so long a period is because it is found in nature in the metallic state. Having,

to use a chemical term, very slight affinity for any other substance, its compounds, when artificially formed by man, decompose with the greatest facility, and regenerate metallic gold. Thus, if gold be united to oxygen, the slightest heat, and even the presence of some organic matter, such as sugar or paper, will cause it to separate again from oxygen and reappear as a pure metal. The same occurs for all the compounds of gold, and, therefore, we find gold in nature in what is called the native state—that is, in a metallic form. But gold does not separate in this easy manner from other metals—for instance, from copper or silver; so in natural gold we always meet with a certain per-centage of some other metal, generally silver.

It is astonishing what little attention is paid in general to this metal which we carry upon our persons every day in the shape of rings, chains, lockets, watches, money, &c., and how few reflect upon the peculiarities which distinguish gold from every other metal, or upon its mineralogical history. The latter is especially interesting to those who speculate in mines. In this respect the importance of our subject cannot be easily overrated; but in every other sense gold is well worth attention. Let us glance, in the first place, at its physical and chemical properties, by which it is distinguished as a single element, *sui generis*, from all other substances in nature.

The colour of gold is a brilliant yellow; when the metal is pure it is nearly the orange-yellow of the solar spectrum; when it contains silver it is pale yellow or greenish yellow; and with copper it takes a reddish hue.

We do not always see objects precisely in their natural colours. The white light which falls upon them is composed of the seven tints of the solar spectrum, and, when a body reflects yellow light, for instance, it absorbs all the other colours; but this absorption is never complete in a first reflection, so that the light reflected from a metallic surface is mixed to a certain extent with undecomposed white light. In order to see the precise colour

of a metal, the light of the sun must be reflected from it to a second piece of the same metal, from the second to a third, and so on until we obtain a tint which does not change by further reflections. In this manner the undecomposed white light is all absorbed, and the real colour of the metal is seen.

When experimented with in this way, gold is seen to be brilliant orange; copper appears nearly carmine, tin pale yellow, silver white, lead blue, &c.

But gold can be beaten out so thin, as we shall see presently, that it allows light to pass through it, in which case, though it still appears brilliant yellow by reflected light, it is green by transmission. This beautiful effect can be easily seen by laying a piece of gold leaf upon a plate of glass and holding it between the eye and the light, when the gold will appear semi-transparent and leek-green.

No other metal, except silver, has yet been produced thin enough to enable us to see through it;¹ but a short time ago I took some mercury, which is a liquid metal, and laid a little between two glasses, pressed it down tightly, and then viewed it through a microscope towards the light. In these circumstances mercury also appears translucent, and transmits a greyish blue tint.

We have not yet done with the colour of gold. When this metal is precipitated from its solutions by means of phosphorus dissolved in ether, chloride of tin, sulphate of iron, &c., we obtain the gold in a very fine state of division—that is, as an impalpable powder—and, though it is in every case the identical, uncombined, or pure metal, yet its colour is different according to the substance employed to precipitate it. Thus we can obtain gold of a bright ruby colour, of a blue colour, of a brown colour, and of a purple colour, which it also takes when volatilized by an electric discharge.

Now this is interesting to photographers; for here we have a metal

¹ The disc of the sun, seen through the silvered glass recently used for telescope mirrors, appears azure blue.

which takes no less than six different colours, according to the mechanical state of division in which we view it. It is probable that silver may be found to possess the same properties, and that here lies the secret of producing naturally-coloured photographs.

Gold is rather softer than silver; therefore, to make it wear as well as silver, a small quantity of some other metal is alloyed with it. Its specific gravity is 19.50, that of water being 1.00—that is, it weighs $19\frac{1}{2}$ times more than water. We should observe, however, that native gold has never so high a specific gravity as this, for, in the first place, natural gold as found in the earth is more or less impure, being alloyed with other metals; and, in the next, gold requires to be hammered before it acquires its greatest density.

But gold is more remarkable by its ductility and malleability, in which it is equalled by no other metal. By ductility we mean the property it possesses of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire; and by malleability, its property of flattening out without splitting under the hammer. The latter property serves to distinguish instantly a gold nugget from a lump of iron pyrites; for instance, a blow with the hammer will flatten the gold of the nugget, but will break the pyrites into a hundred pieces. Indeed gold may be beaten out into a leaf so thin that one grain of the metal may thus be made to cover $56\frac{3}{4}$ square inches. These leaves are so thin and homogeneous that they allow light to pass through them; they appear green by transmitted light, as we noticed above; their thickness has been calculated to be about the $\frac{1}{252000}$ th of an inch. But we can procure gold much thinner than this; for instance, if a thickish piece of silver wire be solidly gilt and then drawn out, we obtain over the whole wire a layer of gold which has only $\frac{1}{12}$ th part of the thickness just named. One ounce of pure gold may be thus made to extend for a distance of 1,300 miles—that is to say, it would go from London to Mount Hecla in Iceland and back again without rupturing,

So that we see a little gold may be made to go a long way; and this is turned to account in electro-gilding and other arts. The malleability of gold is, perhaps, its most valuable property.

Gold can be drawn out into wires which possess considerable tenacity. A wire having about $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch in diameter will bear 150 lbs. But gold wire is not so strong as iron, copper, silver, or platinum wire. Its ductility is, however, so great, that one grain of gold can be drawn out 500 feet.

The action of heat upon gold is remarkable on many accounts. We will not occupy ourselves about the exact degree of temperature at which it melts, though this has been ascertained to be a temperature which may be represented as equal to 1,298 or 1,300 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or about twenty times the heat of our English summers.

As soon as it is melted it glows with a beautiful yellowish-green phosphorescence, in which respect it resembles copper. This phosphorescence is very well seen when a small piece of gold is melted in a cavity on charcoal before the blowpipe, and viewed through a piece of blue glass, which annihilates the yellow light of the glowing charcoal. To the naked eye melted gold appears, therefore, of a vivid metallic sea-green colour, which it loses as soon as it cools, becoming yellow again.

On cooling, also, gold contracts more than any other metal; this is why it is not fit for casting into moulds, because, on cooling, it quits the sides of the mould, and does not reproduce the pattern satisfactorily. This is obviated by alloying the gold with some metal which contracts less, such as copper or silver. In nature, we find sometimes little crystals of gold, which are cubes or octahedrons, or some form derived from these. Now when gold has been melted, it also crystallises at the surface on cooling, and shows little four-sided pyramids, which are so many halves of octahedrons. This crystallised gold is obtained when the metal is allowed to cool slowly after fusion. But gold is

not peculiar in this respect, for most metals crystallise without much difficulty, and some of them very beautifully.

It has been found that the most violent heat of our glass-house furnaces is not sufficient to volatilise gold, though silver and many other metals are vaporised at this high temperature. An ounce of gold having been kept for one month in the hottest part of a glass-house furnace, the metal did not lose weight. However, it has been proved that a very violent heat will volatilise it; by submitting gold to the heat of a blast-furnace, for instance, the metal may be seen to rise in fumes, which will attach themselves to a plate of silver suspended about five inches from the molten gold, so as to gild it. But a moderately strong electric discharge volatilises gold in the shape of beautiful violet-coloured vapour. If we make use of a gilded silk cord, the discharge carries off all the gold as a violet smoke, leaving the silk intact.

Like all metals, gold is a good conductor of electricity; but there would be no advantage in using it for telegraphic wires, as copper is a much better conductor than gold. Many experiments have shown that pure copper is the best substance known for the conduction of electricity, and that no alloy of copper hitherto formed surpasses the pure metal in this respect.

One of the most important properties of gold is its inalterability when kept exposed to the air, to water, or to acid emanations. Most metals in these circumstances rust or tarnish, but gold remains brilliant. Its surface is not attacked by exposure. It requires, indeed, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids, two of the most powerful chemical agents, to act upon it. It has been observed, however, that, when gilt frames of pictures are struck by lightning, they are blackened; and this has been attributed to the action of sulphur carried along by the electric discharge. Though the presence of sulphur in the atmosphere has never been shown by direct experiment, I have remarked a

most intense smell of sulphurous acid after a violent thunder storm in Paris; and this smell was distinct from that of ozone.

Some persons, having remarked that the gold used for stopping decayed teeth disappeared more or less after some time, were led to suppose that the saliva contained some substance which acted upon gold. It is well known that the saliva has a most energetic action upon organic substances, which it helps to dissolve for the purposes of digestion, and it will act upon several metals; but it has no action upon gold, as I have proved by numerous experiments. The disappearance of gold used for stopping teeth is merely owing to friction. In the same manner our rings and chains are worn gradually thin by friction; no chemical action between the perspiration and the metal exists to account for this wear. Indeed, the loss of gold by friction is so well known that certain dishonest people take advantage of it in the process called "sweating." This consists in placing a quantity of gold coin, chains, or other golden ornaments into a chamois leather or linen bag, and submitting the whole to a violent shaking. The coins are afterwards taken out, and the gold they have left behind them is either collected by means of mercury, which dissolves it, or the bag is burnt after a series of operations, and the precious metal obtained from the ashes.

Gold can be united or alloyed to most of the other metals; and some of these alloys have very remarkable characters. We have noticed already the great ductility and malleability of gold. These precious qualities are entirely lost when this metal is alloyed with only $\frac{1}{2000}$ th part of bismuth. Thus, if 2,000 ounces of gold be melted with one ounce of bismuth, the resulting metal, instead of hammering out into a thin sheet, will not flatten at all under the hammer, but breaks to pieces. A similar effect is produced when tin, arsenic, and many other metals are united with gold. Again, mercury unites so readily with the precious metal that, being a liquid metal

at ordinary temperatures, it is often used to dissolve gold from the rock. Copper unites with gold, renders it harder, gives it a reddish tinge, and makes it capable of wearing longer, by resisting friction better than the pure metal. On this account the alloy of copper and gold is much used. Silver gives to gold a pale yellow tinge, whilst increasing its hardness.

Gold coin, or what is termed sterling or standard gold, consists of pure gold alloyed with $\frac{1}{12}$ th of either copper or silver. In English coin a mixture of copper and silver is used.

When gold is dissolved in nitromuriatic acid it forms chloride of gold, a beautiful yellow liquid, which has been much used of late by photographers. When this dissolution is diluted with water and chloride of tin added to it, the gold is precipitated as a beautiful purple powder, which is used for gilding on porcelain. The art of electrogilding, discovered many years ago by Brugnatelli, a pupil of Volta, has been brought to such a degree of perfection that it has not only entirely superseded the old and unhealthy method of gilding by mercury, but places the use of gold for cooking utensils, forks, spoons, &c., within the reach of the poorer classes. In the old process, gold was dissolved in mercury, and the liquid *amalgam*, as it is called, was rubbed upon the metal to be gilt; the mercury, which is a highly volatile metal, was then driven off by heat, and the gold left behind; a little rubbing soon gave it the desired brilliancy. In the new method, a soluble salt of gold is dissolved in water, and the object to be gilt is placed in this solution, being previously connected with the negative pole of a weak electric battery, the other pole of the battery plunging into the liquid. In a few minutes the object is permanently gilt, and the layer of gold may be obtained of any thickness.

The extremely small quantity of gold which can be thus spread uniformly over a large surface, to which it adheres firmly, and supports friction, renders this kind of gilding very economical,

and gives to the object gilt the external appearance and properties of pure gold.¹

Photographers not unfrequently make use of gold solution to darken weak proofs. This solution is obtained by dissolving the metal in nitro-hydrochloric acid, and evaporating, to volatilise the acid in excess, when an orange-coloured mass is obtained. This is chloride of gold; it easily dissolves in water, and the solution used by photographers is a very weak one. This chloride of gold unites readily with chloride of sodium, or common salt, and forms fine yellow crystals, which, when dissolved in water, are used instead of the pure chloride; its combination with hyposulphite of soda is the *sel d'or* of the French photographers.

When chloride of tin is added to chloride of gold, the two salts do not unite, as above, but a beautiful purple powder immediately falls. This powder called the *purple of Cassius*, from the name of its discoverer, appears to be nothing more than pure gold in an extremely fine state of division. It is used to gild porcelain, for which purpose it is spread upon the pattern, and, by the action of heat in the porcelain oven, it takes its usual golden hue and brilliancy. When a small quantity of it is mixed with the materials used in making glass, the glass obtained has a fine ruby red colour.

Such are the principal physical and chemical properties of gold. We now turn to this metal as it is found in nature, that is, to its mineralogy.

We have already seen that, from its feeble affinity for other substances, gold is almost always found in what is called the native state—that is, as gold itself, simply alloyed with a little silver or copper. Wherever gold is met with in considerable quantities, it is always at the surface of the ground, strewed in sands, in the beds of rivers, or in the *débris* of quartz rocks. Such is the case, for example, in California, Australia, British Columbia, &c. These deposits are known as *alluvial formations*; they are the same in which are

found also the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, and other precious stones. These alluvial formations are common enough. They occupy a large portion of the surface of the globe, and, wherever they exist gold has been, or is to be, found.

Formerly the British Isles had their gold fields like other countries. The single gold mine of Clydesdale has yielded, in comparatively recent times, as much as 515,000*l.* of gold (the district has not been worked since George III). In the time of the British queen Boadicea, England was a rich gold country, and the fact was well known to the Romans. "*Calles Britannicæ fertiles sunt auri,*" says an ancient author. In the reign of Henry VII. 300,000*l.* sterling was obtained from English gold mines. But these are only random examples, the like of which we could bring forward by handfuls. There is no doubt that in the early historic periods, the alluvial formations of Great Britain and Ireland were as plentiful of gold as California or Australia at the present day, and that this gold has disappeared as population has augmented. We find the very same thing occurring in America and Australia: as soon as the population becomes thick in a gold district the alluvial gold disappears. It is then only to be met with in the rock, generally in quartz which traverses micaceous schists; and at this juncture the mining operations become more and more difficult as the work advances.

As regards Great Britain, the remnants of its once rich gold fields yet remain. We find traces of gold in the quartz gossan of Cornwall, Wales, Peebles, Wicklow, &c., generally accompanied by silver. But England, for many years, has not been able to compete with foreign gold districts; its gold may be said to be exhausted. Who would think of working ore which gives nine pennyweights (or twelve shillings' worth) of gold to the ton, if nothing but this small portion of gold is to pay all expenses, and yield a profit besides? We see, however, companies formed and

¹ See paper "Electricity at Work" in a previous number of this Magazine.

advertised to work these gold atoms, while at Vancouver's Island and British Columbia men are picking up native gold to the extent of 20l. a day; and where a single individual has been known to raise, with his hands alone, as much as 490l. worth in twelve hours! As we have said, such was probably the case in England during the early periods of its history; and, wherever a trace of gold is now found in its rocks, there was once a rich gold field.

Although miners in Australia, California, &c. have met with nuggets of an enormous size—for instance, the 28lb. nugget of North Carolina, and the mass of gold weighing upwards of 134 lbs. in South Australia—such are only to be met with in newly discovered gold-fields, and even there as rarities. More generally the gold lies in smaller nuggets or pepites, often as scales, grains, or dust, which are procured by *washing* and *panning*, operations that we shall refer to presently.

Before the discovery of gold in California, the Russian mines of the Urals were the most productive in the world. These Russian alluvial washings seldom yield less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of gold to the ton, never more than $2\frac{3}{10}$ ounces. The Brazilian and other South American sands average about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of gold to the ton. Africa and Asia have also their gold sands, and furnish annually a large amount of gold-dust.

In Europe, however, the surface work has been done ages ago, and, where gold is still to be found, it is only to be got by mining. Thus at Varospatok, in Transylvania, one of the richest gold-districts in Europe, the mines have been worked ever since the time of the Romans.

To obtain some idea how widely gold is distributed over the earth, and to be forewarned as regards speculation in mines where a small quantity of gold has come to light, we have only to consider that almost all the European rivers carry along a certain amount of gold-dust in their sands. Such are the Rhine, the Seine, the Reuss, the Aur, the Danube, &c. and many of the

streams of Cornwall. The quantity of precious metal contained in these sands is, however, extremely small. For instance, one ton of sand from the bed of the Rhine yields only $9\frac{1}{2}$ grains of gold, and so eager is the avarice of man, that river sands which yield only five grains to the ton have been worked! $9\frac{1}{2}$ grains is equal to the $\frac{1}{60}$ th part of an ounce, and in a ton there are 35,840 ounces. But, when we consider the area covered by the Rhine, and know that it is more or less auriferous from its source to its mouth, the total amount of gold that may be said to exist in its bed is enormous; it has been calculated by Professor Daubrée, for that portion only of the Rhine which flows through French territory, to be about 36,000 tons!

