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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1864.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER XII. AND LAST.—EDUCATION OF INDIA SINCE 1835 (WITH A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MINUTE OF LORD MACAULAY).

MOFUSSILPORE, *July 20, 1864.*

DEAR SIMKINS,—You will be glad to hear that I passed my second examination some three weeks ago, and have since been settled here as an assistant to Tom Goddard. He set me to work at first upon the Government School, which was not in a satisfactory state; and I have gained some valuable experience about the operation of our system of public instruction. The natives of India do not seem willing to adopt Christianity as a compensation for the loss of national independence; but there can be no question whether or not they appreciate the blessings of a sound European education. That we have been enabled to offer to our subjects in the East a boon so acceptable, is due mainly to the exertions of a great man, who, for the space of more than three years, laboured to direct the whole course of instruction into the channels which it at present occupies. To describe with my feeble pen the nature of the change which he introduced would be vain and presumptuous indeed, when he has left a monument of that change in his own immortal words. Strange it is, while rummaging among the dusty records of the Public Offices at Calcutta, to light upon a yellow bundle of foolscap, tied up with frayed and faded tape, and honeycombed by the ravages of generations of white ants. To judge from the appearance, it might well be an ancient minute upon the question of Half Batta, or the spread of Russian influence in

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Affghanistan, indited by some bygone councillor who now lies under the grass of a church-yard at Cheltenham, or dozes over "Allen's Indian Mail" in the subscription reading-room at Torquay. Unfold the packet, and every page teems with the vivid thought, the glowing fancy, the grand yet simple diction which has already become classic wherever the English tongue is spoken or the English literature studied; which ages hence will be familiar whether to the New Zealander, who from that broken arch of London Bridge contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's, or (as is far more probable) to the student in some Anglo-Saxon college founded on the site of a stockade of the Maori race, already long extinguished by the combined influence of fire-water and progressive civilization.

At the commencement of the year 1835, the operations of the Committee of Public Instruction, of which Macaulay was President, were brought to a stand by a decided difference of opinion. Half of the members were in favour of Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit learning; and the other half in favour of English and the vernacular. The battle was fought out over a sum of ten thousand pounds, set apart by Parliament for the promotion of literature and science. When the matter came before the Council, Macaulay drew up the following minute, which is endorsed thus:—

"I give my entire concurrence to the sentiments expressed in this minute.

"W. BENTINCK."

"2d February, 1835.

"As it seems to be the opinion of some of the gentlemen who compose the Committee of Public Instruction, that the course which they have hitherto pursued was strictly prescribed by the British Parliament in 1813, and as, if that opinion be correct, a legislative Act will be necessary to warrant a change, I have thought it right to refrain from taking any part in the preparation of the adverse statements which are now before us, and to reserve what I had to say on the subject till it should come before me as a member of the Council of India.

"It does not appear to me that the Act of Parliament can, by any art of construction, be made to bear the meaning which has been assigned to it. It contains nothing about the particular languages or sciences which are to be studied. A sum is set apart 'for the revival and promotion of literature and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories.' It is argued, or rather taken for granted, that by literature the Parliament can have meant only Arabic and Sanscrit literature, that they never would have given the honourable appellation of 'a learned native' to a native who was familiar with the poetry of Milton, the metaphysics of Locke, and the physics of Newton; but that they meant to designate by that name only such persons as might have studied in the sacred books of the Hindoos all the uses of cusa-grass, and all the mysteries of absorption into the Deity. This does not appear to be a very satisfactory interpretation. To take a parallel case; suppose that the Pacha of Egypt, a country once superior in knowledge to the nations of Europe, but now sunk far below them, were to appropriate a sum for the purpose of 'reviving and promoting literature, and encouraging learned natives of Egypt,' would anybody infer that he meant the youth of his pachalic to give years to the study of hieroglyphics, to search into all the doctrines disguised under the fable of Osiris, and to ascertain with all possible accuracy the ritual with which cats and onions were anciently adored? Would he be justly charged with inconsistency, if, instead of employing his young subjects in deciphering obelisks, he were to order them to be instructed in the English and French languages, and in all the sciences to which those languages are the chief keys?

"The words on which the supporters of the old system rely do not bear them out, and other words follow which seem to be quite decisive on the other side. This lac of rupees is set apart, not only for 'reviving literature in India,' the phrase on which their whole interpretation is founded, but also for 'the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories,'—words which are alone

sufficient to authorize all the changes for which I contend.

"If the Council agree in my construction, no legislative Act will be necessary. If they differ from me, I will prepare a short Act rescinding that clause of the Charter of 1813 from which the difficulty arises.

"The argument which I have been considering affects only the form of proceeding. But the admirers of the Oriental system of education have used another argument, which, if we admit it to be valid, is decisive against all change. They conceive that the public faith is pledged to the present system, and that to alter the appropriation of any of the funds which have hitherto been spent in encouraging the study of Arabic and Sanscrit would be downright spoliation. It is not easy to understand by what process of reasoning they can have arrived at this conclusion. The grants which are made from the public purse for the encouragement of literature differed in no respect from the grants which are made from the same purse for other objects of real or supposed utility. We found a sanatorium on a spot which we suppose to be healthy. Do we thereby pledge ourselves to keep a sanatorium there, if the result should not answer our expectation? We commence the erection of a pier. Is it a violation of the public faith to stop the works, if we afterwards see reason to believe that the building will be useless? The rights of property are undoubtedly sacred. But nothing endangers those rights so much as the practice, now unhappily too common, of attributing them to things to which they do not belong. Those who would impart to abuses the sanctity of property are in truth imparting to the institution of property the unpopularity and the fragility of abuses. If the Government has given to any person a formal assurance; nay, if the Government has excited in any person's mind a reasonable expectation that he shall receive a certain income as a teacher or a learner of Sanscrit or Arabic, I would respect that person's pecuniary interests—I would rather err on the side of liberality to individuals than suffer the public faith to be called in question. But to talk of a Government pledging itself to teach certain languages and certain sciences, though those languages may become useless, though those sciences may be exploded, seems to me quite unmeaning. There is not a single word in any public instructions from which it can be inferred that the Indian Government ever intended to give any pledge on this subject, or ever considered the destination of these funds as unalterably fixed. But, had it been otherwise, I should have denied the competence of our predecessors to bind us by any pledge on such a subject. Suppose that a Government had in the last century enacted in the most solemn manner that all its subjects should, to the end of time, be inoculated for the small-pox: would that Government be bound to persist in the practice after Jenner's

discovery? These promises, of which nobody claims the performance, and from which nobody can grant a release; these vested rights, which vest in nobody; this property without proprietors; this robbery, which makes nobody poorer, may be comprehended by persons of higher faculties than mine—I consider this plea merely as a set form of words, regularly used both in England and in India, in defence of every abuse for which no other plea can be set up.

“I hold this lac of rupees to be quite at the disposal of the Governor-General in Council, for the purpose of promoting learning in India, in any way which may be thought most advisable. I hold his Lordship to be quite as free to direct that it shall no longer be employed in encouraging Arabic and Sanscrit, as he is to direct that the reward for killing tigers in Mysore shall be diminished, or that no more public money shall be expended on the chanting at the cathedral.

“We now come to the gist of the matter. We have a fund to be employed as Government shall direct for the intellectual improvement of the people of this country. The simple question is, what is the most useful way of employing it?

“All parties seem to be agreed on one point, that the dialects commonly spoken among the natives of this part of India contain neither literary nor scientific information, and are, moreover, so poor and rude that, until they are enriched from some other quarter, it will not be easy to translate any valuable work into them. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the intellectual improvement of those classes of the people who have the means of pursuing higher studies can at present be effected only by means of some language not vernacular amongst them.

“What then shall that language be? One-half of the Committee maintain that it should be the English. The other half strongly recommend the Arabic and Sanscrit. The whole question seems to me to be, which language is the best worth knowing?

“I have no knowledge of either Sanscrit or Arabic.—But I have done what I could to form a correct estimate of their value. I have read translations of the most celebrated Arabic and Sanscrit works. I have conversed both here and at home with men distinguished by their proficiency in the Eastern tongues. I am quite ready to take the Oriental learning at the valuation of the Orientalists themselves. I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia. The intrinsic superiority of the Western literature is, indeed, fully admitted by those members of the Committee who support the Oriental plan of education.

“It will hardly be disputed, I suppose, that the department of literature in which the Eastern writers stand highest is poetry. And I certainly never met with any Orientalist who ventured to maintain that the Arabic and

Sanscrit poetry could be compared to that of the great European nations. But, when we pass from works of imagination to works in which facts are recorded and general principles investigated, the superiority of the Europeans becomes absolutely immeasurable. It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say, that all the historical information which has been collected from all the books written in the Sanscrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgments used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy the relative position of the two nations is nearly the same.

“How, then, stands the case? We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother-tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent even among the languages of the West. It abounds with works of imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; with models of every species of eloquence; with historical compositions, which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature; with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade; with full and correct information respecting every experimental science which tends to preserve the health, to increase the comfort, or to expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows that language, has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth, which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of Government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.

“The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to

our own ; whether, when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse ; and whether, when we can patronise sound Philosophy and true History, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier—Astronomy, which would move laughter in girls at an English boarding school—History, abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long—and Geography, made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter.

“We are not without experience to guide us. History furnishes several analogous cases, and they all teach the same lesson. There are in modern times, to go no further, two memorable instances of a great impulse given to the mind of a whole society—of prejudices overthrown—of knowledge diffused—of taste purified—of arts and sciences planted in countries which had recently been ignorant and barbarous.

“The first instance to which I refer is the great revival of letters among the Western nations at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time almost everything that was worth reading was contained in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Had our ancestors acted as the Committee of Public Instruction has hitherto acted ; had they neglected the language of Cicero and Tacitus ; had they confined their attention to the old dialects of our own island ; had they printed nothing and taught nothing at the universities but *Chronicles* in Anglo-Saxon and *Romances* in Norman-French, would England have been what she now is ? What the Greek and Latin were to the contemporaries of More and Ascham, our tongue is to the people of India. The literature of England is now more valuable than that of classical antiquity. I doubt whether the Sanscrit literature be as valuable as that of our Saxon and Norman progenitors. In some departments—in History, for example—I am certain that it is much less so.

“Another instance may be said to be still before our eyes. Within the last hundred and twenty years, a nation which had previously been in a state as barbarous as that in which our ancestors were before the crusades, has gradually emerged from the ignorance in which it was sunk, and has taken its place among civilized communities—I speak of Russia. There is now in that country a large educated class, abounding with persons fit to serve the state in the highest functions, and in no wise inferior to the most accomplished men who adorn the best circles of Paris and London. There is reason to hope that this vast empire, which in the time of our grandfathers was probably behind the Punjab, may, in the time of our grandchildren, be pressing close on France and Britain in the career of improvement. And how was this change effected ? Not by flattering national prejudices : not by

feeding the mind of the young Muscovite with the old woman's stories which his rude fathers had believed : not by filling his head with lying legends about St. Nicholas : not by encouraging him to study the great question, whether the world was or was not created on the 13th of September : not by calling him ‘a learned native,’ when he has mastered all these points of knowledge : but by teaching him those foreign languages in which the greatest mass of information had been laid up, and thus putting all that information within his reach. The languages of Western Europe civilized Russia. I cannot doubt that they will do for the Hindoo what they have done for the Tartar.

“And what are the arguments against that course which seems to be alike recommended by theory and by experience ? It is said that we ought to secure the co-operation of the native public, and that we can do this only by teaching Sanscrit and Arabic.

“I can by no means admit that, when a nation of high intellectual attainments undertakes to superintend the education of a nation comparatively ignorant, the learners are absolutely to prescribe the course which is to be taken by the teachers. It is not necessary, however, to say anything on this subject. For it is proved by unanswerable evidence that we are not at present securing the co-operation of the natives. It would be bad enough to consult their intellectual taste at the expense of their intellectual health. But we are consulting neither—we are withholding from them the learning for which they are craving ; we are forcing on them the mock-learning which they nauseate.

“This is proved by the fact that we are forced to pay our Arabic and Sanscrit students, while those who learn English are willing to pay us. All the declamations in the world about the love and reverence of the natives for their sacred dialects will never, in the mind of any impartial person, outweigh the undisputed fact, that we cannot find, in all our vast empire, a single student who will let us teach him those dialects unless we will pay him.

“I have now before me the accounts of the Madrasa for one month—the month of December, 1833. The Arabic students appear to have been seventy-seven in number. All receive stipends from the public. The whole amount paid to them is above 500 rupees a month. On the other side of the account stands the following item : Deduct amount realized from the out-students of English for the months of May, June and July last, 103 rupees.

“I have been told that it is merely from want of local experience that I am surprised at these phenomena, and that it is not the fashion for students in India to study at their own charges. This only confirms me in my opinion. Nothing is more certain than that it never can in any part of the world be necessary to pay men for doing what they think

pleasant and profitable. India is no exception to this rule. The people of India do not require to be paid for eating rice when they are hungry, or for wearing woollen cloth in the cold season. To come nearer to the case before us, the children who learn their letters and a little elementary Arithmetic from the village schoolmaster are not paid by him. He is paid for teaching them. Why then is it necessary to pay people to learn Sanscrit and Arabic? Evidently because it is universally felt that the Sanscrit and Arabic are languages the knowledge of which does not compensate for the trouble of acquiring them. On all such subjects the state of the market is the decisive test.

“Other evidence is not wanting, if other evidence were required. A petition was presented last year to the Committee by several ex-students of the Sanscrit College. The petitioners stated that they had studied in the college ten or twelve years; that they had made themselves acquainted with Hindoo literature and science; that they had received certificates of proficiency: and what is the fruit of all this? ‘Notwithstanding such testimonials,’ they say, ‘we have but little prospect of bettering our condition without the kind assistance of your Honourable Committee, the indifference with which we are generally looked upon by our countrymen leaving no hope of encouragement and assistance from them.’ They therefore beg that they may be recommended to the Governor-General for places under the Government, not places of high dignity or emolument, but such as may just enable them to exist. ‘We want means,’ they say, ‘for a decent living, and for our progressive improvement, which, however, we cannot obtain without the assistance of Government, by whom we have been educated and maintained from childhood.’ They conclude by representing, very pathetically, that they are sure that it was never the intention of Government, after behaving so liberally to them during their education, to abandon them to destitution and neglect.

“I have been used to see petitions to Government for compensation. All these petitions, even the most unreasonable of them, proceeded on the supposition that some loss had been sustained—that some wrong had been inflicted. These are surely the first petitioners who ever demanded compensation for having been educated gratis—for having been supported by the public during twelve years, and then sent forth into the world well-furnished with literature and science. They represent their education as an injury which gives them a claim on the Government for redress, as an injury for which the stipends paid to them during the infliction were a very inadequate compensation. And I doubt not that they are in the right. They have wasted the best years of life in learning what procures for them neither bread nor respect. Surely we might, with advantage, have saved the cost of making these

persons useless and miserable; surely, men may be brought up to be burdens to the public and objects of contempt to their neighbours at a somewhat smaller charge to the state. But such is our policy. We do not even stand neuter in the contest between truth and falsehood. We are not content to leave the natives to the influence of their own hereditary prejudices. To the natural difficulties which obstruct the progress of sound science in the East we add fresh difficulties of our own making. Bounties and premiums, such as ought not to be given even for the propagation of truth, we lavish on false taste and false philosophy.

“By acting thus we create the very evil which we fear. We are making that opposition which we do not find. What we spend on the Arabic and Sanscrit colleges is not merely a dead loss to the cause of truth: it is bounty-money paid to raise up champions of error. It goes to form a nest, not merely of helpless place-hunters, but of bigots prompted alike by passion and by interest to raise a cry against every useful scheme of education. If there should be any opposition among the natives to the change which I recommend, that opposition will be the effect of our own system. It will be headed by persons supported by our stipends and trained in our colleges. The longer we persevere in our present course, the more formidable will that opposition be. It will be every year reinforced by recruits whom we are paying. From the native society left to itself we have no difficulties to apprehend; all the murmuring will come from that oriental interest which we have, by artificial means, called into being, and nursed into strength.

“There is yet another fact, which is alone sufficient to prove that the feeling of the native public, when left to itself, is not such as the supporters of the old system represent it to be. The Committee have thought fit to lay out above a lac of rupees in printing Arabic and Sanscrit books. Those books find no purchasers. It is very rarely that a single copy is disposed of. Twenty-three thousand volumes, most of them folios and quartos, fill the libraries, or rather the lumber-rooms, of this body. The Committee contrive to get rid of some portion of their vast stock of Oriental literature by giving books away. But they cannot give so fast as they print. About twenty thousand rupees a year are spent in adding fresh masses of waste paper to a hoard which, I should think, is already sufficiently ample. During the last three years, about sixty thousand rupees have been expended in this manner. The sale of Arabic and Sanscrit books, during those three years, has not yielded quite one thousand rupees. In the mean time the School-book Society is selling seven or eight thousand English volumes every year, and not only pays the expenses of printing; but realizes a profit of 20 per cent. on its outlay.

“The fact that the Hindoo law is to be learned chiefly from Sanscrit books, and the

Mahomedan law from Arabic books, has been much insisted on, but seems not to bear at all on the question. We are commanded by Parliament to ascertain and digest the laws of India. The assistance of a law commission has been given to us for that purpose. As soon as the code is promulgated, the Shasters and the Hedaya will be useless to a Moonsiff or Sudder Ameen. I hope and trust that, before the boys who are now entering at the Madrassa and the Sanscrit college have completed their studies, this great work will be finished. It would be manifestly absurd to educate the rising generation with a view to a state of things which we mean to alter before they reach manhood.

“But there is yet another argument which seems even more untenable. It is said that the Sanscrit and Arabic are the languages in which the sacred books of a hundred millions of people are written, and that they are, on that account, entitled to peculiar encouragement. Assuredly it is the duty of the British Government in India to be not only tolerant, but neutral on all religious questions. But to encourage the study of a literature admitted to be of small intrinsic value only because that literature inculcates the most serious errors on the most important subjects, is a course hardly reconcilable with reason, with morality, or even with that very neutrality which ought, as we all agree, to be sacredly preserved. It is confessed that a language is barren of useful knowledge. We are to teach it because it is fruitful of monstrous superstitions. We are to teach false history, false astronomy, false medicine, because we find them in company with a false religion. We abstain, and I trust shall always abstain, from giving any public encouragement to those who are engaged in the work of converting natives to Christianity. And, while we act thus, can we reasonably and decently bribe men out of the revenues of the state to waste their youth in learning how they are to purify themselves after touching an ass, or what text of the Vedas they are to repeat to expiate the crime of killing a goat?

“It is taken for granted by the advocates of Oriental learning that no native of this country can possibly attain more than a mere smattering of English. They do not attempt to prove this; but they perpetually insinuate it. They designate the education which their opponents recommend as a mere spelling-book education. They assume it as undeniable, that the question is between a profound knowledge of Hindoo and Arabian literature and science on the one side, and a superficial knowledge of the rudiments of English on the other. This is not merely an assumption, but an assumption contrary to all reason and experience. We know that foreigners of all nations do learn our language sufficiently to have access to all the most abstruse knowledge which it contains, sufficiently to relish even the more delicate graces of our most idiomatic writers.

There are in this very town natives who are quite competent to discuss political or scientific questions with fluency and precision in the English language. I have heard the very question on which I am now writing discussed by native gentlemen with a liberality and an intelligence which would do credit to any member of the Committee of Public Instruction. Indeed, it is unusual to find, even in the literary circles of the continent, any foreigner who can express himself in English with so much facility and correctness as we find in many Hindoos. Nobody, I suppose, will contend that English is so difficult to a Hindoo as Greek to an Englishman. Yet an intelligent English youth, in a much smaller number of years than our unfortunate pupils pass at the Sanscrit college, becomes able to read, to enjoy, and even to imitate, not unhappily, the compositions of the best Greek authors. Less than half the time which enables an English youth to read Herodotus and Sophocles ought to enable a Hindoo to read Hume and Milton.

“To sum up what I have said, I think it clear that we are not fettered by the Act of Parliament of 1813; that we are not fettered by any pledge expressed or implied; that we are free to employ our funds as we choose; that we ought to employ them in teaching what is best worth knowing; that English is better worth knowing than Sanscrit or Arabic; that the natives are desirous to be taught English, and are not desirous to be taught Sanscrit or Arabic; that neither as the languages of law, nor as the languages of religion, have the Sanscrit and Arabic any peculiar claim to our encouragement; that it is possible to make natives of this country thoroughly good English scholars, and that to this end our efforts ought to be directed.

“In one point I fully agree with the gentlemen to whose general views I am opposed. I feel, with them, that it is impossible for us, with our limited means, to attempt to educate the body of the people. We must at present do our best to form a class who may be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern; a class of persons, Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, in morals, and in intellect. To that class we may leave it to refine the vernacular dialects of the country, to enrich those dialects with terms of science borrowed from the Western nomenclature, and to render them by degrees fit vehicles for conveying knowledge to the great mass of the population.

“I would strictly respect all existing interests. I would deal even generously with all individuals who have had fair reason to expect a pecuniary provision. But I would strike at the root of the bad system which has hitherto been fostered by us. I would at once stop the printing of Arabic and Sanscrit books; I would abolish the Madrassa and the Sanscrit college at Calcutta. Benares is the great seat of Brahmanical learning; Delhi, of Arabic learning. If we retain the Sanscrit college at

Benares and the Mahomedan college at Delhi, we do enough, and much more than enough in my opinion, for the Eastern languages. If the Benares and Delhi colleges should be retained, I would at least recommend that no stipends shall be given to any students who may hereafter repair thither, but that the people shall be left to make their own choice between the rival systems of education without being bribed by us to learn what they have no desire to know. The funds which would thus be placed at our disposal would enable us to give larger encouragement to the Hindoo college at Calcutta, and to establish in the principal cities throughout the Presidencies of Fort William and Agra schools in which the English language might be well and thoroughly taught.

"If the decision of his Lordship in Council should be such as I anticipate, I shall enter on the performance of my duties with the greatest zeal and alacrity. If, on the other hand, it be the opinion of the Government that the present system ought to remain unchanged, I beg that I may be permitted to retire from the chair of the Committee. I feel that I could not be of the smallest use there—I feel, also, that I should be lending my countenance to what I firmly believe to be a mere delusion. I believe that the present system tends, not to accelerate the progress of truth, but to delay the natural death of expiring errors. I conceive that we have at present no right to the respectable name of a Board of Public Instruction. We are a Board for wasting public money, for printing books which are of less value than the paper on which they are printed was while it was blank; for giving artificial encouragement to absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, absurd theology; for raising up a breed of scholars who find their scholarship an encumbrance and a blemish, who live on the public while they are receiving their education, and whose education is so utterly useless to them that, when they have received it, they must either starve or live on the public all the rest of their lives. Entertaining these opinions, I am naturally desirous to decline all share in the responsibility of a body which, unless it alters its whole mode of proceeding, I must consider not merely as useless, but as positively noxious."

The event has more than justified the opinions expressed in this minute. The natives of India have, with marvellous eagerness and unanimity, abandoned the dead or effete learning of the East for the living and vigorous literature of England. Whoever can spare the time and money greedily avails himself of the instruction which we offer. "To such an extent, indeed, is this the case" (I quote the Report on Public Instruction for Bengal Proper) "that many of our best

"native scholars can write English and even speak it with greater facility than their mother-tongue." Interest and ambition, the instinct of imitation and the thirst for knowledge, urge on the students; and, by the aid of a delicate taste, and a strong power of assimilation, their progress is surpassing to one accustomed to the very slender proficiency in the classical tongues obtained by the youth of England after a boyhood devoted almost exclusively to Xenophon and Cicero. Of two hundred scholars who leave Eton in the course of a year, it is much if some three or four can construe a chorus of Euripides without the aid of a translation, or polish up with infinite pains a piece of Latin prose which a Roman might possibly have mistaken for a parody of the "De Officiis," composed by a Visigoth in the time of Diocletian. A young Hindoo who has made the most of his time at college will write by the hour a somewhat florid and stilted English with perfect ease and accuracy; and will read, enjoy, and criticize any of our authors, from Chaucer down to Robert Browning and Carlyle. The works of our greatest historians and philosophers have penetrated to every corner of our dominions, and, wherever they pass, shed somewhat of the wisdom, the good sense, and the pure morality which stamp a peculiar character upon our noble literature. The Mahomedan gentlemen, whose pride does not allow them to study the language of their conquerors, have begun to be painfully aware that they are fast losing their moral and intellectual superiority over the Hindoos, who do not profess any such scruples.

The aptitude of educated Bengalees for philosophic and literary pursuits is indeed remarkable. Their liberal and elevated opinions, their love of truth and contempt for bigotry, would go far to satisfy the most ardent lover of the human race, were he only certain that these splendid qualities are more than skin-deep. That instinct for imitation which I mentioned above is so dominant in the native, his desire to please so constant, that you never know whether

his sentiments are real or artificial. In fact, it may be doubted whether he knows himself. When he speaks, you cannot be sure whether you are listening to the real man, or to the man whom he thinks you would like him to be. The feebleness and the servility which render Hindoo testimony so singularly untrustworthy forbid us to put too much confidence in Hindoo civilization. The Bengalee witness, who has no motive to lie, will distort the facts if he imagines that he can by so doing give one tittle of pleasure to the barrister who is examining him, or the judge who is taking notes of his evidence. The Bengalee journalist, with equal facility, will adopt the tone which he has reason to believe may suit the greatest number of Sahibs. All the great discoveries in Political and Social Science which have been wrought out by successive generations of European thinkers he picks up and appropriates with almost pathetic simplicity and conceit. He never writes an article on Trade or Taxation which, as far as the opinions are concerned, might not have been the work of John Stuart Mill. He never writes an article on Creeds or Subscription which might not have been the work of Goldwin Smith or Maurice. He has his choice of all the theories which have ever been current, and he finds it just as cheap to take the most advanced and the most recent as to borrow one which already has been a little blown upon. In the hardy rugged minds of northern men, liberality is a plant which springs from seed sown amidst doubt and fond regret ; which strikes root downward, and bears fruit upward. Here, it lies on the surface, and sprouts to right and left with easy profusion ; but its produce is mighty tasteless and surfeiting. In the days of the Reform Bill, when the great soul of England was in woful anxiety and misgiving as to the course which it behaved her to pursue, every little Hindoo Bachelor of Arts was most glib and positive about the absurdity of Gatton and old Sarum returning Members, while vast marts of industry, gigantic emporia of commerce, cities teeming with a count-

less population, remained still unrepresented.

It is hopeless to attempt to get a true idea of what these people think, and wish, and love, and hate. It was but yesterday that I called upon a native with the view of obtaining some information concerning the reign of terror which succeeded the capture of Delhi. To my certain knowledge, this man, who had been worth more than 30,000*l.* the day before the assault, had been plundered by our soldiery of everything he possessed, though he had distinguished himself by marked proofs of his attachment to our rule. I asked him whether some severities had not been committed which our cooler judgment might regret.

“Oh, no, Sahib! The rebels were “punished, and the good people re-
“joiced.”

“But did not the whole population “desert the city through fear of being
“hung?”

“Yes, Sahib ; but they had sinned so “grievously in that they had allowed “the sepoy to enter Delhi at the first. “The people repented very much that “they had done so. The sepoy were “budmashes, Sahib. They used to take “goods worth six annas, and only give “four annas in payment.”

Upon this I asked him how much our soldiers used to give in payment when they had taken goods worth six annas from the shopkeepers of Delhi : but the question distressed him so cruelly that it would have been unkind to persist.

On another occasion I was anxious to learn from a native gentleman what effect the great heat produced upon the comfort and health of the people of the country. No persuasion, however, would induce him to describe his own sensations. He persisted in speaking of the climate from what he imagined to be my point of view. I kept asking him whether he suffered from cold in December ; whether he became languid and weak in the hot weather : while he continued to inform me that the temperature was unbearable during nine months in the year, but that in the cold season life was tolerable provided you stayed in-

doors from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon. This was at least as absurd as if an Englishman, in talking of the climate of our own island, were to say that it was possible to bear the outdoor cold for two or three hours in the middle of the day during the months of July and August.

We certainly have not yet got to the bottom of the native character. Facts crop up daily which prove incontestably to all, save those who reduce everything to some Procrustean theory of civilisation, that the depths of that character cannot be fathomed by our ordinary plummet, or marked with certainty on the chart by which we navigate in European waters. Take for instance those extraordinary symptoms which preceded the great mutiny: the marvellous organization of that vast plot; the mysterious but intimate connexion between the mutineers and the independent native powers; the dim prophecies and ghastly rumours which foreshadowed the outbreak; the secrecy; the unanimity; the tokens passed from hand to hand throughout a million villages. Within the last few years, on one and the same day along the whole course of the Ganges, the women flung their spindles into the river, and to this hour no European has the most remote conception of their motive in so doing. Some imagine that the sacrifice was made with the idea of expiating a national shortcoming; others suppose that it was intended to avert a drought; others, again, of a more practical turn of mind, believe it to have been a superstition invented by the manufacturers of spindles. There is something very striking in these rumours. No one knows where they originate, or what their purport may be; but they are passed on, from house to house and city to city, spreading throughout the length and breadth of the land agitation and anxiety, a wild terror and a wilder hope. Shortly after the pacification of the country, it was said everywhere in the Lower Provinces that within three months there would be no "white thing" throughout Bengal. Nobody had the slightest clue as to what this "white

thing" might be. Some held it to be the poppy, and supposed the prophecy to refer to the extremely improbable contingency of the abolition of the opium traffic. Some took a more gloomy view, and would have it that it pointed to the approaching extermination of our race. It was useless to question the natives, for they knew no more than we. The rumour had been set a-going, and it became, therefore, a sacred duty to do their best to spread it. At this moment there is a universal belief all over the Punjab that our rule is to come to an end before this very year is out.

Some of these are undoubtedly idle reports, set on foot in mere wantonness, or, perhaps, springing up almost spontaneously from the talk of men, and indicating at most an unhealthy, excited condition of the popular mind. But, beyond all question, some secret influence was at work, to advertise, as it were, the coming horrors of 1857. The ringleaders of that gigantic conspiracy deliberately undertook to impress upon the world in general the idea that something was coming the like of which had not been known before: just as, when we see in Piccadilly a file of men with blank boards on their shoulders, we become aware that a sensation drama has been put in hand at one of the leading theatres. It has been ascertained that the Mahomedans throughout the whole of the north of India received instructions, from an unknown hand, to sing at all their social meetings a ballad which described in touching strains the humiliation of their race, and the degradation of their ancient faith, once triumphant from the Sutlej to the Burrampootra, but now in subjection and bondage to the Christian and the stranger. Each village in turn received a handful of chupatties or bannocks, by the hands of the post-runners, with orders to bake others, and pass them on to the next village; and in the month of January, 1857, a saying was universally current:—"Sub lal hoguea hai"—"Everything is to become red." On the first of February a satirical poem appeared in a Calcutta journal, intended to ridicule the fears of those who paid

attention to this prophecy. The concluding passage, which no doubt was thought droll enough at the time both by the writer and his readers, when studied by the light of subsequent events has the air of a ghastly prediction :—

“Beneath my feet I saw ’twas nought but blood,
And shrieking wretches borne upon the stream
Struggled and splashed amidst a sea of gore.
I heard a giant voice again proclaim,
’Mid shouts of murder, mutiny, and blood,
‘SUB LAL HOGEA HAI,’ and I awoke.”

In the meantime people ate, and drank, and married, and gave in marriage, and danced, and flirted, and speared hogs, and acted “Cocknies in California” at the amateur theatre in Fort William, and wrote letters to the newspapers complaining that the military men in civil employ gave themselves airs, and abusing the Municipal Board for not seeing that the course at Calcutta was properly watered, and condoling with a popular physician of Cawnpore who was forced to go to England for the benefit of his health. There is an irony in history surpassing in depth the irony of Sophocles.

During the April of 1857, the English society at Delhi was convulsed by the conduct of a peppery colonel, who, at the station-ball, for some fancied insult from a civilian, turned his band out of the room and stopped the dancing, but expressed himself willing to relent if the official of highest rank present would apologize to the bandsmen. On the 17th of the same month comes a complaint that :—

“The bigwigs get the strawberries
“from the station-garden, while a new
“subscriber cannot get a sniff at the
“flowers.”

Likewise—

“A wedding talked of as likely to take
“place soon, but the names of the as-
“pirants to Hymeneal bliss I will refrain
“from mentioning just yet, lest anything
“should occur to lessen their affection
“for each other before the knot is tied.”

On the fifth day of May, a correspondent writes from that doomed place :—

“As usual no news to give you. All
“quiet and dull. Certainly we are en-
“joying weather which at this season is
“wonderful. The morning and evening
“are deliciously cool. In fact, punkahs
“are hardly come into use.”

On the eleventh day of May the English quarter was given over to murder, and rapine, and outrage. The Commissioner lay hewn in pieces inside the palace. Metcalfe, the Collector, was flying for his life through the streets of the city where his family had ruled for more than half a century. The mangled bodies of the officers of the 54th Native Infantry were heaped in a bullock-cart outside the walls. The fanatic troopers from Meerut, with all the scum of the bazaar at their heels, were hunting down and butchering the members of the quiet Christian community. The teachers had been slain in the lecture-room; the chaplain in his study; the telegraph-clerk with his hand still on the signalling apparatus. The Editor of the *Gazette*, with his mother, wife, and children, died in the office of the journal. At the Delhi Bank fell Mr. Beresford, the Manager, with all his family, after a gallant and desperate resistance. Of those ladies, who a few days before were grumbling at the bearishness of the old colonel, some were dragging themselves towards Meerut or Kurnaul, under the fierce noonday sun, bare-headed and with bleeding feet; while others were lying unconscious in death, and therefore less to be pitied, on the platform in front of the police-office in the principal boulevard.

Early in the year 1857, a new church was consecrated at Sealkote, which is described in a letter to the *Englishman* from that place as “the most
“chaste and beautiful structure of Mo-
“dern Gothic in India.” No high praise, by the way. It was only the other day that we Calcutta people were gratified by the information that Mr. Fergusson, in his work on Modern Architecture, had given drawings of our Cathedral, both inside and out; but our delight was qualified by the subsequent discovery that he had inserted those

drawings as specimens of what he pronounced to be the most debased style extant. The writer from Sealkote takes occasion to say that :—

“The future historian, when he traces the career of our rise, and perchance our fall, in this wondrous land, will love to dwell upon a picture like the present—a few score strangers dedicating their churches to be set apart from all profane uses for ever with such fixity of purpose, and with minds so assured as never for one moment to doubt the fulness of their faith in the future; and this in the midst of millions distinct from them in race, religion, and feeling. The strength of the many made subservient to the will of the few, not by crushing armies from foreign lands, but by sowing the seeds of peace and order around—a land a few years ago bristling with bayonets, an enemy’s country, now cheerfully acknowledging our rule, and avowing it to be a blessing—is a truth that has been sealed by the ceremony just concluded.”

Then comes a remarkable postscript :

“The other day a telegraphic message was received, noted ‘Urgent.’ The news ran like wildfire round the station, that the troops herewere to march at once for Herat.¹ But, alas! it was—Can it be guessed? Never!—*That the Sepoys who were learning the use of the Enfield Rifle were to have no more practice ammunition served out to them!*”

This supplies material for some humorous remarks, which end with the words—“Everything wears such a mysterious aspect to us benighted Sealkotians, that none dare venture an opinion, and we must wait till time and the *Englishman* enlighten us.”

They were to be soon enlightened by quite another agency—by a leading article written in a very different composition from printer’s ink. One evening in July, Dr. Graham, the superintendent

ing surgeon of the station, begged a friend with whom he was dining, who had remarked on the insolent demeanour of the sepoy, not to let his fears get the better of his senses. The next morning an officer “saw Miss Graham coming in the buggy, *apparently alone*, screaming and crying most piteously.” He assisted in taking out her father’s body.

The Lucknow news in May, 1857, consists chiefly in the badness of the road from Cawnpore.

“Soft blankets should be provided in the dawk carriages, and plenty of them. We have large plates of strawberries every morning. Calcutta people might well pay Lucknow a visit. Our hospitality is famous.”

Small thought had men of soft blankets and large plates of strawberries on that November day when the English host covered sixteen miles in length of that Cawnpore road, with the sad remnants of the immortal garrison marching in the centre, and among them three-score widows who had been wives when the siege began—the van hurrying forward under stout Sir Colin to save the bridge from the victorious mercenaries of Gwalior, while the rear stood savagely to bay against the clouds of sepoy’s who poured from the town to harass our retreat.

At Allahabad, towards the end of March, the weather was—

“Delightful. No news; no one dead; many married; some about to be born; some have been; and some won’t be, notwithstanding the welcome awaiting them.”

The welcome awaiting them! On the 22nd May—

“We have plenty of cause for amusement here. The railway people insist on going the grand rounds. One cadet, doing duty with the 6th Native Infantry, walked in the verandah last night for five hours, armed with sword and pistol, amidst the rallery of his wiser comrades.”

Two days after these words were written the Sixth Native Infantry rose, and massacred seventeen officers, including this poor boy and seven other

¹ The Persian war was still in progress, and the prospect of a campaign would have even greater attractions than the retrospect of a consecration.

young cadets, who were waiting to be attached to regiments. From that time forward the Allahabad news becomes significant. On the 8th July "the bodies of European men and women were floating down the river lately."

Late in March we find the following paragraphs :—

"We of this generation cannot realize what the effect of a real panic would be among the European residents in this country, and it would be foolish to attempt to realize it."

And again :—

"I fear that the good old days are gone by when we were accustomed to quell disaffection by blowing from cannon a few of the malcontents."

So men wrote in the spring. Before autumn had well set in their style had altered. A gentleman at Raneegunge says :—

"I have three pieces of timber, which the taste of my engineer would convert into a picturesque gallows which would accommodate sixteen of the largest size without inconveniencing each other. A coil of whalerope, warranted not to have any bullock's fat to offend prejudices, will do its work. Having been a sailor, I am up to knot-making, and can introduce one much approved of by Bolivar, when he sometimes amused himself by hanging instead of shooting."

The residents at a station in Bahar would be "all right and merry," if they "could only get a few people to hang."

At Allahabad, the Judicial Commissioners, Sandys and Palmer, whom Lord Canning, to his eternal honour, speedily sent back again into private life, "are doing their duty well. The day before yesterday one of 'em hanged thirteen, yesterday he hanged fifteen, and there are still seventy-two candidates."

And again :—

"Palmer and Sandys are doing good service in tucking up and scratching the backs of rebels."

Soon afterwards a correspondent from the same place—let us hope the same man—recommends torture for "respect-

"able Mahommedans." At Delhi, four months after the restoration of tranquillity, six men were hung on the information of a single witness, *who himself was hung on the same day for being concerned in the murder of Europeans.* A company of gypsies, against whom no special charge could be found, were strung up together on the indictment of "retarding the peaceable organization of society." The newspapers teemed with deliberate propositions to raze to the ground ancient and crowded cities—to depopulate vast and thriving provinces—to put to the edge of the sword all the women in Delhi and Cawnpore—to exterminate the inhabitants of every village which a European fugitive had traversed without being entertained and protected; the certain and merited consequences of which barbarity would have been that, in the case of another outbreak, the peasantry would take good care that no European fugitive should escape to tell the line of country which he had taken in his flight. In fact, as a contributor to the *Englishman* remarks, with logic at least equal to his humanity :—

"There was only one prayer, and that was that every one should meet death after a fair trial, *such as they all get.* How very differently they would have been treated by any other of the European powers."

O my countryman! Is there no such thing as British bunkum? Have our Columbian brethren a monopoly of self-appreciation?

When it first began to be whispered in English circles that sedition was a-foot, public opinion was strong against the alarmists. The sepoy was everything that could be wished. Faithful and docile, his prejudices were to be respected, and his calumniators snubbed.

"We understand," on the 3d of February, 1857, "that the sepoys of Barrackpore have consulted their comrades in the upper provinces as to the new method of making cartridges, and have been informed that they are determined not to submit to an innovation which affects their rules of

“caste. The Government may be assured that those who are most determined to maintain their own rights are neither the worst nor the least faithful soldiers. *Even Cromwell's Ironsides would have mutinied if they had been forced to hear the Common Prayer read.*”

“What a pity it is,” writes an officer of the 65th Native Infantry, “that Europeans abusing a corps cannot be strung up !”

A few short months, and a Delhi ruffian, stained to the elbows with English blood, was a saint compared to the Englishman of noble and elevated nature, who, amidst the universal madness, preserved one tittle of justice, one spark of humanity. “We earnestly hope,” (such was the style of the penny-a-liner of those days,) “and we shall be joined by almost all our readers, that the sepoy will first sheathe their bayonets in the bodies of those capable of excusing them.”

Here is an art-notice of the period :
“That indefatigable artist, Mr. Hudson, has just finished a portrait of Captain Hazlewood, which may be seen in Thacker and Spink's gallery. The friends of the gallant officer will at once recognise the likeness, and feel confident that no undue lenity on his part will be shown to the murderers of women and children ; for he has a stern expression of countenance, as if he had just given an order to hang them *and their favorers.*”

The poet's corner in the *Englishman* of that year contains productions the most degraded, morally and intellectually, that ever proceeded from a human pen, not excepting that of Le Père Duchesne. These are the terms in which men allowed themselves to speak of the ruler who saved our nation from as awful a crime as any on which the sun has shone :—

“*Barring humanity-pretenders,*
To Hell of none are we the willing senders ;
But, if to sepoy entrance must be given,
Locate them, Lord, in the back slums of
Heaven,”

Talk of the *New York Herald* ! May

our Father which is in Heaven not lead us again into such temptation !

When such years have passed since such a mine lay beneath our feet unheeded and unknown, we should be slow to affirm that we understand the feelings and character of the people of India. Their inner life still remains a sealed book to us. Certain it is that we have a very vague notion of the estimation in which they hold us. It is hardly possible for a man brought up amidst European scenes and associations to realize the idea conceived of him and his countrymen by a thorough-bred Hindoo. On the one hand the natives must acknowledge our vast superiority in the arts of war and government. Our railways, and steamships, and Armstrong guns are tangible facts which cannot be slighted. They must be perfectly aware that we have conquered them, and are governing them in a more systematic and downright manner than they have ever been governed before. But, on the other hand, many of our usages must in their eyes appear most debased and revolting. Imagine the horror with which a punctilious and devout Brahmin cannot but regard a people who eat the flesh of cow and pig, and drink various sorts of strong liquors from morning till night. It is at least as hard for such a man to look up to us as his betters, morally and socially, as it would be for us to place amongst the most civilized nations of the world a population which was in the habit of dining on human flesh, and intoxicating itself daily with laudanum and sal-volatile. The peculiar qualities which mark the Englishman are singularly distasteful to the Oriental, and are sure to be strangely distorted when seen from his point of view. Our energy and earnestness appear oppressive and importunate to the languid voluptuous aristocracy of the East. Our very honesty seems ostentatious and contemptible to the wily and tortuous Hindoo mind. That magnificent disregard of *les convenances*, which has rendered our countrymen so justly beloved by all the continental nations, is inexplicable and hateful to a race who consider ex-

ternal pomp and reticent solemnity to be the necessary accompaniments of rank, worth, or power. The Maharaja of Kishnagur once described to me his disgust and surprise at seeing an English magistrate, during a shooting excursion, bathe in the tank near which the tents were pitched. Europeans who have resided many years in the East seldom fail to acquire some of these so-called Oriental prejudices. Some of my Anglo-Indian friends have told me that nothing would persuade them to strip themselves in a public swimming-bath; and I have seen a high official unable to conceal his horror when a sucking-pig, which by that time was a sucking-pig only in name, was placed on the table directly under his nose.

It is noteworthy that the free and hardy customs of the ancient Greeks produced much the same effect upon the effeminate subjects of Darius and Artaxerxes. The Persian, whose every action was dictated by a spirit of intense decorum and self-respect, could not appreciate the lordly indifference to appearances displayed by the Spartan, accustomed to box, and run, and wrestle without a shred of clothing, in the presence of myriads of his brother Hellenes. Herodotus tells his countrymen, as a remarkable piece of information, that, "among the Lydians, and, speaking loosely, among barbarians in general, it is held to be a great disgrace to be seen naked, even for a man."

Add the mysterious awe by which we are shrouded in the eyes of the native population, which very generally attributes to magic our uniform success in everything we take in hand, and you will have some conception of the picture presented to the Hindoo mind by an indefatigable, public-spirited, plainspoken, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, tiger-shooting collector. We should not be far wrong if we were content to allow that we are regarded by our Eastern subjects as a species of quaint and somewhat objectionable demons, with a rare aptitude for fighting and administration; foul and degraded in our habits, though with reference to those habits not to be

judged by the same standard as ordinary men; not malevolent withal (that is to say, the official fiends), but entirely wayward and unaccountable; a race of demi-devils; neither quite human, nor quite supernatural; not wholly bad, yet far from perfectly beneficent; who have been settled down in the country by the will of fate, and seem very much inclined to stay there by our own. If this is not the idea entertained of us by an average Bengalee rustic, it is something very near it.

Such is the incompatibility of sentiment and custom between the European and the native, that even the firmest friends of the latter allow that a complete amalgamation is quite hopeless. The wide and radical difference between the views held by the respective races with regard to the weaker sex alone, forms a bar, at present insuperable, to any very familiar intercourse. We, who still live among the recollections and records of chivalry, horrify utilitarians by persisting in regarding women as goddesses. The Hindoos, who allow their sisters and daughters few or no personal rights—the Mahommedans, who do not even allow them souls—cannot bring themselves to look upon women as better than playthings. The pride of a Mussulman servant is terribly wounded by a scolding from the lady of the house. He takes every opportunity of showing contempt for his mistress by various childish impertinences when the Sahib and his horsewhip are well out of the way. Among the numberless symptoms of our national eccentricity, that which seems most extraordinary to a native is our submitting to be governed by a woman. For a long time they accounted for the presence of the Queen's effigy on the rupee by setting her down as the wife of John Kumpani. Now they probably imagine that John Kumpani is dead, and that she has come into possession as residuary legatee. The free and unrestrained life of an English lady excites the strangest and most unjust ideas in the mind of an Hindoo. To see women riding in public, driving about in open carriages, dining and talking and

dancing with men connected with them neither by blood nor marriage, never fails to produce upon him a most false and unfortunate impression. Many gentlemen who are intimately acquainted with native ways of thought are not often very ready to take their wives and daughters to balls where the guests are of mixed nationality. I was present lately at an entertainment given by the Maharaja of Nilpore. The dancing went on in a sort of atrium in the centre of the palace, while the host, in a blaze of diamonds from head to foot, inspected the scene through a lorgnette from the gallery, turning from time to time to make a remark to a circle of his friends and hangers-on. He resembled Lord Steyne at the opera, surrounded by his Wenhams and Waggs, rather than the received notion of "the man of the house" of a Belgravian ball-room. His bearing aroused the most lively indignation among the older Anglo-Indians. Suggestions to "turn him out," and "throw him over" were bandied about in an audible key. One old campaigner sighed for the halcyon days of the mutiny. "Hang him! I should like to loot him. He must be worth a quarter of a crore of rupees as he stands. His cap alone would be a good two lacs."

The longer a man lives in this country the more firmly convinced does he become that the amalgamation of the conquerors and the conquered is an idea impracticable, and, to use an odious word, Utopian. But this does not imply that, as time goes on, as the native becomes civilized, and the European humane and equitable, the two races should not live side by side with mutual sympathy and self-respect, and work together heartily for the same great ends. But this consummation is simply impossible until there is a marked improvement in the tone of the European settlers. That intense Anglo-Saxon spirit of self-approbation, which, though dormant at home, is unpleasantly perceptible among vulgar Englishmen on the Continent, becomes rampant in India. It is painful, indeed, to observe the deep pride and insolence of race which is

engrained in our nature, and which yields only to the highest degree of education and enlightenment. The lower in the scale of society, the more marked become the symptoms of that baneful sentiment. A native of rank, whom men like Sir John Lawrence or Sir Herbert Edwardes treat with the courtesy due to an equal, will be flouted and kicked about by any planter's assistant or sub-deputy railway contractor whose path he may chance to cross. On such a question as this, one fact is worth volumes of declamation; and facts of grave import may be gathered by the bushel by any one who spends three days in the country with his mouth shut and his eyes wide open.

Sonepore, the point at which the Gunduck runs into the Ganges, is the most sacred spot in the north of India. Thither, time out of mind, at a certain phase of the moon during the late autumn, devout Hindoos have been wont to repair from hundreds of miles round, for the purpose of washing away their sins. Men discovered that expiatory bathing was not incompatible with business, and a great fair began to be held yearly during the festival, principally for dealings in elephant and horse-flesh. The Anglo-Indians, who attended for the purpose of buying nags, soon took to running their purchases one against another; and the attractions of a European race-meeting were thus added to those which Sonepore already possessed during the sacred week. The whole of Bahar society now makes holiday in that week, and a more pleasant reunion it is difficult to imagine. Men rejoice in the annual opportunity of renewing Haileybury and Addiscombe friendships with old companions from whom they have been separated throughout the remainder of the year by vast distances and vile roads. The complicated family connexions, so general in the Civil Service, render this periodical gathering peculiarly pleasant. The wife of the Judge of Baglipore looks forward for months to meeting her sister, the Collectrix of Gya; and the Commissioner of Benares, like a good cousin,

has promised to bring her brother in his train, though that promising but susceptible Assistant-Magistrate has exceeded his privilege leave by ten days' extra philandering at Simla. The desirable young ladies come to Sonopore already engaged to local partners for every dance during the meeting—a circumstance extremely discouraging to casual swells who may have been attracted from Calcutta by the glowing accounts of the doings at the races put about by Bahar members of the Secretariat. Beneath a vast circular grove stretches a camp more than a mile in extent, where croquet and betting go on briskly by day, and waltzing and flirtation by night. The tents of each set of friends cluster round a large open pavilion, belonging to some liberal planter or magistrate, where covers are laid three times a day for every one who can be cajoled into joining the party. I could talk on for ever about Sonopore; such dear associations does it conjure up of open-handed Indian hospitality and open-hearted Indian friends, from my feeling for whom neither time, nor absence, nor opposed sentiments, nor divided interests, can ever, shall ever, abate one atom of affection and gratitude.

It was there, during one of the principal races, that I was standing at the Judge's post, divided by the breadth of the course from a platform occupied by some dozen Englishmen. Close up to this platform crowded a number of well-dressed, well-to-do natives—respectable shopkeepers from Chupra; warm men of business from Patna; gentlemen of rank from Benares and Lucknow. I saw—with my own eyes I saw—a tall raw-boned brute of a planter, whose name I should not hesitate to publish if it were worth the publishing, rush at these men, who had as good a right to be there as the Governor-General himself, and flog them with a double-thonged hunting-whip, until he had driven them in humiliating confusion and terror for the distance of many yards. One or two civilians present said to each other that it was a "shame;"

but no one seemed astounded or horrified; no one interposed; no one prosecuted; no one objected to meet the blackguard at dinner, or to take the odds from him at the ordinary.

A Judge of the High Court at Calcutta informed me that he had himself witnessed the following scene, while travelling on the East India Railway between Benares and Hourah. When the train stopped at a certain station, a Bengalee attempted to get into a second-class carriage. Some Europeans, who were comfortably settled down for a long sleep, told him to go about his business. He appealed to the officials, stating himself to be a native gentleman. A person in authority told him he must be contented to travel third-class—to which he replied that he preferred to be left behind. By this time he was surrounded by a circle of bullying English travellers; whom *the guard of the train* convulsed with delight by holding up his lantern to the poor man's face, and in a strong Irish brogue bidding the bystanders look at "a specimen "of a native gentleman."

If I could think that the interest with which you read these stories could be one-tenth as deep as the pain with which I write them, you should have enough to keep you in indignation for the next twelvemonth. But things which, when acted, set the teeth chattering and the fingers twitching, seem childish enough when turned into sentences and divided with commas and colons. Heaven knows I would give a month's pay or a year's pension to have my will of some ruffians for what I have heard them say with applause, and seen them do with impunity. Fearful symptoms these of what must be seething below! However kind he might be to his native servants, however just to his native tenants, there is not a single non-official person in India, with whom I have conversed on public questions, who would not consider the sentiment that we hold India for the benefit of the inhabitants of India a loathsome un-English piece of cant. Hence comes the paramount necessity that opinion at

home should keep a close watch upon the conduct of the affairs of India. It is not enough that we send her out able and high-minded rulers. While there, they must never be allowed to forget that the eyes of England are upon them. Lord Canning was as brave a man and as good a man as could well be found within our isles. Such he proved himself to be at a crisis when virtue was useless without courage, and when courage without virtue was far worse than useless. Yet even he succumbed at last to the ravening clamour of the friends of indigo. If Lord Canning had been left to himself, the riot would have been delivered over to his tyrants bound hand and foot, by a law illogical, inhumane, and inexpedient in all the highest senses.

What is the meaning of the Anglo-Saxon outcry? We cannot exterminate a wealthy and ancient community of a hundred and fifty millions of human beings, like so many Maoris or Cherokees; and, if we do not exterminate them, we cannot continue to humble and

to wrong them. If this state of things is disregarded at home, most serious evils must ensue. If it should ever come to pass that for a single period of five years India should be governed under the auspices of a Secretary of State of anti-native tendencies, the certain result would be a wide-spread system of social oppression, degrading and cruel to the native, shameful and demoralizing to us. The apathy of Englishmen to the affairs of India would be venial if our interests alone were thereby placed in peril; but, when the consequences fall on the innocent children of the soil, that apathy becomes nothing less than criminal. While honest men doze, bad men are hard at work. The people of Hindostan, if they be wise, will make it their prayer that they may gain the ear of England; for, if they succeed in obtaining her attention, they are secure of her humanity and her justice.

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHTON.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE GHOST SHOWS A LIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE night we went to the play, it was arranged that Joe, because of his lameness, should start first; and I was to stay behind, to finish some work. It therefore happened that I found myself hurrying through the small streets beyond Westminster Bridge, alone.

I am going to relate a distressing accident, very shortly, for the simple reason that, if I had not witnessed it, I should have missed making a singular discovery and meeting with a few singular adventures.

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I noticed a young man, of my own rank and age, riding a cart-horse just in front of me, and took but little notice of him; not dreaming how very important his every look would be, in a very few minutes. I remembered after, that he seemed a merry, good-humoured fellow, and was whistling. The night was frosty, and the road was slippery; his horse blundered and stumbled, and threw him, whistling as he was, under the wheels of a passing waggon. The next moment I was carrying him on to a doorstep, quite dead; shattered beyond recognition.

I cannot tell you what a lamentable affair it was. I did what I could—I helped others, and was beginning to

congratulate myself upon my self-possession, when I found that a very singular effect was produced on myself. I was giving my name and address to a policeman, when I felt something coming too quickly to be stopped, and burst into a wild tempest of tears—such a tempest that I could not stay the course of it for a time, but had to give it way, gust after gust, until they grew fainter, and died away into an occasional stormy sob. Then I went on to the theatre, thinking, poor fool as I was, that I might forget the real terrible tragedy I had just witnessed by throwing myself headlong into a sea of fantastic balderdash.

I found Joe, and, when the door was opened, we fought our way into a good place. The instant we got settled, Joe asked me what was the matter, and I told him that I had seen a fellow run over. He said, "Poor chap!" but, not having seen it happen, thought no more about it, but settled himself down to enjoy his evening.

I suppose there are some play-goers still alive who remember the "Harvest Home." It belongs to the Eocene, or at latest to the early Miocene, formation of plays—probably, to be correct, it is half-way between the "Stranger" and the "Colleen Bawn." There was a dawning of the "sensation" style in it, but nothing very tremendous. O. Smith shot the first comedy gentleman stone-dead (as you were supposed to suppose, if you hadn't known better all the time) from behind a stone wall, with an air-gun; and the first lady threw herself on the corpse, and was dragged off screaming, in a snow-storm, by Mr. O. Smith, her putative papa. Whereupon, Mr. Wright came on, as a Cockney sportsman dressed like a Highlander, having lost his way, and, as far as I can remember, found the body. In the end, Mr. O. Smith was hung, or, on the principle, says Joe, of "Nec coram populo," was led off cursing and kicking; and Mr. Wright was married (or was going to be) to the second lady.

That was the sort of stuff that Joe and I used to laugh and cry over in those days. We had seen the play acted at

the Adelphi, and were most anxious to compare the magnificent Milesian Irish pronunciation of our own Miss Brady, with the broken English of Madame Celeste. It all fell dead on me that night. Even poor old Wright, with his bare legs and his impudent chatter, could not make me laugh. The image of what I had carried up and set on the door-step, an hour before, would not leave me. That a merry, harmless lad like that should be struck down in an instant, seemed to me so lamentable and cruel. I could think of nothing else. The details would come before me so persistently—the head that would hang; the two low, fallen women, who kept saying, "Poor dear! poor dear lad!" and all the rest of it. The play seemed such a hideous silly mockery after what had happened that I could bear no more of it. I made some excuse to Joe, and I went out.

The squalor and noise of the street suited my mood better than the gaudy brightness of the play-house: and the bustling reality of the crowd soothed me for a time, and made me forget the tragedy of the evening. This crowd of noisy, swarming, ill-fed, ill-taught, ill-housed poor folks was, after all, composed of my own people—of men, women, and lads of my own rank in life; of people whose language was my own, whose every want and care I was acquainted with; of the people among whom I had been bred up, and whom I had learnt to love. I was at home among them.

The other day, after spending years in a higher and purer atmosphere, I went among them again, just to see whether they were the same to me as in old times. I found that I was quite unchanged. They did not disgust me in the least. I felt, when I got among them again, that I was at home once more. I was pleased to find that I had not developed into a snob; but I was sorry to find that they distrusted me, in my good clothes, and would have none of me. Knowing them as I did, and knowing how they talked among themselves, I could see that they talked in a different language in the presence

of my fine clothes and watch-chain. It is very hard for a gentleman to know them; very nearly impossible. They never speak to him quite naturally.

I went into a public-house, where I heard music, and got myself some porter, and sat down on a bench among some young men, who made room for me. The musicians played some dance-music—a waltz which I now know to be one of Strauss's; but it sounded to me like the lapping of the tide upon the mud-banks, and the moaning of the wind from the river among the grave-stones in the old churchyard.

So, thought-driven, with a despondency on me for which it was difficult to account, I was compelled homewards. From street to street, all low and dull, to the bridge, where the chill, frosty wind rustled among the scaffolding of the new Houses of Parliament with ghostly sighs. And so I passed westward, through another labyrinth of squalid streets; some bright with flaming gas and swarming with noisy crowds; some dark and dull, with only a few figures here and there, some of which lurked away before the heavy tramp of the policeman.

As I passed the vast dark façade of Chelsea Hospital the clock struck ten, and a few minutes afterwards I came on the broad desolate river, at the east end of Cheyne Walk. The frosty wind was moaning among the trees, and the desolate wild river was lapping and swirling against the heads of the barges and among the guard piles, which stood like sentries far out, stemming the ebbing tide. Of all scenes of desolation which I ever witnessed, give me the Thames at night. I hurried on again, with the strange terrified humour on me stronger than ever.

There was a ball at a large bow-windowed house, close to Don Saltero's, and I stopped to listen to the music. There were some fiddles and a piano, played evidently by skilled professional hands. Good heavens! could they play nothing but that wild waltz of Strauss's, which I had heard the Germans playing in the public-house? Why should

handsome young gentlemen and beautiful girls dance to a tune which sweeps in such strange, melancholy eddies of sound, that even now it sets me thinking of the winds which wander over solitary moonless seas, which break with a far-heard moan, against distant capes, in an unknown land at midnight?

A couple came from the rest and stood in the window together, behind the half-drawn curtains: and I could see them, for their heads were against the light. He was a gallant youth, with a square head; and she seemed beautiful too. He spoke eagerly to her, but she never looked towards him; he seemed to speak more eagerly yet, and tried to take her hand; but she withdrew it, and he slowly left her and went back into the room; but she remained, and I saw her pulling the flowers from her nosegay and petulantly throwing them on the carpet, while she looked out steadily across the wild sweeping river, hurrying to the sea.

So on I went again, passing swiftly through the churchyard. In a few moments after, I had turned out of Church Street into our own row. It was quite quiet. Our great house rose like a black wall in front of me; I cast my eye up it until it rested on the great dormer-window of Reuben's room—the ghost's room—and, good heavens! there was a light there.

It was gone while I looked at it; but there was no doubt about it. Either Reuben had come home, or else it was the ghost. I went in at once. My father was sitting alone in the kitchen, with his head in his hands; I looked up at a certain hook over the dresser. The key of Reuben's room was hanging there still.

My father looked up. "Jim, my old chap," he said, "I'm so glad you're come. Get my pipe, and come and sit alongside. How did you like the theayter, old man?"

As I looked at my father, I saw something was the matter. I had never seen the dear, noble face in sorrow before; but my love told me at once that sorrow had come. I waited for

him to tell me what it was, I had perfect confidence in him. I said (in the old style, for though I had been trying hard to talk like Joe and Erne, I had hitherto made a mess of it, and always resorted to the vernacular in emergencies, or for business purposes), "I didn't care about the play to-night. I saw a young chap run over, and that upset me for the evening. I wasn't going to spoil Joe's fun; so I came home" ("took and hooked it" in the original). "Reuben is not come back, is he?"

"No," said my father; "he ain't come back. What should he be come back for? There's his key a-hanging over the dresser. I say, old man, Mr. Compton's been here."

"Has anything gone wrong about the patent?" I asked, aghast.

"Not gone, old man, but very likely to go, I'm afeard."

"How is that?" I asked.

"The invention was anticipated, Mr. Compton is afraid. There was a patent taken out for it before, and Mr. Compton is afraid that Marks and Cohen have bought the patentee's interest in it; in which case, my chance ain't worth a brass farden."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Why, I'm ruined, old boy, body and bones. The savings of twenty happy years gone in a day. And worse than that—nigh a couple of hundred more, as far as I can make out. I wouldn't have cared—I wouldn't have cared," said my father, hurling his pipe fiercely into the fireplace; "I tell you, Jim, I wouldn't have cared—" he said once more, with a heave of his great chest and a sob. That was all he said, but I understood him.

I rose to the situation. One of the proudest recollections of my most prosperous and lucky career is the way I rose to the situation that unhappy night. I put my arm on his shoulder, and drew his grizzled head to me, and said:

"Wouldn't have cared—if it hadn't been for what, father?"

"I wouldn't have cared," said my

father, "if the disgrace had fallen on me alone."

"Has any one been a-talking about disgrace?" I asked.

"Not yet," said my father.

"They'd better not," I answered.