When the sand of the river Seine, near Paris, is used for glass-making, it is not an uncommon occurrence to find here and there in the glass-houses a crucible gilt at the bottom. We have found such at Sèvres near Paris. The *Quai des Orfevres*, near the Louvre, used to be a noted gold-field. A class of men similar in many respects to the rag-pickers of the present day, were in the habit of purchasing five francs' worth of mercury, and, after passing sand through it the whole day, they sold the same mercury again for six or seven francs, making one or two francs a day by the gold of the river. This industry, however, has ceased to exist.

It is interesting to note that the gold of these sands finds its way, in some unaccountable manner, into the vegetables which grow on the banks of the rivers. Some forty years ago, a professor of chemistry in Paris, M. Sage, in order to bring forward experimental evidence of the fact, burnt several of the vines which are cultivated in such numbers around Paris, and from the ash obtained he extracted enough gold to coin three napoleons. This experiment was rather an expensive one, as each piece, value twenty francs, cost the professor no less than 120 francs to obtain; but it was nevertheless a very interesting one.

An important question to decide in gold-mining is the *limit* at which the working will pay; that is, the smallest quantity of gold in the rock which will pay the expenses of its extraction. Now this limit depends entirely upon the locality; it is impossible to lay down any fixed law in this respect. Every country has its peculiar limit according to the price of labour, the perfection of the machinery, the state of the ore, and various other circumstances. Thus a man in British Columbia who does not pick up from 10*l.* to 20*l.* worth of gold per day, thinks himself unlucky, whilst in England a quartz rock, containing one or two ounces of gold to the ton, would yield satisfactory profits if it were properly managed, and if there were a considerable supply. But, in most cases, the two latter conditions are altogether wanting, and the exploitation consequently becomes a perfect failure. When gold is here and there visible on the surface of English, Scotch, or Irish gossan, the analyses of the rock show that it contains from one to four ounces of gold to the ton. But, when the gold is not visible, the analysis never yields more than a few dwts. Now, suppose a rock gives, upon analysis, 9 dwts. of gold per ton—which is a very fair specimen of the quantity contained in a British quartz rock, when no gold is visible to the naked eye—it remains to be seen whether the *whole* of this can be extracted by working; and next, what is its value to the speculator. First, we must consider that an ore which yields 9 dwts. in the hands of the analytical chemist will never yield more than three-quarters of this amount, however perfect the working, on a large scale. And next, 9 dwts. of gold—supposing we do extract it all—is worth twelve shillings. Therefore, to work a mine giving such an analysis is perfect folly, as we have, at most, twelve shillings to cover the whole expenses of mining and extracting the metal from one ton of ore, and to give a profit besides!

But it not unfrequently happens that silver or copper can be extracted ad-

vantageously from the same rock. Thus I have proved, by a numerous series of analyses, that the gossan of Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, for example, yields on an average 20 ounces of silver to the ton, and also minute quantities of gold. This same gossan not unusually yields from 7 to 16 per cent. of copper also. If properly worked such a mine would pay. Again, there is another mine which yields, upon analysis, 37 ounces of silver and 9 dwts. of gold per ton, and yet a company is formed to work the *gold*!

The modes adopted for extracting gold are washing, panning, amalgamation and cupellation. The two first are based upon the specific gravity of gold, which, as we have seen, is very high. When, therefore, a stream of water is caused to flow over gravel containing gold-dust, scales, or nuggets, the gravel is carried away to a certain distance, while the gold falls to the bottom and collects nearer the source of water. This method is practised in Africa, America, &c. by means of wooden troughs constructed for the purpose. The operation called panning is practised by the miners of California, Australia, and British Columbia; it consists in taking a pan like the lid of a saucepan, throwing the auriferous gravel and dirt into it, and washing the latter with water, allowing the muddy liquid to flow over the sides of the pan, while the gold and heavy pebbles are retained by the rim. This operation, practised in the streams of some of the newly discovered gold regions, is said to be highly exciting.

Amalgamation is practised in many of the American, Russian, and other mines. It is based upon the property possessed by mercury of dissolving gold. The rock is first reduced to as fine a powder as possible, by appropriate machinery, and then treated with mercury; the latter is afterwards pressed through leather, which retains the amalgam, and the latter is distilled, leaving the gold behind, whilst all the mercury is collected for another operation.

Cupellation consists in fluxing the ore in crucibles in contact with oxide of

lead or pure lead. The latter runs through the melted mass and takes up all the gold, silver, copper, antimony, &c. contained in the rock. The lead is extracted from the crucible and submitted to cupellation—that is, heated in contact with the air on porous vessels, called cupels. The lead, copper, antimony, &c. are oxidised; the melting oxides penetrate into the pores of the cupel, and are now and then blown off like a scum from the surface of the molten mass. When the operation is terminated, a button of silver, containing all the gold remains in the cupel.

Gold is often present in other minerals, particularly in iron pyrites, galena, blende, and other natural sulphides, which often contain a sufficient quantity of silver (especially galena, sulphide of lead) to enable us to extract the latter with profit. A most curious remark has been made with reference to the presence of silver in galena. This mineral is crystallized in cubes more or less modified, and passing into other forms derived from the cube. Sometimes the cubes of galena are seen with triangular faces on each of the eight angles, and it has been observed that, when these faces are very small, the galena is sure to contain a notable amount of silver.

Again, when minerals contain silver or gold, their specific gravity is above the ordinary figure. Thus, quartz

weighs $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as water; but, when it contains gold, its specific gravity mounts to 4, 5, 10, &c. according to the amount of precious metal present. The same rule applies to other minerals, though, when gold or silver is suspected, it is far more satisfactory to have recourse to chemical analysis.

Of late several enormous gold-fields have been discovered. In the first place, came that of California, where the surface gold is said to be already in great measure exhausted, and miners are now tunnelling into the rock for it. Then came the discovery of gold in Australia, followed by that in New Zealand, which has already exported as much as 30,000 ounces per week. And, lastly, there are the districts of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, where the large gains of the miners have drawn together a considerable multitude.

Sooner or later all these localities will be exhausted, as England, Wales, and Scotland are; and so much the sooner the greater the population which congregates there in a given time. But there are doubtless other tracts upon the earth's surface where gold abounds as it does in these districts just named, and where the foot of civilized man has not yet trodden. Who knows what treasures may await us in the alluvial formations of the interior of Africa and Australia?

A LITTLE FRENCH CITY.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

On a narrow flat ledge, near the top of a very steep French coteau, stands my painting tent. Before me spread to an infinite distance, on my right hand, Burgundy, in front of me, Champagne. The river Yonne comes winding down the broad valley, with long reaches and sharp curves; miles away a little isolated gleam shines alone like a tarn. Below my feet runs the river, at the foot of this steep

bank of chalk. A little farther down it passes by a city, whose magnificent cathedral rises, a towering height of pale golden grey, infinite with dimly perceived ornament, out of green dense masses of the richest foliage. All round the town, but especially on this side of it, are stately groves of lofty poplars, standing like disciplined troops in line and hollow square, curving also here and

there into crescents, and casting their dark shadows on spaces of grass that springs greener for their friendly shade.

Before we go down to the city let us look around us here upon the hill. We are amongst the vineyards. They are not celebrated vineyards; for although we are in Burgundy, the produce here is not to be compared to the precious gift of the hills of gold. Yet the innumerable proprietors of this little hill watch with keen interest the gradual filling of its millions of green clusters, and you or I may admire the grapes or eat of them with pleasure when they shall be fully ripe, yet not care to drink of the wine they yield. It is pleasant to sit here in the sun, outside the tent, and watch the labourers in the vineyards, for the mind of man always experiences a certain satisfaction in being itself idle and watching others work. The labourers are of both sexes, men with brown arms and breasts, and broad straw hats; and women, the rich glow of whose sunburnt faces tells even at a distance, when they rise occasionally out of the green sea of vine leaves wherein they stoop and are hidden.

Between the foot of the hill and the river runs the railway from Paris to Marseilles. We have been so long accustomed to be told that railways are prosaic things that I count on little sympathy when I confess that those four thin lines of iron have, for me, an irresistible fascination, and excite reflections quite as absorbing as any which that towered town suggests. On those two rails nearest the river, there, just there, borne on a thousand wheels, rolled the mighty hosts of France that met the Austrians at Solferino. There also passed their calm and terrible Captain swiftly, like Fate, yet with nothing of military ostentation, in whose ears still rang the acclamations, on that occasion loud and genuine, of the warlike people of Paris. All Italy awaited him then, thrilling with the hope of liberty; Italy believed in him, Austria feared him, all Europe thought of him only. And, perhaps, the other line nearer us is, to an Englishman, awful with still more affect-

ing associations. On many a dark night a very few years ago a locomotive rushed furiously along it, dragging two post-carriages at a wild and reckless speed, fire glowing under its thundering wheels. It came from the Mediterranean Sea, carrying our Indian mail, carrying sorrow and mourning to many an English home; cruel letters, packed carefully together in sealed bags, to be scattered abroad in England, every one of them too sure to hit some tender anxious breast. Railways are as rivers, flowing, not with water, but human life and intelligence, and all of them acquire a kind of sublimity even in a very few years. But most of all is this line sublime. It is the one great highway of Europe. Sovereigns, princes, ambassadors, travel by it continually, and scarcely a single express train passes over it which does not carry some powerful or famous personage.

In looking at a French landscape like this lovely one before us, an Englishman is struck by the sense of space gained by the absence of walls and hedges. This is, artistically, a great advantage. The eye ranges with a sense of liberty to which the presence of any visible obstacle is an insuperable impediment. A broad French plain has the sublimity of a great lake or the sea. The mean ideas of property, and farms, and petty quarrels about boundaries, never suggest themselves in the presence of such a broad expanse as this. The land seems infinite and immeasurable, as if it belonged to God alone. The only divisions are those of colour; it is like a vast floor of many-coloured mosaic.

This little flat ledge where the tent stands is, geologically, unaccountable. It interrupts a strong natural curve for no conceivable reason. It is artificial. It was the beginning of an intended terrace, begun some years ago by a gentleman now dead, who built himself a pleasure-house on the crest of the hill. This pleasure-house remains a monument of the vanity of human wishes. It seems that its owner enjoyed the view so much that he must needs pass much of his time here, and to that end

erected a convenient summer-house, consisting of a pleasant well-finished octagonal room, with a kitchen and other offices behind it. Above the room rises a belfry, where a man may stand and enjoy the view, and toll the bell for his pleasure, and to the bewilderment of the dwellers in the plain. To the left of the house is a delightful *bosquet* or bower of linden-trees, forming regular and almost impervious walls of greenery, which inclose a space as large as a good dining-room. To the right is another bower, but smaller, with sweet glimpses of the scenery through the leaves; and behind the house is an avenue of linden trees and a vineyard, also a remnant of an old rubble-built Gothic chapel, with tiny round arched windows, and one bearded statue canopied by a luxuriant mass of ivy. All this is highly-delightful, but there are things yet more marvellous to be seen here on the hill. Near my tent there is a hole in the chalk leading to the very bowels of the earth. A long passage, connecting cells far apart, winds till it arrives under the house, and it is said that the late owner intended to cut other passages and cells, but wherefore, no man knows.¹ One thing is certain; he loved the place, and spent money there for the love of it. Night and day he came up here from the little city in the plain, and sat in his pleasant octagon room, and mounted his belfry, and descended into his winding subterranean passages, and, hermit-like, visited his hollow cells. But at last he fell ill, and gave his beloved little place, with its bowers of linden-trees and its fruitful vineyard, to the holy Archbishop of Sens, that the archbishop might say masses for his soul; and he died, and whether the archbishop said any masses or not I have never accurately ascertained. But it is evident that the archbishop cares not for the little summer-house, for the hill is steep and high, and the good prelate loves better his quiet garden under the shadow

¹ Perhaps as a refuge from the heat, which is often intense here when there is no breeze. It is also likely that one of the cells may have been simply intended for a wine cellar.

of the cathedral, where the ripening apricots redden in the sun, and the fattening pheasants cackle in their aviary.

We are often told how barbarous English people are, so that nothing can be left accessible to them which they will not savagely deface; and many pleasant places in England are now closed to the public because some disgraceful wretches have formerly done mischief there. But even here, in civilized France, I observe the same unaccountable tendencies. The little summer-house had several windows daintily bordered with narrow lines of stained glass, probably for the amusement of those curiously-constituted minds which experience a strange satisfaction in looking at a landscape through a discolouring medium. The walls of the octagonal room were also daintily panelled, and everything was finished with much care and some degree of taste. But barbarians came hither from Sens and removed bricks that they might get at the bolts of the door, and unbolted it, and entered in, and smashed every pane of glass in the windows—stained or colourless, they left not one remaining; and they damaged the delicate panelling, and scrawled inscriptions on the walls, and left everywhere the marks of their stupid destructiveness.

So much for the last hermitage of St. Bond. The first was erected in consequence of a vow, as legends tell. The saint who dwelt there descended every day to the river Yonne with his water-jug, but every day as he climbed the hill the devil came and broke the jug, and spilled the water. This he did for seven years, at the end of which time even the saint's patience began to be a little wearied, and he vowed that if the devil might be kept from plaguing him he would build a hermitage on the hill; and thenceforth Satan, who must have broken exactly two thousand five hundred and fifty-five water-jugs—which Dr. Colenso, I suppose, would consider an improbable number—desisted from that somewhat monotonous amusement.

Sens is seated on the right bank of

the river Yonne, opposite a large island, with many houses upon it. There are two bridges going to the railway-station and a picturesque straggling street. The city itself is entirely belted by magnificent avenues, chiefly elms, which here in France grow to a wonderful height, with astonishing freedom and grace. I remember a still finer avenue of old chestnut trees, now removed, which never recovered the ill-usage they got from the Cossacks, who encamped here during the invasion, and wore the bark away from the trees by the friction of horse-tethers. An incautious mayor finished the ailing trees by raising the level of the road, and so burying some portion of their trunks. These avenues follow the course of the old walls, now nearly all removed, but there are picturesque bits left here and there, of which I have sketched one, with the cathedral visible beyond. Instead of the grand old Gothic gateways they have put an absurd triumphal arch in one place, and still more stupid columns in another. Still there is a fine postern left, hidden behind the trees. The avenues are double—I mean there are four lines of trees, and in the middle large green lawns, one of which is watered by a rivulet. In their love of public walks the French give us a good example. Sens, with a population of ten thousand, has far better and more extensive public walks than either Manchester or Glasgow. I know that in England some watering-places have walks to attract visitors, but Sens is not a watering-place; strangers seldom stay there more than an hour or two, and the walks are simply for the health and recreation of the inhabitants themselves.

Avenues which *encircle* a town, with large green spaces in them for exercise, are much better than some isolated spot inaccessible to half the population. And if the town grows *beyond* the avenues, what matter? are they not accessible to the outsiders also? Fancy what a boon it would be to the inhabitants of a large English manufacturing town to have such avenues and lawns as those of Sens circling it, and held for ever inviolable

as municipal property sacred to the public health! The lawn in the middle, like the *tapis vert* at Sens, ought to be wide enough all along for cricket, and everybody should be allowed to play there under certain slight restrictions necessary for the preservation of order. Spaces might also be set apart for gymnastic exercises, and furnished with such simple apparatus as common gymnastics require. It may be said that the English people do not care about trees and lawns, and exercise, and “that sort of thing;”—that they prefer beer and gin. I wish you would try them. I feel convinced that, if such public walks belted our northern towns, the inhabitants would all take to them as ducks take to water.

The avenues look best when some procession is passing along them. The Senonese are rather fond of getting up what they call a “cavalcade,” ostensibly for some charitable purpose, but in reality because it amuses them. The last cavalcade of this kind I happened to witness—a charming sight for a child, and highly suggestive to a painter, but not perfect enough to produce the degree of illusion necessary to keep one quite serious. However, there is compensation in everything, and, if the spectacle had been quite unexceptionable, it would not have been half such good fun. The subject represented was a return from hunting during the Regency, the charitable object was the relief of the cotton operatives about Rouen, and the date of the festival was the first Sunday after Easter in the present year.

I saw the procession first from the upper windows of a house near the palace of justice, the next but one from a sharp corner. In the same street, but a good way round the corner, stands the sous-préfecture, whence the procession started. So we heard the strains of martial music and the trampling of many steeds some time before we saw anything.

Suddenly a number of boys and young men rushed round the corner, and came under the windows where we stood.

They were dressed in loose scarlet tunics, not unlike the tabards of heralds, embroidered with green, yellow, and white flowers. They had white sleeves, and blue knickerbockers, and red stockings. Their caps were of divers colours, bordered with fur. They all carried long blue poles with trumpet mouths at the tops, but these were not musical instruments. The use of them we very soon learned. If we had flattered ourselves that by being stationed at a good height above the street we had cunningly escaped contributing anything to the relief of the people at Rouen, we had deceived ourselves. The long blue trumpets were presented to us; they touched our very hands. On putting a piece of money into the trumpet's mouth it entered with surprising facility, and slid down a tube of blue cotton by means of which it safely arrived in a box at the lower end of the pole. In spite of their disguise I recognised one or two of the lads who carried the poles, and I, not being disguised, was of course only too easily recognised by them. But I was a fool for putting too much money into the first trumpet, for others came after, and then I was reduced to coppers, which looked shabby, whereas if I had wisely limited myself to a franc at once from the beginning, I might have met all demands respectably.

The blue trumpets, to our great relief, passed by at last, and were presented to other windows. Then four gendarmes came round the corner on well-groomed horses, with their usual rather solid and heavy aspect, terrible to all disturbers of the peace. Then came the band of the 65th regiment of the line, playing martial music. And now for the grand cavalcade!

For my part I made up my mind to believe it all if I could; but it seemed more as if I were in a picture gallery or a theatre than really witnessing a return from hunting. Still it was well got up. The dresses, made in Paris on purpose for such occasions, were costly and good, and carefully studied from actual costumes of the period; and, if the wearers of them were not exactly princes, they

looked even yet more princely than real princes do.

Three huntsmen on horseback. Their coats were striped with narrow bands of blue and silver and gold. They wore cocked hats and red breeches, and blue saddle-cloths.

A company of foot guards, wearing black hats edged with red, blue coats with white stripes, and scarlet breeches. They bore halberds.

Four trumpeters, with loose surcoats of blue, powdered with golden fleurs de lis, black cocked hats edged with gold, white breeches faced with yellow, and high boots. They sounded their trumpets continually, two at a time. These trumpets were of the old French hunting pattern, winding round the body of the trumpeter, passing over his left shoulder and under his right arm.

Rabatteurs, wearing long curls, grey felt hats and white plumes. Their coats red with black velvet cuirasses, each with a huge silver star in the middle of the breast. Breeches white, faced with red. Boots high, with mighty gilded spurs.

As these stately personages were riding proudly past with drawn swords, just under our windows, the horse in the middle, a heavy grey beast, took it into its head to make a violent attack on its right-hand neighbour.

The first two kicks missed, but the third was only too well planted, for it sent horse and man rolling over in the gutter. This, however, was partly due to the anxiety of the attacked horse to get out of the way of the aggressor. The riders both kept their seats, and did not look alarmed. I particularly admired the one whose horse came down. He had received a kick on his left foot, hard enough to break his great gilded spur, part of which was picked up afterwards; yet he held his drawn sword steadily in the air, and resumed his place in the procession, just as I have seen an English life-guardsmen do under like circumstances. A little delay was occasioned by this accident; and, when the procession moved forward, the gentlemen composing it kept at a respectful dis-

tance from the heavy grey horse in the middle.

The Grand Huntsman, all in crimson velvet and gold, with a *bâton* like a field-marshal's, and an air of infinite importance.

Piqueurs de la Meute. I cannot remember how these were dressed, but have a dim impression of some absurd costume like that worn by the army in *Faust*, as played at the Théâtre Lyrique.

La Meute. At any rate I remember the doggies, which were *au naturel*. Little is to be said in their favour. There had been a rumour that the Emperor would lend us a pack of hounds from Fontainebleau, but surely these sorry little dogs were not a deputation from the imperial kennels. They were decidedly the worst part of the procession, but they trotted along contentedly, glad to be out for an airing, and happily ignorant of the expressions of contempt that hailed them on every side.

Mousquetaires à pied. Exactly like a regiment in an opera.

Trumpeters on foot. Not much better than the poor doggies. Wretched little fellows, totally destitute of calves, and yet endowed with blue breeches and red stockings. The tallest was put in the middle. They wore black cocked hats with white edges, powdered wigs with tails, and scarlet coats with silver facings. They had a mournful look, as though inwardly conscious of being absurd.

THE WOLF. An unlucky beast probably killed in some neighbouring wood,¹ and now borne triumphantly, having his legs tied together, and a long pole thrust between them, which pole rested on the shoulders of two lads with blue coats and red breeches. The victim was painful to behold. His open mouth showed savage teeth, and his tail hung inversely, beating time with a regular cadence to the steps of the bearers.

To the wolf succeeded a stag between two foxes, the three borne upon a litter.

¹ My next-door neighbour killed a very fine wolf in the woods near Sens, and keeps his skin as a trophy.

It was impossible to believe that the little dogs we had just seen could have had anything to do with the death of that stag.

Two youthful pages followed. They had a feminine look, and were probably girls. They wore long red coats, black velvet breeches, and white stockings. They had long brown curls under black cocked hats.

THE REGENT. His Highness wore a black hat, a coat of sky-blue moire, embroidered with silver and gold, and sky-blue breeches. This august personage had a most splendid appearance, and I am credibly informed by Monsieur le Maire that that sky-blue coat, and those sky-blue breeches, had cost no less a sum than twenty pounds sterling.

To the Regent succeeded two princes, and here I proudly record a personal incident. One of their Highnesses deigned to speak to me. It is true that under the royal wig I recognised the familiar features of a baker, of respectable standing in the town; but he looked a prince, every inch of him.

Indeed, all these personages bore themselves with a regal air. It may have occurred to the reader to feel some slight disappointment on seeing the faces of real kings, for they do not always come up to one's lofty ideal; but these men did. That baker was just as good a gentleman and prince (to look at) as any that ever I saw; and if he had been a real prince, he would have won all hearts by the grace of his condescension. Men would have said of him, "See how easy it is to recognise princely blood," there being a strong tendency in mankind to call qualities princely when they belong to princes, though, when precisely the same graces adorn common folks, they excite nobody's admiration.

And my bell-hanger, who passed as a great lord, and deigned to give me a lordly smile and bow, what peer of France ever bowed better? The next time my bells won't ring, he will come with his tools in his hand, in his plain workman's dress, and humbly toil for me. But can I forget that he rode be-

hind the Regent with that noble-air of pride?

There were many lords of the court, some on horseback in velvet coats of various colours, others in a huge gilded chariot, drawn by four fat horses.

At last the procession passed us. It traversed all the quaint old streets. It circumnavigated the great square in front of the cathedral. It emerged from the little city, and wandered into the faubourgs beyond. It passed gleaming and glittering under the green old elms in the avenues. It crossed the bridge and penetrated into the faubourg on the island in the river. After having dazzled the eyes of the islanders, it returned to the avenues without the walls, and there many good-natured householders, sitting on the terraces of their gardens, handed glasses of ale or wine to the thirsty riders.

The proceeds of the collection, chiefly, I suspect, in sous, quite filled a large box which followed the procession in a carriage. I am afraid, after the expenses, not much was left for the poor folks at Rouen, and one cannot help regretting that the charitable people who poured money into the blue trumpets which were applied to the windows, and into the tin boxes carried by those who begged amongst the crowd, did not rather give the same amount directly to some of the many committees, which hand it over, without deduction, to those who really have need of it.

I saw no more of the procession. In the evening there was a grand military concert on the public lawn. A large circle was brilliantly illuminated with festoons of lamps hanging from tall masts crowned with banners. The music was good, and about two thousand people heard it.

In other parts of the promenades there were the usual amusements of a fête day, and some little boys of my acquaintance were rendered extremely happy by a ride on the wooden horses; and, hard by, other equestrians in a circus rode on horses of real flesh and blood, which galloped round and round. Spangled ladies in short petticoats stood

on the platform before the circus, crying mightily, "Come and see;" some were fat and some were lean, but only one was pretty. Then there were boxers boxing, powerful athletes with thick muscular arms and dreadfully brutal looks. And whilst the sunshine lasted, there was a balloon man, with a cluster of red india-rubber balloons hanging like a bunch of shining cherries high in the blue air; and he let one of them go, to attract the attention of the crowd, and it rose and rose till it passed far above the cathedral towers, and gradually became a tiny speck up in the blinding light about the sun, when the strongest eyes lost it.

These Senonese cavalcades may be seen from two points of view. Are they an indication of childishness or of culture? I incline to the latter view. I like the attempt to keep the past in our memories by these reminders. Here was a little lesson in history brought home to ten thousand people. Who was the Regent? Those who did not know, asked; those who did, replied. There was much conversation on historical topics in Sens that day, much criticism of the costumes, some discussion as to the acts and character of the Regent. The present writer, whose knowledge of history is unfortunately somewhat general, and even vague, learned several facts which he did not know before. But the strongest impression was made upon the boys; and a juvenile from the Lycée, who sometimes dines with me on a Sunday, talked of nothing but history over his nuts and almonds, and asked me many questions which, I am ashamed to say, I was utterly unable to answer.

As a machinery for collecting money for charitable purposes, a cavalcade is a cunning device. It passes through every street and before every house. It excites so much curiosity that the people are all sure to be at their windows; then there are so many collectors, that those who refuse to the first, give to the third, or sixth, or tenth.

The Senonese have a terrible custom of marching about with drums. There is a tradition that, many ages ago, the

Saracens penetrated hitherto, and so dismayed the inhabitants, that they were on the point of abandoning the city, when a virgin, of Sens, whose name history has failed to preserve, took a drum and marched about the streets drumming. Then all the other young women in the town took drums, and drummed; and the Saracens, hearing this tremendous and universal drumming, concluded that there must be a mighty force within the walls, and abandoned the siege. And so, because the Saracens threatened Sens, nobody knows how many hundreds of years ago, and because a virgin, whose name nobody knows, excited all the others to drum with drums, all modern citizens of Sens who may happen to have a constitutional antipathy to noise are to have their nervous system horribly tortured and put out of order by a mob of drummers parading the streets by torchlight. It is incredible what an uproar they make. It shakes the houses from top to bottom; the very stones in the paved streets dance under the drums. There they go with their infernal rattle, torches flaring, and a mob of children after them, who love noise as much as I hate it.

To finish the festivities of the cavalcade, of course I knew that the drummers would gather themselves together. And if any sick were lying in their beds that night in anything like that state for which straw is laid down before people's houses, depend upon it, those drums were the death of them.

Of the usual festivities of the place, it is not my lot to see very much. I am not addicted to dancing in the open air, as Mr. Pinchbold did when cruising on wheels in this part of the world. Sometimes, as I walk round the promenades on a Sunday evening, I perceive, gleaming through the thick foliage in front of me, festoons of coloured lamps, on approaching which I hear strains of music, and discover the postman who brings me letters sitting on high, divested of his official uniform, and playing energetically on the clarionette. Around him are violinists, and performers on all

kinds of instruments; before him, on a large wooden floor laid down for the occasion and defended by railing, whirl a hundred couples in the mazes of a waltz. Hard by the ball are stalls for refreshment, and in the distance the inevitable rotatory machine with the wooden horses, whereon tall young fellows gravely sit, their feet touching the ground, their coat-tails hiding the tail of the horse, as they calmly await the motion which is, to them, so full of charm.

One of the first questions usually asked of an Englishman who lives in France is, whether he likes French cookery. A prudent man, when the question is put to him at an English dinner-table, tells a lie, and says that English cookery is far superior. Taken broadly, the difference between the two nations in this matter is, that the French *can* cook, and the English *can't*; but dishes which are so extremely simple as not to require any scientific cooking at all are generally better in England.

To borrow an illustration from my own craft. I very often admire, with humble wonder, the astonishing perfection with which carriages are painted. We painters of pictures could not paint carriages so well as men bred peculiarly to that trade. Very few of us could lay the colour quite evenly enough, or if we did, it would only be by great effort; whereas a simple carriage-painter, who has never troubled himself about gradation and what we call texture, lays on his paint with a masterly perfection of method. So, a French cook is too artistic to succeed where art is superfluous; and *there we beat him*.

"Do you mean to say that you like frogs?" asks the indignant reader. Yes, I do. And here allow me to remark, that if you are ignorant of the taste of frogs, you are, gastronomically speaking, sunk in the depths of barbarism, and an object of pity, even as some wretch who has never swallowed an oyster. Fancy chickens from Lilliput, as much more delicate than common chickens as they would be smaller, and you have some notion of what frogs are like. One of

the most galling disappointments I ever had to bear was to leave untouched a plate of frogs, because I had to go off by the train. For the first forty miles my soul was a prey to vain regrets; and even now, though I have eaten many a plate of frogs since then, I have not quite got over it.

But the common English notion, that the French are fed on frogs habitually, is a mistake. Frogs are much too dear to be anything but a luxury; and you might as well say that the English population is brought up on woodcocks.

The Burgundians are fond of their great big vine-snails; but, in my opinion, the principal merit of snails is, that they are good, strong, nourishing food. The way that snails are generally served in good houses is this: Seven or eight of them are brought on a little hot silver plate, with a tiny silver two-pronged fork, made on purpose. The seven snails are by no means unpleasant to look at, their shells being beautifully white and clean. The entrance to every shell is stopped with a sort of paste, pleasant to the taste. You insert the fork, and pull out the inhabitant. He is a huge animal, and of a dark brown colour graduating to black. The black is the best. The beast is not pleasant to look at; so you should transfer him rapidly from his shell to your mouth, and, when there, you find him very like an enormous morsel of tough beefsteak. Masticate him if you can! If you are successful, and go boldly on till you have emptied the seventh shell, you must be a hungry man indeed if you have not sufficiently dined;—and this, not because you are made sick, but really because these big snails are strong meat.

Next to good eating, the French love good wine, and, better than either, witty and intellectual conversation. The wines, as I said, grown at this particular place are not to be recommended, but all the best produce of Upper Burgundy is to be got here. The variety of wines grown in Burgundy is much greater than Englishmen generally are aware of. White burgundy with soda-water rivals Byron's hock and soda-water. The sparkling bur-

gundies of the better sort are as good as the best champagne; and the precious red wines which Englishmen used to appreciate so highly in Esmond's time are sold here, and even at Dijon, at the rate of ten francs a bottle.

In saying that the French are fond of good conversation, an exception must be made. French girls, whom Mr. Ruskin, perhaps not unjustly, defined as the sweetest-tempered living creatures in the world, might also be characterised as the most silent. A French maiden properly brought up is a miracle of modesty; her dress, her manners, are the extreme of an ideal simplicity. Admirers crowd respectfully about her, and she never seems to suppose it possible that she can excite any admiration: if utterly neglected, she seems just as happy in her own quiet way; nobody can tell what she is thinking. Always calm, contented, placid, and yet lifted so far above us by never condescending to seek our homage, she wins it as her natural right. Men talk to each other in her tranquil presence with an uneasy feeling that she is criticising them inwardly. She is that

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline.

She is clear, and yet inscrutable, like the blue depths of a Swiss lake in a calm. This is the secret of her inexhaustible interest. Who knows whether she is shallow or deep? Sometimes one fancies there are faint gleams of subdued sarcasm in her gentle eyes. She seems a serene Intelligence dwelling apart from the world.

Is she in thought as absolutely innocent as she looks? Of course charitable Englishwomen, calling themselves Christians, say she is a sham, and that they would not let *their* daughters be educated in her company. It is easy to gain credit for penetration by slandering simple girls who are foreigners; but every one who knows respectable French society knows very well that there is no foundation whatever for slander of that kind. The young French girl in the higher classes is, unfortunately for her,

only *too* innocent for this world, of which she is almost as ignorant as a new-born baby. Some day her papa will say to her, "My daughter, thou art going to be married," and she, in simple filial obedience, will yield herself up to the chosen son-in-law. There is something sad and touching in that simple history, so often repeated. Whether French parents will ever have a higher ideal for their daughters than mere purity, and simplicity, and ignorance, it is difficult to say; but at present, although some girls are bred as English ones, knowing good and evil, it is always a great disadvantage to them in France, though a rational Englishman would probably like them all the better for it.

Conversation amongst men is more entertaining; and married women, especially when oldish, talk cleverly, and are often keen politicians. The French are at their ease in the region of ideas, and so their conversation has the charm of speculative interest. Besides, they cultivate conversation as an art. They read less than we do, and talk more and better. They become eager and excited in the elucidation of their thoughts, which seems to produce a sort of electrical flashing, seen in England only in rare instances. They have the fault of interrupting each other very unceremoniously, and in that respect lack politeness; but this is an affair of temperament. They do not hesitate in speaking, as our upper classes do. Probably in the last century the English hesitated less; at present we hesitate most painfully, and, if we go on, perhaps the next generation will not be able to express itself verbally at all, but will carry on conversation by writing.