"Let 'em come to me and talk about disgrace. I'll disgrace 'em. And ruin—who talks of ruin? How can the best smith in England be ruined; they can't take his trade from him, can they? Let's up with everything, and go to Australey."

"What?" said my father, looking up.

"Go to Australey," I said, as bold as brass; "the country as Master Erne's brother came from. Why, a smith is a gentleman there. He's—"

"Go to bed, old chap," said my father.

"Bed or no bed," I said, "is neither the one thing nor the other. According as a chap thinks, so will he speak; that is, if he acts according, which is reason. My sentiments being asked, I gives 'em free; and there you are, and welcome, with many more, and thank you kindly; and may the Lord forgive us all our transgressions." (All this was said with defiant assertion; for I saw that, by the mere mention of the word Australia, I had brought a light in my father's face which was not there before. In my nervous eagerness to drive the nail home, I made the above little speech, which might have been intended to mean something then, but the key to which is missing now.)

"Take and go to bed, I tell you," said my father again; "you and your Australeys! I'm ashamed on you."

"Shame took and whispered in his ear," I answered, seeing I was somehow doing the right thing, "and Old Adam and Little Faith tried to stop his going on too, whereas I speaks out, and ain't for stopping nobody."

My father, possibly concluding that the more I spoke the more I should involve myself, reiterated:

"Go to bed, I tell you, old chap; who knows but what you're talking sense? I don't say neither the one thing nor the other; all I say is, go to bed."

And so I went: to bed, and to sleep. And, after some unknown time of unconsciousness, I awoke with a ghastly horror upon me.

Joe was by my side, but I did not wake him. I was very careful not to do that, and there were one or two reasons for it.

First of all, I saw the poor lad run over again—that pale face, those teeth, and those spasmodically winking eyelids; and, while he was still in my arms, I came round the corner once more, into the buildings, and saw the ghost's light gleam out of Reuben's window. And then Reuben was come home, and in trouble up there. And then it was Reuben who had been run over, and then Reuben had to sit up there all alone, poor lad, watching the body; but, however the phantasmageries shifted themselves, the crowning horror of all was in the room upstairs, where I had seen the light. And in the sheer desperation of terror I rose to go there, refusing to awaken Joe, because I even then, light-headed as I was, remembered that Reuben would not have him know anything.

And so, in a state of cowardly horror at I knew not what—a state of mind which was nearly allied to the most desperate courage—I arose silently, and, in my trousers and shirt only, passed out of our room on to the great empty staircase, determined to go up all through the desolate empty house, until I found out the mystery which I knew was hid aloft in the ghostly attic. I would penetrate into the mystery of that strange light, even though I died of terror.

The old staircase creaked under my weight, and the web-winged things which flutter about the ceilings of these sort of places dashed round aloft in silent wheeling flight. The ghosts all passed on before me in a body; and I was glad of it, for I was afraid that some of them might stand politely aside in a corner to let me pass, and I don't think I could have stood that. Yet all the ghosts passed on, except a solitary one, who followed stealthily.

This following ghost was the most terrible ghost of all, for I couldn't see what it was going to be at. I thought at one time that I would stop and see whether it would stop too; but then again, I reflected, what a terrible thing it would be if it didn't, but came right on.

Once in my terror I thought of crying for help, and raising the neighbourhood, but while I was thinking of it I passed a staircase-window, and saw that I was already high above the neighbours' highest chimneys, and that I might shout long enough. There was no retreat now without passing by the ghost, which was following; and every step I took I felt a growing dislike to do that—without the kitchen poker.

For it was a clumsy ghost, and knew its business but imperfectly. No properly educated ghost would knock a hard metallic substance against the banisters and then use a most low and vulgar expletive immediately afterwards. I was getting wonderfully uneasy about this ghost. The poker was such a handy little poker; but here was I, and there was the poker, and so there was nothing to do but to go on.

At last I reached Reuben's room-door, and got hold of the handle. The door was unlocked; and I threw it open, to see nothing but blank darkness.

I held my breath, and *felt* that some one was there. Dreading the man who was behind me, I desperately sprang forward towards the well-known fireplace to get hold of *Reuben's* poker, if I should have the luck. Then a lantern was turned full blaze on my face. I sprang towards it, with the intention of getting hold of the man who held it, putting it out, getting possession of it, and pounding everything human I met with black and blue, on the old cockney rule that "a solitary man is worth a dozen in the dark, because he can hit everybody, and everybody else is afraid of hitting one another;" but, before I could reach him, I had a cloth thrown over my head, an arm round my throat, tightening every moment, and in less than a minute was completely overpowered, with my arms

tied behind me, blindfolded, with a handkerchief passed through my mouth, and tied behind, having seen no one.

I felt that I was in the light, and that people were looking at me; at last some one spoke, in a very gentlemanly, refined voice I thought, and said, "Who the deuce is it?"

"It's the young smith; it's that gal-lows young Burton" said another voice I knew too terribly well. It was the voice of the man I have called Bill Sykes.

Another voice said, "Let us beat the dog's brains out, and cut his body into small pieces and burn it. Curse him; prying into three gentlemen's private affairs like this. Let me have his blood, Bill. Let me have hold of him."

I knew this voice well enough. It was Mr. Pistol's. I wasn't much afraid of *him*. It was Sykes I was afraid of, the man who had me by the collar; the more so, because I saw, by poor Pistol's asking to get hold of me, that he wanted to get me out of Sykes's hands; and the more so still, because I knew that Pistol, in his terror of Sykes, would let *anything* happen. Therefore, when Sykes said to Pistol, "Stand back and lock the door," and when I felt his hand tighten on my collar, I began to say the Lord's Prayer as fast as ever I could.

Pistol only said, "Bill, hold hard;" but his feeble protest was drowned in the strangest sound I ever heard. The unknown man with the gentlemanly voice broke out with a fierce, snapping, snarling objurgation, which took myself and another listener utterly by surprise.

"Sykes, you blood-thirsty, clumsy hound, drop that life-preserver or you are a dead man. It is only by the cowardly idiocy of that fellow Pistol there that you are in this thing at all, you low brute—the best thing you were ever in in your life, worth five hundred of your stupid burglaries. Leave that boy alone, you worthless dog."

I felt Sykes's hand relax, but the bully did not yield.

"You showing fight, you sneaking, long-nosed cur! Shut up, or I'll pound you into a jelly."

"Will you?" said the gentlemanly man, almost in a scream of rage. "Me! you dog. Me! with this knife in my hand. You ignorant idiot, with your clumsy cudgels. Learn the use of this, and then you'll be my equal; just as sure as I'm your master. You'd better go and tickle a black snake on the nose in December than come near me with this in my hand. Leave that lad alone. I won't have a hair of his head touched."

The bully knew the fearful advantage which the use of the knife gives, too well; he came down a little. He said only:

"What for?"

"Because I choose it. How could such as you understand if I told you why?" said the gentlemanly man, with a fiercer snarl than ever. "I am a rogue of long standing, but I have seen better things, you Sykes. I hate you and your class. Hell has begun with me in this world, with all its torment and its loathing; and the most terrible part of my torment is, that those I loved faithfully have cast me off, and that I have to herd with such hounds as you. But I will be revenged on one, until I bring him to reason; and, while I carry a knife, I will express my loathing and scorn for such curs as you. Come hither, lad. Do you care for your cousin Reuben?"

As he said this he moved the handkerchief from my mouth, and I answered, "Yes, I cared very much for my cousin."

"We are a parcel of thieves and worse, my lad, who have got possession of the room he rents. He knows us, my boy, and has been seen in our company. If you say one word about to-night's work, your cousin Reuben will be transported as an accomplice of ours. So you see how fatal the consequences of your speaking would be. We shall be gone to-morrow, maybe. You'd best say nothing, for your cousin's sake."

I said that I would not say one word.

"If you do," said Pistol, "I'll have your bingy; strike me as blind as a morepork if I don't have your bingy!" (by which speech I know, through the

light of later experience, that Mr. Pistol had been transported).

"Shut up, fool," said the gentlemanly man. "Sykes, I am going to let this young 'un go."

"I'll cut his throat if he blows," said blustering Bill. "*He knows me.* He knows he'll never be safe if he does. Swear him. Do you wish you may die if you peach, you cursed young toad?"

"You clumsy fool," said the gentlemanly man; "put him on his honour, I tell you. You'll have his monkey up directly. You're not going to say a word, for your cousin's sake; are you, Jim?"

I repeated that I would not say one single word.

"Then come outside here," said the gentlemanly man. And so he led me to the door, pulled the cloth from my eyes, shut me out on the landing, and locked the door after. When I found myself free on the landing, I am pleased to remember that the first thing I did was to offer up a short thanksgiving: that it was only the grace after meat which I repeated in my haste is no matter—the intention was the same.

Now the steed was stolen I shut the stable-door, and went downstairs with the most elaborate caution, in anticipation of another ambuscade. I was a long time in reaching my bedroom. At last I reached it. One of the pleasantest moments in my life was when I slipped into bed, and heard my father and mother snoring in the next room, producing between them such a perfect imitation of a rusty mine-pump, as would have made their fortunes on the "boards."

One comfort was that Joe had not missed me. He was lying just as I left him. He had evidently been fast asleep all the time.

Had he? The moment I was comfortably settled he spoke. He said, "It was touch and go for that devil Sykes, old Jim."

"What do you mean, Joe?" I asked, in my astonishment.

"Mean!" said Joe, laughing; "why, that I was standing in the dark behind

him with our bedroom poker, and, if he had raised his hand six inches higher, I'd have had him down like a dead dog, and Pistol after him. He'd have gone down at once, if I hadn't seen the knife in the other one's hand. When *he* turned up trumps, I let things be."

"Then it was *you* who followed me upstairs?"

"So it was, Jim. I've had my suspicions about that room; and, when you began to cry out in your sleep about Reuben watching corpses up there, and when you got out and went up, I followed you. I thought you were sleep-walking, and so didn't dare to wake you. I've followed you into many fights, my old boy, and I wasn't going to let you go up *there* alone."

"I think you would follow me to death, Joe."

"I think I would," he said. "They had nothing but one dark-lantern, or I should have had to plan the dickens. I wonder what they are doing there? I think they are only hiding. We must speak to Rube, poor lad. It is very hard on him. Poor faithful, affectionate fellow! I wish he had more determination; I wish he could say No. But what can he do?"

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I have a suspicion. I believe that the man who came to my assistance with his knife was the same man I saw in Lawrence Street, that I told you of, when Rube was among the whole gang."

Joe rose up in bed, and said, in accents of profound astonishment, "Why, do you mean to say you don't see how things stand?"

I said, "No; but that long-nosed fellow seemed to have some kind of influence with Rube."

"Do you mean to say," said Joe, "that you haven't made out this much: That hook-nosed man is Reuben's father, our cousin, Samuel Burton, come home from his transportation, having followed, as I strongly suspect, Mr. George Hillyar? Didn't you make *that* out?"

I was too much dumbfounded to speak.

"You old stupid, you old hammer-smith. I thought you had made it all out, and would speak even to me, Reuben having distrusted me. I have watched the man days and days, till I made it out. Don't you see how doubly it tongue-ties you and me, the only two who know it?"

I did see that, certainly. But at this moment my father dreamt of the devil, and had to be punched awake by my mother, lest he should pass into that fourth and dangerous state of mesmeric coma, as did the young lady spoken of by that acute scientific reasoner, Dr. G—. In which case, as every one ought to know, it would have become necessary to mesmerise some one else, nineteen to the dozen, to fetch him back again, before he got into the fifth state, which is the deuce and all. At all events, my father awoke, and accused my mother on the spot of having had the nightmare, in consequence of having taken too much vinegar with her trotters at supper: which was all she got for her pains. But, he being awake, Joe and I talked no more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFFAIRS AT STANLAKE.

GERTY didn't like England; she couldn't possibly conceive why the people in England didn't all go and live in Australia. James wanted to get as many of them as would come, over to Cooksland free of expense, and when they came they always liked it—in the end, you would understand her to mean; for at first they felt strange, and were, Lord bless you, more particular over their rations than any corn-stalk cockatoo who might have treed his section on the burst, and come back to the shed: or than any real stringy back hand ever thought of being. She didn't see why they should not all move over together. It wouldn't do to leave the Queen behind; but she might get to think better of it as soon as she saw how much superior Australia was to England. And so she used to twitter on to old Sir

George Hillyar, never allowing for the fact that, when most confidential and affectionate with him, she was apt (as above) to ramble off into fields of utterly incomprehensible slang, and to leave his close-cropped grey hair standing on end with amazement.

Gerty didn't like Stanlake. "Not very much, papa," she would say to Sir George, taking his hand in hers; "you ain't offended, are you? because I mustn't offend you, or else James will be angry with me when I go back home, and say it is all my fault. I love you, but I don't like Stanlake. George knows you are going to leave it to him, because Mr. Compton advised him to cut down the east belt. But I don't like it. It's so cold to your bones."

"What do you like, my dear little white rosebud?" Sir George said one day, laughing.

"Why," she answered, "let me see. I like you (very much indeed—you don't know how much); and I like George more than you; and I like Erne more than you, but not so much as George. And I like Reuben the waterman, and his cousin the blacksmith, Jim—I mean, you know, Erne's friend—the tall lad with the large brown eyes, who sat under the tomb that first Sunday when the pew-opener poked the umbrella into her husband's eye, because the mad woman caught spiders in her prayers (you didn't hear of that, though). I like him, and I like his great big sister; for, although her hands are very red, she has a gentle face, and her voice is like James's when he is playing with baby. I like all these; so I can't be so hard to please as you want to make out, you cruel tyrant."

"I don't mean what people do you like," said Sir George, gently, "for I believe you love everyone you come near, just as everyone loves you. I mean, what do you like to do best? What can I do to amuse you, to make the time go less slowly?"

"I like the fire best," said Gerty. "I like to sit before the fire, and look at the coals."

"Why?"

"It warms my poor bones," said Gerty. "And I see things there."

"Tell me what, Gerty—tell me what. Do you ever see a little white sea-swallow that has winged its way, such a weary way, over the heaving sea to sing to an old man and soften his heart?"

"No," said Gerty, simply, "I don't ever remember to have seen that. I see black fellows, and ships, and balls, and things of that kind. I saw the quartz range beyond Neville's Gap once yesterday, where we go to get flowers. My word, what a rage poor mamma was in!"

"About what?" asked Sir George, much amused. "About the ships, or the black fellows?"

"About my book-muslin frock, you foolish thing, and my complexion; there wasn't a bit of it as big as your hand that wasn't torn. And there *were* black fellows in this story, too—for, when I found I was bushed, I had to go and look after them to take me home; and I followed the cattle-tracks till I came to the great Billebong where they were fishing, and I made them up stick and take me home. Lord! you should have seen me coming in state over the paddock with my hair down, and five-and-forty black fellows, lobsras, picanninies and all, at my heels. You would have laughed."

"I think I should," said Sir George.

"Mamma didn't," said Gerty. "I was as brown as you; and that book-muslin cost a deal of money. She made such a fuss about it before the black fellows, that they went back and tracked me to the Grevillea Scrub, to get the shreds of it which were left on the thorns, thinking they were some priceless tissue. They kept bringing pieces of it as long as your little finger, or smaller, to my mother ever so long, and wanting her to give them brandy and tobacco for them. She *was* angry."

"She must have had good cause, with six daughters like you to take care of."

"Yes. You see she had staked her reputation that we should marry better than the seven Brown girls. And what with poor papa going off at the Prince

of Wales, with the gout getting into his stomach, and tallow down to three-pence, and all the hands on the burst at once, it was enough to make her anxious, wasn't it?"

"I should think so," Sir George would reply. And then she would go chirruping on again; and George would sit watching them from behind his book.

There was no doubt whatever that silly Gerty was making extraordinary way with the old man. Her amazing beauty, her gentleness, and her simplicity won the old man completely; while her piquant conversation as above (it was piquant enough from her mouth, though it may be dull from this pen), amused him immensely. Whenever she was utterly, unintelligibly, colonial in her language, Sir George would make her explain herself, and this would cause her to use other colonialisms worse than the first, to his intense delight. She was winning on the old man day by day, and George saw it with hope.

The old man would sit hours with her now. They neither bored the other. Gerty loved talking, and he loved listening to her strange prattle. Sir George grew sensibly more free with and kind to his son; and the odd eight thousand a-year—which Secretary Oxtou had encouraged him to go to London and seek—seemed nearer to realization day by day. Old Compton, the lawyer, used to come often, as his wont was; and, as he saw Sir George and Gerty together so much, he took the trouble to watch them, and as he watched them he said, "A new will!—a new will! My young friend Erne will not be so rich as I thought."

George watched them too, with hope—hope sometimes alternated with despair. Sir George would be sitting beside Gerty absorbed in a kind of pitying admiration of her for an hour or more, when in would come Erne, who loved his sister-in-law, and loved to hear her talk in her strange *naïve* way, and would stand against his father's chair on the other side. And then George would see the old man's right hand

withdrawn from the arm of Gerty's chair, and his left leg wandering up to smooth down the clustering brown curls, which hung on Erne's head like a garland.

Then George would set his teeth and curse Erne silently in his heart, for his hatred of him grew stronger day by day. He *knew* that Erne was utterly simple and undesigning ; that he loved Gerty—nay, that he loved *him*, George himself ; but he would not know it. He fed his heart in secret denunciations of his brother. He let the devil in ; and, to himself and in private, he cursed his brother for a designing young villain, knowing that he was lying all the time. The story of Cain and Abel is a very old one. Where were James and Aggy now ?

People called on Gerty. The Nalders called ; but Gerty was looking out of window, and saw them as they drove up, and wasn't at home. She would die sooner than be at home when that artful bold Yankee woman had the audacity to call and hunt up her husband—much sooner die, for then they would be sorry for her, and would not despise her. She had *some* spirit left, she thanked Heaven, though the cold *had* got into her bones. Nevertheless, she looked from behind the curtain as they drove away, and saw that Mrs. Nalder had been dressed by a Frenchwoman, and looked horridly handsome and amiable ; and that Nalder had mounted a tall white hat on to his honest head, and wore what he would have called a white vest and black pants, although it was only half-past two in the afternoon.

Then, another time, some other horrid people called. She couldn't see who they were, but was sure they were horrid, and she wasn't at home. But she heard a loud voice in the hall say, "Sure, then, Phayley, we'll wait in the parlour till she come ;" and then, with a little cry of joy, she ran out of the drawing-room, and the next moment had buried her lovely head in the capacious bosom of Miss Lesbia Burke.

The good Irishwoman half laughed and half cried over her ; at one time

holding her at arm's length to get a good look at her, and the next hugging her again, like a dear old lunatic as she was ; while Mr. Phelim O'Brien (the leader of the Opposition, James Oxtan's deadly enemy) stood looking on, with a smile of infinite contentment on his handsome face. It appeared that he and his cousin, Miss Burke, were to be in London for some time on "bhisnuss," and they could meet again often. Lesbia brought all kinds of tender loves from half the colony ; and, more, it was this battered old Irishwoman who had gone out of her way to Neville's Gap, that she might visit the quartz ranges, and bring Gerty a great nosegay of wild flowers ; and here they were in a band-box, triumphantly. They were all withered and dead—no more like their former selves, than was Lesbia Burke to the beauty of thirty years before : but some of the aromatic ones kept their scent still—the dear old bush scent—speaking of peaceful sunny summer days among the hot silent forests : and Lesbia's heart was as true and as loving now as it was when she learnt her first prayer at her mother's knee.

Gerty did not chirrup much to Sir George that night, but sat back in her easy chair, with the faded flowers on her lap, tying them up into various bunches like a child, and sometimes untying them and altering them. Once she looked up and asked him whether he did not wonder why she was doing this, and he said "Yes."

"I am calling up the different holidays I have had, and am making up a bouquet for each one, of the flowers I remember best on those days, in order that you and George may put them in my coffin. I should like this bunch of silver wattle to lie on my heart, because they grow thick in the paddocks at Barker's Station, where George came and made love to me."

"You must not talk about coffins, my love," said Sir George. "Try cradles, hey ? that is more to the purpose."

"It may be either," said Gerty, rising wearily. "I think I will go to bed. I think you had better send for Aggy ;

she is at the Bend. She will be here in an hour. I wish you could send for her."

Then the poor little woman looked wildly round the room and saw where she was; and, as she realized the fact that her sister was sixteen thousand miles away, she gave a weary little moan, which went to Sir George's heart.

"She is too far to send for, my love," he said, kindly. "I wish she were here."

"Stay," said Gerty. "Tell me, dear old papa, was Lesbia Burke here to-day, or am I dreaming again? I know she was. These are the flowers she brought me. George! George! send for old Lesbia!"

Lesbia Burke was sent for, and we need not insult your judgment by telling you that she came raging off instantly to the assistance of the sweet little bush flower. She was naturally a loud woman, and was rather louder than usual on her journey in consequence of her impatience. But the moment she entered Stanlake doors, she, with the wonderful adaptive power of her nation, became transformed into a calm, dexterous, matronly lady, with a commanding power expressed in every word and attitude. She took possession of the house and ruled it. Sir George Hillyar had an eye for female beauty, but he told George that he had never seen anything like Lesbia Burke's poses before. When she swept into the library, at two o'clock in the morning, with the lighted candle close against her stern-marked face, and announced the event to them, both of them started. "The Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, would have hidden her head," said Sir George. She certainly was a terribly beautiful woman.

It was she who put the baby into bed with Gerty when the doctor gave leave, and who, when she heard Gerty's strange little croon of delighted wonder, fell on the astonished doctor and baronet's neck, and called him an "ould darlin'."

"Good heavens!" said the precise old gentleman; "I hope no one saw her. What would Lady Savine say?"

You never know what these Irish people will be at next."

CHAPTER XXIX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE BEGINNING OF THE BAD TIMES.

"THE Simultaneity of certain Crises in Human Thought, more especially relating to the Results of Investigation into Mechanical Agents," would form a capital title for a book, as yet to be written. As good a title as could be found (if you don't mind a little American, and follow Sir Walter Scott's doctrine about the title of books), because no one could by any possibility gather from it what the deuce the book was about, until they had read it.

The writer of this book would have to take notice that, for the last hundred years (say), intelligence has been so rapidly circulated, that the foremost thinkers in all civilized countries are at work for the same end at one and the same time. He would have to point out as examples (I merely sketch his work out for him) the simultaneous invention of steamboats on the Clyde and in New York; the nearly simultaneous invention of the Electric Telegraph in England and in America (though Cook and Wheatstone were clicking messages to Camden Town three months before the Yankees got to work). Again, for instance, the discovery of the planet Neptune, by Adams and Leverrier; and last, not least, the synchronic invention of the centrifugal bucket-lifter for emptying cesspools—claims for which were sent in at the same time by Ebenezer Armstrong, of Salford, and by James Burton, of Church Place, Chelsea.

What actually ruined us was, that none of us would go near the machine after it was made, and that it had to be worked by third parties. In his enthusiasm for science, I believe that my father would have gone and superintended, but his proposition was met by flat rebellion of the whole family. My father demanded whether or no he

was master in his own house ; whereto Emma, who had a vast deal of spirit at times, replied promptly, "No, don't let him think so. Nothing of the kind." Emma's having turned Turk startled my father, and caused him to reconsider the matter of his being master in his own house in another, and, let us hope, a better spirit ; for he only sat down and troubled me for his pipe. When he had nearly smoked it, he caught my eye, and said, "There was three or four keys wanted driving home, old chap ; and a washer or two on the upper spindle would have broke no one's bones. Nevertheless, let be ; she is right in general. It'll all be the same one day."

That night in the dark, Joe, who was at home, turned towards me and said :

"Jim, Erne Hillyar is making fine gentlemen and ladies of us. We oughtn't to have stopped his going to see the machine at work. I ought to have gone, and you ought to have gone also. We are getting too fine, Jim ; it won't do."

I quite agreed, now I had time to think, and we determined to go the very next night.

But the very next day came Erne, looking so wonderfully handsome and so exquisitely clean, that going to Augusta Court to superintend the emptying of a cesspool became absolutely impossible. Certainly, what Joe said was true ; Erne was making fine gentlemen of us.

That night the gentlemen who had charge of the machine came home and reported it broken. It had to be repaired. To satisfy curiosity, it was what gold-miners call a California pump (which is an old Chinese invention), but with hollow paddles, nearly like buckets. We had not repaired it for three weeks, and, by the time we got it to work again, Armstrong had sent in his claim, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that the delay was entirely our own fault.

Strange to say, the invention had been registered some years, though, from want of practical knowledge, the

machine had never been used. The former patentee instituted legal proceedings against my father and Armstrong. Cohen and Marks, the solicitors, bought up Armstrong, and we were nearly ruined.

So ends the history of my father's inventions. The other day my mother asked him whether he couldn't contrive a spring to prevent the front door slamming. He declined pointedly, saying that he had had enough of that in his life, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself for talking about such things.

Nearly ruined. All my father's savings, all Joe's little earnings, and most of the furniture, just saved us. We could keep the house over our heads, for we had taken it by the year, and my father and I had our trade and our strength between us and ruin still. And as is very often the case, troubles did not come singly. There was another forge established at the bottom of Church Street, and our business grew a little slack (for new brooms sweep clean). We knew that a reaction in our favour would set in soon ; but, meanwhile, our capital was gone, and we had to depend on our ready-money receipts for the men's wages.

Those men's wages were a terrible trouble. I have had a peaceful, prosperous life, and have been far better used than I deserve ; for the trouble about these men's wages is the worst trouble, save the great disaster of my life, which I have ever known. I had always been a great favourite with them, and used to skylark and chaff with them ; but that soon was altered when the curse of poverty came upon us. I was so terribly afraid of offending them. Their wages must be paid on Saturday, or they would go to the other forge. *We* had often to give trust, but we could never take trust from them. They had each eighteen shillings a week—two pounds fourteen ; and one week we only took three pounds seven in cash. There was not a stick of furniture, or a watch, or a spoon left which could go.

Then began the time of short meals. There were no more "jints" now. The

“kag-mag and skewer-pieces,” &c. contemptuously mentioned by my father to Mr. Compton, were now luxuries—luxuries which were not indulged in every day by any means. The first necessity was bread and butter for the “kids,” as our merry Reuben, absent through all of it, used to call them; the supply of that article and of milk-and-water was kept up to the last.

If the contemplation of a family who triumphantly come out strong, in the middle of a complication of troubles and difficulties, is pleasing to any of my readers, I should like him to have seen the Burton family in *their* troubles. It would have done his honest heart good to have seen the way in which we came out, when we hadn't really, for three weeks, enough, or near enough, to eat.

My mother took to singing about her work. She couldn't sing a bit. She never could and never will; but she took to it for all that. Some people take to playing the flute who can't play it at all, and therefore there is no reason why my mother shouldn't take to singing. At all events, she did, with an ostentatious light-heartedness which we could all see through. It would have been better if she had known any tune; but she didn't, and so we had to do without. Her singing, however, was better than some very fine singing indeed, for it produced the effect intended; it showed us all that she was determined to act as pitch-pipe in the family quire.

And we took up the harmony with a will, I warrant you. We had always been an easy-going, gentle sort of family; but now our benevolence began to take an active form to one another, which was painful then, and is painful now when I look back on it. Our love for one another had before this run on in a gentle, even stream; now it had got on the rapids and become passionate; for the same unwhispered terror was in all our hearts—the terror lest, in the troubles and evils which were coming thick upon us, we might break up the old family bond and learn to care for

one another less—the ghastly doubt as to whether or no, our love would stand the test of poverty.

Would it have outlived a year's disgraceful weary want, or would it not? That is a terrible question. Our troubles came so hard and fast, that *that* test was never applied to us. The only effect our troubles had on us was to knit us the closer together; to turn what had been mere ox-like contentment in one another's society into a heroic devotion—a devotion which would have defied death. And the one person who led us through our troubles—the one person who gave the key-note to our family symphony, and prevented one jarring note from being heard—the person who turned out to be most cheerful, most patient, most gentle, most shifty, and most wise of all of us—was no other than my awkward, tall, hard-featured, square-headed, stupid old mother.

Fools would have called her a fool. I think that, in the times of our prosperity, we older children had got a dim notion into our heads that mother was not quite so wise as we were. Three weeks of misfortune cured us of that opinion, for ever and ever. That she was the most affectionate and big-hearted of women we had always known, but we never knew what a wonderful head she had till this time. When that great and somewhat sluggish brain got roused into activity by misfortune, we were almost awed by her calm, gentle wisdom. When better times came again, that brain grew sluggish once more; my mother's eyes assumed their old calm, dreamy look, and she again became capable of rambling in her line of argument, and of being puzzled on such subjects as potatoes. But we never forgot, as a revelation, the shrewd, calm woman who had appeared to us in our time of trouble, had advised, and managed, and suggested, and softened affairs, till one was ashamed of being discontented. We never forgot what my mother could be, when she was wanted.

Yesterday I was sitting at her feet, watching the sun blaze himself to death behind the crags of Nicnicabarlah.

My youngest boy had played himself to sleep upon her knee, and the light of the dying day smote upon her magnificent face as I turned and looked up into it. And then I saw the old, old look there—the look of perfect, peaceful, happy goodness—and I blessed God that there were such people in the world ; and then in my memory I carried that dear calm face back through all the turbulent old times at Chelsea, and pondered there at her knee, until the darkness of the summer night had settled down on the peaceful Australian forest.

I have often spoken of my gentle sister Emma hitherto. I have represented her to you as a kind, sensible, handsome girl, with an opinion of her own, which opinion was generally correct, and which also was pretty sure to be given—in short, an intensely loving and loveable, but rather uninteresting person—a girl, I should have said, with every good quality except energy. I should have said, up to this time, that it would have been difficult to make Emma take a sudden resolution, and act on it with persistency and courage. She was, as I should have said, too yielding, and too easily persuaded, ever to have made a heroine, in spite of her energetically-given opinions on all subjects.

Whether I was right or not, I cannot say ; for she *may* have lacked energy hitherto, but she did not now. When my mother showed that remarkable temporary development of character which followed on her being thoroughly aroused to the change in our position, Emma looked on her once or twice with affectionate awe, and then took up the burden of my mother's song and sung it busily and clearly through the live-long day. She sang the same old song as my mother did, though in clearer tones—a song of ten thousand words set to a hundred tunes. She sang of cheerful devoted love, the notes of which, though vibrating in a Chelsea fog, make the air clearer than the sky of Naples.

I saw the change in her quickly.

There was no abrupt statement of opinions now. She set herself to follow my mother's example quietly and humbly. Once, after looking at my mother, she came and kissed me, and said, "Who would have thought her so noble?" From that time she became my heroine.

Erne came to see us just as usual, and until long after it was all over, he never found out that anything was wrong. Our intense pride made us cunning. We were always exactly as we were in old times, whenever he called. My mother and Emma never sang in that ostentatious way when he was there, and all violent demonstrations of affection towards one another were dropped. He was perfectly unacquainted with our terrible strait all through. We knew that one word to him would have ended our troubles at once. We knew that fifty pounds would have tided us over the evil time, and that fifty pounds was to be had by asking ; but we couldn't ask from *him*. More, we must not let him guess that we were in difficulties, lest he should offer, and we should have peremptorily, and without the help of ordinary tact (for we were low-bred people), to refuse his offer.