After knowing the French intimately for a few years, it is easy to see what ideas are dearest to their mind. The leading ideas are the key to all national character. The English national ideas are religion, and wealth, and political liberty. The French national ideas are religious liberty, political equality, and national strength. The difference between a love of religion and a love of religious liberty is obvious: the bare

conception of religious liberty only awakens in nations which are internally divided on religious questions. If a powerful majority, say nine-tenths of the population of a country, heartily accepts a particular form of faith, it will compel the remaining tenth to conformity, and at the same time assert that there is perfect religious liberty in the country, because there is really no desire on the part of any one to disobey the governing church. Thus it has been recently asserted in a Spanish newspaper that in Spain there is perfect religious liberty, because every one has really the liberty to do what he desires—that is, to be a good Catholic, for no true Spaniard could desire anything else. The English conception of religious liberty is, on one or two points, of a like character, especially with reference to the observance of Sunday, on which day every Englishman has perfect liberty to do what he desires—that is, to observe it in the Anglican manner, for no true Englishman could desire anything else. When a majority becomes sufficiently strong to call itself universal unanimity, it soon loses the power of intellectually apprehending the nature of individual liberty. The French conception of religious liberty is, therefore, unintelligible to many other nations. It amounts to this, that on the grounds of religious dogma no government has the right to impose *any* observance on the whole nation, because, whatever the observance may be, there will be some persons in the nation who do not mentally believe in the dogma on which it is grounded, and to compel these to conformity would be an act of religious tyranny. The arguments advanced by Mr. John Stuart Mill in his *Essay on Liberty* were already familiar in their essence to the popular French mind; and that exquisitely-written treatise, though full of what to the English may seem new and daring speculation, fell with the effect of truism on our neighbours.

The French are not nearly so sensitive about political liberty. Louis Napoleon has made himself a secular despot; but he would never dare to enforce the ob-

servance of the most sacred and essential ordinances of the Roman Church as the English Parliament enforces the observance of Sunday. The utmost efforts have been made by the clergy to induce him to make a religious ceremony essential to marriage; but, in spite of his strong desire to conciliate the Church, he cannot and dare not yield that point. And so much do national feelings differ, that the French often assert that, little as they love Louis Napoleon, they would rather be governed by him seven days in the week than by an English Act of Parliament on the first day only.

The idea of political equality, in the French sense, is perhaps even less intelligible to us than the French conception of religious liberty. No Frenchman that ever I have talked with has advocated the crude conception of equality which our writers amuse themselves by refuting. No Frenchman ever, in my hearing, denied the natural inequalities inevitable amongst men; but between these natural inequalities and the attempt to represent them politically, there is, they argue, a step of such difficulty that it is wiser never to attempt it. They say that our political inequalities are purely artificial—are as far from representing the natural inequalities as their own system of theoretical equality. On the question of the suffrage, they freely admit the inconveniences of giving every man a vote; but our system of boroughs, by which one small town elects a member, and another larger one is unrepresented, does not seem to the French in any way an accurate imitation of the natural inequality. In all discussion they are mercilessly logical; and the Englishman's argument for many abuses, that they work well practically, seems to the French mind an ignoble concession to the basest sort of expediency.

There is also a moral root for the idea of equality in the French mind which is entirely wanting to the English. They have a kind of self-respect quite different from ours. The sort of rudeness from persons of superior rank which Englishmen accept as quite natural and right,

the French resent as impertinence. A friend of mine was taking a drive with a rich French countess in a country where the rank and position of the countess were known to every one. She wanted to know where some peasant lived, and, seeing a man working in a field by the road-side stopped the carriage and called out, "Good man, where does such a one live?" The man replied simply, "Good woman, he lives at such a place;" he being a Frenchman with the idea of equality in his head. Once, in Scotland, I heard an English visitor call out to a labourer, "Man, whose boat is that on the lake?" but the Scotchman replied with deference. It seems intensely absurd to the English to have to be polite to poor people; yet every French peasant exacts courtesy. A thoughtful Frenchman would tell you that by this courtesy he has no idea of denying natural inequality; on the contrary, he thereby recognises its profoundly mysterious nature. An Englishman, meeting a man evidently much poorer than himself, has not the least hesitation about treating him as his inferior; but a Frenchman is courteous to his possible superiority on many points quite as important as money. And, as we come to know mankind better, does not the French view acquire graver claims to consideration? You may be rich and famous, and you may meet in the street some poor unknown operative, and that man in the street may be, for anything you know, at that very time exercising a self-denial so heroic, that no moral effort you ever made in all your life is to be compared to it. Or he may be endowed with natural faculties in comparison with which yours, though everybody has heard of you, are common-place. Let us be courteous to his possible superiority; and, even if he were certainly our inferior in all things, surely our superiority is not so god-like that we are entitled to be rude to him.

These ideas go so far in France that I could relate many astonishing anecdotes in proof of them. A French lady told me that she had never been presented

to the Queen of England, because she thought it possible that the Queen would not treat her on a footing of equality. Now to interpret this sentiment coarsely as a pretension on the lady's part to equal position with Her Majesty, would be merely to misunderstand her. The Frenchwoman's next observation explained her meaning. "A formal recognition of such wide difference of rank is a complete bar to the interchange of ideas, so that conversations with people too exalted to be contradicted have no intellectual interest." And French princes, both of the House of Orleans and the present dynasty, know this so well, that they always meet cultivated Frenchmen on intellectual grounds common to all, recognising a certain philosophical equality in human beings beyond the distinctions of rank.

The next idea, that of national strength, is more powerful in France than with us, as is proved by the willing consent of all Frenchmen to the conscription, and their unflinching support of any ruler, no matter how tyrannical at home, who will make the name of France great and terrible abroad. The one unpardonable sin of Louis Philippe was that France under him ceased to hold that supreme position in European politics which all Frenchmen look upon as her natural right. The open secret of Louis Napoleon's success is that, whatever may be his crimes, he has undeniably put France into the proud place of leader in the councils of Europe.

A striking contrast between the French and the English is the faith of the

French in intellectual conclusions, and their readiness to carry them into practice; whilst the English are sceptical, and, in secular matters, believe in nothing which they have not seen actually at work. The French take the keenest interest in suggestions, possibilities, and theories of all sorts; but only a very few English minds are much interested in mere speculation. But not only are the French speculative, they are above all things ardent to make speculations realities. In France there is but one step between the reception of an idea and its realization—a realization often so premature as to justify British sneers at French mobility, but often also in the highest degree valuable as an experiment.

The difference between the two nations in this respect was never more curiously exemplified, than in the way they have dealt with one of the inevitable questions of modern times—the adoption of a uniform decimal system of weights and measures and money. Every intelligent Englishman has been well aware for many years that the English confusion in these things was irrational and absurd; but, partly from hatred to the French, and partly from his peculiar unwillingness to put intellectual conclusions into practice, he has gone on without making any reform, on the plea—by no means complimentary to the intelligence of his countrymen—that the people of England could not learn a system so simple that any schoolboy above ten years old could master it in half an hour.

OUR RELATIONS WITH BRAZIL.

THE independence of Brazil dates from 1822. The recognition by Portugal of Brazilian independence was effected through the active mediation of England, with Canning's zealous impulsion, three years afterwards. Meanwhile, Lord Cochrane, with a number of gallant English subalterns, had carried on a series of brilliant and successful operations

against the Portuguese arms in Brazil. Lord Dundonald has indignantly told the disgraceful tale of his long weary suit for what was absolutely due to him from the nation which his gallantry and genius had helped to make, and the ultimate tardy, ungracious payment of an instalment of this debt only a few years before his

death.¹ Indisputable and acknowledged claims for prize-money of his companions-in-arms are yet unsettled.

The mediation of England again aided Brazil, in 1828, for the conclusion of a war with Buenos Ayres, which had lasted three years and brought nothing but debt and disaster to the new Brazilian empire. The possession of the province of Monte Video, or the Uruguay, was the subject of dispute; and a treaty made under English mediation in August, 1828 established the independence of Monte Video.

In April 1831, the first Emperor, Pedro I., stayed a revolution already rampant by an abdication in favour of his son, the present Emperor, then a child five years old, and left Brazil, never to return, in an English man-of-war, the *Volage*.

During the reign of the first Emperor two treaties were made with England—one in 1826 for the suppression of slave-trade; the other, in 1827, a treaty of commerce.

The latter treaty provided against higher import duties than fifteen per cent. on English goods in Brazil, and gave an important privilege to the English of intervention by our consuls in the administration of intestate estates. Unfortunately this treaty was not perpetual; either government might denounce it after fifteen years. The Brazilian Government, chafed by the limitation of customs' duties and the consular privilege, availed itself of its power, and the treaty expired in 1844. The Brazilian Government had already both evaded and infringed the provision of the treaty as to import duties,

and there had been many strong remonstrances from the English Government. Claims of British merchants, founded on these evasions and infractions of more than twenty years ago, are yet awaiting settlement. The privilege of consular intervention in administration of intestate estates is of the highest importance to foreigners in Brazil, where the abuses of the native tribunals are enormous. France, more wise or more fortunate than we, made a treaty of commerce in which the provisions as to consular administration of successions bore a permanent character. The English Government have never, since 1844, been able to induce that of Brazil to make a new commercial treaty, or renew a privilege so highly and justly prized by the English merchants, who are the very breath of Brazilian commerce, and have been the chief promoters of Brazilian prosperity. The value of this privilege, and the abuses of the Brazilian testamentary courts, are incidentally testified by unexceptionable witnesses, friendly North American writers.²

The treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade provided that, within three years after the exchange of ratifications, the carrying on of the African slave-trade by Brazilians should be altogether illegal, and "be deemed and treated as piracy." The treaty further confirmed and adopted all the provisions of the

¹ "Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil," &c. Vol. ii. Ridgway, 1859. This book, published by Lord Dundonald in Portuguese, as well as in English, was not permitted to pass the Brazilian Custom House, and large cases of the volumes, which had been destined for Rio remain unpacked to this day in Mr. Ridgway's store-rooms. Lord Dundonald's agents in Rio were Messrs. Moore and Co., the house of which Mr. Bramley Moore is a partner; and no one knows better than he the unjust treatment by the Brazilian Government of Lord Dundonald and of many others.

² Herndon's "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon," Washington, 1854—"I am told, though this may be scandal, that, if property once gets into this court, the heir—if he ever succeeds in getting a settlement—finds but a *Flemish account* of his inheritance."—p. 275. The American Consul at Pará informed Mr. Herndon: "By a law of Brazil, the estate of any foreigner who may die in this country is subject to the jurisdiction of the *Juiz dos Ausentes e difuntos*. The getting hold of the property by the heirs to an estate is a tedious and expensive process; and, when the inheritance consists of real estate, almost twenty per cent. is consumed by taxes of various kinds; and, in some cases, by the collusion of the officers entrusted with settlement, it has disappeared entirely. The French, by treaty, are exempted from this."—p. 355. A similar statement occurs in Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher's "Brazil and the Brazilians," p. 267.

existing treaties between England and Portugal as to right of search and visit and mixed commissions for adjudication of captured vessels. The Brazilian Government found the means of terminating all these provisions in the year 1845; but the first article of the treaty of 1826, declaring the slave-trade illegal and piracy, was of a permanent character and could not be invalidated. The following is a portion of Lord Aberdeen's reply to the Brazilian note denouncing the provisions of the treaty for effecting the suppression of the slave-trade:—

“The undersigned is directed to observe that Her Majesty's Government have no longer any course open to them under the Convention of the 23d November, 1826, than that of giving full effect to the stipulations of the 1st article of that Convention, under which Her Majesty has acquired the right to order the seizure of all Brazilian subjects found upon the high seas engaged in the slave-trade, and of punishing them as pirates, and of disposing of the vessels in which they may be captured, together with the goods belonging to them, as *bona piratorum*. Her Majesty's Government had hoped to the very latest moment that the Brazilian Government would, by a renewal and extension of the engagements between the two countries, have offered to Great Britain some other means of giving effect by joint operations to the Convention of 1826. Unfortunately this has not been the case; and the vigour and success with which the slave-trade is now carried on under the Brazilian flag leaves the British Government no choice but to appeal to the rights and obligations which attach to Her Majesty under the 1st article of the above-mentioned Convention. The undersigned is accordingly directed to declare that Her Majesty's Government are prepared to exercise those rights, and that it is their intention immediately to propose to Parliament to pass the legislative enactments necessary for enabling Her Majesty to carry the provisions of that article into complete execution.”¹

¹ This, and other extracts of official correspondence relative to slave-trade, and to the treatment of free Africans in Brazil, are taken from the series of “Blue-books on Slave Trade, Class B,” annually presented to Parliament. Those who wish to understand the true character of the Brazilian Government, will learn much from the despatches of our Ministers and Consuls in Brazil, published in these Blue-books. The series continues to the present time. The volumes from 1860 contain much information about the present treatment of the free Africans.

The intention thus announced was quickly executed. The Act 8 and 9 Victoria, c. 122, empowering the English Courts of Admiralty to adjudicate captures of Brazilian slavers, which has taken its name from Lord Aberdeen, the then Foreign Minister, passed both Houses of Parliament without a division, and with very little dissent, in the course of a few days. In the House of Lords not a single voice was heard against it. In the Commons the opposition was confined to three members—one of them, it is true, an eminent lawyer, Sir Thomas Wilde. The present Lord Chelmsford was then Solicitor-General, and joined in advising the measure. Lord Lyndhurst, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, was the Lord Chancellor. The opponents in the Commons did not venture on any division. The measure was passed, but the Brazilian slave-trade was not checked. Sixty thousand slaves a year were imported into Brazil in the years 1847, 1848 and 1849. In 1850 Lord Palmerston ordered the execution of the rights of search and seizure in Brazilian ports and rivers. This was the death-blow to the Brazilian slave-trade. The Brazilian Government denounced Lord Palmerston's proceedings as an insult to Brazilian honour and invasion of Brazilian sovereignty; but they then saw the necessity of suppressing the slave trade, and since 1850 it has been suppressed.

A Committee of the House of Commons on Slave-Trade Treaties, which sat in 1853, under the presidency of the venerable Joseph Hume, reported:

“The Committee of the Lords, in their Report of 1850, stated that ‘the habitual disregard of treaties respecting the slave-trade with this country on the part of Brazil, and to a great extent also on the part of Spain, appears to be the main hindrance to the suppression of the trade, and to this, therefore, especially, the attention of Her Majesty's Ministers and of Parliament should be directed;’ and it appears that at that time the slave-trade was carried on to a great extent. The evidence before your Committee proves that the importation of slaves into the Brazils in the year 1847 was 56,172; in 1848, 60,000; in 1849, 54,000; but that in 1851, it had diminished to 3,267, and in 1852 to 700, of which last importation a considerable portion

had been seized by the Brazilian Government."

The Brazilians take to themselves all the glory of the suppression of Brazilian slave-trade; and the University of Oxford in 1862, not with malice it is to be presumed, but in ignorance and credulity, of which the excuse must be their fervid zeal to honour abolition of the slave-trade, conferred honorary Doctors' degrees at one and the same time on Lord Palmerston and on the Brazilian Minister! Lord Clarendon, in 1854, quietly wrote to the then Brazilian Minister in London, the Chevalier de Macedo:—

"Although the Brazilian Government are entitled to full credit for the praiseworthy exertions which they have made since 1852 for the suppression of the African Slave-Trade, and although it would be much more agreeable to me to dwell exclusively on what has been accomplished by Brazil in the last two years, and to pass over the painful records showing the course pursued during the previous twenty-six years in regard to the engagements which Brazil contracted towards Great Britain by the treaty of the 23d of November, 1826, yet I feel bound to express my sincere conviction that the existence of the Act of 1845, and more particularly its stringent enforcement in the year 1850, contributed materially to bring about the present improved state of affairs."

The evidence as to the continual gross violations by the Brazilian Government of their engagements as to the slave-trade up to 1851 is overwhelming. A Brazilian official writer, who has published an excellent work on the productions of Brazil, allows that upwards of 400,000 slaves were imported in the twelve years from 1840 to 1851.¹

¹ S. F. Soares. *Notas Estatísticas sobre a Produção Agrícola e Cárstica dos Generos Alimentícios no Imperio do Brazil* (Statistical Notes on the Agricultural Productions and the Dearness of Food in the Brazilian Empire. Rio de Janeiro, 1860.) Mr. Christie, in a report to Lord Russell, dated May 24, 1861, mentions that there are now probably existing in Brazil a million of slaves, with progeny, illegally imported after 1830. The whole number of slaves in Brazil is roughly estimated at three millions out of a whole population of seven or seven and a half millions. "The Empire of Brazil," says a well-informed philanthropist writer, "covers an area of about 2,700,000 square miles, and has a population of about seven millions and a half. But only few will be acquainted with the fact that this population is

About a million were imported in the twenty years from 1831 to 1850. Lord Aberdeen, when he introduced the Act of 1845, said:—

"Your Lordships are aware that the Brazilian Government have always declined to fulfil their general engagements to co-operate with the British Government for the abolition of the slave-trade. With rare and short exceptions, the treaty has been by them systematically violated from the period of its conclusion to the present time. Cargoes of slaves have been landed in open day in the streets of the capital, and bought and sold like cattle, without any obstacle whatever being imposed on the traffic. Our officers have been waylaid, maltreated, and even assassinated, while in the execution of their duty, and justice in such cases, if not actually denied, has never been fairly granted. No doubt much has happened in the course of the last ten or twelve years which would have justified, and almost called for, an expression of national resentment."²

Lord Palmerston, in giving his support to the measure in the House of Commons, said:—

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible to state in exaggerated terms the just accusation against Brazil of bad faith as to the Conventions agreed to by it respecting the slave-trade. All our inducements, all our arguments, all our persuasions, were utterly fruitless; and, whenever the subject of the slave trade has been discussed here, the notoriously bad faith of the Brazilian Government has been on all hands admitted and deplored."³

These are the testimonies of statesmen, Ministers for Foreign Affairs, who may, perhaps, be suspected of heat or bias. The following is a statement of a scientific traveller in Brazil, the interesting account of whose botanical researches is interspersed with sagacious remarks on the social and moral com-

posed of 3,300,000 negro slaves, 2,800,000 free coloured people (of whom about 500,000 are savages), and only 1,200,000 white men. These numbers alone would suffice to give an idea of what the state of Brazil must be, for in Brazil the proportion of the whites to the coloured population is nearly the reverse of what it is in the United States. In truth, these dreadful proportions of slavery, and of the intermixture of races, have produced a demoralization of the whole Brazilian nation to which there is scarcely a parallel to be found." ("Work of the Christian Church at Home and Abroad. April, 1863.")