If you ask, Were there any further motives which caused us to be so cautious in keeping our difficulties from Erne? I answer, They were simply these :—My father and mother, who did not know of Erne's love for Emma, were too proud and high-minded to take advantage of him. Joe and I, who had become aware of that attachment, would have thought that we were selling our sister ; and, as for Emma—why, I should not have liked to be the man who would have proposed such a thing to her. I would sooner have gone alone into Augusta Court or Danvers Street after dark, fifty times over, than have faced the tornado of passionate scorn which would have broken over any one's head who proposed to her to trade on Erne's love for her. And, moreover, although I had never seen Emma in a moment of terrible emergency, yet I knew, by a kind of instinct, that Emma's dove-like head, which we had only seen as

yet turned from side to side in gentle complacency, or at most raised calmly in remonstrance, was, nevertheless, capable of towering up into an attitude of scornful defiance ; and that that gentle loving voice, in which we had heard no shrill note as yet, was capable of other tones—of tones as clear, as fierce, and as decided, as those of any scolding Peregrine.

This bitter trial of ours—for three weeks, we elders were more than half starved, if you will excuse my mentioning it ; and we pawned, to use my mother's forcible English, every stick of furniture and every rag of clothes that could be spared—had a great effect on Emma. She never was dictatorial after this. Before this, she was as perfect as need be, but unluckily she thought so, and required sometimes what I, in my low vulgar way, would have called "shutting up." But, after my mother utterly astounded us all, by behaving as she did—taking the helm, playing first fiddle in the family quire, and drawing the family coach clear off the lee shore of despair (Harry says that there is a confusion of metaphor here, but Harry is a fool)—after those times, she was not only humbler in her suggestions, but developed a busy energy quite unlike the steady, peaceful diligence of the old easy-going times. When, shortly after this, in an emergency, she displayed courage and determination of the highest order, I was not in the least surprised.

How my father and I worked all this time ! Real work was, alas ! very slack, but we made work—made things on speculation—things which never were asked for, and which never were worth the coals they cost. My father, a perfect Quentin Matsys, set to work on a small wrought-iron gate, from designs fur-

nished by Joe, which, if completed, was to make his fortune. It was never finished ; but I have it now, and a beautiful piece of work it is.

Erne brought us news from Reuben. He was going on just the same, and seemed as great a favourite as ever with Sir George, and, what seemed still stranger, with young Mr. George. Erne always lowered his voice now when he spoke of his brother. There was no doubt, he said, that George regarded him with deep jealousy and dislike. "He is afraid," said Erne, "of my coming between my father and him. I *never* do that. When he and my father are together I am seldom there, and when present silent. The only time I get with my father is when he and my brother's wife are together. I always join these two, and we three are very happy together."

And during all this time, in the midst of short commons, anxiety, and hard work, I had on my mind the terrible guilty secret of that dreadful room upstairs, and of what I had seen there. I was as silent as death on the subject. I had had no opportunity of communicating with Reuben since the night of my adventure ; and the one small piece of comfort in the whole matter was, that Reuben was still away at Stanlake, and would, in all probability, follow the family in the summer. Therefore, whatever happened, he must be held to be innocent.

Meanwhile, I had not even Joe to consult with ; for, a few days after our adventure in Reuben's room, he met with a singular piece of good fortune, which seemed likely to affect materially his prospects in life.

To be continued.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ EDINA, SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT.”

THE “fresh woods and pastures new,” to which a fate wonderfully like chance called me late in the autumn of 1839, were those of the city of Edinburgh. My conveyance to them was the prosaic one of the Aberdeen and Leith steam-boat—Granton Pier not being then in so forward a state as to have quite superseded dusky old Leith as the landing-place for Edinburgh. Prosaic, did I say? There is a time of life, there are moods and conjunctures, in which nothing is prosaic; and, though I have taken many longer voyages since, in greener seas, along more romantic coasts, in more luxuriously-equipped boats, and in more sprightly society, that day of my twelve hours of watchful pacing to and fro on the deck of the unconcerned little steamer that was carrying me (there were other sheep and cattle on board) from the city and region of the Scottish east coast with which alone till then I had been familiar, to an actual residence in a more celebrated Scottish city and region, which I had indeed visited once, and to which I had been lured for some time by an indescribable fascination, but which was to me as full of mystery and the chance of adventure as had it been two thousand miles away and in a foreign land—that day remains in my memory as among the most poetical and the most fraught with consequences of any of the earth's semi-rotations in which I have borne a part.

My fascination to Edinburgh—why should I conceal it?—was Dr. Chalmers. In one of his missionary perambulations of Scotland, for the purpose of rousing us all in favour of his mighty national schemes, he had passed through our benighted parts; and thus I, who had heard much of him before, and had read

this or that of his writings, had actually seen his grand white head, and been subject, as one of a vast assembly, to the mass and rush of his living eloquence. At sixteen we are impressive, even in Aberdeen; and nothing like this had occurred to me before. The world is large, and the Pantheon of its remarkable men, living or dead, is numerous and various enough; but we did not, in those days, hear much in the North—at least, the younger of us did not—of Kant, and Goethe, and other foreign potentates of the intellectually universal, now known even to our kittens. Some inquisitive savage among us did, one day, I remember, bring us news of some extraordinary German poet, whom he called “Goeeth,” and whom a better-informed savage afterwards denominated for us, more correctly, “Gutty;” but, as all that came before us as a specimen of this “Gutty” was a translation by somebody or other of his little poem of the Fisherman, he did not by any means fasten upon us. Nay, of several men of great intellectual influence then living in England and Scotland as coevals of Chalmers, and who have been important enough to me and others since then, not even the names had reached our limits. And, though Shakespeares and Byrons and Scotts and Burnses are all very well, one wants in early youth, if it can be had, some type of living greatness to think of, some living object of paramount admiration. To me, through circumstances, this was given in dear old Chalmers. Till he flashed casually before me in that perambulation of benevolence which led him into our bleakish parts, never had I felt such a power, never had I conceived the possibility of such prodigiousness of energy in

human form. He answered all one's young notions, and more, of what "greatness" might be; and from that day the whole of that part of our island to which my vision was as yet pretty much bounded seemed to me full of him, and almost of him only. Scotland was but a platform, to and fro on which there walked a Chalmers. Other spirits there might be—here a cool thinker meditating important things, and there some writer of tales, poems, or lyrics that one could call beautiful; but for general brain and genius, for grand picturesqueness of manner, for thought all in conflagration as he moved and spoke, who like this man? Even then, I daresay, I was aware that it was not as a representative of the higher modern culture or an exponent of the deepest forms of modern thought that Dr. Chalmers was to be regarded; and ere long I had opportunities of knowing how very far he was from being such, and, indeed, how vast and Cimmerian was his ignorance in many tracks in which others were learned, and in what a few permanent speculative ruts of its own making, because no others would fit the wheels, his massive mind rolled. When I come to speak of him particularly, I shall hope to be as strict and judicial on this subject as my great love for his memory will let me be. Suffice it here to say that, as even now I can deliberately affirm that, using "greatness" simply as a quantitative word, and regarding all farther definition as qualitative, I have met no human being in the world that I would call "greater" than Chalmers, so at that time he was, of all living men I had till then seen or heard of, absolutely the greatest. And so, whatever other consequences may have followed his visit to our northern parts, one consequence was that he had seized the soul of one young fellow listening to him afar off, and, when he took his departure southwards again, drew that young soul after him, as some large celestial body might hook to itself unawares, in traversing some new part of the heavens, a small would-be moon.

It is easy for anonymous bodies in

space to become moons when they choose. They have nothing else to do. But a young fellow cannot so easily quit his local moorings, wherever they may chance to be. And so Dr. Chalmers had come and gone; and, though he had taken my heart with him, I was left behind in body. So far as appeared, there was nothing for it but that I should continue where I was, in the vicinity of Old Marischal College, or of the new building that was taking its place, and receive, in that familiar granite ground, from men respectable enough and long-headed enough—but oh! what were they after that glimpse of Chalmers?—the rest of the education appointed for me by routine. But, unexpectedly, the opportunity came. As I was walking one afternoon to a class-appointment of mine, I met—at a spot which I could point out yet—an elderly friend whom I was accustomed to meet daily at or near that spot, going to a business appointment of his at the same hour, and who, this afternoon, contrary to his usual custom—for he was punctual as clock-work—would stop for a few minutes to speak with me. "Do you ever think of going to Edinburgh?" he asked, not from the least notion of what had been passing in my mind, but with reference to a little plan that had just then been suggested to him, and which he partly explained. The details can interest nobody. It is enough to say that, after the briefest inquiry, the plan seemed to suit, and that, in a very little while, I was on board the aforesaid steamer on a raw, early morning, gazing at the receding quays and shipping and streets and steeples of Bonaccord, as the steamer, crossing the difficult harbour-bar, plunged out into the open sea, and turned its course to the south.

In the sail from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, with the track of foam in the steamer's wake all the way, you are never, or hardly ever, out of sight of land. On the left side of the vessel, indeed, looking seaward, you have the whole German Ocean to send your straining fancies over—one boundless

monotony of biggish waves, save when sometimes there comes a spout, and a tumbling as of some live object, at a distance, and a sailor tells you it is a whale ; but, on the other side, which naturally you most frequent, there is an almost continuous view of the headlands, the hills, the cliffs, the shelving shores, the small bays and inlets, with streams debouching in them, along which you pass. And, although the Scottish east coast is nothing so picturesque as the west or Highland coast, it has a satisfying character of its own for those who are native to it and have a little knowledge of its economy and traditions. If, for example, after coming out of Aberdeen harbour, you have rounded Girdleness Point with its lighthouse, on your way south, you have, first of all, the novel aspect from the sea of objects and spots in the northern angle of Kincardineshire that have been so familiar to you in your Saturday-afternoon walks from Aberdeen, that you have scarcely thought of them till now as being in another county. Is not that the parish-church of Nigg, four miles out of Aberdeen, where it has been the custom, from time immemorial, for young Aberdeen licentiates to make their first venture in preaching, and where you have once or twice been present on such an interesting occasion, when some gaunt friend of yours was the ashy-pale performer ? And is not that the fishing-village of Cove, at the inn of which you have eaten fish dinners, and among the rocks of which, in the deep green pools, you have tried to catch fish bigger than you could hook from the Aberdeen jetties ? And what is this, a few miles farther on, but the famous village of Findon, or Finnan, which has given its name to the matchless dried haddocks supplied to British gastronomy specially from this part of the Scottish coast—or, alas ! that used to be so supplied, before there were railways and the demand became too great for the supply to remain honest ? And so on and on, past villages and bits of bleak coast less known to you, till you are off the town of

Stonehaven, immediately beyond which is the grand ruin of Dunnottar Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Earls Marischal, perched on a rock, the cliffs of which break to the sea by a sheer descent of 160 feet, and are alive and clangorous, as the steamer passes, with countless clouds and eddies of white sea-fowl. You remember the old legends of this castle and its neighbourhood—how it was in the dungeon of the castle, still called the Whigs' Vault, that so many Covenanters were imprisoned and tortured during the last days of the Persecution ; and how it was in the parish-churchyard adjacent that Sir Walter Scott came upon David Paterson, the original of his "Old Mortality," cleaning and re-chiselling the gravestone that covered the remains of some of these Dunnottar martyrs. On and on still, the day advancing, along shores less rocky, but still steep in parts, so that sometimes down the brown seabank you see the trickle of a tiny waterfall. Bervie, Johnshaven, St. Cyrus—these are places the names of which have hardly reached England ; but there they are, actual places on the Kincardineshire coast, gazing out over the German Ocean, and forming as it were the seaward eyes of a whole countryside, where industry goes on triumphing over a rather poor soil by reason of the brain of the folk, and whence have come some men of considerable importance in North-British history. It was from cultivating a farm of sour land near Bervie, where his sires had painfully cultivated it before him, that William Burness, the father of Robert Burns, removed to the more genial south and south-west which was to be known as the land of Burns. It was at Laurencekirk, a few miles inland from Bervie—celebrated for its wooden snuff-boxes—that Ruddiman first taught Latin, and that the poet Beattie was born. Fordoun, where the early Scottish chronicler, John of Fordoun, lived, and where George Wishart, the Reformer, was born, is a little farther inland still ; near which is the mansion of Monboddo, the birthplace of the eccentric philosopher who

took his title from it. Fasque House, the patrimonial seat of the Gladstones, is in the same neighbourhood. All this is a little far-fetched, for you cannot exactly see any of it from the steamer. But in a steamer you are in the mood to fetch things from afar; and, as the coast flits past, you have visions of whatever memorable fields and places the map enables you to consider it the fringe. But lo! now you have left the Kincardineshire coast behind you, and are steaming past that of Forfarshire. Forfar is a brave and sturdy-brained county too; and, as you lie off the pretty and busy town of Montrose for a moment, to pick up the boatful of passengers, which here, as at other points throughout the voyage, comes out to catch the steamer, it is by no means far-fetched to remember that James Mill, the father of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Joseph Hume, the economist of the House of Commons, were natives of Montrose. Brechin, which you would like to see, is a good way inland, and you have to put up with Lunan Bay, Ethie, and the like, and the precipitous cliffs you see thereabouts, and what vague recollections you may have of Cardinal Beaton and others in association with the district, till you reach the ancient town of Aberbrothock, or Arbroath, the Fairport of Scott's "Antiquary." There, or at its back, lies a good deal of the Scottish history about which Mr. Oldbuck and Sir Arthur used to have their disputes. But your chief concern now is that, from this point, you keep out to sea, hugging the shore no longer, but making for Fife Ness straight across the opening of the Firth of Tay and the rough bay of St. Andrews, where, if anywhere, the waves have a habit of rolling, and you may expect a tumble. If you keep far enough out, you cannot but be faintly aware, on the left horizon, of the site of the Bell Rock—whence a tall lighthouse at night now flashes its revolving gleams over many leagues of sea to warn off from the dangerous reef, and where in old times, for the same purpose, there swung and rung with the rising tide, as it covered the reef, the famous bell

placed there by the good monks of Aberbrothock, till Sir Ralph the Rover cut it away and had, as Southey tells us, to rue the consequences. Thoughts of Ralph the Rover or of anything else may occupy you in the longish and rather trying sail across St. Andrews Bay, till at length Fife Ness, or the "East Neuk of Fife," comes into closer view, and, rounding it, you begin to sail in calmer water, with the Isle of May to your left, close along the quickly succeeding villages and small old royal burghs which line the southern shore of Fife and introduce you to the Firth of Forth. You like this glimpse, from the water, of that redoubted county of Fife—the third of the three large east-coast counties you pass in this particular voyage—which rejoices to this day in a distinctive name as "the Kingdom of Fife," and the natives of which, though of the same general large-headed, big shouldered, breed as all the rest of that east-coast region, *have*, it is maintained, some characteristics of their own. Whatever movement, agitating Scotland, has a touch of phrenzy or queerness in it, is pretty sure to have had its origin in Fife; for there all the natives, without exception, have some bee or other buzzing between their big heads and their bonnets, and giving a dreamy look to their eyes—so that, in the rest of Scotland, if you want to express your notion that some fellow of great strength otherwise is a little insane or eccentric, you simply touch your temple with your forefinger and say, "A wee Fifish, you ken!" At all events, these old villages and towns of Fife towards the Firth have an interesting look to you from the passing steamer; and you remember that it was from among them that Scotland derived some of her earliest sailors of note, including that unruly Fifeshire lad, Alexander Selkirk (*he* was a "wee Fifish," certainly), whom all the world knows in his immortal guise as Robinson Crusoe. If you had my eyes, you would look with special curiosity at the particular little seaport, called Anstruther or Anster, near the East Neuk, knowing that to be the birthplace

not only of Maggie Lauder, but also of Dr. Chalmers. But, once in the Firth of Forth, you begin to consider your voyage at an end. The steamer, leaving the Fifeshire coast, makes across the Firth for that of Edinburgh ; and, in due time, just as the afternoon thinks of passing into evening, you are alongside one of the Leith quays amid the usual noise of porters and the sights and odours of a place of busy shipping. Now, indeed, a steamer starting from Aberdeen at the time in the morning that ours did, would get you into Leith several hours earlier than was usual then—almost as quickly as if you had come by the railway-journey of which you have now the option. The railway then was unheard of ; and you were fortunate if, having preferred the steamer to the coach, as most people did, you got to Leith in time to be carried up to Edinburgh by the Leith Walk omnibus before it was dark. I did so ; nay, I remember it was still light when I followed, from the Black Bull Hotel, where the omnibus stopped, a diminutive porter with a white wide-awake, to whom I had inadvertently intrusted a chest of books much larger than himself, and who staggered through a succession of streets all strange to me, carrying the burden by means of a rope slung round his forehead, and piloting me at the same time to a lodging, at least a mile off, of which I had given him the address. It used to be a comfort to me afterwards to encounter the little man in the streets and to be assured that my chest had not killed him. - I believe he is alive yet, and with the same white wide-awake.

* * * *

“ Edina, Scotia’s darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once, beneath a monarch’s feet,
Sat Legislation’s sovereign powers !
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing lone the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.”

Such was Burns’s salutation to Edinburgh seventy-seven years ago, when first, as a visitor from his native Ayr-

shire, he found himself within the often-imagined precincts of the capital city. The phrasing of the lyric might have been better ; but the enthusiasm of feeling appropriate to the occasion is exactly conveyed. The salutation may serve yet as an expression of that uniform exultation of sentiment with which any provincial Scotsman, young enough and cultured or *uncultured* enough to be capable of such sensations, looks round him for the first time in the metropolis of his nation. Not only from marking scattered flowers in Ayrshire, but from footing the heather in the Perthshire or the western Highlands, or from gathering granite chips in Aberdeenshire, or from making seal-skin pouches, or whatever other unimaginable thing they do to beguile time, in the remote Orkneys and Shetlands, it *is* a heart-rousing experience for the Scottish provincial to find himself in Edinburgh. Whencesoever he comes from the varied little area, he retains his attachment to that, as peculiarly his native district ; but all are equally possessed by the general idea of an integral Scotia to which they belong by a higher being than their provincialism ; and of this Scotia the darling seat and centre, in the imagination of all, *is* that romantic city, “ piled deep and massy, close and high,” which gazes over the Firth of Forth from its queenly throne of heights on the southern side.

All this may be very absurd, and very contrary to the latest views in British history and ethnology. The very name Edinburgh, it may be said, indicates that the town was originally “ Edwin’s Burg ”—a fortress or stronghold, in the seventh century, of the Northumbrian King Edwin, and therefore then on the Anglian or North-English ground. Nay, are there not Anglian ethnologists who inform us out and out that there is not and never has been in nature any legitimate historical entity answering to the name of Scotland, and that the fussy supposition of such an entity was originally a swindle, and has descended as a hal-

lucination? New lights are new lights, and we should be always learning; but, if the notion of a Scotland is a hallucination, there are no facts, and Time is a smoker of opium. Whether there were, in the old pre-Saxon times, Caledonian reguli hovering about the site of Edinburgh, and making some kind of fort of it, and how long and in what way the natives of those parts disputed the possession of them with the encroaching Angles of Northumbria—whether the beginnings of the real organization of what was to be the Scottish nation arose, as the usual tradition is, among the native elements, Gaelic, Pictish, and what not, that were already north of the Forth and the Clyde, and the emerging Gaelic dynasty clutched at all they could of the excellent North-Anglian stuff that was on their borders; or whether a portion of these North-Angles found their interest in attaching themselves to the northern nucleus provided for them, and were able to give a shrewd turn of their own to the character of the kingdom they thus helped to make—about all this there may be wrangling and research. Certain it is that, just about the time when a kingdom founded itself in South Britain, which came to be called England, a smaller kingdom founded itself in North Britain under the name of Scotland, acknowledging a dynasty of native Gaelic descent—the boundary between the two kingdoms being a wavering one, which tended to settle about the line of the Tweed. Certain it is, too, that while the capital, or political centre of gravity, of this North-British kingdom had originally been, now here and now there, to the north of the Lothians—at Perth, at Dunfermline, at Stirling—it gradually, as the weight of the Anglian portion of the population in proportion to the rest increased, tended to the south, till at last Edinburgh, which had had its Holyrood since the twelfth century, became the fixed seat of government. From the beginning of the fifteenth century, or just when the reigns of the Stuart kings began, and the

course of Scottish history becomes somewhat definite for the modern eye between its always picturesque banks, Edinburgh was the undoubted capital. It has continued such ever since. Even after the Scots, in their generosity, had handed over the use of their Stuarts to the English, and had consented to get along themselves without a king's actual presence among them, or only with his presence now and then when he could be spared a week or two from London, all the rest of the central apparatus of nationality—including a Chancery and a Parliament which it would have "bini-fited your sows" to look at—was kept in gear close by St. Giles's kirk in the heart of Auld Reekie. Nay, even when there came to be an end of that "auld sang" too, and the ancient kingdom vanished, as a separate state, from the nature of things, and its Parliament was carried away in a coach to be pieced ingeniously into that of Westminster, Edinburgh's consciousness of being the capital of one bit of the island did not wholly cease, and there were still functions and ceremonies to maintain the tradition. And so we arrive at that Edinburgh of the eighteenth century which Burns saw and saluted with so much emotion. It was then still mainly the dense-packed, high-edified "Old Town," piled wondrously on every available foot of the great ridge from the Castle to Holyrood, with Arthur Seat behind, and, on the other flank, a vacant chasm, and a tract of steep descents to the flats of the Forth. But, even as Burns was looking, the "Old Town" was beginning to burst its bounds, and to spill itself over the fields around, and down those steep descents towards the flats; and, now that the process is complete, there is not only the "Old Town," venerable on its site as ever, but there is the new city as well, and the two together form that matchless Edinburgh of the nineteenth century in which Scotchmen feel a double pride, which tourists have called "the modern Athens," and whose beauty is, every year more and more, one of the rumours of the world.

"Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,"

says the classic and English Hallam ;

"Thus should her towers be raised ; with vicinage

Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,

As if to indicate, 'mid choicest seats

Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty,—

And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage Chainless alike, and teaching liberty."

What Edinburgh came to be to me during my residence in it—into what a passion, not wholly gone from my fibre yet, my love of it gradually grew—prose is too shamefaced to be able to tell. It is true that, at first, the provincial obstinacy was strong, and one kept oneself on critical guard, and would not acknowledge or admire more than could be helped. Edinburgh was built of freestone, and what was freestone after the grey granite? "Why, you could *hawk* through these houses with a rusty nail!" two fellow-Aberdonians would say to each other, as they walked along Princes Street, and remembered Union Street in their native town. Suppose them led through Moray Place by their Edinburgh friends, and asked what they thought of it. "Very fine, certainly; but you should see our Golden Square," one of the two would say audaciously, winking to the other—said Golden Square, whose splendiferous name had suggested it, being a tidy square enough, but of a size to go into a hat-box in comparison. And so of moral and social features. What a lingo the Edinburgh populace had, what a pronunciation, what a queer accent and usage of voice, as compared with that perfect speech and exquisitely-delicate modulation for which the Aberdonians are famous! One picked up phrases in the streets—such as "There it's" for "There it is"—which betokened that one was among strangers; nay, one maintained, with conscious pride, that the very oaths heard in Edinburgh were of a poor and effeminate quality, that northern blasphemy was far superior, and that expressions which served to convey an Edinburgh carter's wrath in the last stage of articulate excitement

would in Aberdeen be but the easy utterances of a moderately-vexed lassie. But soon all this oppugnancy, or mock-oppugnancy, died away, and one was conquered, lovingly conquered, into sympathy with the air, the manner, and all the enchanting conditions of the noble city. The novelty of the freestone wore off, and it began to seem the finest stone in the world, pleasant after the granite even because of its more manifest softness and its warmer colour. The mere walk through the chief streets, and squares, and crescents, and terraces, came to be a daily delight—whether those most frequented, but where still the bustle was not great; or those on the outskirts, where there were large interspaces of gardens, and the solitude was so undisturbed by foot or wheel that the chinks between the paving-stones were green with growing grass, and in one or two places there was the cawing of a colony of rooks nested on the tops of a few tall trees level with the upper windows of the houses. And soon the dialect of the place, and all its characteristic sounds of life, from its ringing street-cries in the morning, when the Newhaven fish-women went their round, to the thousand lesser vocal peculiarities that struck one as strangely at first, became familiar and kindly. And, in the end, one was attuned to Edinburgh, as by a kind of new nativity that obliterated much in the old, or by a naturalization at due season in an element to which one had always had a prescriptive right—for was not Edinburgh the metropolis to all North Britons alike?—but in the actual introduction to which there was a sense of enlargement, of participation in a world of richer, freer, and more poetic associations. What Edinburgh became to me, I repeat, the modesties of writing in such matters will not permit me to express. Her very dust to me was dear. Take your Pesth, your Naples, your Florence, your Constantinople, ye rovers whom they have smitten; swear by your Paris, ye cosmopolitan pleasure-seekers; for me—it may be on the principle of "sour

grapes," and because that yachting-voyage round the shores of the Mediterranean has hitherto been postponed which I expect somebody to offer me, all expenses paid, and with the liberty of landing where I like—for me, till I know better (and with London, of course, excepted) give me Edinburgh! "City of my dwelling," I used at one time to say to myself, adapting some words of Richter, "to which I would belong on this side the grave!" That time is gone; but even now I can never approach Edinburgh, or arrive in it by either end of the fine bisecting valley in which the railway runs, without a rousing of the old fondness.

Partly, I suppose, it might have been the same had the place been any other place, not positively ugly, and containing, in any tolerable degree, the requisite conditions of existence. Youth must be passed somewhere; and, wherever youth is passed, it will be hard if the spirit of youth does not fashion out of the scenery and the circumstance, whatever they may be, something of a glory, something of a golden and gleaming world. Oh! those days of life's spring-time, never to return, that have been sung by poets of all ages till the theme is trite, but are likely to be sung, not the less, by every one for himself, if only in those private meditations that come to all after the mid-arch is passed,—those days when, at some power of nature's stirring, the pulses took on a wilder rhythm, and the phantasy flung itself on all things; when images from without, in what crowds soever they might come, were met by a passion from within that overmastered them as it mingled with them; when every sight was of interest, and all was in the degree superlative; when the sky was of a bluer blue, and the fields of a brighter green, and the stars of a superber twinkling, and the songs of birds in the hedges more blithe and sweet; when not a poor weather-stained wall, did it bound a garden that you had reason to love, but was seen as through a tremulous air, with glances themselves a-tremble; when the blush came easily, and there

was loyalty to whatever had won the world's respect; when it was easier to bound than to walk, and a plank in the way was overleapt; when books brought a delight that they have never brought since, and the fireside reverie was full of castles, and every meeting of companions was a revel not to be missed! What matters it where days like these are passed? In every spot—or it is surely in exceptionally hard plight—there is a sufficient epitome of all that is generic in nature and in life; and that one retains a more enthusiastic feeling of relationship to one spot than to any other may depend greatly on the accident that he there spent the period of life during which, in any case and in any place, the mind would have wedded itself strongly to objects and occurrences.

Still there are differences; and, if any unburnt soul has no objections to be a North Briton, and thinks it can put up with the inconvenience of a little too much of the east wind in the spring months, and with local sanitary conditions not yet perfect in all points, though greatly improved since Humphry Clinker's time, let me recommend it to ~~try~~ to be born in Edinburgh. And yet I do not know that I ought to take this responsibility. I hope and trust that the Edinburgh of the present day is mindful of its advantages and keeps itself up to the standard of them; but it is only of the Edinburgh of from twenty-five to seventeen years ago—the Edinburgh of the years between 1839 and 1847—that I can speak authentically. Allowing, therefore, as well as I can, for that glamour of youth which might have made even Brentford a place of heavenly horizons had the Fates pitched one there, or Warsaw had one been a Pole, or Cincinnati or New Orleans on a more terrible supposition, let me enumerate or classify some of the things that made Edinburgh then delightful, and which, so far as I am informed, would *not* have been found at New Orleans, or Cincinnati, or Warsaw, or Brentford.