² Hansard, July 7, 1845.

³ Hansard, July 24, 1845.

dition of the country. Mr. Gardner, an intelligent Scotchman, travelled in Brazil from 1836 to 1841, and published an account of his travels in 1846. He says :—

“The law has not been attended to, and the consequence of incessant introduction is that the number of slaves in the country has not declined. During the five years which I spent in Brazil, I have good reason for believing that the supply was always nearly equal to the demand, even in the most distant parts of the empire. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the cruisers both on the coast of Brazil and on that of Africa, it was well known to every one in Rio that cargoes of slaves were regularly landed even within a few miles of the city; and, during several voyages which I have made in canoes and other small craft along the shores of the northern provinces, I have repeatedly seen cargoes of from one to three hundred slaves landed, and have heard of others. Again and again, while travelling in the interior, I have seen troops of new slaves of both sexes, who could not speak a single word of Portuguese, varying from twenty to one hundred individuals, marched inland for sale, or already belonging to proprietors of plantations. These bands are always under the escort of armed men, and those who have already been bought are not unfrequently made to carry a small load, usually of agricultural implements. There is no secrecy made of these movements; nay, magistrates themselves are very often the purchasers of them. It is likewise well known that the magistrates of these districts where slaves are landed receive a certain percentage on them as a bribe to secrecy.”¹

There is a special separate question

¹ Gardner's "Travels in the Interior of Brazil," page 16. Mr. Gardner's incidental notices of religion and morality in Brazil differ widely from the fulsome eulogies which have been so rife among the obviously interested or ignorant impugners of Lord Russell's late measures against Brazil. He says of the Brazilian clergy :—"It is a hard thing to say, but I do it not without well considering the nature of the assertion, that the present clergy of Brazil are more debased and immoral than any other class of men."—p. 82. This account of the clergy is confirmed by the Comte de la Hure, author of an elaborate monograph on the Brazilian Empire, published last year, and dedicated to the Emperor of Brazil. The Count says, "The private life of certain priests is scandalous; gambling, drunkenness, and other shameful vices degrade them below even the most reprehensible laymen. They do not add hypocrisy to their sins, and cloak themselves with exterior gravity." (*L'Empire du Brésil, par V. L. Baril, Comte de la Hure. Paris, 1862.*)

arising out of the Slave-Trade Treaty, in which the Brazilian Government have continually shown the greatest bad faith, and in which up to this moment Her Majesty's Government cannot obtain from them satisfactory conduct. This is the question of the free Africans, taken from slavers by English cruisers, freed by the Mixed Commission Court of Rio de Janeiro, and consigned to the care of the Brazilian Government on conditions explained by the following words :—

“As to the slaves, they shall receive from the Mixed Commission a certificate of emancipation, and shall be delivered over to the Government on whose territory the Commission which shall have so judged them shall be established, to be employed as servants or free labourers. Each of the two Governments binds itself to guarantee the liberty of such portion of these individuals as shall be respectively consigned to it.” (Art. 7 of Regulations appended to the Convention with Portugal of 1815, incorporated in the Treaty with Brazil of 1826.)

These free blacks have been shamefully treated in Brazil from the beginning. Mr. Hudson, now Sir James Hudson, who was formerly English Minister in Brazil, wrote to Lord Palmerston, November 17th, 1846 :—

“Tricks are practised with respect to these Africans, in transferring them from one master to another until they are lost sight of and forgotten, in sending them to considerable distances from Rio de Janeiro, in supplying certain influential politicians and men in authority and of influence with them as a means of ensuring a certain line of conduct, in jobbing with them in one way or another, in giving false certificates of death or disappearance; against all of which it requires constant watchfulness and care.”

On another occasion, November 11th, 1850, Mr. Hudson wrote :—

“The position of these Africans is most wretched. They are ill-used, ill-fed, beaten without mercy and without reason, sold, false certificates given of their death, and, in short, every man's hand seems to be raised against them; they have no chance of real freedom in Brazil.”

The Brazilian Government ordained a period of apprenticeship for these free blacks, placing them under the guardianship of the Court of Orphans, and letting them out to individuals for

service or employing them in public works. Our extracts from Sir James Hudson's despatches show how well the apprentices were taken care of. A recent writer on Brazil, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has recorded some of the notorious malpractices permitted by the Brazilian Government in the treatment by their agents of the free Africans. "These agents," says this writer, "were themselves planters, who received on their properties the newly-landed slaves, and, in order to escape from the embarrassing obligation to give them liberty, took care to exchange their names with labourers old or sick. Whenever one of these last died, they placed one of the new comers' names on the list of deaths, and thus they made it all square with the Government, which amiably closed its eyes to these peca-dilloes."¹

In 1853, the Brazilian Government made a decree providing that all the free Africans who had served private individuals for fourteen years should receive letters of emancipation on their petition. This decree did not include the blacks in the employment of the Government, but latterly they have extended its operations to them. Eighteen years have now passed since the Mixed Commission Court of Rio de Janeiro expired; therefore all the free Africans consigned by that Commission to the care of the Brazilian Government must by this time have served more than fourteen years. In a report to Lord Russell, of May 27, 1861, Mr. Christie calculates the number of free Africans, including children, kept in slavery by the Brazilian Government, at about ten thousand. About these the Brazilian Government will give no information. In March, 1861, Mr. Christie made a formal request for specific information:—

"I have been instructed by her Majesty's Government to request the Government of the Emperor to furnish it with a list of the free blacks who were handed over by the Mixed

Commission to the care of the Brazilian authorities, specifying what has become of them, whether dead, emancipated, or still in service; and I have been further instructed to state that, as it was under the authority of a joint British and Brazilian Commission that these blacks were emancipated, Her Majesty's Government feel that they are entitled to ask for this information respecting them, and are bound to look to their welfare."

To this request for information no answer has yet been returned! Is this right? Is it surprising? Thirteen years before a similar request had been made by Sir James Hudson, who, under Lord Palmerston's instructions, wrote to the Brazilian Minister for Foreign Affairs, June 26, 1848:—

"Her Majesty's Government would be glad to know what is the present number of these emancipated negroes, where they now are, and how they are employed, and especially what arrangements have been made for giving them moral and industrial instruction, according to the engagements contained in the Treaty under the provisions of which they were captured; and, as the greatest portion of the negroes so captured and decreed by the Mixed Commission to be free must by this time have been for several years in Brazil, and have become entitled to their entire and unrestricted freedom, Her Majesty's Government would wish to have a list of those who have been placed in the full enjoyment of their liberty."

No answer was ever given to this request. For fifteen years the English government have been fruitlessly begging that of Brazil to condescend to give them information only about these poor human beings who, in violation of treaty, are kept in virtual slavery, and the proper treatment of whom, as free men, Brazil has guaranteed to England. At the last moment, while those reprisals in Rio which have led to a cessation of diplomatic relations were proceeding, Lord Russell, in becoming language, instructed Mr. Christie to remonstrate against the treatment of some of these free Africans in a government establishment in a remote, pestilential part of the empire. Mr. Christie wrote as follows to the Marquis of Abrantes, February 12, 1863:—

"Her Majesty's Government instruct me to say that, with respect to Africans liberated by the late Mixed Commission Court at Rio de

¹ *Le Brésil et la Colonisation. Par M. Elisée Reclus.* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1862.

Janeiro, they are bound to see that the Brazilian Government keep faith with them; and I am instructed to claim for all such Africans unconditional freedom. Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the effect of the new regulations for the government of negroes in the Itapura establishment is practically to consign to forced servitude for six years men, women, and children, who are free according to the showing of the Brazilian authorities themselves; and Her Majesty's Government consequently feel themselves bound to require that those Africans who were liberated under British auspices shall not be subjected to the regulations in question."¹

After the forced abdication of the first Emperor in 1831, Brazil was governed till 1840 by various Regents appointed by the Legislative Assembly. This interval of nine years is marked by continual strifes of faction at Rio de Janeiro, and by some bloody rebellions and civil wars in the provinces. In 1835 there was revolution in the north, in Pará, and in the south in Rio Grande do Sul. In 1837 there was a formidable revolt in Bahia. Another revolution at Rio, happily bloodless, dissipated the regency in 1840, and, in violation of the provisions of the constitution, placed the present Emperor, as yet only fifteen, on the throne as reigning sovereign. The reign of Pedro II. has been on the whole tranquil. The abolition of the Brazilian slave-trade has already had some perceptible and recognised good effect on the nation. Of late years there has been considerable material progress, and a great development of means of communication both with other countries and in Brazil itself, by railroads and steam navigation, chiefly effected by British capital, enterprise, and skill.

A number of claims of British subjects on the Government of Brazil, originating in a variety of circumstances, had accumulated during thirty years; and in 1858 a Convention was made for the establishment of a Mixed Commission for the settlement of all claims of the subjects of either Government against the other which had arisen since the independence of Brazil. Brazilian

¹ "Correspondence respecting Liberated Slaves in Brazil." Parliamentary Paper of 1863.

claims, similar to those of British subjects, arising out of irregular action of authorities, or losses during disturbance of public peace, or government debts, or violations of treaty, or other cognate causes, would necessarily be few; but the Brazilian Government, having obtained the introduction into the Convention of words describing the claims to be investigated and adjudged as "claims which yet remain unsettled or are considered to be unsettled by either of the two Governments," proceeded to bring before the Commission, under cover of these words, claims arising out of captures of Brazilian slaves which had been adjudicated by the Mixed Commission Courts, whose judgments were declared by the Slave Trade Treaties to be final and without appeal. But the Brazilian Government professed to consider the claims in these cases as being still unsettled! They also proposed to bring before the Commission a number of other claims arising out of proceedings of British cruisers under Lord Aberdeen's Act, and so subject that act of the British Parliament to the review of the Commission. They had not disclosed these intentions before the conclusion of the Convention. So soon as Her Majesty's Government became aware of these proceedings of the Brazilian Government, they instructed their commissioner not to entertain any of these Brazilian claims against judgments of the Mixed Commission Courts, or against the principle of Lord Aberdeen's Act. The Brazilian Government then instructed their commissioner to refuse altogether to proceed, and the labours of the Commission were thus suspended. It has since lapsed without result. In September, 1860, Her Majesty's Government expressed their readiness to make a new Convention for the settlement of claims of which lists had been previously exchanged and agreed upon. A tardy and unsatisfactory answer was given to this proposal after the lapse of fourteen months, in November, 1861. Mr. Christie, the Minister at Rio, rejoined to this reply on the 14th of April, 1862, and formally

declared that there were many claims of British subjects which Her Majesty's Government thought entitled to support, and which they could not permit to remain unsatisfied, but that, wishing to avoid extreme measures, they once more declared their readiness to enter into a new Convention with Brazil for the settlement of legitimate claims on both sides. Mr. Christie concluded by expressing the desire of Her Majesty's Government for an answer within a shorter period of time than that which had elapsed before the proposal of September, 1860, was replied to. No answer has yet been given. Lord Russell, in his despatch of June 6, in which he ordered the withdrawal of our Legation from Rio, observes strongly but temperately :—

“ Her Majesty's Government are fully justified in complaining that up to this time they are still left without a reply to the proposals conveyed in Mr. Christie's note of the 14th of April, 1862, and that no steps appear to have been taken for the just settlement of various British claims, some of them of long standing and of very considerable amount. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, hope that the Government of Brazil will, in its future intercourse with Great Britain, through whatever channel that intercourse may be carried on, act with that courtesy which is usual between Governments, and also that the Brazilian Government will, without further delay, frankly enter into the communication of their views as to the means by which a settlement of the long-pending claims may best be arrived at.”

Mr. Layard has stated that the claims of British subjects, the settlement of which has been so long evaded and postponed, amount to about 350,000*l.*; and some of them are thirty years old.

This sketch of anterior relations and of other questions of the English government with that of Brazil, is the prelude of the story of those proceedings which have lately excited so much attention and discussion, and which may almost be said to have made Brazil known within the last few months to a very large portion of the English public. *Qualis ab incepto*, the Brazilian Government conducted itself in the two questions of the *Prince of Wales* and the officers of the *Forte*,

as it has conducted itself constantly and in many other questions; and the tone and measures of the English Government derive explanation and justification from all that has gone before. Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston have both declared in Parliament their belief that the crew of the *Prince of Wales* were barbarously murdered by the Brazilian wreckers; and Lord Russell, having vainly tried the effect of gentle words, was forced to tell the Brazilian Minister that Her Majesty's Government had been “mocked for eighteen months by “the evasions, subterfuges, and unfounded assertions of the Brazilian “authorities,” and that then “Her “Majesty's naval squadron proceeded “to enforce the moderate demands of “Her Majesty's Government according “to the rules of international law, “after a long period of patience and “forbearance.” In the question of the officers of the *Forte*, it appears from the published correspondence that the Minister had the greatest difficulty in obtaining an investigation; that, having attended the Foreign Minister by appointment to discuss the affair, he could obtain no discussion; that a note of remonstrance afterwards written, on the 19th of August (the affray had occurred two months before), received no attention and no answer; and that on the 5th of December, Mr. Christie, in executing his instructions to demand satisfaction, began by expressing his concern that he was still without an answer to his note of the 19th of August.¹ Well might Lord Russell say,

¹ All the official correspondence on the questions of the *Prince of Wales*, and the *Forte*, has been published by Ridgway in an 8vo. form, with an Introduction, “telling some truth about Brazil,” which, among other matter illustrative of the condition of Brazil, contains some reply to a very eulogistic article in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1860. In the same Introduction will be found information about the gross judicial and custom-house corruption prevailing in Brazil, subjects of close interest for British merchants and residents. The Count de la Hure, a friend of Brazil, is obliged to say of the Brazilian custom-house officials: “The formalities, generally long and vexatious, are aggravated by the idleness of the officers and their want

that, up to the time of the reprisals, the Brazilian Government showed a determination to make no explanations, and to give no heed to the feeling of the English admiral that the treatment of his officers had involved a slight to the British navy. The English Government took the same view as Admiral Warren and Mr. Christie. The King of the Belgians has decided otherwise. After the reprisals had been ordered, and before a single vessel was taken, Mr. Christie invited the Brazilian Government to refer all the questions in dispute to arbitration. They declined arbitration in the case of the *Prince of Wales*, whether as to principle of liability or as to amount of compensation, and preferred to pay, under protest, whatever sum the English Government might demand. In the question of the *Forte*, they proposed to refer it to the King of the Belgians to decide "whether in the mode of applying the laws of Brazil to the case of the officers of the *Forte* there has been any offence to the British navy." Lord Russell unnecessarily and generously accepted this reference, and the King of the Belgians has decided that there was no offence, or intention of offence, to the English navy. It need not be pointed out that this award refers to only one part or aspect of one only of the two questions for which reprisals were ordered. It does not touch the question of the *Prince of Wales*, as regards which none but insignificant and notoriously factious persons have contested the reasonableness of reprisals; nor does it even say that, in the question of the *Forte*, there was no harshness, irregularity or injustice in the treatment of British subjects who are naval officers, and no discourtesy to the British Government. Lord Howard de Walden, in transmitting to Lord Russell King Leopold's award, which he had received from His Majesty's

of goodwill in discharge of their duties. The venality of all the custom-house agents is such that the merchants must pay them, if they wish to get easily through the multitudinous custom-house formalities."—P. 264.

hands, writes:—"The King restricts his judgment to the character or spirit of the proceedings of the Brazilian agents—whether, in a national point of view in regard to the British navy, it was to be deemed offensive or not; and on this His Majesty decides in the negative."