Distinct from the mere process, which

might have been gone through anywhere, of becoming habituated to the general aspect of things in a city to which one was at first new, there was, in Edinburgh, the more protracted acquisition, by continued residence, of the full sense of the city's inexhaustible beauty. There was pleasure in the first glances ; but it was not till there had been hundreds of thousands of glances—the play of the eyes, and of the mind in all moods, for year after year, within the city and amid the scenery around—that one seemed to have comprehended the city completely in one's regards, and netted every portion of it in the vision and the memory. Photographs—those impressions that the mind receives unconsciously with every opening of the eyes, but especially when the eyes are interested and the look becomes a gaze—such photographs had to be taken from many points of view, in all states of the sky, and in all seasons. Always one of the first views, on approaching the city from a particular quarter, was that which gave you, once for all, the bold, romantic outline of the whole—the high, rock-rounding Castle on one side, the monumented Acropolis of the Calton Hill on the other, the ridgy mass of building between, and behind all, the noble shoulder and peak of Arthur Seat, and the great scarped curve of Salisbury Crags. This was a view repeated again and again, with variations, in a thousand subsequent walks about the suburbs, till Arthur Seat became to you, not from one point but from many, actually that couchant Lion keeping guard over the city into which the local myth has interpreted its form. Next after this view in frequency, if not the most frequent view of all after you were a denizen of the city, was the interior view in the walk along Princes Street. Walking along this street—which you could not but do twice or thrice every day—you were in the bisecting valley between the New Town and the Old, and, if your course was eastward, you had on your right the grassy steeps of the Castle-rock, and then the quaint, dense, sky-serrated mass of tall many-storeyed old houses, the

main Edinburgh of the past, which, detaching itself from the Castle with the name of the High Street, descends, as the Canongate, towards Holyrood Abbey and Palace. It was a walk in which you always lingered, a view varying as it was morning or evening, sunlight or grey weather, and of which you never tired. Then, if you took but a few steps out of Princes Street, by the open way, called the Mound, leading up to the Old Town, and from that partial elevation stopped to look westward, what a change in the panorama ! You were in the very heart of a city, and yet, lo ! both near at hand and afar off, a sylvan land—closest of all to the city the softly-wooded Corstorphine Hills, and, beside and beyond them, expanses dying to distant beginnings of mountains and a horizon of faint amethyst. Perhaps you completed the ascent into the Old Town, and, turning up the High Street to the Castle esplanade, passed the portcullised gateway over the dry moat, and threaded the rocky and winding path within the gate, amid the lounging soldiers and pacing sentries of the garrison, till you came out on the highest battlements beside huge superannuated Mons Meg and the inferior modern cannons to which she has resigned her duty. From that magnificent station in the high cool air you would gaze, it might be for half an hour or more, northwards, northwards, and all around. What a grand range of survey ! Beneath you, paralleled and rectangled over a succession of slopes, the whole of the new city and its gardens, so that the cannon from where you stood could blast it into ruins at a descending angle, and so that always, when they do fire on peaceful gala-days, the windows of the city rattle and shiver with the far-going reverberation ; beyond this city the villa-studded banks of the Forth ; again beyond these the Firth's own flashing waters ; and, still beyond even these, the towns, villages, and heights of the opposite Fifeshire coast. On either side, too, with scarce a turn of the head, other views for many a league, till you could make out, on a clear day, that

the risings in the amethystine distance to your left were really the summits of the far Highland mountains. If, instead of the Castle, it was the Calton Hill that you favoured—and to walk round the Calton Hill was a matter of course in any five minutes of spare time that might happen thereabouts—there was something of the same vastness in the *ensemble*, but with much of sea-change. Sea-change, I say; for, though from one part of this walk round the Hill there was a perspective of the line of Princes Street and of the main adjacent city, and from another there was the finest view of Holyrood down in its valley and of Arthur Seat rising behind, what ravished one through the main part of the circuit was the Firth and its shores—the Firth, either widening out to the open sea-haze between Fife-Ness and North Berwick Law, and showing through the haze the dim shapes of islands and headlands, and of bays beyond dusky Leith, brick-coned Portobello, and the other near coast-towns, or else winding and narrowing more clearly inland to where, over a maze of streets and chimney-stacks crowded under the very base of the hill, the sites of Burntisland, Aberdour, Inverkeithing, and the other coast-towns of Fife, directly opposite to Edinburgh, seemed so definite as to be within arm's hail or other friendly signal. For this characteristic sight, however, of the Firth's waters and the Fifeshire coast from the very heart of Edinburgh, you did not need to ascend any height. Walking in George Street, the next parallel of the New Town to Princes Street, there, at every gap or crossing, you had the same vision of the Firth and of the far Fifeshire coast flashed momentarily upon you; and, if you descended one of those cross-streets, leading down the well-gardened declivity, the vision was permanent. But why attempt an inventory of the endless points of view, within or close by Edinburgh, where the power of its manifold attractions made itself felt? Descend to its old Grassmarket and look up thence at one end to the great Castle on

its most lofty and precipitous side; dive down its Canongate, or place yourself wherever else, deep amid the old and tall houses, you were most shut in from air and an open view in any direction except overhead—there, not the less for all the squalor of the social degeneracy that now tenants these localities, there was still the abounding picturesque. Pass to the opener and newer parts of the city, and everywhere, despite drawbacks, there was richness of new effect. Widen your range and again circumsulate the suburbs, bit by bit, close round the site of the actual city, and you enclosed, as it were, all the interest now accumulated for you on the built space within a circumference of interest equally detailed and various. Finally, to ring in the whole imaginatively, and partly to sever the aggregate Edinburgh you knew from the surrounding country, partly to connect it therewith, there were the walks and excursions that could be taken on any vacant afternoon. Of these—whether for the geologist (for whom the whole vicinity of Edinburgh is specially rich in instruction) or for the pedestrian of vaguer natural tastes—there was great variety of choice. You might climb Arthur Seat by the shoulder or the peak, or you might round the curve of Salisbury Crags (the Queen's Drive was not yet made), and so find yourself, on the other side, on the quiet edge of Duddingston Loch and Village, beautiful themselves, and with miles of southern quietude and beauty beyond. The easiest amount of persistence from where you then were, by pleasant roads and past quaint villages, would take you to the celebrated loveliness of Roslin, and the fairy haunts of Hawthornden. Or, starting through one part of the Old Town, by way of the Meadows and Bruntsfield Links, you came, by Merchistoun Castle, to sunny Morningside, whence before you lay the Braid Hills and the great brown range of the larger Pentlands; and so, past the Braid Hills, till you did gain the Pentlands and were footing, out of ken of man, and with a climber's quickened breath, a wilderness of glorious moor. Or, choosing another

direction, and taking Dean Bridge over the great dell of the Water of Leith from the west end of the town, you might follow the wide Dean Road, with open views all the way, as far as Craigeith Quarry, where, down in a vast hole, the depth of which from its precipitous edges made you dizzy, you heard the clank of hammers on iron, and saw horses and carts moving, and, here and there, men blasting the freestone ; or, if you deviated from the main Dean Road into the quieter and narrow road parallel to it on the left, you might have a sweeter walk still by the lovely woods and house of Ravelston, sheltered inimitably in their exquisite nook, and might thence continue to turreted Craigerook, antique in its grounds of roses and evergreens, or lose yourself, above Craigerook, among the soft heights of the protecting Corstorphines. This last was from the first, and always remained, a favourite walk with me—sometimes, when its delicious peacefulness was new to me, inviting the companionship of a book. Of other excursions there were those northwards and Firthwards ; and, then, whether it was the broad road to Portobello and its somewhat blackish sands that you took, or the more country walk to Newhaven and the fine pure shore at Granton, you had here also enjoyment by the way, and you brought back recollections of spots where you had sat listening to the sea-roar, and watching the surges over rocks or shingle. There was one spot amid rocks, under a bank at Granton, where Tennyson's "Break, break, break," was never out of one's thoughts, and one hummed it till the changed fringe of the tide told that the day was waning.

In all towns or cities, be they what they like during the day, the nocturnal aspects are impressive. Night flings her mantle over the mean ; and, wherever, even on the flattest ground, there are piles of building, or objects in blocks, with gaps of intersection, she plays among these a poesy of her own in endless phantasies of dark and silver. But Edinburgh, by reason of her heights

and hollows, invests herself at night more wondrously than any city I have seen with this mystery of the vast terrestrial shadow struggling below with the lurid artifice of lamps, or star-pierced from above till it yields in azure. What a spectacle is that of the ordinary walk along Princes Street at night, when the windows in the Old Town are lit, and across the separating chasm there looms darkly, or is seen more clearly, the high, continuous cliff of gables, irregularly brilliant with points of radiance ! And, O ! the circuit of the Calton Hill at night ! As it is, you hardly meet a soul on the deserted heights, or only loose wretches prowling there for no good ; but well might it be the custom—and, if the clergy did their duty, they could make it such—that the hill at night should be sacred and guarded, and that every man, woman, and child in the city should once a week perform the nocturnal walk round it as an act of natural worship. It would be a stated culture of the religious sentiment, a local preservative against Atheism, by so simple a means as the teaching given to the eye by masses of darkness broken by arrays of lamps. I speak not of the retrospect of the glittering length of Princes Street and its adjacencies, fascinating though that be ; nor yet of the mightier spaces of gloom towards Holyrood and Arthur Seat, or eastwards and seawards ; I speak of that point in the circuit, the day-vision from which, to the left over the Firth, I have already described, and whence now, when the night is dark, and the maze of streets sheer beneath you and the declivities beyond these show their myriads of lights, you seem to be gazing down on no scene of earth at all, but on some reflected galaxy or firmament of illusion. Nor for something of this effect was it necessary always to take the walk round the Hill. There were points in the city itself in which, from the streets, or from the windows looking Firthwards, there was the same mystery of ranges and islets of light in distances of gloom. There was one characteristic evening sight in some parts of Edinburgh, which was a

spiritual metaphor in itself. It was the gleam, afar off on the Firth, of the light of Inchkeith, as it brightened, flashed, died away, and disappeared—disappeared till hope and watching brought it round again. This sight accompanied you in any nocturnal walk in not a few of the suburbs. And walks after dark by suburban roads for a mile or two out of the city were common enough for the young and restless. It was in one such walk near Edinburgh that I saw a ghost. We had gone out—a young clergyman and myself—by the Dean Road, as far as Craigleith Quarry, and had turned to come back. It might have been between eleven and twelve o'clock. The night was still and unusually dark, so that, for surer guidance, we kept in the middle of the road. Not a soul, so far as we knew, was astir on the road for a mile in front of us, or for a mile behind us. Suddenly, in the road, due in front of us, a soft strange sound, as of "Huzzh," "Huzzh," and of an object moving. We both heard the sound, and, instinctively halting, peered into the darkness to discern the cause. All dark; nothing to be seen. A step or two cautiously forward; and again "Huzzh," "Huzzh," and—Heavens! what is that?—a glimmer of some low white object near before us on the road! As we halted, it seemed to halt; but, if we moved on a step, it also moved towards us, and still with the sound of "Huzzh," "Huzzh," as it approached. What could we do but manœuvre the thing for a moment or two, still facing it, whatever it might be? But at last, as it again moved and was within a few feet of us, we stepped aside to give it a wide berth. And now it was in the middle of the road and we a little to one side; from which position, getting by degrees closer and closer to it, we leant forward and struck at it simultaneously with our outstretched walking-sticks. We had it—one walking-stick had it—nay, fetched it up on its point for our bewildered inspection. It was a very large, thin, silk-paper bag, sent adrift on the road on purpose or by accident, slightly inflated, and blown along by

what breath of night-air there was, making the sound "Huzzh," "Huzzh," as it went.

Enough of the city itself, and its environs. Invest this city now with its historical associations, with the collective traditions of the life that had passed through it. In this respect, indeed, what North Briton, not insane with patriotism, would dare to compare Edinburgh with London? Through that vaster city, the metropolis from of old of a tenfold larger nation, there has passed, in its series of generations, a world of life, national and more than national, in comparison with which the sum-total of past existence represented in Edinburgh would be but as one of Scotland's narrow glens to a great and varied champaign, or as one of her mountain-torrents to the large flow of the Thames. But, partly from the very intensity and compactness of the little national story which Edinburgh was bound to transmit, partly from the fitter size and structure of the city for the task of such transmission, Edinburgh has certainly conserved her historical traditions more visibly and tenaciously than London has conserved hers. Londoners walk in their vast city, careless in the main of its associations with the past; and only professed antiquaries among them take pleasure in Stow's "Survey," and in the collections of parochial and local records which have swelled the original quarto edition of that work into the two huge folios. But in Edinburgh the mere aspect of things around one compels a constant sense of the antique, and cultivates in the mind of every resident native a definite habit of historical reminiscence. The moment you cross the ravine from Princes Street into the old town, you feel yourself—despite the havoc of recent demolitions and renovations—mentally back among the forms of things of that quaint, close-built Edinburgh of the sixteenth century within which, by marvellous power of packing, the population continued to accommodate itself not only through the whole of the seventeenth century, but also through two-thirds of the eighteenth.

Walking amid these forms of old—and especially in that main edified ridge of the High Street and Canongate, the plan of which is like nothing so much as the backbone of a fish, sending off numberless spines on either side, in the form of narrow alleys or closes—you can fetch memories from any century, indeed, back to the twelfth. It is at the two ends of the ridge, in the Castle and in Holyrood, that the most ancient traditions of all are clustered ; but equally in the Castle, in Holyrood, and in the whole connecting ridge there is perpetuated the period of Scottish History which began with the Stuarts. There, one after another, these sovereigns wrangled, in Court and in Parliament, with their unruly little retinue of nobles ; there, between rival aristocratic houses, were the feuds and street-frays which kept the citizens in terror ; there, where St. Giles's stands, and the house of John Knox projects into the street, was fought the final battle of the Scottish Reformation ; there, where they show you Rizzio's blood-stains and other less-doubted relics, were the scenes of Queen Mary's sorrows. Then, should your fancy bring you on through the reign of Mary's shambling son to that century when his dynasty was naturalized in England, what recollections of a new order crowd upon you, also suggested by the very names and shapes of the fabrics you behold ! You see the first national struggle for that Covenant the signing of which was begun in Greyfriars' Churchyard near ; you see the rivalry of Argyll and Montrose ; you see the dauntless Montrose carried up the street to his execution ; you see the forced restoration of Episcopacy ; you see the horrors of that subsequent time when Edinburgh was a place of trial and torture for the poor captive Covenanters, and the gibbet in the Grassmarket was the hideous centre of Scottish History. But after the storm comes a calm ; and, once the epoch of the Revolution is passed, the traditions of Edinburgh are of a quieter and more humorous kind. There was the popular fury, indeed, at the Union, when the negotiations for the

detested treaty had to be carried on in cellars and back-courts in the High Street which are still pointed out to you ; there was the great Porteous Riot, to which you can, in fancy, see the crowds swarming over again every time you are in the Lawnmarket ; and there was Prince Charlie's visit in 1745, with its brief flash of splendour and excitement. But, if Mr. Robert Chambers were to be your cicerone through the town, and were to limit the range of his legends to the nearer and less savage time, what he would chiefly bring before you, as he led you past close after close between the Castle-hill and Holyrood, and pointed out the old family-names inscribed over most of them, and descended one or two of them by way of more exact sample, would be that strangely-cozy life of the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century which surprised Colonel Mannering on his celebrated search for Councillor Pleydell. He would tell you, and with ample illustrations to all the senses at hand, of that state of Scottish society—not so far bygone but that there were people lately alive who remembered it—when the aristocracy, the judges, and other men of greatest mark in the land still had their houses in these closes, up their spiral stone-stairs, in their quaint oak-pannelled rooms, and in the same houses, in the upper or lower storeys, were crammed the families of shopkeepers, artisans, barbers, laundresses, and Highland cadies, and neighbours living in opposite houses in some courts could shake hands across the courts from their windows, and all went on merrily and hugger-mugger, and yet with the utmost ceremony and punctilio. Those were the days, he would tell you, when the ladies gave tea-parties and oyster-parties by turns, and all the men had their favourite taverns where they mostly lived and drank claret with each other, and the assemblies of the highest rank and fashion were held in rooms the access to which was incredible, and the fair Miss Eglintouné, afterwards Lady Wallace, used to be sent regularly to fill her mother's tea-kettle at the public fountain, and the future

Duchess of Gordon, then one of Lady Maxwell of Monreith's beautiful daughters, might be seen riding in the High Street, for girlish amusement, on Peter Ramsay's sow. All this, which Mr. Robert Chambers could relate to you in rich detail, you might make out in general for yourself by interpretation of the mere look of things, till, tired of the antiquities of the Old Town, you recrossed the ravine and returned to the New. The sight there of the Melville monument in St. Andrew's Square would suffice to flash on your mind the sole supplement that would then be necessary to complete your summary of Edinburgh History very nearly to the present time—to wit, the recollection of that period of the so-called Dundas Despotism, or of the government of Scotland by one able native family managing it by contract for the Tory English ministry, during which the Scotland of the eighteenth century rolled, comfortably enough, though tearing at her bonds, into the nineteenth. This period was not fairly ended till the epoch of the Reform Bill.

Out of the total mass of associations with the past life of a community one always selects with especial fondness those that constitute the items of its intellectual and literary history. In this class of traditions Edinburgh, it is needless to say, was sufficiently provided for even a pretty enthusiastic passion in such matters at the time when I became resident in it. Here, above all, it is true, one could not, by any exaggeration of patriotic prejudice—and North British capability in that respect is known not to be small—think of Edinburgh as much in comparison with that great London which one had not yet seen, but hoped perhaps one day to see. Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Locke, Pope—these, and numberless literary contemporaries of these, in a splendid and well-known succession of clusters, had been among the Londoners of their generations, some by birth and others by naturalization. Of such Englishmen as these, therefore, was London able to take account in

any collection she might make of her miscellaneous traditions from times prior to the eighteenth century; whereas, if Edinburgh set herself to reckon up the men whom she could claim as the Scottish coevals and equivalents of these, what sort of list could she make out with all her pains, and even with all the rest of Scotland aiding her with stray additions? But, *quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*; and so one had a satisfaction in clutching out of the rugged old literature of Scotland, whether Latin or vernacular, during the ages when these Londoners had lived, any name or fact that one could connect with Edinburgh. That David Lyndsay could be thought of as having been the satirist and wit of the Court of Holyrood, that George Buchanan had died in a court off the High Street, that Knox had been a historian as well as a reformer, and that at Hawthornden there had lived a poet whom even Ben Jonson liked and had come to see, were facts of some consequence. But it was a relief when, passing the time of Allan Ramsay as that of the introduction of the modern British Muses into Edinburgh, in lieu of the more uncouth or quaint native Muses who had been chiefly in possession before the Union, one could see these new Muses fairly taking up their residence in the city, and initiating that North British Literature which has been continued without a break to our own days, and the importance of which in relation to the similar contemporary activity of all the rest of Britain has certainly not been inconsiderable. Of this modern North British Literature, feebly begun while Addison and Pope were alive, and continued with increased force and volume through the reigns of the three last Georges, Edinburgh had been the undoubted capital; and reminiscences of the celebrities of this Literature formed, accordingly, part of the pleasure of life in Edinburgh. David Hume, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Hugh Blair, the historian Robertson, that Home "whose name is Norval," Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Tytler of Wood-

houselee, Lord Hailes, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Henry Mackenzie—of these, and of such less purely literary contemporaries of theirs as the physician Cullen and the chemist Black, one could think as the group of intellectual men resident in Edinburgh and giving brilliance to its society during the latter half of the eighteenth century. One could see the houses where they had lived, whether in the Old Town, or in the New Town ; one could make out, with wonderful exactness, from “Kay’s Portraits,” or otherwise, their physiognomies, their costumes, their entire figure and look among their fellow-citizens ; one could imagine the very circumstances of their lives, and associate particular anecdotes of them with the spots to which they referred. Nay, of celebrated visits paid to Edinburgh in the time of this cluster of its lights by men who did not belong to the cluster—of Smollett’s last visit in 1766 ; of Dr. Johnson’s in 1773, when Boszzy was at his wit’s end with glee, and led him about as Ursa Major ; of Burns’s visits and temporary residences in 1786-7 and 1787-8—the records were graphically fresh. And so when, leaving the eighteenth century altogether, and accompanying such survivors of its cluster as Home, Adam Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie into the sequel of their lives in the nineteenth, one surrounded these with the men more peculiarly distinctive of that new generation in Edinburgh—Playfair, Leslie, Scott, Jeffrey, Horner, young Brougham, John Allen, Thomas Brown, Thomas Campbell for a time, and others and still others whom these names will suggest. Of this cluster, too, the recollections were vivid around one, in the streets where they had walked, and the houses in which they had been born or had lived. Did you think, for example, of that important evening in the year 1802 when a few ardent young Whig lawyers, with the witty Englishman Sydney Smith among them, conceived the notion of starting the *Edinburgh Review*—you had but to go to Buccleugh Place to see the very domicile, then inhabited by Jeffrey,

which had been made historical by that transaction. But, above all, of course, in every step you took in Edinburgh—in the Old Town or in the New Town, in the heart of its streets or anywhere in its suburbs—you saw the city of Sir Walter Scott. He was the true *genius loci*, the one all-prevailing presence. And no wonder ! Of him, chiefly of all her recent sons, would Edinburgh have been bound to cherish the recollection, if only on account of the superior magnitude and the peculiarly rich and popular cast of his genius. But consider what had been the nature of the lifelong work of this genius, and how much of that element of *amor patriæ* in it, which had expatiated indiscriminately over all Scotland, and made every region and district of the little map famous, had shown itself in the concentrated form of an *amor suæ civitatis*, passionate for Edinburgh in particular, studious of every feature of its scenery, and of every scrap of its legends, and so intertwining and adorning these by the wealth of its own fictitious fancies that the reality could no longer be seen for the ivy-like overgrowth, and the only Edinburgh that remained in the world was the Edinburgh of Sir Walter Scott. For Burns, Edinburgh had been “Scotia’s darling seat ;” for Sir Walter, it had been “mine own romantic town.” Even while he lived the fond claim had been ratified, and the people of Edinburgh had identified the fame of their city with strangers, and even its romance to themselves, with the tall well-known figure they could see any day issuing from the house in Castle Street, or limping good-humouredly along Princes Street on its way eastward.

At the time of my first acquaintance with Edinburgh, Scott had been seven years dead. The adoring recollection of him that remained was taking the form of the monument to him that now stands so fitly in the heart of the city. The Edinburgh which I came to know was, accordingly, the Edinburgh of a generation later than his. It contained, indeed, many of his junior contemporaries, and some even of his intimate

seniors, who had outlived him; but in the main it was occupied with new interests, and found its representatives in a group of celebrities only one or two of whom had culminated along with Scott. Hazel-eyed little Jeffrey was still alive, verging on his seventieth year, and to be seen either in his Judge's place in the Parliament House, where he had a sharp way of interrupting the barristers and keeping them to the point; or else going to his town-house in Moray Place, or (as on the second time of my seeing him) walking into town from his country-mansion of Craigmock, by the quiet narrow road leading past Ravelston. Dr. Chalmers—of almost perfected national fame even while Scott was alive, the types being so different—was in his sixtieth year, living at No. 7, Inverleith Row. Sweeping through George Street, on his way to Blackwood's shop, with his long yellow hair streaming from underneath his wide-rimmed hat, might be seen the magnificent figure of Christopher North, suggesting reminiscences of a wildly-irregular sort of literature which Edinburgh had been giving to the world for the last twenty years, in supplement both to the fictions of Scott and to the persevering criticism of the Whig Review. Or, going through Great King Street, late at night, and passing one particular house there, you might know that within that house there was sitting at that moment among his books a man of powerful head and frame, in the mature prime of fifty, who, when you and the rest of the city were asleep, would still be sitting there with his library-lamp burning, outwatching the Bear with thrice-great Hermes, and unsphering the soul of Aristotle. This was that Sir William Hamilton of whom there had been long so select a fame, and of whom the world was to hear more and more. Of these four, then, you were sure to have daily accounts, as of the city's ascertained chiefs. But in the community, of some 150,000 souls or thereabouts, amid which these four moved—a community exactly of that size in which, consistently with the

freest individual development, there may be the pleasantest sociability, and every one may know every one else worth knowing—there was a mixture of various elements, which afforded to all tastes a choice of other and still other notabilities. Take the profession of the law—always the leading profession in Edinburgh society, and the daily representation of which in term-time in the peripatetic assembly of wigged and gowned barristers, and their attendant writers, in the outer hall of the Parliament House, was and is one of the most striking sights of the town. In this profession there were at that time not only veteran humourists, like Lord Cockburn, and that Falstaff of Edinburgh, the monstrous Peter Robertson, but many seniors of graver intellectual habits, and not a few younger men rising into forensic or literary distinction. Again, take the Church. For the gratification of that kind of interest in the Church which depends on the evidence of intellect astir within it, the time was peculiarly fortunate. Not only were there, as usual, all the Edinburgh pulpits among which on Sundays to choose what preacher to hear out of some half-a-dozen of deserved note for different styles of faculty; but the clerical mind was in preternatural commotion out of the pulpit all the week long, and was grappling all around it into sympathetic commotion. The Non-Intrusion Controversy was at its height; the Auchterarder case, the Strathbogie case, and other similar cases, were in all men's mouths; over all Scotland there was a rage of ecclesiastico-political discussion, exercising men's minds in a really extraordinary manner, and filling the air with new phrases and generalizations. But Edinburgh, of course, was the focus of this discussion; and it was there, accordingly, that the meetings were most frequent, that the pamphlets and caricatures were most abundant, and that a Candlish and a Cunningham came forth to lead the clergy. In the profession of medicine, headed perhaps by Dr. Abercromby, there were not a few others maintaining the old reputation of the

Edinburgh school. Then, as a common ground for all the professions, and a centre for all the intellectual interests of the place, there was the noble University, with its large staff of Professors (Chalmers, Wilson, and Hamilton among them), and its crowded lecture-rooms and other means of culture. For education preparatory to the University there were the two great classical lyceums, the High School and the New Academy, besides numberless other schools, general or special, in all parts of the town. The great number of these schools typified to one the fact, otherwise obvious enough, that next to the businesses of the professions, the business of education was in the ascendant. For the spectacle of manufactures and commerce in their extreme modern dimensions, and of the wealth and the passion for wealth accompanying them, one had to go to other towns, and principally to Glasgow. Of such moderate commerce and industry of various kinds, however, as Edinburgh did require and accommodate, there were competent representatives, who, besides having in their hands, as is usual, most of the civic administration of affairs, mingled freely with the more characteristic professional classes, and formed with them, and with the miscellaneous ingredients which can be supposed existing in such a community in smaller proportions—retired Army and Navy officers of Scottish birth, a little body of Scottish artists, some native newspaper-editors, and a sufficient succession of English residents, and sprinkling of foreigners—the so-called “society” of the place. The “society” of the place! Ah! yes, in what that term always implies so largely and tenderly, wherever it is used, neither was Edinburgh, Cupid knows, at all deficient. ‘Ware your hearts, young men!

“Not in her clearest sky-vault sparkle so many star-points,
Brilliant attending crowd, circling Endymion’s queen,
No, as of maidens she had, full fair and lovely to look on,
Glittering every day all through the midst of her streets.”

And what though, in the thousand careful homes to which the fair glitterers returned from their walks, and some of which you might be privileged to enter, there might be detected more or less of the South-Scottish accent. There are soft low voices, to which the least little touch of that accent gives the daintiest effect imaginable.

“When *they* do softly speak or gaily sing,
So as might move the hard wood from the hills,
Let each one guard his hearing and his seeing
Whom any sense of his own vileness fills ;
May heavenly grace its high deliverance bring
Ere passion’s pain grow veteran in his being !”

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In this description of Edinburgh, as the second of my “three cities” in these papers, I have anticipated so far as to try to figure the whole as it shaped itself to me by degrees. But, at the time of which I speak, I was but on the outer verge of the little world which I was to come to know so well. Of its many attractions there were certainly several, of an entirely general nature, of which I had formed a preliminary notion, and which had influenced me in coming. But, as I have said, my special and immediate fascination thither had been Dr. Chalmers. Accordingly, one of the first walks I took was to Inverleith Row, for the purpose of delivering to him, at his house there, a letter of introduction with which I had been favoured. The purpose of the walk was frustrated ; for, on crossing an angular old bridge (renovated and levelled since then) which crossed the Water of Leith and led through Howard Place to Inverleith Row, there, advancing to me from the opposite direction, right in the middle of the quiet road, was the well-known figure of the Doctor himself, out on some leisurely walk for the day, and looking blandly and benignantly round him. So leisurely was his walk and so bland and benignant his look that, if I had delivered the introduction then and there in the open road, I daresay the procedure would not have been so

much amiss. As it was, however, I took the good close look at his form and face which our relative positions for the first time allowed, and, passing him, and knowing the call at his house to be now useless, continued my walk for its own sake. My real acquaintance with Chalmers soon came about, more naturally than by any formal introduction, through inevitable intercourse with him within the walls of the University. It began at the close of 1839 and lasted, in the University and out of it, till his death in May, 1847. During these last seven years and a half of his life, or from his sixtieth to his sixty-seventh year—but more especially during the first three

years of that period, when my opportunities of seeing him were, through circumstances, most frequent—I knew him so well that I think there is no one now living, out of his own family, that knew him better. And, as for the strength of the feeling with which his memory is cherished, of that I will not speak.

“The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me.”

HAS ENGLAND AN INTEREST IN THE DISRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION?

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE struggle which is going on in America, whatever may be the rights of the question and the merits of the parties, is so important in a moral, political, and social point of view—the issues which it involves are so vital to the grandest interests of humanity—that we should not show greatness of mind by choosing our side in it on merely diplomatic grounds. This, however, we have done at least to some extent. The chairman of a meeting of the Southern Independence Association said the other day, that one of the great objects of the Association was the “disruption of the Union,” and that this object was sought not only in the interest of the American Continent (to which it was assumed a “balance of power” would be a great blessing), but “in the interest of our own dear country.” This supposed interest of our own dear country has, it may safely be said, been at the bottom of a good deal of our professedly disinterested admiration of the Confederates and condemnation of the Federals ; and it alone gives any meaning to the epithets of *un-English* and *unpatriotic* which are

constantly applied to those who, on grounds connected with the general interests of humanity, have taken the side of the North. It is assumed that the restoration of the Union, with a prospect of unlimited extension, must produce a military power formidable to the security of all other nations ; and that it is therefore essential to us, as the possessors of Canada and the West Indies, and as being liable to be brought into collision with the Americans by those possessions, that the Union should be broken up into a number of independent and (as far as may be) hostile States. This, we say, is assumed, and upon the strength of the assumption we have said and done things which might make the Americans our enemies, even if they had no natural tendency to be so. We have, moreover, placed ourselves in an attitude of fear, which rather provokes the other party, if he has anything of a disposition to bluster in his character, to place himself in an attitude of attack. We have also been on the point of being drawn into very sinister and unnatural alliances against

a people who, after all, are our kinsmen, and whose increasing and expanding myriads are destined to spread our language, our intellectual empire, and the essential parts of our political institutions over a continent to which the mother-country is but a speck. It is worth while at least to examine carefully the grounds of this assumption, and to see that it accords with the reason of the case and with the experience of history.

Now, of course it cannot be denied that in an immense nation, one in blood and united in interest, in full physical vigour, abounding in wealth, and commanding the resources of a vast territory, great military power must reside. We have the proof of this before our eyes, and probably shall experience it in a still more practical way if we give ourselves over to the guidance of the Southern Independence Association. But the mere existence of such power, in a dormant state, is no source of danger to the world, unless there are causes to call it into action and to incite the people possessing it to war. The great bulk of some gaminivorous animals, though accompanied by great muscular strength, and great ferocity when they are provoked, does not make us look upon them, or guard against them, as beasts of prey.

In the hunter and nomad state man is generally a warrior; but in the settled and civilized state he is a warrior only under certain conditions. A conquering race, ruling over serfs, by whose labour they are supported, and having no intellectual occupation, preserve their love of war as well as of the chase—if they are heathens, till their physical energy is overcome by sensuality—if they become Christians, till moral influences subdue the animal passions, and dispose the barbarian to a gentler way of life. This was the case with the Persian and Assyrian hordes, with the Moguls and the Turks. A nation of slave-holders, such as the Spartans, without intellectual tastes and despising labour as the lot of the slave, is nearly the same thing in this respect as a conquering horde. At

Athens the mind of the dominant race was diverted from war by intellectual tastes, with which, nevertheless, the slave-owner's warlike propensity struggled hard for the predominance. In the feudal ages, the noble—unlettered, without political interests, and supported in proud idleness by the labour of his serfs—was compelled to give vent in war to all the superfluous energy of which he could not relieve himself in the chase; and this he continued to do till Christianity had softened his character. His settled ownership of land, however, like the settled habitations of the Spartan and Athenian, tethered him as it were, and rendered the range of his conquests very narrow as compared with those of nomad hordes, except in the peculiar case of the Crusades, when religious enthusiasm bore him away to a more distant scene of combat. In certain cases the military character of a settled and civilized nation has been kept up, or rather, perhaps, a nation has been prevented from becoming really settled and civilized by exceptional circumstances. The border wars with England made the Scotch a military nation down to the union of the Crowns. The religious disturbances and the struggle against Anglican persecution prolonged this state of things, especially among the Western peasantry, half a century more. The natural influences of settled homes and peaceful industry then began to make themselves fully felt; and in 1745, so entirely had the warlike spirit of the followers of Douglas and Leslie departed from its ancient seat, that the whole of the Lowlands, after an abortive attempt to raise a volunteer force—the warriors of which slunk away at the first approach of the enemy—fell flat before a few clans of despised savages from the Highlands, and was rescued, after a time, only by the assistance of regular troops from England.

If a settled and civilized nation, devoted to peaceful industry, undertakes foreign wars, it must be with a standing army. Without a standing army no power of modern Europe has ever entered into a foreign war; while the

existence of great standing armies, ready to the hand of an ambitious sovereign and wanting employment, has, in itself, been the direct cause of many—perhaps of most—wars of modern times. The large and highly-trained standing army bequeathed by Frederic William of Prussia to Frederic the Great, offering an instrument for the youthful ambition of the heir, was the direct cause of a great series of wars. Of the standing army possessed by the French monarchy, and which had its origin in the struggle against the English invaders of France, the same thing may be said with still greater force; and there can be no doubt that the existence of this army, without employment and full of exciting traditions of foreign conquest, is still the great danger of Europe; a danger partly averted from us by Algerian wars and Mexican expeditions, but against which all the statesmen of Europe ought to make it their special duty to guard. The Romans, in like manner, when they passed from little summer wars round Rome to foreign conquest—even the conquest of Etruria—were compelled to resort to the system of paid standing armies, with which their empire was won and held.

Now, the American Republic, while at peace within itself, showed no disposition whatever to keep up a standing army; and the extension of its territory, down to the outbreak of this civil war, though vast and rapid, made no difference in this respect. The fashion of the Old World, by which it is in all things a good deal affected, and the presence of a British army in Canada, prevailed with it so far as to make it maintain a few thousands of regular soldiers, for whom, in truth, there was real employment in the protection of settlers against the Indians. The subsidence of the old revolutionary struggle left the Americans, the commencement of the present revolutionary struggle found them—in the Free States, at least—a perfectly unwarlike nation; so unwarlike that their first attempts in war excited among us a ridicule which is strangely at variance with our half-disguised fears. The fact is,

the conditions under which a nation will consent to sacrifice an enormous proportion of the fruits of its industry, and to imperil, or rather to forfeit (as all the great military nations of Europe have forfeited), its political liberties in order to maintain a powerful standing army, have, in their case, been hitherto entirely wanting. They have had no frontiers to defend, no neighbouring nations—their rivals and possible enemies—against whose hostilities or intrigues it was necessary to guard. England is “a nation without frontiers,” being surrounded by the sea; and, therefore, she has kept up a much smaller standing army in proportion to her size (especially when we reckon the dependencies) than other European nations, and has, partly in consequence of this, preserved her political liberties better than the rest; but having rival nations close at hand, and being entangled in their quarrels, she has been obliged to keep up a standing army to a certain amount.

By breaking up the Union and dividing Central America into rival and hostile nations, we should, in all probability, generate the very conditions under which alone (judging from the precedents of history) a settled and civilized nation, devoted to peaceful industry and the acquisition of wealth, is likely to become a military power dangerous to its neighbours. We shall force each section of the hitherto united, and therefore peaceful, continent to keep up a standing army, which, like the military powers of Europe, they will be always prone to employ. At present, even a struggle for the existence of the nation with difficulty, as we see, draws the people from their farms and stores.

In the absence of such occasion for a standing army as we are trying to give them, there is little fear lest the Americans should maintain one out of mere military vanity and in pure waste. There is little fear of this, at least, so long as they retain their present republican constitution, which, again, a certain class among us are very anxious, in the political interest of this country, to see overthrown. To be made to keep up a

great standing army in pure waste, or for purposes of senseless ambition, a nation must be under the dominion of a king or an oligarchy empowered to take the money of the tax-payers without their consent—such as the kings who ruined France in playing their game of war, or the oligarchy which, reigning in England through the rotten boroughs, dragged us, for its own interests, into the struggle against the French Revolution. The Prussian Chamber would reduce its standing army were it not prevented by the King and the nobility who support him. The Provisional Government of France showed, during its short tenure, a disposition to reduce military expenditure, which would alone have been enough to entitle it to our sympathy and regret. The representatives of the great towns—that is, of the democratic element in our Parliament—incline the same way. Switzerland is almost without a standing army, though, being encircled by military powers of an aggressive disposition, she is obliged to keep up a highly-trained militia. The republics of antiquity, to which allusion is often made as examples of republican aggressiveness, were not, like the American commonwealth, industrial communities with universal suffrage, but dominant races spurning peaceful industry and supported by slaves. Rome, indeed, even as regarded the dominant race, was no more a republic than Venice; she was an aristocracy conquering the world with a standing army raised by conscription. A really republican government, in truth, is almost devoid of the motives for keeping up a large army, as well as of the power to do it. It has no dynastic objects to promote. If it conquers, it will not, like the Roman aristocracy, engross the plunder. It rests on the convictions and the free allegiance of the people, and has no

need, like the European despots, of military force to prolong the existence of the obsolete and noxious form of government by a person among nations ripe for rational allegiance to the law.

The saying that the Americans are "fighting for empire" on the present occasion, is one of those careless misrepresentations which become mischievous when uttered by statesmen. They are fighting only, as any people not reduced by luxury or shop-keeping to the condition of sheep would struggle, for the preservation of their unity as a nation. Whatever desire of territorial aggrandisement may reside in them will find ample vent in the illimitable West, and all the restless enterprise of the more unsettled members of the community, who might otherwise wish to follow the drum, will naturally expend itself in the same direction. It will do so, at least, unless an independent nation is interposed between the populous states of the East and the waste lands of the West; for then the vent might be stopped, and the explosive force (if any) would burst forth in some other direction.

On the other hand a slave power, judging from the historical precedents at which we have glanced, is likely to be warlike. The South, if made independent, would commence its career as a nation with a great number of disbanded soldiers—men, before they were drawn into the army, of loose habits, admirably trained to war, and trained to nothing else. The visions of a vast slave empire in the West cherished by these men are at an end. Thus much at least the Federals have gained for themselves and for humanity in the war. Mexico appears also to be cut off. Cuba, long coveted, and the West Indies with their negro inhabitants remain.

JAÿ APASS'D.

A DORSETSHIRE POEM.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

When leaves, in evenèn winds, do vlee,
 Where mornèn àir did strip the tree,
 The mind can wait vor boughs in spring
 To cool the elem-sheäded ring,
 Where orcha'd blooth's white sceäles do vall
 Mid come the apple's blushèn ball.
 Our hopes be new, as time do goo,
 A-mesur'd by the zun on high,
 Avore our jaÿs do pass us by.

When ice did melt below the zun,
 An' weäves along the stream did run,
 I hoped in May's bright froth to roll,
 Lik' jess'my in a lily's bowl,
 Or, if I lost my loosebow'd swing,
 My wrigglen kite mid pull my string
 An' when noo ball did rise an' vall,
 Zome other geäme wud still be nigh,
 Avore my jaÿs all pass'd me by.

I look'd, as childhood pass'd along,
 To walk, in leäter years, man-strong,
 An' look'd ageän, in manhood's pride,
 To manhood's sweetest chaice, a bride:
 An' then to childern, that mid come
 To meäke my house a dearer hwome.
 But now my mind do look behind
 Vor jaÿs; an' wonder, wi' a sigh,
 When 'twer my jaÿs all pass'd me by.

Wer it when, woonce, I miss'd a call
 To rise, an' seem'd to have a vall?
 Or when my Jeäne to my hands left
 Her vew bright keys, a dolevul heft?
 Or when avore the door I stood,
 To watch a child agone vor good?
 Or where zome crowd did laugh aloud;
 Or when the leaves did spring, or die?
 When did my jaÿ all pass me by?

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY Frankland's return made a great difference to the tutor, between whom and the heir of the house there existed that vague sense of jealousy and rivalry which was embittered on the part of young Frankland by a certain consciousness of obligation. He was a good-natured fellow enough, and above the meanness of treating unkindly anybody who was in a dependent position; but the circumstances were awkward, and he did not know how to comport himself towards the stranger. "The fellow looks like a gentleman," he said privately in confidence to his mother; "if I had never seen him before we might have got on, you know; but it's a horrible nuisance to feel that you're obliged to a fellow in that kind of position—neither your equal, you know, nor your inferior, nor— What on earth induced the governor to have him here? If it hadn't been for these cheap Scotch universities and stuff, he'd have been a ploughman that one could have given ten pounds to and been done with him. It's a confounded nuisance having him here."

"Hush, Harry," said Lady Frankland. "He is very nice and very gentlemanly, I think. He used to be very amusing before you came home. Papa, you know, is not entertaining after dinner; and really Mr. Campbell was quite an acquisition, especially to Matty, who can't live without a slave," said the lady of the house, with an indulgent, matronly smile.

"Oh, confound it, why did the governor have him here?" cried the discontented heir. "As for Matty, it appears to me she had better begin to think of doing without slaves," he said moodily, with a cloud on his face; a speech which made his mother look

up with a quick movement of anxiety, though she still smiled.

"I can't make out either you or Matty," said Lady Frankland. "I wish you would be either off or on. With such an appearance of indifference as you show to each other usually—"

"Oh, indifference, by Jove!" said Harry, breaking in upon his mother's words; and the young man gave a short whistle, and, jumping up abruptly, went off without waiting for any conclusion. Lady Frankland was not in the habit of disturbing herself about things in general. She looked after her son with a serious look, which, however, lasted but a moment. She returned immediately to her placidity and her needle-work. "I daresay it will come all right," she said to herself, with serene philosophy, which perhaps accounted for the absence of wrinkles in her comely, middle-aged countenance. Harry, on the contrary, went off in anything but a serene state of mind. It was a foggy day, and the clouds lay very low and heavy over the fen-country, where there was nothing to relieve the dulness of nature. And it was afternoon—the very time of the day when all hopes and attempts at cheering up are over—and dinner was still too far off to throw its genial glow upon the dusky house. There had been nothing going on for a day or two at Wodensbourne. Harry was before his time, and the expected guests had not yet arrived, and the weather was as troublesome and hindersome of every kind of recreation as weather could possibly be. Young Frankland went out in a little fit of impatience, and was met at the hall-door by a mouthful of dense white steaming air, through which even the jovial trees of holly, all glowing with Christmas berries, loomed like two prickly ghosts. He uttered an exclamation of disgust as he stood on

the broad stone steps, not quite sure what to do with himself—whether to face the chill misery of the air outside, or to hunt up Matty and Charley, and betake himself to the billiard-room within. But then the tutor—confound the fellow! Just at this moment Harry Frankland heard a laugh, a provoking little peal of silver bells. He had an odd sort of affection—half love, half dislike—for his cousin. But of all Matty's charms, there was none which so tantalized and bewitched him as this laugh, which was generally acknowledged to be charming. "Much there is to laugh about, by Jove!" he muttered to himself, with an angry flush; but he grew grimly furious when he heard her voice.

"You won't give in," said Matty; "the Scotch never will, I know; you are all so dreadfully argumentative and quarrelsome. But you are beaten, though you won't acknowledge it; you know you are. I like talking to you," continued the little witch, dropping her voice a little, "because—hush! I thought I heard some one calling me from the house."

"Because why?" said Colin. They were a good way off, behind one of those great holly-trees; but young Frankland, with his quickened ears, discerned in an instant the softness, the tender admiration, the music of the tutor's voice. "By Jove!" said the heir to himself; and then he shouted out, "Matty, look here! come here!" in tones as different from those of Colin as discord is from harmony. It did not occur to him that Miss Matty's ear, being perfectly cool and unexcited, was quite able to discriminate between the two voices which thus claimed her regard.

"What do you want?" said Matty. "Don't stand there in the fog like a ghost; if you have anything to say, come here. I am taking my constitutional; one's first duty is the care of one's health," said the wicked little creature, with her ring of laughter; and she turned back again under his very eyes along the terrace without looking at him again. As for Harry Frank-

land, the words which escaped from his excited lips were not adapted for publication. If he had been a little less angry he would have joined them, and so made an end of the tutor; but, being furious, and not understanding anything about it, he burst for a moment into profane language, and then went off to the stables, where all the people had a bad time of it until the dressing-bell rang.

"What a savage he is," said Matty, confidentially. "That is the bore of cousins; they can't bear to see one happy, and yet they won't take the trouble of making themselves agreeable. How nice it used to be down at Kilchurn *that* summer—you remember? And what quantities of poetry you used to write. I suppose Wodensbourne is not congenial to poetry? You have never shown me anything since you came here."

"Poetry is only for one's youth," said Colin; "that is, if you dignify my verses with the name—for one's extreme youth, when one believes in everything that is impossible; and for Kilchurn, and the Lady's Glen, and the Holy Loch," said the youth, after a pause, with a fervour which disconcerted Matty. "*That* summer was not summer, but a bit of paradise—and life is real at Wodensbourne."

"I wish you would not speak in riddles," said Miss Matty, who was in the humour to have a little more of this inferred worship. "I should have thought life was a great deal more real at Ramore than here. Here we have luxuries and things—and—and—and books and—" She meant to have implied that the homely life was hard, and to have delicately intimated to Colin the advantage of living under the roof of Sir Thomas Frankland; but, catching his eye at the outset of her sentence, Matty had suddenly perceived her mistake, and broke down in a way most unusual to her. As she floundered, the young man looked at her with a full unhesitating gaze, and an incomprehensible smile.

"Pardon me," he said—he had scarcely

ever attempted before to take the superiority out of her hands, little trifler and fine lady as she was—he had been quite content to lay himself down in the dust and suffer her to march over him in airy triumph. But, while she was only a little tricky coquette, taking from his imagination all her higher charms, Colin was a true man, a man full of young genius, and faculties a world beyond anything known to Matty; and, when he was roused for the moment, it was so easy for him to confound her paltry pretensions. “Pardon me,” he said, with the smile which piqued her, which she did not understand; “I think you mistake. At Ramore I was a poor farmer’s son, but we had other things to think of than the difference between wealth and poverty. At Ramore we think nothing impossible; but here—” said Colin, looking round him with a mixture of contempt and admiration, which Matty could not comprehend. “That, you perceive, was the age of poetry, the age of romance, the golden age,” said the young man, with a smile. “The true knight required nothing but his sword, and was more than a match for all kinds of ugly kings and wicked enchanters; but Wodensbourne is prose, hard prose—fine English if you like, and much to be applauded for its style.” The tutor ran on, delivering himself up to his fancy. “Not Miltonian, to be sure; more like Macaulay—fine vigorous English, not destitute of appropriate ornament, but still prose, plain prose, Miss Frankland—only prose!”

“It appears to me that you are cross, Mr. Campbell,” said Matty, with a little spite; for her young vassal showed signs of enfranchisement when he called her by her name. “You like your rainy loch better than anything else in the world; and you are sorry,” said the syren, dropping her voice, “you are even so unkind as to be sorry that you have come here?”

“Sometimes, yes,” said Colin, suddenly clouding over. “It is true.”

“*Sempre si*,” said Matty; “though you cannot deny that we freed you from the delightful duty of listening to Sir

Thomas after dinner,” she went on, with a laugh. “Dear old uncle, why does he snore? So you are really sorry you came? I do so wish you would tell me why. Wodensbourne, at least, is better than Ardmartin,” said Miss Matty, with a look of pique. She was rather relieved and yet horribly disappointed at the thought that Colin might perhaps be coming to his senses, in so far as she herself was concerned. It would save him a good deal of embarrassment, it was true, but she was intent upon preventing it all the same.

“I will tell you why I am sorry, if you will tell me why I ought to be glad,” said Colin, who was wise enough, for once, to see that he had the best of the argument.

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Matty; “if you don’t see yourself—if you don’t care about the advantages—if you don’t mind living in the same—I mean, if you don’t see the good—”

“I don’t see any good,” said Colin, with suppressed passion, “except one which, if I stated it plainly, you would not permit me to claim. I see no advantages that I can venture to put in words. On the other hand, Wodensbourne has taught me a great deal. This fine perspicuous English prose points an argument a great deal better than all the Highland rhymings in existence,” said the young man, bitterly; “I’ll give you a professional example, as I’m a tutor. At the Holy Loch we conjugate all our verbs affirmatively, interrogatively. Charley and I are getting them up in the negative form here, and it’s hard work,” said Charley’s tutor. He broke off with a laugh which sounded strange and harsh, an unusual effect, in his companion’s ear.

“Affirmatively? Interrogatively?” said Miss Matty, with a pretty puzzled look; “I hate long words. How do you suppose I can know what you mean? It is such a long time since I learnt my verbs—and then one always hated them so. Look here, what a lovely holly-leaf! *Il m’aime, il ne m’aime pas?*” said Miss Matty, pricking her fingers on the verdant spikes and casting a glance at

Colin. When their eyes met they both laughed, and blushed a little in their several ways—that is to say, Miss Matty's smart complexion grew a little, a very little, brighter for one moment, or Colin at least thought it did, whereas the blood flushed all over his face, and went dancing back like so many streams of new life and joy to exhilarate his foolish youthful heart.

"By the bye, I wonder if that foolish Harry came from my aunt; perhaps she wants me," said Miss Matty, who had gone as far as she meant to go. "Besides, the fog gets heavier; though, to be sure, I have seen it twenty times worse at Kilchurn. Perhaps it is the fog and the rain that makes it poetical there? I prefer reality, if that means a little sunshine, or even the fire in my lady's dressing-room," she cried, with a shiver. "Go indoors and write me some pretty verses: it is the only thing you can do after being such a savage. *Au revoir*—there are no half-partings in English, and it's so ridiculous to say good-bye for an hour or two," said Miss Matty. She made him a little mock curtsey as she went away, to which, out of the fulness of her grace, the little witch added a smile and a pretty wave of her hand as she disappeared round the corner of the great holly, which were meant to leave Colin in a state of ecstasy. He stayed on the foggy terrace a long time after she had left him, but the young man's thoughts were not ecstatic. So long as she was present, so long as the strongest spell of natural magic occupied his eyes in watching and his ears in listening to her, he was still carried along and kept up by the witchery of young love. But in the intervals when her presence was withdrawn, matters grew to be rather serious with Colin. He was not like a love-sick girl, able to exist upon these occasional sweetnesses; he was a man, and required something more to satisfy his mind than the tantalizing enchantments and disappointments of this intercourse, which was fascinating enough in its way, but had no substance or reality in it. He had spoken truly—it had been entire

romance, sweet as a morning dream at the Holy Loch. There the two young creatures, wandering by the glens and streams, were the ideal youth and maiden entering upon their natural inheritance of beauty and love and mutual admiration; and at homely Ramore, where the world to which Matty belonged was utterly unknown, it was not difficult either for Colin himself, or for those around him, to believe that—with his endowments, his talents, and genius—he could do anything, or win any woman. Wodensbourne was a most sobering, disenchanting reality after this wonderful delusion. The Franklands were all so kind to the young tutor, and their sense of obligation towards him made his position so much better than any other tutor's of his pretensions could have been, that the lesson came with all the more overwhelming force upon his awakening faculties. The morning and its dreams were gliding away—or, at least, Colin thought so; and this clear daylight, which began to come in, dissipating all the magical effects of sunshine and mist and dew, had to be faced as he best could. He was not a young prince, independent of ordinary requirements; he was truly a poor man's son, and possessed by an ideal of life and labour such as has inspired many a young Scotchman. He wanted not only to get on in the world, to acquire an income and marry Matty, but also to be good for something in his generation. If the course of true love had been quite smooth with him, if Matty had been his natural mate, Colin could not have contented himself with that personal felicity. He was doubtful of all his surroundings, like most young men of his period—doubtful what to do and how to do it—more than doubtful of all the local ways and fashions of the profession to which he had been trained. But underneath this uncertainty lay something of which Colin had no doubt. He had not been brought into the world without an object; he did not mean to leave it without leaving some mark that he had been here. To get through life easily

and secure as much pleasure as possible by the way was not the theory of existence known at Ramore. *There* it was understood to be a man's, a son's duty to better his position, to make his way upwards in the world; and this philosophy of life had been enlarged and elevated in the poetic soul of Colin's mother. He had something to do in his own country, in his own generation. That was the master-idea of the young man's mind. How it was to be reconciled with this aimless, dependent life in the rich English household—with this rivalry, which could never come to anything, with Sir Thomas Frankland's heir—with this vain love, which, it began to be apparent to Colin, must, like the rivalry, end in nothing—it was hard to see. He remained on the terrace for about an hour, walking up and down in the fog. All that he could see before him were some indistinct outlines of trees, looking black through the steaming white air, and, behind, the great ghost of the house, with its long front and wings receding into the mist—the great, wealthy, stranger house, to which he and his life had so little relationship. Many were the thoughts in Colin's mind during this hour; and they were far from satisfactory. Even the object of his love began to be clouded over with fogs, which looked very different, breathing over those low, rich, English levels, from the fairy mists of the Lady's Glen. He began to perceive dimly that his devotion was a toy and plaything to this little woman of the world. He began to perceive what an amount of love would be necessary to make such a creature as Matty place herself consciously by the side of such a lover as himself. Love!—and as yet all that he could say certainly of Matty was that she liked a little love-making, and had afforded him a great many facilities for that agreeable but unproductive occupation. Colin's heart lost itself in an uncertainty darker than the fog. His own position galled him profoundly. He was Charley's tutor. They were all very kind to him; but, supposing he were to ask the child of the house to

descend from her eminence and be his wife—not even his wife, indeed, but his betrothed; to wait years and years for him until he should be able to claim her—what would everybody think of him? Colin's heart beat against his breast in loud throbs of wounded love and pride. At Wodensbourne everything seemed impossible. He had not the heart to go away and end abruptly his first love and all his dreams, and how could he stay to consume his heart and his life? How go back to the old existence, which would now be so much harder? How begin anew and try another existence apart from all his training and traditions, for the sake of that wildest of incredible hopes? Colin had lived for some time in this state of struggle and argument with himself, and it was only Matty's presence which at times delivered him from it. Now, as before, he took refuge in the thought that he could not immediately free himself; that, having accepted his position as Charley's tutor, he could not relinquish it immediately; that honour bound him to remain for the winter at least. When he had come, for the fiftieth time, to this conclusion, he went indoors, and upstairs to his room. It was a good way up, but yet it was more luxurious than anything in Ramore, and on the table there were some flowers which she had given him the night before. Poor Colin! after his serious reflections he owed himself a little holiday. It was an odd enough conclusion, certainly, to his thoughts, but he had an hour to himself and his writing-desk was open on the table, and involuntarily he bethought himself of Miss Matty's parting words. The end of it was that he occupied his hour writing and re-writing and polishing into smooth couplets the pretty verses which that young lady had asked for. Colin's verses were as follows; from which it will be seen that, though he had a great deal of poetical sentiment, he was right in refusing to consider himself a poet:—

“In English speech, my lady said,
There are no sweet half-partings made—
Words half regret, half joy, that tell
We meet again and all is well.

Ah, not for sunny hours or days
 Its grave 'Farewell' our England says;
 Nor for a moment's absence, true,
 Utters its prayer, 'God be with you.'
 Other the thoughts that Love may reach,
 In the grave tones of English speech;
 Deeper than Fancy's passing breath,
 The blessing stands for life or death.
 If Heaven in wrath should rule it so,
 If earth were capable of woe
 So bitter as that this might be
 The last dear word 'twixt thee and me,
 Thus Love in English speech, above
 All lighter thoughts, breathes: 'Farewell,
 Love;

For hours or ages if we part,
 God be with thee, where'er thou art.
 To no less hands than His alone
 I trust thy soul out of mine own.'
 Thus speaks the Love that, grave and strong,
 Can master death, neglect, and wrong,
 Yet ne'er can learn, long as it lives,
 To limit the full soul it gives,
 Or cheat the parting of its pain
 With light words 'Till we meet again.'
 Ah, no, while on a moment's breath
 Love holds the poise 'twixt life and death,
 He cannot leave who loves thee, sweet,
 With light postponement 'Till we meet;'
 But rather prays, 'Whate'er may be,
 My life or death, God be with thee!
 Though one brief hour my course may tell,
 Ever and ever Fare thou well.'"

Probably the readers of this history will think that Colin deserved his fate.

He gave them to her in the evening, when he found her alone in the drawing-room—alone, at least, in so far that Lady Frankland was nodding over the newspaper, and taking no notice of Miss Matty's proceedings. "Oh, thank you; how nice of you!" cried the young lady; but she crumpled the little billet in her hand, and put it, not into her bosom as young ladies do in novels, but into her pocket, glancing at the door as she did so. "I do believe you are right in saying that there is nothing but prose here," said Matty. "I can't read it just now. It would only make them laugh, you know;" and she went away forthwith to the other end of the room, and began to occupy herself in arranging some music. She was thus employed when Harry came in, looking black enough. Colin was left to himself all that evening. He had, moreover, the gratification of witnessing all the privileges once accorded to himself given to his rival. Even in matters less urgent than love, it

is disenchanting to see the same attentions lavished on another of which one has imagined one's self the only possessor. It was in vain that Colin attempted a grim smile to himself at this transference of Matty's wiles and witcheries. The lively table-talk—more lively than it could be with him, for the two knew all each other's friends and occupations; the little services about the tea-table which he himself had so often rendered to Matty, but which her cousin could render with a freedom impossible to Colin; the pleased, amused looks of the elders, who evidently imagined matters to be going on as they wished;—would have been enough of themselves to drive the unfortunate youth half wild as he sat in the background and witnessed it all. But, as Colin's evil genius would have it, the curate was that evening dining at Wodensbourne. And, in pursuance of his benevolent intention of cultivating and influencing the young Scotchman, this excellent ecclesiastic devoted himself to Colin. He asked a great many questions about Scotland and the Sabbath question, and the immoral habits of the peasantry, to which the catechumen replied with varying temper, sometimes giving wild answers, quite wide of the mark, as he applied his jealous ear to hear rather the conversation going on at a little distance than the interrogatory addressed to himself. Most people have experienced something of the difficulty of keeping up an indifferent conversation while watching and straining to catch such scraps as may be audible of something more interesting going on close by; but the difficulty was aggravated in Colin's case by the fact that his own private interlocutor was doing everything in his power to exasperate him in a well-meaning and friendly way, and that the words which fell on his ear close at hand were scarcely less irritating than the half-heard words, the but too distinctly seen combinations at the other end of the room, where Matty was making tea, with her cousin hanging over her chair. After he had borne it as long as he could, Colin turned to bay.

"Scotland is not in the South Seas," said the young Scotchman; "a day's journey any time will take you there. As for our Universities, they are not rich like yours, but they have been heard of from time to time," said Colin, with indignation. His eyes had caught fire from long provocation, and they were fixed at this moment upon Matty, who was showing her cousin something which she half drew out of her pocket under cover of her handkerchief. Was it his foolish offering that the two were about to laugh over? In the bitterness of the moment, he could have taken the most summary vengeance on the irreproachable young clergyman. "We don't tattoo ourselves now-a-days, and no Englishman has been eaten in my district within the memory of man," said the young savage, who looked quite inclined to swallow somebody, though it was doubtful who was the immediate object of his passion, which played in his brown eyes. Perhaps Colin had never been so much excited in his life.

"I beg your pardon," said the wondering curate. "I tell you, I fear—" and he followed Colin's eyes, after his first movement of offence was over, and perhaps comprehended the mystery, for the curate himself had been in his day the subject of experiments. "They seem to have come to a very good understanding, these two," he said, with a gentle clerical leaning towards inevitable gossip. "I told you how it was likely to be. I wish you would come to the vicarage oftener," continued the young priest. "If Frankland and you don't get on—"

"Why should not we get on?" said Colin, who was half mad with excitement—he had just seen some paper, wonderfully like his own verses, handed from one to another of the pair who were so mutually engrossed—and, if he could have tossed the curate or anybody else who might happen to be at hand out of window, it would have been a relief to his feelings. "He and I are in very different circumstances," said the young man, with his eyes aflame. "I am not aware that it is of the least im-

portance to any one whether we get on or not. You forget that I am only the tutor." It occurred to him, as he spoke, how he had said the same words to Matty at Ardmartin, and how they had laughed together over his position. It was not any laughing matter now; and to see the two heads bending over that bit of paper was more than he could bear.

"I wish you would come oftener to the parsonage," said the benevolent curate. "I might be—we might be—of—of some use to each other. I am very much interested in your opinions. I wish I could bring you to see the beauty of all the Church's arrangements and the happiness of those—"

Here Colin rose to his feet without being aware of it, and the curate stopped speaking. He was a man of placid temper himself, and the young stranger's aspect alarmed him. Harry Frankland was coming forward with the bit of paper in his hand.

"Look here," said Frankland, instinctively turning his back on the tutor, "here's a little drawing my cousin has been making for some schools you want in the village. She says they must be looked after directly. It's only a scratch, but I think it's pretty—a woman is always shaky in her outlines, you know; but the idea ain't bad, is it? She says I am to talk to you on the subject," said the heir; and he spread out the sketch on the table and began to discuss it with the pleased curate. Harry was pleased too, in a modified way; he thought he was gratifying Matty, and he thought it was good of such a wayward little thing to think about the village children; and, finally, he thought if she had been indifferent to the young lord of the manor she would not have taken so much trouble—which were all agreeable and consolatory imaginations. As for Colin, standing up by the table, his eyes suddenly glowed and melted into a mist of sweet compunctions; he stood quite still for a moment, and then he caught the smallest possible gesture, the movement of a finger, the scarce-perceptible

lifting of an eyelash, which called him to her side. When he went up to Matty he found her reading very demurely, with her book held in both her hands, and his little poem placed above the printed page. "It is charming!" said the little witch; "I could not look at it till I had got rid of Harry. It is quite delightful, and it is the greatest shame in the world not to print it; but I can't conceive how you can possibly remember the trumpery little things I say." The conclusion was, that sweeter dreams than usual visited Colin's sleep that night. Miss Matty had not yet done with her interesting victim.

CHAPTER XVII.

COLIN found a letter on the breakfast-table next morning, which gave a new development to his mental struggle. It was from the Professor in Glasgow in whose class he had won his greatest laurels. He was not a correspondent nor even a friend of Colin's, and the effect of his letter was increased accordingly. "One of our exhibitions to Balliol is to be competed for immediately after Christmas," wrote the Professor. "I am very anxious that you should be a candidate. From all I have seen of you, I am inclined to augur a brilliant career for your talents if they are fully cultivated; and for the credit of our University, as well as for your own sake, I should be glad to see you the holder of this scholarship. Macdonald, your old rival, is a very satisfactory scholar, and has unbounded perseverance and steadiness—doggedness, I might almost say; but he is not the kind of man—I speak to you frankly—to do us any credit at Oxford, nor indeed to do himself any particular advantage. His is the commonly received type of Scotch intelligence—hard, keen, and unsympathetic—a form as little true to the character of the nation as conventional types usually are. I don't want, to speak the truth, to send him to my old college as a specimen of what we can produce here.

It would be much more satisfactory to myself to send you, and I think you could make better use of the opportunities thus opened to you. Lauderdale informs me that Sir Thomas Frankland is an old friend and one under obligations to you or your family: probably, in the circumstances, he would not object to release you from your engagement. The matter is so important, that I don't think you should allow any false delicacy in respect to your present occupation to deter you from attending to your own interests. You are now just at the age to benefit in the highest degree by such an opportunity of prosecuting your studies."

This was the letter which woke all the slumbering forces of Colin's mind to renew the struggle against his heart and his fancy which he had already waged unsuccessfully. He was not of much use to Charley for that day at least; their conjugations, negative or affirmative, made but small progress, and the sharp-witted boy gave his tutor credit for being occupied with Matty, and scorned him accordingly—of which fact the young man was fortunately quite unaware. When it became possible for Colin to speak to Sir Thomas on the subject, he had again lost himself in a maze of conflicting inclinations. Should he leave this false position, and betake himself again, in improved and altered circumstances, to the business of his life? But Colin saw very clearly that to leave his present position was to leave Matty—to relinquish his first dream; to give up the illusion which, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, had made life lovely to him for the past year at least. Already he had so far recovered his senses as to feel that, if he left her now, he left her for ever, and that no new tie could be woven between his humble fortunes and those of the little siren of Wodensbourne. Knowing this, yet all the while subject to her witcheries—hearing the song that lured him on—how was he to take a strenuous resolution, and leap back into the disenchanting existence, full of duty but deprived of delights, which awaited him in his proper sphere? He had gone out to the terrace

again in the afternoon to argue it out with himself, when he encountered Sir Thomas, who had a cold, and was taking his constitutional discreetly for his health's sake, not without an eye to the garden in which Lady Frankland intended sundry alterations which were not quite satisfactory to her lord. "Of course I don't mean to interfere with my lady's fancies," said the baronet, who was pleased to find some one to whom he could confide his griefs; "a flower-garden is a woman's department, certainly, if anything is; but I won't have this terrace disturbed. It used to be my mother's favourite walk," said Sir Thomas. The good man went on, a little moved by this particular recollection, meditating his grievance. Sir Thomas had got very nearly to the other end of that table-land of existence which lies between the ascent and the descent—that interval in which the suns burn hottest, the winds blow coldest, but upon which, when it is fair weather, the best part of life may be spent. By right of his extended prospect, he was naturally a little contemptuous of those griefs and struggles of youth which cloud on the ascending way. Had any one told him of the real conflict which was going on in Colin's mind, the excellent middle-aged man would but have laughed at the boy's folly—a laughter softened yet confirmed by the recollection of similar clouds in his own experience which had long dispersed into thin air. He was a little serious at the present moment, about my lady's caprice, which aimed at altering the smooth stretch of lawn to which his eyes had been accustomed for years, and turned to listen to Colin, when the young man addressed him, with a slight air of impatience, not knowing anything of importance which the youth could have to say.