This award of the King of the Belgians, eliminating the point of national honour from the question of the *Forte*, while in the other question the Brazilian Government had paid the sum demanded, would doubtless have enabled Her Majesty's Government handsomely to close the dispute, but for the extraordinary course taken in the meantime by the Brazilian Government, ending in the withdrawal of their minister from London. Mr. Christie had caused the reprisals to be stopped and the prizes taken to be restored, on the proposal of the Brazilian Government to pay compensation under protest in the case of the *Prince of Wales*, and to seek arbitration in the case of the *Forte*. An agreement was recorded in two notes exchanged on the 5th of January. But no sooner had the English minister fulfilled his part of the agreement and the Brazilian Government escaped from their urgent difficulty, than the Marquis of Abrantes published in Rio instructions to M. Moreira to make demands of which nothing had been said to Mr. Christie, and which were clearly precluded by the arrangement with him, of satisfaction for violation of territorial sovereignty by the reprisals, and compensation for losses resulting from the captures. These demands, tardily made, and skilfully, if not craftily, attenuated by M. Moreira, so as to endeavour to distinguish between the orders for reprisals of the British Government—of which he actually said that the Brazilian Government made no complaints—and the manner of executing them by the British Minister, were rejected by the English Government; and M. Moreira asked for his passports. It has been the hope and endeavour of the Brazilian Government, from first to last, to separate the English Minister

from his Government. Tortuous always themselves, they have thought that an English Cabinet was capable of sacrificing an agent to stay clamour and conciliate faction. The answer to this was given by Lord Palmerston, in characteristic words, which Brazil will do well in future to remember :—

“It is a well-known practice in countries which are in that peculiar state of progress in which Brazil happens at the present moment to find itself, that, when their injustice or misconduct obliges a foreign Government to use compulsion in order to obtain the redress which has been denied to friendly representations, they endeavour to take their revenge by pouring forth every sort of calumny upon the agent who has been the instrument of the Government using those means. I can assure the House, however, that such proceedings

never will, in any degree, damage a British representative in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government.”

Lord Russell stated in the House of Lords, on the 15th of July, that the King of Portugal had expressed his desire to assist in restoring good relations, and had instructed his Minister at Rio de Janeiro to endeavour to ascertain the feelings of the Brazilian Government. It is now said that the Brazilian Government have rejected the proffered good offices of the King of Portugal, which Her Majesty's Government had accepted as readily as they before accepted the proposal of Brazil for arbitration on one point by the King of Belgium.

AMONG THE HEATHER.

BY ÆSDEAN MACGHILMHAOIL.

THERE are not a few individuals of superfine sensibilities, and in easy circumstances, who regard the rapid progress of agriculture in these days with feelings somewhat akin to those which once convulsed the placid bosoms of the lake poets, at the prospect of that “insane substruction”—a railway amid the beautiful solitudes of Windermere. They hear with alarm of cattle-shows necessitating “fresh fields and pastures new,” if it be true, as a certain noble authority asserts, that the genius of Darwin presides over these bucolic exhibitions; and of agricultural societies and dinners—one of whose objects, at least, is the more thorough and extensive appropriation of those domains that have not yet passed under the plough. They see with a sinking of the heart, which no hope of increased gain to the neighbouring gastric region can allay, the wave of cultivation stealthily creeping up the hill-side higher and higher with each yearly tide—submerging scenes dear to the poet and painter, and reducing the stern Roman features of the primitive landscape to the plainness

of a prize-fighter's countenance after a famous mill. The beautiful green knolls, around which superstitious eyes used to see the fairies dancing in the mid-summer moonlight, have been levelled and “taken in” as part of the surrounding corn-field. The grey Druidical stones, which our ancestors reverently spared, and around which the most grasping farmer used to leave a broad margin of natural sward, have been blasted with gunpowder to macadamize a road or build a dyke, in defiance of the curse pronounced against those who should desecrate these old bones of an extinct faith; and the ground on which they stood has been planted with potatoes. Before the encroachments of the universal turnip every natural landmark disappears, and patriotism, except among the volunteers, threatens to die out; for what inducement is there for our soldiers to fight for homes and scenes which they are not sure of recognising on their return amid an endless succession of similar fields and hedgerows extending beneath the heavens like a gigantic chess-board!

We sympathize in general with these conservative individuals, and acknowledge that their sentiments do them honour. But in the present instance we are glad to find that their fears are premature, if not altogether groundless. As ocular demonstration is more convincing than any amount of logical argument, let us ask the most inveterate of our anti-agricultural friends to accompany us to the top of a hill—say in the north of Perthshire. From this superior standing-point let him look around, and we venture to say that one glance will suffice to make him far more anxious about his children's bread than for the local habitation of his airy nothings. How vast the dominion of nature; how insignificant the portion which man has reclaimed for his own uses! For all the evidence of man's occupancy that appears within the boundless horizon, he might imagine himself the solitary tenant of an alien world, monarch of all he surveys. A few spots of pale green hardly distinguishable among the heather; a narrow strip of cultivated valley obscured by the shadow of overhanging mountains; the silver thread of a stream running through a thin fringe of verdure; and, all around, the brown interminable wastes lengthening as he gazes, until their wild billows subside on the blue shore of the distant horizon! This is what he sees, and a more humbling spectacle we cannot imagine. The powerlessness of man's efforts amid the stern forces of nature could not be more strikingly exhibited. The most rabid opponent of utilitarianism will own in such a place that a few scratches, more or less, of the plough, however important as regards the interests of man, are of very little consequence amid these immeasurable deserts. Nature takes ample care of her own rights, without the assistance of her admirers. In the rigour of her climate and the ruggedness of her soil, she imposes barriers upon the onward march of improvement which cannot be overleaped. It will not pay to cultivate the largest portion of our country. The most powerful

artificial manures, and the most skilful "high farming," will not suffice to extract a remunerative produce from our more elevated hills and moorlands. Whatever the pressure of population may be, we must leave these solitudes to their primitive wildness, and give them over in fee-simple to the grouse and alpine hare. They are the last strongholds into which "beleagured Nature," everywhere else subdued, has withdrawn behind her glacis and battlements of mountain-ridges in grim defiance of the advancing conqueror. Nor is it difficult to find reasons for putting up this trespass-notice and restricting man's occupancy of the earth. The lofty mountain ranges have been piled up, and the rugged desolation of the moorlands spread out, because the soul requires some great outlets of this kind to escape from the petty cares and conventionalities of civilized life, and to expand in sublime imaginings towards the infinity of God; while to those who do not feel this craving for something higher and purer than they find in the everyday pursuits of life, and who, like good Bishop Burnet, consider hills and moors unsightly excrescences and deformities upon the face of nature—evidences of the ruinous effects of the "fall"—it may be sufficient to say, in justification of this reckless waste of land, that there is a physical as well as an æsthetic necessity for it. There is vicarious sacrifice in the arrangements of inanimate nature, as well as in the laws of human life. There is a beautiful balance by which barrenness is set over against fertility, and life against death. Some spots must be bleak and desolate in order that other spots may be clothed with verdure and beauty. These hills and moors are intended to be not only ornamental, but useful; not only picture-galleries for the poet and painter, but also storehouses of fertility and wealth for the farmer and merchant. Their towering crests and spongy heaths arrest the vapours which float in the higher regions of the atmosphere, collect and filter them in reservoirs in their bosoms, and send them down in copious

streams to water the low grounds, and spread over the barren plains the rich alluvium which they bear away in solution from their sides; while the fresh cool breezes, that play around the summits, sweep down with healthful influences into the hot and stagnant air of the confined valleys. In many ways they perform a most important part in the economy of nature, and by their means is preserved the fertility of extensive regions which would otherwise become hopelessly sterile.

To those who are accustomed to the rich beauty of lowland scenery, the treeless, desolate aspect of the moorlands may appear harsh and uninviting. They miss there the objects which they are accustomed to see, and around which have gathered the associations of years. There is apparently nothing within the circle of vision to arrest the eye or interest the mind. All seems one dead dull monotony, an interminable dark level, an eye-wearying waste, marked only but not relieved by grey rocks and shallow bogs reflecting an ashen sky. This first unfavourable impression, however, is sure to be dispelled by a more intimate acquaintance. Apart from the charm of contrast which most persons find in circumstances differing widely from those in which their life is usually spent, and the interest which contemplative minds find in all bare, solitary places, there are countless objects of attraction and beauties of hue and form which fill up the seeming void, and make these apparently blank pages of nature most suggestive to the dullest intellect. The seasons, marching with their slow solemn steps over the moorlands, may leave behind them none of those striking changes which mark their progress in the haunts of man. The elements of the scenery are too simple to be very susceptible to the vicissitudes of the year. But, still, there are some tokens of their presence; and these are all the more interesting that they do not reveal themselves at once to a cold casual gaze, but require reverently to be sought out. Nowhere is the grass so vividly green in early spring-time as along the banks

of the moorland stream, or on the shady hill-side on which the cloud reposes its snowy cheek all day long and weeps away its soul in silent tears. How gorgeous is that miracle of blossoming when Summer with her blazing torch has kindled the dull brown heather, and every twig and spray burst into blushing beauty, and spread wave after wave of rosy bloom over the moors, until the very heavens themselves catch the reflection, and bend enamoured over it with double loveliness! How rich, under the mild blue skies of Autumn, are the russet hues of the withered ferns and mosses that cluster on the braes or creep over the marshes, imparting a mimic sunshine to the scene in the dullest day! How exquisitely pure is the untrodden snow in the hollows which the winds heap into gracefully swelling wreaths and mark with endless curves of beauty! Wander over one of the Perthshire moors from break of morn to close of day, and you will no longer stigmatize it as a monotonous uninteresting waste. From sunrise to sunset the appearance of the landscape is never precisely the same for two successive hours. Like a human face changing its expression with every thought and feeling, it alters its mood as cloud or sunshine passes over it. Now it is bathed in light, under which every cliff and heather-bush shine out with the utmost distinctness; anon it lies cold and desolate, unutterably forlorn and forsaken when the sky is overcast. At one time it is invested with a transparent atmosphere in which the commonest and meanest objects are idealized as in a picture; at another, great masses of sharply-defined shadows from the stooping clouds lie like pine forests on the bright hill-sides, or a flood of molten gold, welling over the brim of a thunder cloud, streams down and irradiates with concentrated glory a single spot which gleams out from the surrounding gloom like a lovely isle in a stormy ocean. And the sunrises and sunsets—those grand rehearsals of the conflagration of the last day—who can describe them in an amphitheatre

so magnificent, a region so peculiarly their own! How inexpressibly sweet is the lingering tremulousness of the gloaming, that quiet ethereal sabbath-like pause of nature in which the smallest and most distant sounds are heard, not loud and harsh, but with a fairy distinctness exquisitely harmonized with the holiness of the hour! There are no such twilights in England; they belong only to northern latitudes, where the light, if it be colder and feebler, compensates by its longer stay, and its heavenly purity, and beauty at the close. And how full of weird, wild mystery is the scene as the evening grows darker; how vast and vague and awful in the uncertain light are the forms of the hills; how ghostly are the shadows! There Night is a visible form, and her solitude is like the presence of a god.

Nor is the moorland altogether dependent for its beauty upon atmospheric effects. It hides within its jealous embrace many a lovely spot on which one comes unexpectedly with all the interest of discovery. There are little dells where a streamlet has lured up from the valley, by the magic of its charms, a cluster of rowan-trees, whose red berries dance like fire in the broken foam of the waterfalls; or a group of tiny, white-armed birches that always seem to be combing their fragrant tresses in the clear mirror of its linns. There are moorland tarns, sullen and motionless as lakes of the dead, lying deep in sunless rifts, where the very ravens build no nests, and where no trace of life or vegetation is seen—associated with many a wild tradition, “accidents of straying feet; the suicide of love, guilt, despair.” And there are lochs beautiful in themselves, and gathering around them a world of beauty; their shores fringed with the tasselled larch, their shallows tessellated with the broad green leaves and alabaster chalices of the water-lily; and their placid depths mirroring the crimson gleam of the heather hills and the golden clouds overhead.

We have often been struck, when wandering over the moors, with the

wonderful harmonies of the objects we saw. The different birds and beasts that inhabit the scene are clothed with fur or plumage of a brown russet hue, to harmonize them with the colour of the heathy wastes, and thus to facilitate their escape from their enemies. Nor is this harmony confined to the form and hue of the living creatures—it is also strikingly displayed in their peculiar cries. All the voices of the moorland are indescribably plaintive—suggestive of melancholy musings and memories. No one can hear them, even in the sunniest day, without a nameless thrill of sadness; and, when multiplied by the echoes through the mist, or the storm, they seem like cries of distress, or wailings of woe, from another world. In them the very spirit of the solitude seems to find expression. None of our familiar songbirds ever wander to the moorland. It is tenanted by a different tribe, and the line of demarcation between them is sharply defined. In the valley and the plain the thrush and the chaffinch fill the air with their music; but, as you climb the mountain-barrier of the horizon, you are greeted on the frontier by the wild cries of the plovers which hover around you in ceaseless gyrations, following your steps far beyond their marshy domains. These are the outposts—the sentinels of the wild—and jealously do they perform their office. No stranger appears in sight, or sets a foot within their territories, without eliciting the warning cry. Well might the Covenanters curse them, for many a grey head, laid low in blood by the persecuting dragoons, would have escaped, securely hidden among the green rushes and peat-bogs, but for their importunate revelation of the secret. Beyond the haunts of this bird stretches a wide illimitable circle of silence, in which only a shrill, solitary cry now and then is heard, rippling the stillness like a stone cast into the bosom of a stream, and leaving it, when the wave of sound has subsided, deeper than before. And how absolute is that silence! It seems to breathe—to become tangible. The solitude is like that of mid-

ocean—not a human being in sight, not a trace or a recollection of man visible in all the horizon; from break of day to eventide no sound in the air but the sigh of the breeze round the lonely heights, the muffled murmur of some stream flashing through the heather, or the long, lazy lapse of a ripple on the beach of some nameless tarn.

Here, if anywhere, you can be lulled on the “lap of a placid antiquity.” These grey northern moors are immeasurably old. The gneissic rock that underlies them is one of the oldest in the records of geology—the lowest floor of the most ancient sea, in whose water its particles were first precipitated, to be afterwards indurated by chemical action, or mechanical pressure, into their present compact mass. Here was, probably, the first dry land that appeared above the surface of the ocean. Long before the Alps upreared their snowy peaks from the deep, and while an unbroken sea tossed its billows over the spots where the Andes and Himalayas now tower to heaven, these moors lay stretched out beneath the desolate skies, as islands reposing on a shoreless ocean, not clothed, as at present, with brown heather and spongy moss, but presenting an aspect of still drearier desolation. They were all that in the earliest geologic epochs represented the beauty and power of Great Britain—the first instalment of that mighty empire which Britannia gained from the deep. Here, where nature is all in all and man is nothing, you expect to find permanence. Time seems to have sailed over these moors with folded wing, leaving no more trace of his flight than the passage of the shadow over the dial-stone; and yet, calm and steadfast as the scene may appear, it has passed through many a stormy cataclysm, it has witnessed many a startling transition. On rock and mound the careful observer will find those strange hieroglyphics in which Nature’s own hand has chronicled the eventful history of her youth. Here, where the sheep are quietly nibbling the green sward, the sea once broke in foam on the shore;

there, on that elevated knoll—if the surface were fully exposed—veins of granite thrust up by some violent internal convulsion—might be seen reticulating the gneiss as with a gigantic network, showing “the mighty levers employed by Nature in piling up her Cyclopean ma-sonry.” Yonder the rocks are smoothed and polished, or else marked with grooves and scratches, telling of glaciers that passed over them, and suggesting to the imagination the picture of that strange era in the past history of our country, when from Snowdon and the Yorkshire moors to Ronaldsay and Cape Wrath, eternal winter reigned with sternest rigour, and the Arctic bear hunted the narwhal amid the icebergs and ice-floes that drifted past the coasts of Sussex and Hampshire. Yonder granite boulders that strew the hillside, differing in mineral character from the prevailing formation of the region, and which, according to the Ossian mythology, fell from the leaky creel of a giant Finn striding over the heights one day to take vengeance with this rude but effective ammunition against an offending neighbour—the geologist tells us were transported to this place from a granitic district twenty miles distant on the back of a slow-moving glacier. And those elevated conical mounds, or moraines, which you meet with here and there, are accumulations of mud and gravel, marking in enduring characters the terminations of those vanished ice-streams. Turning from the distant silent ages of the geologist to the early lisping ages of our own race, we find numerous traces of these also chronicled on the moors. The labour of the peasant often discloses, deeply embedded in the moss, large trunks of birch, alder, and fir, masses of foliage, cones and nuts in a perfect state of preservation, the fossils of the peat-bog. These, like the kindred relics of the coal-fields, tell us a tale of luxuriant forests clothing, like dark thunder-clouds, desolate tracts where not a single tree is now to be seen, and scarcely a juniper-bush can grow. Through the underwood of these

primæval forests the wild boar roamed, and the shaggy bison bellowed, and the long dismal howl of the wolf made the silence of midnight hideous, ages before the fanfare of the Roman trumpets startled the echoes of the hills. Nor are the traces of man's own presence in those remote times absent from the scene. The sides of some of the hills, which time out of mind have been abandoned irretrievably to the dusky heather, bear evident marks of tillage; but the comparative fertility of these stony spots only proves the wretched state of the agriculture of the Aborigines. Here and there you stumble upon a grey moss-grown obelisk, a cairn, or a cromlech—dim and undated relics, lying, like the fragments of an old world, on the twilight shores of the sea of time. Beside, or under these, we find the hatchet of stone, the arrow-head of flint, or the quern, over which no history or tradition sheds light. Who owned these rude implements? We cannot tell. Every recollection of the people who used them is swept away. Under the cromlech or the cairn they "lay down and took their long, last sleep, without a thought of posterity," or a care as to the conclusions future ages might arrive at regarding the scanty memorials they left behind.