"I should be glad to know," said Colin, with hesitation, "how long you think Charley will want my services. Lady Frankland was speaking the other day of the improvement in his health."

"Yes," interrupted the baronet, brightening up a little, for his invalid boy was his favourite. "We are greatly

obliged to you, Campbell. Charley has brightened and improved amazingly since you came here."

This was an embarrassing way of receiving Colin's attempt at disengaging himself from Charley. The youth hesitated and stammered, and could not well make up his mind what to say next. In his perplexity he took out the letter which had stimulated him to this attempt. Sir Thomas, who was still a little impatient, took it out of his hands and read it. The baronet whistled under his breath with puzzled astonishment as he read. "What does it mean?" said Sir Thomas. "You declined to go to Oxford under my auspices, and now here is something about a scholarship and a competition. You want to go to the University after all—but why then reject my proposal when I made it?" said Colin's patron, who thought his *protégé* had chosen a most unlucky moment for changing his mind.

"I beg your pardon," said Colin, "but I could not accept your offer at any time. I could not accept such a favour from any man, and I know no claim I have upon you to warrant—"

"Oh, stuff!" said Sir Thomas; "I know very well what are the obligations I am under to you, Campbell. You saved my son Harry's life—we are all very sensible of your claims. I should certainly have expected you to help Harry as far as was possible—for he is like myself—he is more in the way of cricket and boating, and a day with the hounds when he can get it, than Greek—but I should have felt real pleasure," said the baronet blandly, "in helping so deserving a young man, and one to whom we all feel so much indebted."

"Thank you," said Colin, who at that moment would have felt real pleasure in punching the head, or maltreating the person of the heir of Wodensbourne—"I suppose we have all some pride in one way or another. I am obliged to you, Sir Thomas, but I could not accept such a favour from you; whereas, a prize won at my own university," said the young man, with a little elevation, "is no discredit, but—"

“Discredit!” said Sir Thomas; “you must have a very strange idea of me, Mr. Campbell, if you imagine it discreditable to accept a kindness at my hands.”

“I beg your pardon,” again said Colin, who was at his wit’s end; “I did not mean to say anything uncivil—but I am Scotch. I dislike receiving favours. I prefer—”

Sir Thomas rubbed his hands. The apology of nationality went a long way with him, and restored his temper. “Yes, yes; I understand,” he said, with good-humoured superiority: “you prefer conferring favours—you like to keep the upper hand. I know a great deal of you Scotchmen; I flatter myself I understand your national character. I should like to know now,” said the baronet, confidentially, “if you are set upon becoming a Scotch minister, as you once told me, what good it will do you going to Oxford? Supposing you were to distinguish yourself, which I think very possible; supposing you were to take a— a second-class, or even a first-class, for example, what would be the good? The reputation and the—the *prestige* and that sort of thing would be altogether lost in Scotland. All the upper classes you know have gone from the old Kirk, and you would not please the peasants a bit better for being—indeed, the idea of an Oxford first-class man spending his life preaching to a set of peasants is absurd,” said Sir Thomas. “I know more about Scotland than most men: I paid a great deal of attention to that Kirk question. If you go to Oxford I shall expect you to change your mind about your profession. If you don’t take to something more ambitious, at least you’ll go in for the Church.”

“I have always intended so,” said Colin, with his grand air, ignoring the baronet’s meaning. “To preach, if it is only to peasants, is more worth a man’s while than reading prayers for ever, like your curate here. I am only Scotch; I know no better,” said Colin. “We want changes in Scotland, it is true; but it is as good to work for Scotland as for England—better for me

—and I should not grudge my first-class to the service of my native Church,” said the youth, with a movement of his head which tossed his heavy brown locks from the concealed forehead. Sir Thomas looked at him with a blank amazement, not knowing in the least what he meant. He thought the young fellow had been piqued somehow, most probably by Matty, and was in a heroic mood, which mood Colin’s patron did not pretend to understand.

“Well, well,” he said, with some impatience, “I suppose you will take your own way; but I must say it would seem very odd to see an Oxford first-class man in a queer little kirk in the Highlands, preaching a sermon an hour long. Of course, if you like it, that’s another matter; and the Scotch certainly do seem to like preaching,” said Sir Thomas, with natural wonder; “but we flattered ourselves you were comfortable here. I am sorry you want to go away.”

This was taking Colin on his undefended side. The words brought colour to his cheeks and moisture to his eye. “Indeed, I don’t want to ‘go away,’” he said, and paused, and faltered, and grew still more deeply crimson. “I can never forget; I can never think otherwise than with—with gratitude of Wodensbourne.” He was going to have said tenderness, but stopped himself in time; and even Sir Thomas, though his eyes were noway anointed with any special chiasm of insight, saw the emotion in his face.

“Then don’t go,” said the straightforward baronet; “why should you go if you don’t want to? We are all most anxious that you should stay. Indeed, it would upset my plans dreadfully if you were to leave Charley at present. He’s a wonderful fellow, is Charley. He has twice as much brains as the rest of my boys, sir; and you understand him, Campbell. He is happier, he is stronger, he is even a better fellow—poor lad, when he’s ill he can’t be blamed for a bit of temper—since you came. Indeed, now I think it over,” said Sir Thomas, “you will mortify and disappoint me

very much if you go away. I quite considered you had accepted Charley's tutorship for a year at least. My dear, here's a pretty business," he said, turning round at the sound of steps and voices, which Colin had already discerned from afar with a feeling that he was now finally vanquished, and could yield with a good grace; "here's Campbell threatening to go away."

"To go away!" said Lady Frankland. "Dear me, he can't mean it. Why, he only came the other day; and Charley, you know"—said the anxious mother; but she recollected Harry's objection to the tutor, and did not make any very warm opposition. Colin, however, was totally unconscious of the lukewarmness of the lady of the house. The little scream of dismay with which Miss Matty received the intelligence might have deluded a wiser man than he.

"Going away! I call it downright treachery," said Miss Matty. "I think it is using you very unkindly, uncle; when he knows you put such dependence on him about Charley, and when *we* know the house has been quite a different thing since Mr. Campbell came," said the little witch, with a double meaning, of which Colin, poor boy, swallowed the sweeter sense, without a moment's hesitation. *He* knew it was not the improvement in Charley's temper which had made the house different to Matty; but Lady Frankland, who was not a woman of imagination, took up seriously what seemed to be the obvious meaning of the words.

"It is quite true. I am sure we are much obliged to Mr. Campbell," she said; "Charley is quite an altered boy; and I had hoped you were liking Wodensbourne. If we could do anything to make it more agreeable to you," said Lady Frankland, graciously, remembering how Charley's "temper" was the horror of the house. "I am sure Sir Thomas would not grudge—"

"Pray do not say any more," said Colin, confused and blushing; "no house could be more—no house could be so agreeable to me. You are all very kind. It was only my—my own—"

What he was going to say is beyond the reach of discovery. He was interrupted by a simultaneous utterance from all the three persons present, of which Colin heard only the soft tones of Matty. "He does not mean it," she said; "he only means to alarm us. I shall not say good-bye, nor farewell either. You shall have no good wishes if you *think* of going away. False as a Campbell," said the siren under her breath, with a look which overpowered Colin. He never was quite sure what words followed from the elder people; but even Lady Frankland became fervent when she recalled what Charley had been before the advent of the tutor. "What we should do with him now, if Mr. Campbell was to leave and the house full of people, I tremble to think," said the alarmed mother. When Colin returned to the house it was with a slightly flattered sense of his own value and importance now to the young man—with a sense too that duty had fully acquitted and justified inclination, and that he could not at the present moment leave his post. This delicious unction he laid to his soul while it was still thrilling with the glance and with the words which Matty, in her alarm, had used to prevent her slave's escape. Whatever happened, he could not, he would not, go; better to perish with such a hope, than to thrive without it; and, after all, there was no need for perishing, and next year Oxford might still be practicable. So Colin said to himself, as he made his simple toilette for the evening, with a face which was radiant with secret sunshine, "It was only my—my own—." How had he intended to complete that sentence which the Franklands took out of his mouth? Was he going to say interest, advantage, peace? The unfinished words came to his mind involuntarily when he was alone. They kept flitting in and out, disturbing him with vague touches of uneasiness, asking to be completed. "My own—only my own," Colin said to himself as he went down stairs. He was saying over the words softly as he came to a landing, upon

which there was a great blank staircase-window reaching down to the floor, and darkly filled at this present moment with a grey waste of sky and tumbling clouds, with a wild wind visibly surging through the vacant atmosphere, and conveying almost to the eye in palpable vision an equal demonstration of its presence as it did to the ear. "My own—only my own. I wonder what you mean; the words sound quite sentimental," said Miss Matty, suddenly appearing at Colin's side, with a light in her hand. The young man was moved strangely; he could not tell why. "I meant my own life, I believe," he said with a sudden impulse, unawares; "only my own life," and went down the next flight of stairs before the young lady, not knowing what he was about. When he came to himself, and stood back, blushing with hot shame, to let her pass, the words came back in a dreary whirl, as if the wind had taken them up and tossed them at him, out of that wild windowful of night. His life—only his life; was that what he had put in comparison with Charley's temper and Matty's vanity, and given up with enthusiasm? Something chill, like a sudden cold current through his veins, ran to Colin's heart for a moment. Next minute he was in the room, where bright lights, and lively talk, and all the superficial cordiality of prosperity and good-humour filled the atmosphere round him. Whatever the stake had been, the cast was over and the decision made.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Christmas guests began to arrive at Wodensbourne on the same day that Colin concluded this sacrifice; and for some days the tutor had scant measure of that society which had lured him to the relinquishment even of his "life." When the house was full of people, Matty found a thousand occupations in which of necessity Colin had no share,—not to say that the young lady felt it

a matter of prudence, after she had accepted his sacrifice, to be as little as possible in his society. It was pleasant enough to feel her power, and to know that for her invaluable smile the boy had bartered his independent career; but to put him in the way of claiming any reward for his offering would have been exceedingly inconvenient to Matty. He paid the full penalty accordingly for at least a week thereafter, and had abundant opportunity of counting the cost and seeing what he had done. It was not exhilarating to spend the mornings with Charley, to answer his sharp questions, to satisfy his acute but superficial mind—in which curiosity was everything, and thought scarcely existed—and to feel that for this he had given up all that was individual in his life. He had left his own University, he had given up the chance of going to Oxford, he had separated himself from his companions and given up his occupations—all for the pleasure of teaching Charley, of standing in a corner of the Wodensbourne drawing-room, and feeling acutely through every fibre of his sensitive Scotch frame that he was the tutor, and stood accordingly in about as much relationship to the society in which he found himself as if he had been a New Zealand chief. Colin, however, had made up his mind, and there was nothing for it now but to consent and accept his fate. But it was astonishing how different things looked from that corner of the drawing-room, unspeakably different from the aspect they bore when Colin himself was the only stranger present, and even different from the state of affairs after Harry came home, when the tutor had been thrown into the shade, and a fever of excitement and jealousy had taken possession of Colin's breast. He was very young, and was not used to society. When Matty addressed to her cousin the same witcheries which she had expended on her worshipper, the young man was profoundly wretched and jealous beyond description. But when he saw her use the same wiles with others, lavishing freely the smiles which had been so

precious to his deluded fancy upon one and another, a painful wonder seized the mind of Colin. To stand in that corner possessed by one object was to be behind the scenes. Colin was mortal; he had made a great sacrifice, and he was glad to have made it; but he could not forget it, nor stand at his ease, accepting the civilities that might be offered him like another. At first he expected the equivalent which he imagined had been pledged to him, and when he found out his mistake in that, he discovered also how impossible it was to refrain from a feeling of injury, a jealous consciousness of inadequate appreciation. He himself knew, if nobody else did, the price at which he had bought those siren smiles, and under these circumstances to stand by and see them bestowed upon others, was an experience which conveyed wonderful insight to Colin's inexperienced eyes. If Miss Matty saw him at all, she saw him in the corner, and gave him a nod and a smile in passing, which she thought quite enough to keep him happy for the time being. For, unluckily, the professors of this art of fascination, both male and female, are apt now and then to deceive themselves in the extent of their own powers. While Matty was so perfectly easy in her mind about the tall figure in the corner, he, for his part, was watching her with feelings which it would be very hard to describe. His very admiration, the sincerity of his love, intensified the smouldering germs of disappointment and disgust of which he became uneasily conscious as he stood and watched. He saw by glimpses "the very heart of the machine" from that unnoticed observatory. He saw how she distributed and divided her bright looks, her playful talk; he perceived how she exerted herself to be more and more charming if any victim proved refractory and was slow to yield. Had Colin been kept more perfectly in hand himself, had she devoted a little more time, a little more pains to him, it is probable that the sweet flattery would have prevailed, and that he might have

forgiven her the too great readiness she showed to please others. But, as it was, the glamour died out of Colin's eyes ray by ray, and, bitter in the consciousness of all he had sacrificed, he began to find out how little the reward, even could he have obtained it, was worth the price. The process was slow, but it went on night by night—and night by night, as the disenchantment progressed, Colin became more and more unhappy. It was wretched to see the sweet illusion which had made life so beautiful disappearing under his very eyes, and to feel that the enchantment, which had to him been so irresistible, was a conscious and studied art, which could be used just when the possessor pleased, with as much coolness as if it had been the art of embroidery or any other feminine handicraft. A wise spectator might, and probably would, have said, that to learn this lesson was the best thing possible for Colin; but that did not make it the less cruel, the less bitter. In his corner the young man gradually drew nearer and nearer to the fierce misanthropy of outraged youth, that misanthropy which is as warm a protest against common worldliness as the first enthusiasm. But his heart was not yet released, though his eyes were becoming enlightened—reason works slowly against love—and bitter at the bottom of all lay the sense of the sacrifice, which was only his life.

A few days after Christmas, a party of the young men staying at Wodensbourne were bound upon a boating expedition, to decide some bet which bore remotely upon one of the greatest events of the University year—the great match between Oxford and Cambridge. Harry Frankland, who was an Oxford man, though the spires of Cambridge might almost have been visible from his father's park, had there been any eminence high enough to afford a view, was deeply interested on the side of his own University; and some unfortunate youths belated at Cambridge during the holidays for want of friends, or money, or some other needful adjunct of festival-keeping, were but too glad to seize the opportu-

nity of a day's pleasure. Colin never knew how it was that he came to be asked to join the party. Though Harry's jealousy was gone, for the moment at least, there was not even a pretence of friendship between the tutor and the heir. Nor could Colin ever explain how it was that he consented to go, for scores of objections naturally presented themselves at the first proposal. He was sensitive, affronted, feeling deeply his false position, and ready to receive with suspicion any overtures of friendliness from any man possessed by a benevolent wish to be kind to the tutor. It was, however, his fate to go, and the preliminaries arranged themselves somehow. They started on a frosty bright morning, when the trees of the park were still only emerging from mists tinted red by the sunshine, a joyous, rather noisy party; they were to walk to the river, which was about six miles off, and, when their business was decided, to lunch at a favourite haunt of the Cambridge undergraduates. Lady Frankland, who did not much approve of the expedition, gave them many counsels about the way. "I wish you would drive and get back by daylight," she said; "otherwise I know you will be taking *that* path across the fields."

"What path?" said some one present; "if there is one specially objectionable we will be sure to take it."

"I would not if I were you," said Miss Matty. "There is a nasty canal in the way; if you pass it after it is dark, some of you will certainly fall in. It would be a pity to be drowned in such a slimy, shabby way. Much better have all sorts of dog-carts and things, and drive back in time for a cup of tea."

At which speech there was a general laugh. "Matty would give her soul for a cup of tea," said her cousin. "What a precious fright you'll all be in if we're late for dinner. I ought to know all about the canal by this time. Come along. It's too cold to think of drowning," said Harry Frankland, with a filial nod of leave-taking to his mother. As for Matty, she went to the door with them to see them go off, as did some

others of the ladies. Matty lifted her pretty cloak sideways and stretched out her hand into the frosty atmosphere as if to feel for rain.

"I thought I saw some drops," she said; "it would be frightful if it came on to rain now, and spoiled our chances of skating. Good morning, and, whatever you do, I beg of you don't get drowned in the canal. It would be such a shabby way of making an end of one's self," said Matty. When she looked up she caught Colin's eye, who was the last to leave the house. She was in the humour to be kind to him at that moment. "Shall I say good-bye or farewell?" she said softly, with that look of special confidence which Colin, notwithstanding his new enlightenment, had no heart to resist.

"You shall say what you please," said Colin, lingering on the step beside her. The young man was in a kind of desperate mood. Perhaps he liked to show his companions that he too could have his turn.

"Good-bye—farewell," said Matty, "but then that implies shaking hands," and she gave him her pretty hand with a little laugh, making it appear to the group outside that the clownish tutor had insisted upon that unnecessary ceremony. "But whatever you please to say, I like *au revoir* best," said Miss Matty; "it does not even suggest parting." And she waved her hand as she turned away. "Till we meet again," said the little enchantress. It might be to him especially, or it might be to all, that she made this little gesture of farewell. Anyhow, Colin followed the others with indescribable sensations. He no longer believed in her, but her presence, her looks, her words, had still mastery over him. He had walked half the way before the fumes of that leave-taking had gone out of his brain, though most part of the time he was keeping up a conversation about things in general with the stupidest of the party, who kept pertinaciously by the tutor's side.

The day went off with considerable satisfaction to all the party, and, as

Colin and Frankland did not come much in contact, there was little opportunity for displaying the spirit of opposition and contradiction which existed between them. Fortunately, Colin was not at hand to hear Harry's strictures upon his method of handling the oars, nor did Frankland perceive the smile of contemptuous recollection which came upon the tutor's face as he observed how tenderly the heir of Wodensbourne stepped into the boat, keeping clear of the wet as of old. "That fellow has not a bit of science," said young Frankland; "he expects mere strength to do everything. Look how he holds his oar. It never occurs to him that he is in anything lighter than a Highland fishing cobble. What on earth, I wonder, made us bring him here?"

"Science goes a great way," said the most skilled oarsman of the party, "but I'd like to have the training of Campbell all the same. He talks of going to Balliol, and I shall write to Cox about him." "What a chest the fellow has," said the admiring spectators. Meanwhile Colin had not hesitated to explain his smile.

"I smile because I recollect smiling years ago," said Colin. "See how Frankland steps into the boat. When he was a boy he did the same. I remember it, and it amused me; for wet feet were a new idea to me in those days;" and Colin laughed outright, and the eyes of the two met. Neither knew what the other had been saying, but the spectators perceived without more words that the young men were not perfectly safe companions for each other, and took precautions, with instinctive comprehension of the case.

"These two don't get on," said one of the party, under his breath. "It is hard upon a fellow, you know, to have another fellow stuck at his side who saved his life, and that sort of thing. I shouldn't like it myself. Somebody keep an eye on Frankland—and on the Scotch fellow, too," said the impartial peace-maker. Luckily, neither of the two who were thus put under friendly surveillance was at all aware of the fact,

and Colin submitted with as good a grace as possible to the constant companionship of the stupidest and best-humoured of the party, who had already bestowed his attentions and society upon the tutor. This state of things, however, did not endure after the lunch, at which it was not possible for Colin to remain a merely humble spectator and sharer of the young men's entertainment. He had not been broken in to such duty; and, excited by exercise and the freedom round him, Colin could no more help talking than he could help the subsequent discovery made by his companions that "the Scotch fellow" was very good company. The young men spent—as was to be expected—a much longer time over their lunch than was at all necessary; and the short winter day was just over when they set out on their way home through the evening mists, which soon deepened into darkness, very faintly lighted by a few doubtful stars. Everybody declared, it is true, that there was to be a moon; indeed, it was with the distinct understanding that there was to be a moon that the party had started walking from Wodensbourne. But the moon showed herself lamentably indifferent to the arrangements which depended on her. She gave not the least sign of appearing anywhere in that vast, windy vault of sky, which indeed had a little light in itself, but could spare scarcely any to show the wayfarers where they were going through the dreary wintry road and between the rustling leafless hedges. When they got into the fields matters grew rather worse. It was hard to keep the path, harder still to find the stiles and steer through gaps and ditches. The high road made a round which would lead them three or four miles out of their way, and Frankland insisted upon his own perfect knowledge of the by-way by which they could reach Wodensbourne in an hour. "Mind the canal we were warned of this morning," suggested one of the party, as they paused in the dark at the corner of a black field to decide which way they should go. "Oh, confound the canal; as

if I didn't know every step of the way," said young Frankland. "It's a settled principle in the female mind that one is bent upon walking into canals whenever one has an opportunity. Come along; if you're afraid, perhaps Campbell will show you the other way."

"Certainly," said Colin, without the least hesitation. "I have no wish to walk into the canal, for my part;" upon which there was a universal protest against parting company. "Come along," said one, who thrust his arm through Colin's as he spoke, but who was no longer the stupid member of the party, "we'll all take our chance together;" but he kept the tutor as far as possible from the line of Wodensbourne. "Frankland and you don't seem to get on," said Colin's companion; "yet he's a very nice fellow when you come to know him. I suppose you must have had some misunderstanding, eh? Wasn't it you who saved his life?"

"I never saved any one's life," said Colin, a little sharply; "and we get on well enough—as well as is necessary. We have no call to see much of each other." After this they all went on through the dark as well as they could, getting into difficulties now and then, sometimes collecting together in a bewildered group at a stile or turning, and afterwards streaming on in single file—a succession of black figures which it was impossible to identify except by the voices. Certainly they made noise enough. What with shouts from the beginning to the end of the file, what with bursts of song which came occasionally from one or another or even taken up in uproarious chorus, the profound stillness which enveloped and surrounded them was compelled to own their human presence to the ear at least. In the natural course of their progress Colin and his immediate companion had got nearly to the front, when the laughter and noise was suddenly interrupted. "I don't quite see where we are going," said Harry. "Stop a bit; I shouldn't mind going on myself, but I don't want to risk you fellows who are frightened for canals. Look here;

the road ought to have gone on at this corner, but here's nothing but a hedge. Keep where you are till I look out. There's a light over there, but I can't tell what's between."

"Perhaps it's the canal," said some one behind.

"Oh, yes, of course it's the canal," said Frankland, with irritation. "You stand back till I try; if I fall in it's my own fault, which will be a consolation to my friends," cried the angry guide. He started forward impatiently, not, however, without being closely followed by two or three, among whom was Colin.

"Don't be foolish, Frankland," said one voice in the darkness; "let us all go together—let us be cautious. I feel something like gravel under my feet. Steady, steady; feel with your foot before you put it down. Oh! good heavens, what is it?" The voice broke off abruptly; a loud splash and a cry ensued, and the young man behind saw the figures in advance of them suddenly drop and disappear. It was the canal, upon which they had been making un-awares. Two out of the four had only stumbled on the bank, and rose up again immediately; and as those behind, afraid to press forward, not knowing what to do, stood watching appalled, another and another figure scrambled up with difficulty, calling for help out of the water, into which they had not, however plunged deeply enough to peril their lives. Then there was a terrible momentary pause.

"Are we all here?" said Colin. His voice sounded like a funeral bell pealing through the darkness. He knew they were not all there. He, with his keen eyes, rendered keener by opposition and enmity, had seen beyond mistake that the first of all went down and had not risen again. The consciousness made his voice tragic as it rang through the darkness. Somebody shouted, "Yes, yes, thank God!" in reply. It was only a second, but years of life rolled up upon Colin in that moment of time—years of most troublous existence behind; years of fair life before. Should he let

him die? It was not his fault; nobody could blame him. And what right had *he* to risk his life a second time for Harry Frankland? All that a murderer, all that a martyr could feel rushed through Colin's mind in that instant of horrible indecision. Then somebody said, "Frankland, Frankland! where is Frankland?" That voice was the touch of fate. With a strange shout, of which he was unconscious, Colin plunged into the black invisible stream. By this time the others of the party saw with unspeakable relief lights approaching, and heard through the darkness voices of men coming to their assistance. They were close by one of the locks of the canal; and it was the keeper of it, not unused to such accidents, who came hurrying to give what help was possible. His lantern and some torches which the anxious young men managed to light threw a wild illumination over the muddy, motionless stream, in which two

of their number, lately as gay and light-hearted as any, were now struggling for their life. The same light flared horribly over the two motionless figures, which, after an interval which seemed like years to the bystanders, were at length brought out of the blackness; one of them still retaining strength and consciousness to drag the other with him up the stony margin before his senses failed. They lay silent both, with pallid faces, upon the hard path; one as like death as the other, with a kind of stony, ghostly resemblance in their white insensibility, except that there was blood on the lips of one, who must have struck, the lockman said, upon some part of the lock. They were carried into the cottage, and hurried messengers sent to the nearest doctor and to Wodensbourne. Meanwhile the two lay together, pallid and motionless, nobody knowing which was living and which dead.

To be continued.

THE STATE VAULT OF CHRIST CHURCH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE cathedral of Christ Church in Dublin is probably nearly the ugliest specimen of Gothic architecture in existence. The impressions, gorgeous or sublime, which I have enjoyed under the arches of Cologne or Winchester,

"Of loveliest Milan, or the Sepulchre,
So dark and solemn, where the Christ was laid,"

were utterly wanting in this mouldering old pile—huge, shapeless, and desolate. Part of the building claims to be coeval with the Danish sea-kings of Dublin, but of architectural beauty or merit of any kind there is entire dearth. Sordid whitewash, damp-stained and dust-begrimed, covers the walls; and blank, dank, dark, and cold spreads the forlorn and useless nave, where the shattered statue of Strongbow lies on his altar-tomb—a desolate conqueror, forgotten and alone.

Into this disheartening place some

researches of a genealogical kind guided my steps a few years ago. It was my desire to discover whether a certain Archbishop of Dublin, dead a century since, had been buried in the Cathedral, and, in such case, what record of the event could be discovered.

The well-disposed sacristan aided me to the best of his abilities to examine all the monuments through the building—monuments whose paucity made the task a tiring one—and then announced to me he could help me no more. There was but one chance remaining. The prelate might have been deposited in the state-vault under the chancel without any tomb or tablet having been erected to his memory above-ground. His coffin might, possibly, be discovered; but then, of course, I could not (so thought the sacristan) undertake the disagreeable task of descending into this vault and examining the

various coffin-plates to find the one I desired. It did not seem so clear to me that this was impossible. The search was one I was anxious to accomplish satisfactorily; and it needed, apparently, only a little strain upon the nerves to do so. I asked the man whether he would accompany me to the vault; and, as he consented, after a little hesitation, we were soon in the crypts of the cathedral, prepared with candles for our gloomy task.

If the upper part of the building was desolate, these crypts beneath it were a thousand times more so. The low arches rising out of the earthen floor extended in all directions in long dark vaults, down which our lights, of course, penetrated but a little way, leaving the gloom beyond unexplored. Above there had been the roar of the streets and the glare of the summer sun. Here the darkness and stillness were so absolute that the sacristan's little son, who had followed us thus far, exclaimed, in a suppressed voice of awe:

"How silent it is here!"

"Ay, my boy," said his father, "this is the place of silence. Those we are going to visit are the silent indeed."

The child looked wistfully at the man, and stole back to the sunshine, and we passed on without him to a low door in an archway, which the sacristan opened with ponderous keys—a mockery, as it seemed to me, of the peaceful prisoners within.

Of the size of that chamber of death I cannot speak. It did not seem very large, and the stone roof bent down low overhead; but it was full, quite full. All round the walls double and treble tiers of coffins were piled up to the height of several feet—lengthways, crossways, upright; and in the centre space stood several large coffins, on tressels, evidently of more recent date than the rest. One of those nearest the outer door was of handsome crimson velvet, and in the darkness I had rested against it to regain a little of the composure which the first sight of the vault had disturbed.

"That is the coffin of poor Archbishop L——," said the sacristan.

I started, for the good old man had once been near me in *life*, when, as a child, I had been at sea on a stormy night, and had stolen up on deck above. He had made me sit beside him and share his warm cloak, and I had afterwards learned to connect his name with that kindly shelter given to an unknown child. Now he was beside me again—poor old man!—but had no warmth to offer more.

The single candle borne by my guide glimmered feebly in the thick air of the vault, and it was some time before we could estimate where there was any probability of finding a coffin of the age of the one we sought. There were some, as I have said, quite recent, and others evidently of great age. The oaken lids had been broken or were removed, and within lay something, vaguely defined, one did not dare to look at too closely. Others, again, might have belonged to the last century; and among these the sacristan commenced his search. I confess I did not watch his search with any great interest. The object which had brought me there, and many other things besides, seemed too small to be regarded in that place, where the one only great event of human existence was commemorated. The sight of the dead was at all times to me the source of an awe which amounted to physical pain, like a stone-cold hand laid on the heart; and in going down into the vault I had not been sorry to accept the occasion for overcoming such feelings. But even they were forgotten when actually there. There was no disgust—no terror—only the one clear idea brought out into the foreground of thought till it filled the whole horizon—"DEATH!"

The man laboured on while I stood pondering. Coffin after coffin he had looked over—examining the names upon the plates. They had all belonged to men of rank, usually such as held some temporary high office and had died in the city away from their ancestral mansoleums. One was surmounted by a ducal coronet, another by that of an earl. Then came mitres of bishops and

archbishops. As the dust lay thick over all, the sacristan had recourse to the expedient of pouring a drop or two from his candle on each plate, and rubbing it till the inscription became legible. Then, with doubtful voice, he spelled out, "The most noble the Marquis of ——!" "His Grace the Lord Primate!" "The Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice ——!" and so on, and so on. On some of the plates were coats-of-arms well known to me; on others names which had been familiar from childhood, whose portraits had hung round the walls of my home. Those pompous titles, deciphered now with a farthing candle in their dim vaults—those dust-engrained armorial bearings—those miserable tarnished coronets and mitres—no language can tell how pitiful they seemed.

At length the sacristan paused. If the coffin we sought was anywhere, it was buried under a pile of others, which could not have been moved without dreadful disclosures. We had been nearly an hour in the vault, and I begged him to desist from further search and come away. Before doing so, however, he looked round for a few moments, and approached a coffin whose lid was broken off, and within which some poor remnants of mortality lay visible under the yellow winding-sheet and the dust accumulated over it. Out of this the man lifted carefully a singular object. It was a large Heart of solid silver, and within it, when shaken, might be heard a faint sound, proving, doubtless, that it enclosed another which once had beaten in a human breast.

"This was brought over from France," said the sacristan, "long years ago, by a French nobleman. They say it was at the time of the French Revolution. He kept it with him till he died, and then he ordered it to be buried with him in his coffin. No one knows anything more of it, or remembers the name of the nobleman; but each sacristan receives it when he undertakes his office here, and transmits it safely to his successor. See! it is a beautiful mass of rough silver, not tarnished in the least!"

No; it was not tarnished! Those tinsel coronets and mitres and crests

were all soiled and rusted; but the SILVER HEART, the fitting casket and type of human love, was unhurt by the mouldering decay of the sepulchre. I should vainly strive to describe the happy revulsion of feeling which the sight of that heart caused in me. I had been reading the lesson of the paltriness and misery of mortal pride and ambition in those pompous titles graven on the rotting coffin-lids in the vault, till it seemed as if the whole summary of our history was "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—

"A life of nothings—nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere our birth,
To that last nothing under earth."