The vegetation of the moorlands is exceedingly varied and interesting. Its character is intermediate between the Arctic and Germanic type, reminding one, in the prevalence of evergreen, thick, glossy-leaved plants, of the flora of Italy, which seems, from the evidence of ancient records, to have undergone a remarkable change in modern times, and now approximates in its general physiognomy to the flora of dry mountain regions. The plant which above all others is characteristic of the moor, is, of course, the common heather or ling. It is one of the most social of all plants, covering immense tracts with a uniform dusky robe, and claiming, like an absolute autocrat, exclusive possession of the soil. And yet, though capable of growing in the bleakest spots, and enduring the utmost extremes of

temperature, its distribution in altitude and latitude is singularly limited. It ascends only to a certain height on the mountains on which it grows; for, although it covers the summits of most of the hills in England, many of the loftiest Highland hills rise high above it, green with grass, or grey with moss and lichens. Its upper line runs from two to three thousand feet in the counties of Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, varying according as it grows on an elevated mountain range or on isolated peaks. On the west coast of Scotland it is very often found on a level with the sea-shore, almost mingling with the dulse and the bladder wrack. In Norway, strange to say, although the general surface of the country is composed of high and barren tablelands, it is so exceedingly scarce that, throughout an extent of 600 miles, Dr. Shaw could scarcely find a single specimen. Although abundant on the European side of the Ural mountains, it disappears very suddenly and decidedly on the eastern declivity of the range; and it is entirely absent from the whole of northern Asia to the shores of the Pacific. Its northern limits seem to be in Iceland, and its southern in the Azores. In Europe it covers large tracts of ground in France, Germany, and Denmark, particularly in the landes of Bordeaux and the moors of Bretagne, Anjou, and Maine; while in Great Britain it exists in every county, with the exception of Berks, Bucks, Northampton, Radnor, Montgomery, Flint, Lincoln, Ayr, Haddington, Linlithgow. The range of latitude of the heath tribe is eminently Atlantic, or Western. It is found along a line drawn from the north of Norway along the west coast of Europe and Africa, down to the Cape of Good Hope, in the vicinity of which the family culminates in point of luxuriance of growth, beauty of flowers, and foliage, and variety of species, some even attaining the arborescent form. Along this line, which is comparatively narrow, seldom running far from the coast, about four hundred distinct kinds, excluding varieties are scattered, of which

England and Scotland possess only three, and Ireland no less than six. That Australia and America have no heaths is a botanical aphorism. It is recorded of the first Highland emigrants to Canada, that they wept because the heather, a few plants of which they had brought with them from their native moors, would not grow in their newly adopted soil. It is understood, however, that an English surveyor, nearly thirty years ago, found the common ling in the interior of Newfoundland; while in one spot in Massachusetts it occurs very sparingly over about half an acre of boggy ground, in the strange company of andromedas, kalmias, and azaleas peculiar to the country. It was first observed ten years ago, by a Scottish farmer residing in the vicinity, who was no less surprised by its unexpected appearance than delighted to set his foot once more on his native heath. None of the plants seemed to be older than six years, and may, therefore, have been introduced by some one who found relief for home sickness in forming this simple floral link between the new and the old country.

There are many beautiful little shrubs growing on the moorland along with the heather which are found nowhere else. The crowberry spreads over rocky places in large tufted masses, producing early in summer a liberal supply of black juicy berries, which form the principal food of the grouse and other moorland birds. The dry barren knolls, where the wind blows keenest and the scent of water is never felt, are profusely covered with the trailing stems and glossy leaves of the bear-berry. The flower is even more beautiful than that of either the cross or fine-leaved heather—a little waxen bell, with the faintest blush on its snowy cheeks; and the fruit is no less lovely, clusters of mealy beads of the richest crimson gleaming out in beautiful contrast from the dark green leaves. On the moist hill-sides the mountain rasp or cloudberry, the badge of the clan Macfarlane, grows in great abundance; and its rich orange fruit, under the name of *ciracan* or

noops furnishes a grateful refreshment to the shepherd on a hot autumn day. The juniper forms miniature pine-groves in sheltered places, and yields its berries liberally to give a piquant gin flavour to the old wife's surreptitious bottle of whisky; while the sweet gale or Dutch myrtle perfumes with its strong resinous fragrance the foot that brushes through its beds in the marshes, and gives a similar spice of the hills to the Sunday clothes of the Highland belle, as they are carefully folded with a sprig between each in the "muckle kist." Beneath the shelter of these tiny fruit trees of the heath, there is a dense underwood of minute existences, curious antique forms of vegetable life, performing silently, and all unknown and unnoticed, their allotted tasks in the great household of nature. The little cup-lichen reddens by thousands every dry hillock; the reindeer-moss whitens the marshes with its coral-like tufts; the long wreaths of the club-moss creep in and out among the heather roots, like lithe green serpents, sewed to the ground by delicate threads, yet sending up here and there from their hiding-places white two-pronged spikes to catch the sunbeams, until you marvel at the wealth of beauty and interest that is scattered in the waste without any human eye to behold it.

Nor is the moorland altogether destitute of human interest. Far up in some lonely corrie may be seen the ruins of rude shellings surrounded by soft patches of verdure, on which the heather has not intruded for centuries. To these Highland chalets the wives and daughters of the crofters used to come up from the valley every summer with their cattle and dairy utensils, and spend three or four months in making cheese and butter for the market, or for home consumption during the winter, as is the custom still in some secluded districts of the Vosges and Swiss Alps. The Gaelic songs are full of beautiful allusions to the incidents of this primitive pastoral life; and many fresh and interesting materials for poetry or fiction might be gleaned from this source by

those who have exhausted every other field. Farther down the hill, though still among the moorlands, there are other ruins of cottages and farmsteads, the effects of those extensive "clearings" which took place forty or fifty years ago in the great Highland properties. Scores of such "larichken," as they are called, with the rank nettle growing round the hearthstone, and surrounded by traces of cultivation, may be seen in places where sheep and deer now feed undisturbed by the presence of man. The wisdom and justice of depopulating these upland valleys have been often questioned. It was, at the least, a terrible remedy for a terrible disease; and we ought, perhaps, as a nation, to be thankful that upon the whole it has been productive of unlooked-for beneficial results. The situation of these ruins is often exceedingly picturesque; perched under the lee of a grey crag, with a little streamlet murmuring past through the green sward, like the voice of memory informing the solitude, and a single fir-tree bending its gnarled branches over the roofless walls, its scaly trunk gleaming red against the sunset, enhancing, instead of relieving, the desolation of the scene. We have spent many happy days in these simple homes, the abodes of honest worth, and rough, but genuine hospitality, on which we look back through the haze of years with a pleasing regret. Well do we remember your humble hut, Donald Macrae, afar amid the wild moors of Bohespick, with its thatched roof and unmortared walls, green and golden through nature's lavish adorning of moss and lichen. Your little patch of garden was overgrown with weeds which congregated there from all quarters, as if glad of a shelter from the inhospitable wild, and so rudely fenced in from the heather, that the rabbits found easy admission to your peas, and the red deer often came down hunger-driven from the snow-clad heights, and devoured in a few seconds your scanty stock of winter-kail; but in no garden of lord or commoner were the red hairy gooseberries so sweet, and Mount Hybla

itself could not boast of more luscious honey than the liquid amber gathered from the heather-bells by the three beehives in the sunny corner. We can testify to the noisy welcome of your collies when we used to appear in sight, and to the shyness of your four clubby pledges of affection, as they cautiously peered out at us from behind the safe shelter of the maternal wing, mute and irresponsible to the kindest familiarities, and to the most tempting offers of "sweeties." The vision of your hospitable board rises up before our mental eye, loaded with a pile of crisp oat-cakes; a jug of foaming cream, with that rich nutty flavour peculiar to the produce of cows fed on old pastures uncontaminated by villainous artificial manures; cameos of snow-white butter, with the national symbol in beautiful relief; a great hard cheese of ewe's-milk, and last, not least, a bottle of native mountain-dew unconsecrated by water, or gauger's grace. We see dimly through the peat-reek of your ingle, your own manly face and burdly figure clad in tartan coat and kilt spun by your aged mother from the fleece of your own sheep, with a collie at your feet, and your youngest hope dandling on your knee, and your comely wife, with mealy cheeks and arms bare to the shoulders, baking the household cakes, as perfect a picture of a Dutch Venus as ever emanated from the pencil of Rubens or Houdekoetter! May the blessing of Him that dwelt in the bush rest upon you and yours in that distant Australian valley, which, true to the instinct of home, you have pathetically named after your native spot! It is well that there are still many homes of this kind, inhabited by an equally hospitable race, to be found by the stranger when weary and belated in his wanderings amid the Highland moorlands. We know nothing more enjoyable than a week's sojourn in one of these places. The infatuation which drives so many people every season to dissipate their time amid the frivolities of some pert fashionable village or watering-place, on pretence of going to the country, is utterly incomprehensible

to us. We should advise every sensible person, who wishes a fresh supply of good temper as well as of good health, to avoid carefully, as he would the plague, every one of those spas and villages "within easy reach by coach or railway," and boldly take up his abode in some lonely farmhouse or shepherd's sheiling on the Highland moors. Here, with an utter change of scene, you breathe an air pure and fresh from Nature's own goblet. Ozone, that purifying principle in the atmosphere which is antagonistic to all fevers and miasma, increases with the height, and here it abounds, filling all the atmosphere with its healthful influences. There is a tonic in every draught of it for every species of dyspepsia, for every form of enervation and lassitude that results from a pampered stomach or an overwrought brain. There is balm in every breeze, expanding the spirit and lifting it buoyantly up from under the burden of care and anxiety, until it embraces like a rainbow all nature within its radiant arch, and old cares and sorrows become dim as dreams. You feel as if, besides all the gases needful for respiration, there were present "some ethereal nectarine element baffling the analysis of the chemist," yet revealing its presence in the thrill of conscious exuberant life which it excites in your frame. Here, not far from the centres of civilization, within reach, and yet remote, you may realize the benighted state of our ancestors; feel what it is to exist without letters, newspapers, visitors, calls of ceremony, or any of the thousand and one appliances of modern life, and yet at any time be able to survey from some elevated point a region within whose magic ring all these things are enjoyed. Here is the highest soul of monastic retirement—all its romance, with none of its restraint. You stand apart from the world in an eddy of life, a quiet sheltered bay cut off from the ocean, whose rough stormy waves rave and foam without, with no society save that of the taciturn farmer and his family, the black-faced sheep and the dumb mountains. You will have to put up with some incon-

veniences no doubt. You may feel, when forcing your body into the wall-press which stands for your bed in the *ben-room*, as if you were rehearsing, like Charles V.—with the disadvantage of being alive, and no mourners—the ceremony of your own coffining. The friction of the native sheets and blankets against your delicate skin may remind you forcibly of the shampooing which nearly flayed you in a Turkish bath. You will, perhaps, have to wash and dress yourself in the neighbouring burn, in absence of all toilet apparatus. Your diet will be largely a milk one, reducing you to the condition of a Cretan; and your teeth, lately under the care of Messrs. Molar and Co. may have hard work with the granitic cakes and fibrous mutton. But all these disadvantages will enhance, by way of contrast, your enjoyment of the place. They will be incidents to think of pleasantly afterwards amid the luxuries of your club, or during that pleasant half-hour of retrospection before you fall asleep amid the downy billows of civilization's four-poster. And, depend upon it, there will be a great deal of insensible education going on in your converse with your own soul in the solitude of the hills, and a stock of softening influences accumulating, which will make the toilsome dreary days of winter brighter, and prepare you the better for that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

One of the most frequent incidents of the moorland, about the beginning of June, is peat-making, the most picturesque of Highland out-door occupations. In those basin-shaped hollows which give the scenery an undulating aspect, there are large deposits of peat, formed by the decay of numberless generations of those plants which delight in cool climates and moist soils. The history of this accumulation of carbonaceous matter is exceedingly interesting to the geologist. It furnishes a plausible solution of the difficulties involved in the question of the formation of coal; it provides data by which recent geological changes may be de-

terminated with some degree of accuracy ; and frequently, owing to its antiseptic qualities, it becomes an archaeological cabinet, preserving the relics of former generations. In none of these aspects, however, are the peat-bogs of the Highland moors so interesting as in their connexion with the habits and customs of the peasantry. It is no easy task to thread one's way among the bogs and marshes where the peat is found, the danger being somewhat imminent of falling plump over the yielding edge into some open pool of inky water, or sinking up to the waist in some treacherous spot veiled over with a deceitful covering of the greenest moss. In the outskirts of this wilderness of bogs the peat-makers are hard at work. One man, with a peculiarly shaped spade, cuts the peats from the wall of turf before him and throws them up to the edge of the bog, where a woman dexterously receives and places them on a wheelbarrow, another woman rolling away the load and spreading it out carefully on some elevated hillock, exposed to the sunshine, in order to dry and harden. And thus the process goes on from sunrise to sunset, with an hour's rest for each meal. Though looked forward to, especially by the younger labourers, with much pleasure, as a delightful contrast to the monotony of their ordinary work about the farm, and as affording peculiar facilities for carrying on the mysteries of rustic courtship, peat-making is a most fatiguing work ; and when, as is often the case, they have to walk a distance of five or six miles to and from the spot, and to carry on their labours under the scorching glare of the sun, exposed without shelter to torrents of rain or piercing winds, it must be confessed that they pay dearly for the materials which in the long cheerless winter of the north afford them both fire and light. In remote inaccessible districts, where wood is scarce and coal almost unknown on account of its enormous price, averaging from 30s. to 4l. a ton, peat is the sole fuel used by the inhabitants. The

whole of a peat-bog, covering in many places an area of several acres, and occupying what was once evidently the bed of a lake, is parcelled out into several portions, which are generally annexed by the proprietor to the holdings of the tenants on his estate who are nearest to the spot. These parcels of peat-bog are usually given free of rent ; and the whole expense connected with peats is thus only the labour involved in their manufacture and carriage. So rough are the roads, however, and so long the distances to which they have in most cases to be carried, that peat is not so cheap and economical a fuel as might be supposed. The selling price is usually three shillings a cart, and six carts are understood to last as long as a ton of coal. Peat-making is not nearly so universal in the Highlands as it used to be. The facilities of carriage to almost every part of the country, by sea and land, are now numerous, and coal in consequence is so reduced in price, as to be more within reach of the poorer classes ; while the use of that fuel saves time and labour which can be more profitably employed.

Another spectacle peculiar to the moors is the burning of the heather. This practice is not confined to any particular locality, but is followed all over the Highlands. It commences in spring, when the snows have completely disappeared and the weather is dry and fine, and is carried on at irregular intervals throughout the whole summer. Its object is, by clearing the ground of the heather, under whose shade no other vegetation can grow, to produce pasturage for the sheep. In spots that have been thus cleared the grass grows luxuriantly, and forms a thick close carpet of green verdure, of which the mountain sheep are particularly fond. The stumps of the heather are usually left in the ground, for the fire consumes only the foliage and the smaller twigs ; and these skeletons, closely matted together, bleached and sharpened by the elements, frequently crossing one's path, are very disagree-

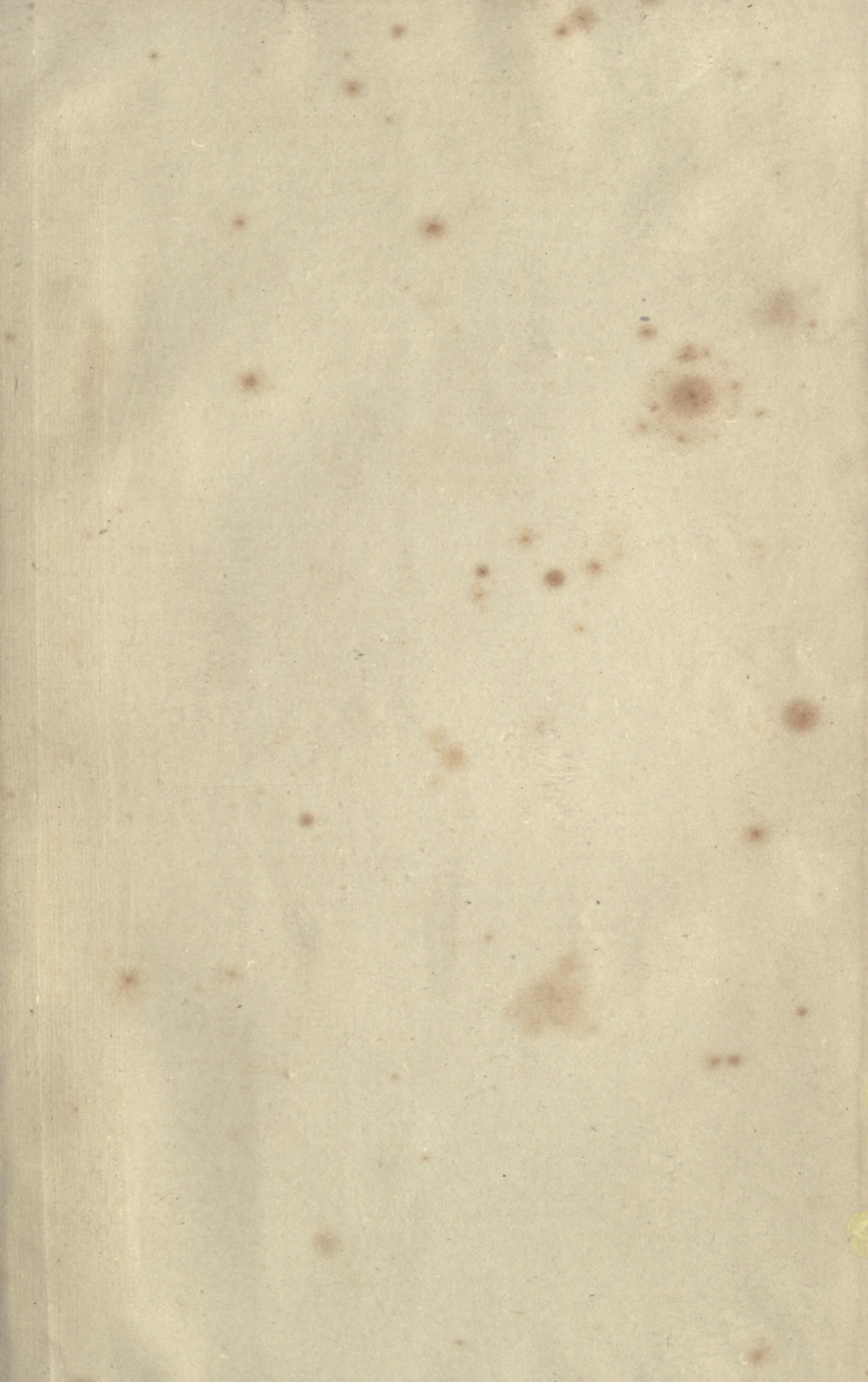
able places to walk on, unless the feet are protected by very thick boots. The contrasts of shape and colour formed by these clearings in the aboriginal heather are very curious, and strikingly diversify the monotony of the landscape—here a uniform brown sea of heather; there long stripes of grey colouring running in and out and crossing in all directions like promontories and capes; and yonder, bright green isles of verdure smiling amid the surrounding desolation. The shepherds, unless under the immediate surveillance of a gamekeeper, are often reckless in setting fire to a hill-side, not caring how far the flames may extend, allowing them to burn for days and even weeks, until a friendly deluge of rain extinguishes them. Valuable tracts of grouse moor are thus often ruined beyond repair, and the destructive effects not unfrequently extend to upland woods and corn-fields, presenting, on almost an equal scale, a picture of the famous prairie fires of America. Hares and deer are seen careering before the flames; grouse are whirring past blinded and scorched, and lizards and snakes are running hither and thither in an agony of terror; volumes of dense smoke darken the air, and the dull red embers light up the darkness of the night and reflect a volcanic glare upon the surrounding hills. It is one of the grandest sights of the kind to be seen in the Highlands.

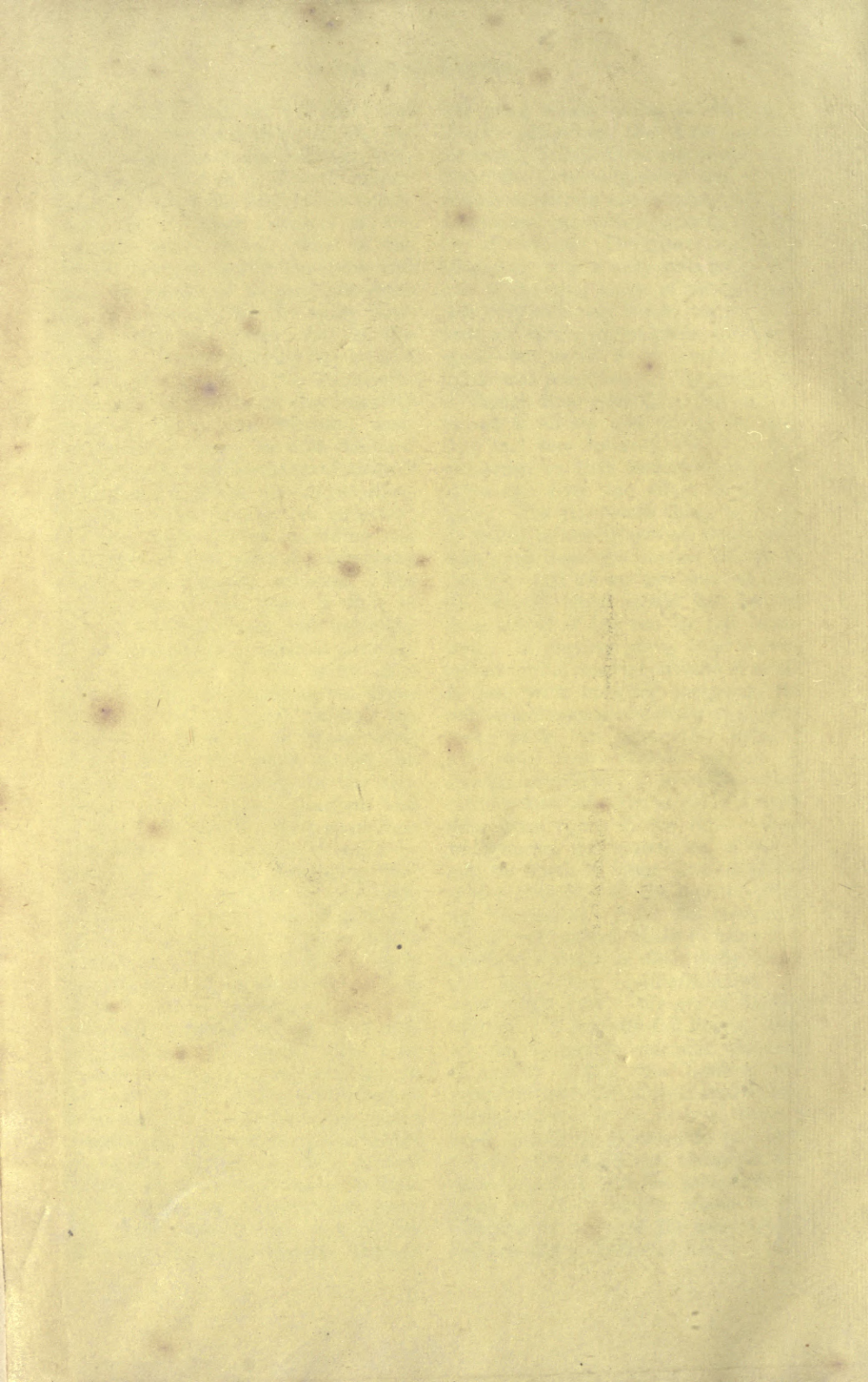
Our rough, hasty sketches among the heather would be manifestly incomplete without a notice, however brief, of grouse-shooting. Being no sportsman, we despair of giving an adequate conception of the sport to the uninitiated. It is only those who have taken part in it who can understand the importance which it has attained in the world of fashion, and the enthusiasm with which the most phlegmatic English millionaires and members of both Houses of Parliament enter into it. We have all, from the highest to the lowest, a strong spice of the savage in our nature; and a longing at times comes over us to break loose from the re-

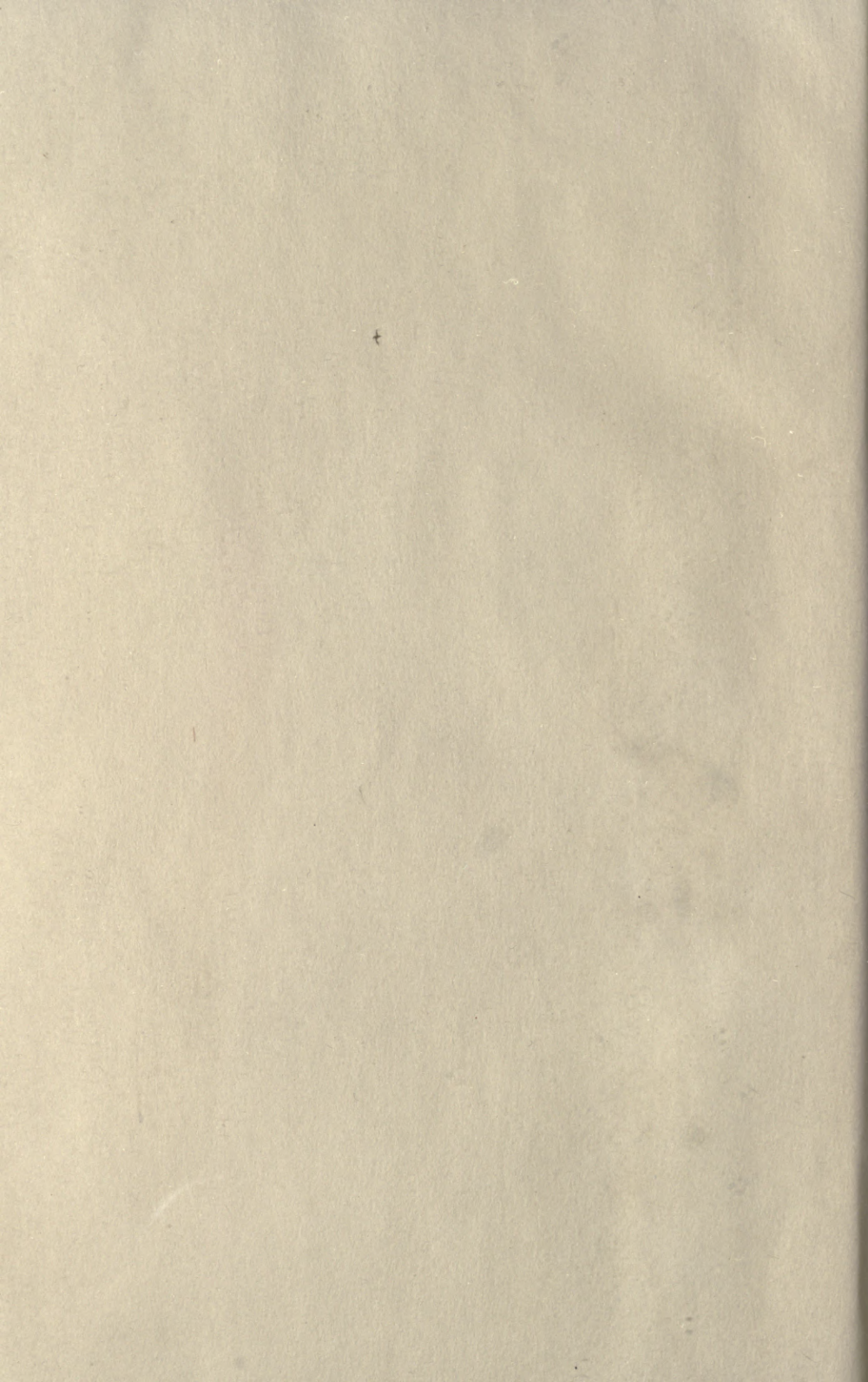
straints of civilization and revel in the wild freedom of our barbarian ancestors. The grouse-shooting fever may be one of the periodical ebullitions of the original temperament. But, after all, there is really very much to enjoy connected with the sport. The very change from the Babel of noises in the metropolis to the deep hush of nature's great solitudes has a soothing charm; while the return to simple hardy life is a gratification which is felt all the more keenly, the more that ordinary life is artificial and refined. Then the associations of the sport—the fresh exhilarating air of the hills, laden with the all-pervading perfume of the heather bells; the magnificent prospect of hill and valley stretching around; the blue serenity of the autumnal sky; the carpet of flowering heather glowing for miles on every side, and so elastic to the airy tread; the vastness and profundity of the solitude; as well as the strange and unfamiliar sights and sounds of the scene—all these appeal to that poetical spiritual faculty which is latent even in the most prosaic statistician of St. Stephen's. Add to these the exciting nature of the sport itself—the feelings of emulation it excites among rival sportsmen; the vigilance and wildness of the birds, requiring the utmost caution and skill in approaching them; the thrill of expectation as the well-trained dogs suddenly stop and point with uplifted paw and anxious look to the spot where a covey is nestled; the sudden startling whirr of the birds ascending at your approach; the satisfaction of bringing down, with well-aimed double-fire, the plumpest of them; the rustic luncheon beside the spring; and the return, amid the splendour of the setting sun, with well-filled bag, to be greeted, half-way from the snug shooting-lodge, with the warm praises of rosy lips and the fond looks of loving eyes: nay, even the disappointments to be met with—the long wearisome walks over bog and heather, searching in vain for game; the false pointing of dogs, deceived by the scent left behind in places where game were

a while before, but are not now; and the most vexatious thing of all, the defying insolence in the kok, kok, kok, of the male bird as he flies off unhurt from your fire at the head of his family—are all so many elements of the romantic, which throw a halo of the deepest interest around the sport, and make the twelfth of August to be more eagerly anticipated by the weary Londoner than any other day in the calendar. Grouse-shooting has been of incalculable benefit to the Highlands. Thousands of pounds are thus annually spent in the poorest districts; communication is opened up with the most isolated spots; employment is furnished to carriers and gillies, who might otherwise have either to starve or emigrate; and proprietors receive something like a second rent from parts of their estates which were formerly valueless. The preservation of the game is thus of the utmost importance, not unworthy of being considered a national question. We, as members of that select class who do not shoot themselves, but whose tables are well supplied, through the considerate kindness of their noble friends, during the whole season, are disposed to join heartily in the aristocratic outcry against poachers and marauding shepherds. Even apart from such selfish considerations, it would be a great pity if this interesting bird should become extinct in the only quarter of the globe where it is found. As it is, we are sorry to learn that it is becoming scarcer and wilder every year, disappearing rapidly from localities where it used to be abundant, and now principally confined to the Perthshire and Invernesshire moors. The only ground of complaint we have against the sport is, that it has a tendency to foster that spirit of exclusiveness which characterises many of the great landed proprietors, and induces them to shut up some of the wildest scenery in Scotland from the foot of tourist and savaan. We could overlook the depopulation of many Highland districts through

this game mania, owing to the many ulterior advantages that have resulted therefrom, both to those who remain and those who have emigrated. But we see neither advantage nor courtesy in such a strict and extensive application of the law of trespass. The reason commonly alleged for it is a mere pretence. Not one of the true lovers of nature—and it is only such who would care to penetrate out of the beaten tracks into these spots—but would be as careful of the rights and possessions of the proprietor as though they were his own; and we cannot at all see how the presence, at long and rare intervals, of a solitary pedestrian in such immeasurable solitudes can have the effect of scaring game. The very worst thing he could do would be merely to send them scudding away from one heather hillock to another; and we are not sure whether the human biped would not, be the more scared of the two by this movement. It requires pretty stout nerves, and somewhat unusual presence of mind, to hear with unruffled composure the sudden and unexpected whirr of a heathcock; while the vision of a herd of wild deer with lowered antlers, in autumn, is sufficient to make the boldest cockney turn tail. Let proprietors enjoy their game rights to the full—"these are luxuries, not necessities, of life;" but we think it mean, and unworthy of the liberality of the age, to debar the "unlanded" from the enjoyment of universal nature, which to many is as much a necessity as their daily bread, and more than counterbalances the want of property. We are of decided opinion that free and full liberty, without any hampering restraint whatever, to wander among the heather, and gather the materials of their study where Nature scatters them with so lavish a hand, should be accorded to the artist and the man of science, whose pursuits do not interfere with the gains or enjoyments of others, and to whom we are indebted for some of the most refined and elevated pleasures of life.







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Macmillan's magazine