But here was a lesson of another kind—LOVE. The love of which that heart was the memorial was not of the things which rust and perish in the grave. Honour and power all ended in that vault of death; their owners brought them just so far, and then left them on their coffin-lids. But Love had not ended when the faithful friend who had cherished its memorial through exile and bereavement was laid low in that sepulchral chamber, with his long-hoarded treasure by his side. There was a Beyond for Love, though not for Pride. Life here below was not all transitory and vain, with hopes and passions ending in the disgrace and ruin of the grave—a chain of "yesterdays"—

"... Which have but lighted kings
The way to dusty death..."

There was somewhat therein which might survive and endure for ever; somewhat beside the divine aspirations of religion; somewhat purely human and yet susceptible of immortality; somewhat which would not be laid by like the coronets and crests and mitres in the grave.

I took the Silver Heart reverently from the sacristan, and as I held it in my hands I thought: "Perchance that love which once made the little handful of dust herein to kindle and throb is at this very hour a living love in heaven, filling with the joy of the immortals two glorified souls in the paradise of God."

ONE IN THE CROWD.

APRIL 10TH, 1864.

OVER the bridges and through the streets,
 By tens of thousands the people pour ;
 Till, like a sea in its surge and roar,
 The crowd round column and statue meets ;
 Waiting through hours of the waning day,
 To look upon one who must pass this way.

He comes, he comes ! and the people press
 Close to his side, for no guards are there ;
 A pale, worn face and a kingly air,
 And hands held forth as if fain to bless,
 They see, and the faces far and wide
 Turn, yearn toward him with love and pride.

"I have seen him," cried one in the crowd,
 A youth who ran on with flashing eyes
 And a look that no seeing satisfies,
 To gaze again, and, abashed yet proud,
 To bask in the smiles from his hero won,
 To the deeds in his soul as the ripening sun.

"I have touched him," said one in the crowd,
 A faded woman, her face in a glow
 That lighted the traces of care and woe.
 "What is he to you ?" I had thought aloud,
 But that face rebuked me : her faith was strong
 In the good that triumphs o'er woe and wrong.

He fought for another land than theirs—
 For a land they never saw—what then ?
 Shall they not love him, a man among men,
 In whose nobleness each of them shares ?
 What things are dearest under the sky ?
 Here is a man who for these would die !

ISA CRAIG.

KANT AND SWEDENBORG.

MANY centuries ago, Königsberg began to grow up around a fort, which was one of the outposts of Christianity against a form of Paganism that had long dragged on its existence amid the dense woods that line the south-eastern shore of the Baltic Sea. When the struggle was ended, the town expanded into a trading-port, and in the sixteenth century a careful ruler placed in it a university for the civilizing of the rude population scattered over the surrounding country. The new university seems to have done its work soberly enough, but probably quite as well as could have been expected, time and place considered, and it served at least, by its very presence, to remind busy townsmen of something higher than buying and selling. But in the eighteenth century, it left off witnessing mutely of better things, and suddenly became a real power in the town and district. Not that the trade had begun to fall off, for down at the river the bustle was greater than before, but it was noticed that the citizens spoke often now about the university and the professors. Besides, strangers (other than sea-captains) came in numbers every year from remote parts of Germany and from different countries, some bent on study, others curious to see on what an unlikely spot the muses were cultivated with such success and fame. Now, it so happened that among the professors, the townspeople had most to say of their own Kant, and it was the same Kant that strangers were most anxious to see.

Kant was a true son of Königsberg. He said often that his grandfather had come from Scotland, and for a long time wrote his name Cant in orthodox Scotch fashion, but he himself saw the light first in the capital of Ost-Preussen. As a boy, he played about among the

warehouses and beside the ships, and then was sent by his thrifty parents to the university. They wished that their son should enter the Church, and he did indeed apply himself to theology; but at last he yielded to his own very decided preference for science and philosophy. When the student-days were ended, he had to leave his loved Königsberg, to become a house-tutor in the country; but he never went beyond his native province, and often resided during the winter in the old familiar place, when the noble families of the province came up to town. This mode of life lasted a few years, he studying busily all the while; until, at the age of thirty, he came back finally to the old spot, and began his professorial career. During the remaining fifty years of his life, he may be said never to have lost sight of the church-steeple of Königsberg.

He devoted himself steadily to his academic duties, observed very narrowly everything that came within his horizon, thought harder than any man alive, and wrote, for the most part, dry books. That was his life—the life, one would suppose, of a man with narrow sympathies, and indifferent to anything but a distorted ideal world of his own. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Kant was too poor to travel, and knew other countries only from books, and newspapers, and hearsay; but he knew them very thoroughly. Philosopher as he was, he would converse more readily with an English skipper, who could tell him of distant lands, than with the heaviest of the heavy metaphysicians who sought his presence. Books of travels were always welcome to him, and much more welcome than other men's speculations when he had once become conscious of having outstripped his philosophic brethren. From his

remote abode on the Baltic coast, he had his eye upon everything going on in the distant world. In his prime, he rejoiced with the Americans when they won their independence, and in his old age he hoped and trembled by turns as the French Revolution unfolded itself.

Kant's disposition to trouble himself little about the speculations of his contemporaries became decided, as has been hinted above, only when his own system had acquired shape after long years of protracted meditation. During those years he had been sufficiently open to impressions from without, and he eagerly appropriated and weighed in the balance all philosophical novelties that had any bearing on the matter of his own thoughts. For instance, we see him in those early years much occupied with the pretensions of Swedenborg, the great Scandinavian mystic, and it must be interesting to note the most rigid thinker of the century face to face with the gigantic dreamer. Perhaps it may be even useful to learn what a singularly calm and clear intellect thought of the most daring of all spiritual enthusiasts, seeing how strong a front is still shown by those who make believe that they know all the depths of the *arcana coelestia*.

Swedenborg is so familiar a name that a short description of him, given by Kant himself in one place, will suffice to introduce him. "There lives," we read, "in Stockholm a certain Herr Swedenborg, in a private station and "in the enjoyment of a considerable "fortune. His whole occupation, by "his own account, consists in holding "converse with spirits and departed "souls. He gets from them the news "of the other world, giving them in "return the news of this; and, when "he has done composing big books "about his discoveries, he travels, from "time to time, to London to have them "published. He is not at all reticent "with his secrets, but speaks freely about "them to anybody, and he appears to "be perfectly convinced of the truth of "his stories, having nothing of the

"knowing cheat or charlatan about "him."

This is Kant's account of Swedenborg in 1766, taken from a work to be alluded to farther on. But there is a still earlier notice, of which something must first be said.

In 1758 Kant was a lecturer of three or four years' standing in the university, and had already begun to draw the attention of his colleagues and of the public without. His subject was mathematics and physical science, but he was known to have studied philosophy with great care. He had already thought much independently, but had hardly as yet struck into that line of speculation which led after a long period to the publication of the "Critique of Pure Reason." A young lady had written to him, asking information and an opinion concerning the strange stories afloat of Swedenborg's dealings with spirits, and Kant's reply has been preserved.

The letter begins in the style of laboured compliment fashionable at the time, which, along with the other accomplishments of a gentleman, Kant had learned to perfection when he mixed as a house-tutor in the best society of the province. He protests that he is little disposed by nature to be very credulous, but allows that his old indifference to all manner of idle ghost-stories has been much shaken, on finding that people like the Queen of Sweden and divers staid ambassadors have deposed to a real case of communion with spirits, which they assert that Swedenborg has given them proof of. He (Kant) wrote to the wondrous man himself, to make more searching inquiries, and, although he has received no answer, he has been assured by an English friend who visited Swedenborg at Stockholm, that the seer took his inquiries kindly, and means to answer them in the book he is about to publish in London. To gratify the laudable curiosity of his fair correspondent, he will add two new stories, which he has on good authority. The one concerns the discovery of a missing paper which had long been vainly sought, and which

lay hidden until Swedenborg, after consulting with the departed spirit who had in his lifetime concealed it, indicated a certain secret drawer unknown to all the world, as well as himself, previously. The other story relates how, one evening, immediately on his arrival in Gothenburg from England, Swedenborg announced to a large company that he saw a fearful conflagration raging at the moment in Stockholm (more than two hundred miles distant), and that his own house was in danger; how he continued in a very excited state for an hour or more, until, at last, he exclaimed joyfully, that, God be thanked, the fire had been extinguished just two doors from his; finally, how, a day or two later, the post came in, and verified his assertions to the minutest particular. Tales like these, thinks Kant, are not to be thrown aside with a mere smile, but, seeing they admit of proof or disproof, should be diligently searched into. For himself, he regrets not to be able to see Swedenborg in person, because he could cross-question him more minutely than any of his informants seem to have done, or been able to do. Yet it is a slippery business at best, and better men than he can hardly hope to make much of it. Meanwhile he waits with impatience till the promised book shall appear; but then he will be delighted to communicate to his young friend the best opinion he finds himself able to form.

The book did appear, and we may hope that Kant kept his promise to the curious young lady; but, if he wrote, his letter exists no longer. How far, too, he felt himself satisfied at the time, we do not know. The tone of his first letter is diffident enough, and is the tone of a man who is cautiously feeling his way. When he next alludes to Swedenborg, we note a very marked difference in his manner. In 1766 he published a small book, entitled, "Dreams of a Spirit-seer, interpreted by Dreams of Metaphysic." In the interval, Kant had become a notable man in the university, partly because he had already shown what his powers

were, partly because it was seen that there was more behind. He gave less attention now to the physical sciences, and was plunged in the speculations, which, when published five years later, were to make an epoch in the history of philosophy. He had gone already far enough to have a touchstone of his own for the proving of other men's thoughts, and wrote like a man conscious of his power. The work, named above, not only gives us the best insight into Kant's thoughts at this interesting period, but it is important in another respect. It shows a side of Kant which is hardly known to exist. The few in this country who study, or need to study, the great thinker in his own pages, begin and generally end with the "Critique of Pure Reason." The book is confessedly dry and difficult (it was made intentionally so), and the author comes to be regarded as one who could express his thoughts only in the most beggarly fashion. De Quincey speaks of sentences in the book which "have been measured by the carpenter; and some of them run two feet eight by six inches." Kant is looked upon, accordingly, as the type of all that is wearisome, formal, and severe. It is, then, a most agreeable surprise to learn (as many have learned from a pleasant essay by the critic just named) that the ponderous thinker, who might have been supposed to subsist entirely on unsatisfying metaphysical abstractions, became quite human after mid-day, and dined very heartily, and always in the company of one or two guests. The surprise will be as great, if it is next asserted that Kant could write not only well, but even in a very racy style, when he chose. So much is abundantly proved by "The Dreams of a Spirit-seer," and it would not be easy to find pages which cover up more delicate irony, or are relieved by more genial humour.

Here is part of Kant's apology for the subject of his book:—"Because it is as absurd a prejudice to disbelieve without cause every story, how likely soever it may be, as it is to believe

“ everything without examination, the
 “ author of this work, to rid his mind of
 “ the first prejudice, suffered himself to
 “ be carried off some little way by the
 “ second. He confesses, with a certain
 “ self-abasement, that he was simple-
 “ hearted enough to search out the
 “ truthfulness of some spirit-stories.
 “ He found—as commonly happens
 “ when there is nothing to seek—he
 “ found nothing. Now, this of itself
 “ might appear reason enough for
 “ writing a book ; but there was added
 “ something besides, which has often
 “ extorted books from modest authors—
 “ to wit, the pressing entreaties of
 “ friends, known and unknown. More-
 “ over, a ponderous book had been
 “ purchased ; and, still worse, had been
 “ read, and all this trouble was surely
 “ not to go for nothing. Hence arose
 “ the present treatise, which, the
 “ author flatters himself, will perfectly
 “ satisfy the reader as to the nature
 “ of the subject discussed therein ; for
 “ a large part he will not comprehend,
 “ something of the rest he will not
 “ believe, and the remainder he will
 “ laugh at.”

In giving some account of this work of Kant's—which has a historical, as well as an intrinsic, importance—it will be best to allow the author to speak, as far as possible, for himself ; and the originality and the piquancy of the argument will come out most clearly, if we follow it as it stands. The treatise consists of two parts, a dogmatical, and a historical ; the first giving a possible theory of spirit, the second dealing with the actual experiences of Swedenborg.

A tangled metaphysical knot, which may be untied or cut asunder at will, presents itself first. There is nothing, we are told, that children, and people of all kinds up to philosophers, talk so much of as spirits, and nothing that one and all of them comprehend so imperfectly. What the child pretends to know perfectly, he is sure to know nothing of at all when he becomes a man ; and, if he turn philosopher, he will be, at best, a sophist in the defence of his childish fancies. The

very fact of our inability to conceive spirits clearly, shows that they do not belong to our daily experience, and that we *infer* them rather. But that does not prove that we infer wrongly. If we add up all the floating conceptions of spirit, we find the sum to be something like this—A spirit is a simple substance, possessed of reason, which can exist in a space occupied already by matter, and which, along with any number of its like, can never make a solid whole. Such a substance may be hardly intelligible to us, but it is not therefore impossible. The repulsive force residing in material atoms, and giving matter its impenetrability, is, strictly speaking, also unintelligible, but must be assumed to be more than possible. Let us then suppose a substance, *in* space, but not filling space, because its constituent forces are not those of matter ; and we have an immaterial entity, inconceivable indeed, but whose impossibility is undemonstrable. If any one can ground the possibility of spirit more easily, Kant, who in his inquiries thinks he sees often an Alp before him where others see only a gentle ascent, will be happy to listen. But, the human soul is generally said to be a spiritual entity, and we are bound to suppose that the soul, as spirit, is all in the whole body, and all in every part of it. Any other supposition, as that the soul resides in one portion of the brain, can easily be proved to be absurd. Kant would like to assert the existence of spirits in the world, and to hold his own soul for one. But how it comes about that a material body and an immaterial spirit can make together one whole, passes his understanding, and he is not ashamed to confess it.

We get next a fragment of secret philosophy, designed to establish a communion with the spirit-world. Spirits having been supposed possible, it is easy to take the next step and suppose that they form among themselves in all their grades a spiritual company, a *mundus intelligibilis*. The soul of a man would thus belong to two worlds. At death, it would break connexion with the world

of matter, and prosecute without interruption its existence, begun before, in the world of spirit. Why, says Kant, mince matters, and not at once rise to the true academical tone, which sets one free from the trammels of reason? Be it boldly announced, that the intercommunion of all spirits has been demonstrated, or might be, if one took the trouble, or assuredly will be at some future period. Still, it might be well to find some little ground in experience for this supreme assumption, and, for want of better, take the following. The weight we attach to the opinions of other people about ourselves, and the anxiety we show to bring the whole world to our own way of thinking, might seem to point to the existence of a universal understanding, of which all individual intelligences form part. (Kant is treading somewhat closely upon the heels of Averroes.) More important still, we all recognise the dependence of our wills on the wills of others, when we have to act. Hence arise our moral sentiments. The necessity we feel of shaping our actions according to a rule without and above us, might be held as evidence of the dependence of the individual will upon a universal will. This universal will could appear as a real force, holding together all spiritual natures, and making of them a community under purely spiritual laws. In our world, an intention, good or bad, counts often for nothing, because physical laws may frustrate it; but in the spiritual world, not a jot of moral purpose need fail of its effect. Hence, the human soul, as a spirit, might occupy, already in this life, that place in the great spiritual community to which its *whole* moral worth entitled it, and, when death came to set it free from matter, it would live on as a denizen of the spirit-world, in the grade it had won by the worth of all the thoughts conceived, as well as of all the acts done, in the body. Thus the present and the future would make one whole; and, because these suggestions recognise an order in Nature, they have a value which mere arbitrary suppositions cannot pretend to,

But, if so much can be said for a community of all spirits, how comes it that we are so little conscious of the part that we and others play therein? Simply because, though it is the same subject that has the double life, it is not exactly the same person. Yet we are not to suppose that the two modes of existence lie, in all cases, for ever apart. We seek to make our highest rational conceptions clearer by embodying them, and it may be possible to do something similar for the impressions we receive as spirits among spirits. Persons whose mental organs are peculiarly irritable and apt to work in sympathy with the soul in its spiritual moods, may sometimes translate a spiritual state into common language, or even lend a human form to the spirits with whom they happen at any time to stand in relation. A spiritual state would thus be apprehended as a sensible impression, although it would have no external material cause. Most people would say bluntly that the senses were cheated and call the condition a disease, with perfect correctness. It would be a state resembling that of the common phantast, who confounds mere fancies with real sensations; the fact of the existence of a real spiritual cause being practically unimportant. And this explains all spirit-seeing. Of course a spirit can never be seen by bodily eyes, because a spirit is allowed to be immaterial; it can, at most, act only on the soul, and be falsely represented as external. Hence the gift of spirit-seeing comes to be a very questionable one. What may have a very good meaning in the spiritual republic, becomes only a source of confusion here, and whoever sees spirits sees them at the expense of half his human wits. He is like Tiresias, who was made a prophet after he had been made blind. Certain philosophers, who keep their metaphysical telescopes turned to the remotest of regions, are hardly to be envied, and the man of common sense should remember what the coachman said to Tycho Brahe, who thought to drive overnight by the shortest road to the stars: "Good Master, you know perhaps a

“great deal about heaven, but here, upon the earth, you are—a fool.”

So much on the constructive side, and now for the Anti-cabala. Another fragment of secret philosophy breaks up all communion with the spirit-world, in this wise. Aristotle says: “When we wake, we have a common world; when we dream, each has his own.” Reverse the last clause, and there is still a good meaning. When a man has a world of his own, he is sure to be dreaming. Two or three philosophers, we are told, who have lately created every thing out of nothing, with the help of only one or two general conceptions, like the Thinkable and its opposite, are certainly to be taken for dreamers, and people must have patience, until (so God will!) they awake. They dream with their reason; certain others dream with their senses. Some of these last can separate the phantasm from the reality, and, when they deceive themselves, do it consciously; but the rest are deceived in spite of themselves, and such are the spirit-seers. What causes the spirit-seer to regard certain impressions as external, which affect no other man in the same way? All allow that a sensation is accompanied by a nervous process, and philosophers from the time of Descartes assert that a physical process in the brain accompanies also the ideal revival of an old impression. Whatever be the real nature of the two processes, we have usually no difficulty in distinguishing their respective results, the sensation and the idea. But it seems to be the fact that, in certain disorders of the brain, the necessary distinction can no longer be made, and the idea may assume the character of a sensation. This is seen in certain forms of madness, &c. Because the state is abnormal, a very slight derangement is often laid hold of by the mind and magnified to a high degree. Further, the illusion may take place in one sense and fail in another; in which case the fictitious outward object is at once perceived and not perceived, and becomes invested with a half reality. Thus the patient may see something before him, but he may regard it as im-

perfectly solid, and accordingly see other things through and beyond it. Now, this corresponds very closely to the vulgar notion of spirit, and goes far to explain all spirit-seeing. The mind, unhealthily stuffed with ghost-stories from infancy, hunts out spirits on every possible occasion, though the occasion be only a slight organic derangement. But, woe betide the phantast who yields to the temptation once! There exists for him no remedy. His senses mislead him, but he will trust his lying senses rather than all the arguments of other men. This simple explanation plays sad havoc with the fine speculations put forth above. But Kant never meant to claim for them any practical value, and, now that the communion of spirits fades into smoke, he can blame none of his readers for holding spirit-seers as fit inmates for hospitals, rather than citizens of two worlds. Let spirit-seers be medically cared for and not burned as of old. The acute Hudibras hinted once at this new mode of treatment, and it would be hard to devise a better.

What, asks Kant, by way of conclusion to the dogmatical part, causes men to trouble themselves about a kind of existence lying so remote from daily experience? It can be only the hope of a future life. This it was that set men of lively fancy to create beings whose existence was thought to chime in with and strengthen human hopes and wishes. Then came the philosophers, who sought to give a reason for the new creation. The same philosophers could not account for the origin of man, nor explain the bond that held together matter and spirit, but neither they nor the unlearned could endure to be ignorant of the future. It is easy to deny a single case of spirit-seeing, but not so easy, in view of the assumed consequences, to disbelieve the whole mass of instances. The reader has a right to his own opinion; Kant, who cannot deny the greatness of the interest at stake, will hold himself serious and undecided upon the matter. But one thing he will do; he will henceforth cast the subject from out his thoughts. About spirit, men can

have opinions only ; knowledge never. The subject has been exhausted, because we have come to know that the knowledge of spirit is not for us.

We have reached the historical part, and shall find that Kant has a sly, sometimes almost malicious, way of putting things, which for his purpose is effective enough. The object of the present paper is not criticism, and the question will not be raised whether Kant does his hero always full justice. He will be allowed, as heretofore, to state his own case ; but it is always something to be able to listen when a man like Kant speaks.

He thinks that nothing drives philosophers into a corner like stories about spirits. For, on the one hand, they dare not doubt absolutely where the mass of supporting testimony is so great, and, on the other hand, they must not believe, else they are laughed at. Spirit-stories, in short, are very generally believed, but nobody likes to allow that he believes them. Because Kant finds it difficult to decide upon stories like the following, he commends them heartily to the judgment of his readers. (The stories alluded to above, in the letter to the young lady, are here repeated.) Now, some may think it sorry work to hawk about such absurdities, especially after a grave metaphysical discussion, but they forget that it is as foolish to be won by false arguments as to be deceived by childish fables. It has always been customary to believe the oddest things, if they are in everybody's mouth, and in a case like this a man errs in good company. But, should any one be greatly struck at these tales, he can (if he is rich) do good service by journeying to the spot, like Artemidorus of old, and investigating the truth of the matter there. He may prevent a second Philostratus from transforming Swedenborg into a new Apollonius of Tyana at a later time, when hearsay shall have ripened into formal proof, and the troublesome testimony of eyewitnesses exist no longer to bar credulity.

Philosophers who take the "high priori road" and have a very natural

dislike to the tedious business of keeping to facts, do often, nevertheless, in the most wonderful way, light upon real facts at the end of their airy journey. The secret is, that they meant to do so from the beginning, and wisely steered their course thitherwards ; but simple on-lookers, believing that the result was unforeseen, fall into raptures over the sublime process. Kant is afraid he will be charged with employing this hollow artifice if now, after reasoning about spirits, he begins to adduce Swedenborg's instances. A moment's consideration will free him of the charge. For it will be seen that the instances, instead of strengthening the reasoning, are sure to bring it into disrepute. If Swedenborg's experiences in any case fall in with the previous arguments, it must be either because there is much more in these experiences than at first sight appears, or because some chance coincidences occur. A raving poet has often made a lucky hit, and has firmly believed thereafter that he was a prophet.

Swedenborg's great work contains eight quarto volumes, packed with nonsense. But, as the larger part of it is given as his own real experience, it has a greater value for us than any amount of mere speculation on the same subjects. His style is very flat, but he really believes what he says, and this concerns us quite specially at present. Kant will, therefore, separate the real visions from the weak arguments with which they are mixed up, and strive to give the quintessence of the book in a few drops. The reader may spare a few moments, which he might employ worse in reading heavy works on the same subject, and will, doubtless, in the end, thank the author, as a certain patient thanked his doctor for prescribing only a little Peruvian bark, when he might have ordered the whole tree to be swallowed.

Swedenborg holds communion with spirits in three ways. He can, first, be set free from the body, and see, and even *feel*, spirits. Again, he may be carried away in spirit to distant regions,

and see real things there, although all the while he may continue at his proper business—say walking in the street—and be in no danger of going astray. He has been in the first state three or four times; in the second, twice or thrice. Finally, he can, while wide-awake, keep up converse with the spirit-world; this is his daily and hourly condition, and the source of most of his knowledge.

We learn, then, that all men are in spiritual communion, but only they are not aware of it. Swedenborg himself is, because the Divine Mercy has opened the eyes of his spiritual understanding. Spirits affect only the inner sense, but still they somehow appear in human form; and, what is strange, although as spirits they can communicate their ideas directly, they seem to speak in Swedenborg's own language. They see his inmost soul, and read there his thoughts about this world, but they are blind enough to fancy that they behold real objects, whereas, of course, it is only thoughts they see. This comes of their inner eye being partially darkened, like that of all mankind, save one. Hence Swedenborg is the sole medium between the two worlds. Spirits, attached to matter and unattached, live in grades according to their moral excellence, and mundane separations in space have no effect among them. They do, indeed, represent to themselves moral distinctions as if they were distances in space, but that is not remarkable, after what has gone before. Every spirit reflects all its surroundings, and this explains how Swedenborg can know what is going on in Saturn. He has only to look into the spirit of a Saturnian. Material existences of every kind exist only by reason of the animating spirit. Thus, everything in the visible world has a meaning as a *thing*, which is little, and a meaning as a *sign*, which is much. Hence arises Swedenborg's principle of Scriptural exegesis. When he speaks of matter as the product of spiritual activity, a philosopher would call him an idealist, but his idealism has a character of its own. For the parts of a single material existence (say a human body), correspond

respectively to special powers in the creative spirit. Nay, more, all the individual creations and embodiments of the whole sum of spirits unite to form one grand society, which (as usual) takes the human figure, but this time colossal, and the component spirits range themselves in the places for which they are fitted. The stupendous frame encloses them all, and binds them together in constant communion. Kant can only suppose that a childish fancy out of his school-days, as when a teacher likens a tract of country on a map to the form of a girl sitting, must have suggested this monstrous phantom to its creator: and he declines to follow the most provoking of phantasts any longer. If he were to attempt to give the immediate intuitions of the wild dreamer, they could only disturb the reader's rest at night, and, for so much consideration, he begs not to be blamed if any one's fruitful fancy, worked upon by the foregoing, begets a moon-calf. The economical reader, without expending seven pounds sterling upon the book, has now a fair notion of its contents, and all can see that there is nothing in it admitting of the faintest proof. Kant lays down the book with the remark, that a sober habit of thought is a simple thing, but, alas! only after one's fingers have been burned.

So we come back to the starting-point, ignorant as at first. Kant is not altogether of this mind, and thinks that, if he has lost his time in one sense, he has gained it in another. Metaphysic has a double function. It sometimes, if rarely, is able to clear up a doubtful point; it can always serve to fix the bounds of human knowledge. (This is Kant all over, and, occurring here, shows that he had already settled with himself a fundamental idea in his system.) If the reader complain of having been led on a goose-chase, he need never be fooled again. No one can have power to tempt him from the solid ground of experience, on which he stands once more, if he be now convinced that he can never leave it with impunity, and that it affords him everything that he needs for the guidance of his life.

And now, a word of practical conclusion to the whole. The man of science sets no bounds to his search after knowledge, except what his own impotence supplies. The wise man chooses amid many aims that which he believes it possible for him to reach. Science goes roaming through far regions, and ends with muttering gloomily: "How much there is beyond my comprehension!" Reason, ripened by experience, and growing into wisdom, says, with Socrates in the market-place, "How much there is beyond my needs!" But science and wisdom join hands at last. For, when science has proved a thing to be incomprehensible, wisdom troubles itself about it no more; and thus it is that metaphysic (*mirabile dictu!*) may become the handmaiden of wisdom. Until a thing is proved to lie beyond us, the *wise* simplicity, which suspected the result beforehand, is decried as a *stolid* simplicity. Certain questions concerning spirits, freedom of will, &c. have become so familiar to us that we think to comprehend them. It requires a little philosophy to show their difficulty; a little more discloses to us that we shall never solve them. Philosophy reduces complicated phenomena to the general principles of cause and effect, active force, &c. but, having done so much, she retires. The rest we must take upon faith, as facts of experience. How my will moves my arms is to me as mysterious as that it should move the moon. Only, I know by experience that it does the one operation, and never does the other. I recognise within me certain changes, as taking place in a living subject, viz. thoughts, volitions, &c.; I feel myself driven to infer the existence of something, distinct from matter, as the cause of them. But whether this something can act, separated from matter, now or hereafter, and according to laws peculiar to itself, is what I have no means of knowing. All theorizing about these things is only the heaping up of fictions. We do not proceed thus in explaining physical phenomena. True, we form hypotheses, but we assume only forces or laws known to exist, and never think

of inventing new fundamental relations of cause and effect, as when we are explaining spiritual things. Of course, it is easy to explain, when new forces and new laws may be invented at will. We are bound to wait till, perhaps in a future life, new experiences disclose to us new principles, which may be applied in the explanation of mysteries insolvable at present. The attraction between bodies was made known by Newton, when certain experiences had pointed to it; but, if any one before him had assumed it, without the experiences, he would very properly have been laughed at. The analogy holds with reference to spirit. It is very possible that all this talk points to a reality, but we can never be sure of it here. Then, what is the use of founding on certain supposed experiences a general law, which can never unite the suffrages of all mankind? Because the experiences are not those of every man, they lose all their force, and the assumed law, not being universal, sets at rest nothing.

But an explanation, besides being impossible, is useless. Science tries to excuse its idle vanity in discussing these matters by asserting that we can be convinced of a future life only if we have a certain knowledge of the spiritual nature of the soul, and that belief in a future life is needed to make men virtuous; idle curiosity adds that ghost-seeing is the proof from experience. But true wisdom, in this case, prefers the guidance of the heart, and rejects the aid of allies so suspicious. What? (asks Kant, now fairly roused and all a-glow with indignation) is it good to be virtuous only because there is another world? or shall our actions not much rather be rewarded there because they are good and virtuous? Is he to be called honest or virtuous who hugs the evil to his heart, but is lashed into the performance of good deeds by a craven fear of future punishment? Many there are, learned in all the mysteries of the life to be, who give themselves up to the practice of ill, and think only how by cunning they may escape the impending doom; but never yet could a righteous soul endure the

thought that with death all was ended. Only the moral belief in a future state is fit for human nature or compatible with pure morality. All speculating about things so remote should be cast aside or left to those who idle away their days. Human reason never had wings to cleave the depth of cloud that hides the mysteries of the other world from human eyes, and it were better to wait till we find ourselves there. But, as it is very likely that our future fate depends on our conduct here, there can be no fitter conclusion to the whole business than the words put by Voltaire into the mouth of his *Candide*, after long and useless wranglings: "Let us look to our concerns, and go into the garden and work."

This we are to take as Kant's last word on the spirit-question. Much later in life he makes (in his "Anthropology") a passing allusion to Swedenborg, but only to cite him as the type of a class of fan-

tastical inquirers found among men. A few more years set Kant high above all his fellows, and made Königsberg a place of note; but the wise old man who never went into the world, but to whom the world came abundantly, preached to the last that there were some things that no man could settle, and amongst these was the question of spirit. It was easy, he would say, to overthrow materialism, but the man who made a philosophical dogma out of spirit and its ways stood also upon quicksands. Then he would retire within the lines of the great moral law, and proclaim that, while this was the only sure bulwark against endless doubt, it enabled, nay commanded, men to do with their might what their right hand found to do, leaving unraised and unsettled all vain and impossible questions. If we of the present have gone beyond Kant in some things, we have still somewhat to learn from him here.

A FRENCH ETON.

PART III.

THE State mars everything which it touches, say some. It attempts to do things for private people, and private people could do them a great deal better for themselves. "The State," says the *Times*, "can hardly aid education without cramping and warping its growth, and mischievously interfering with the laws of its natural development." "Why should persons in Downing Street," asks Dr. Temple, "be at all better qualified than the rest of the world for regulating these matters?" Happily, however, this agency, at once so mischievous and so blundering, is in our country little used. "In this country," says the *Times* again, "people cannot complain of the State, because the State never promised them anything, but, on

contrary, always told them it could do the them no good. The result is, none are "fed with false hopes." So it is, and so it will be to the end. "This is something more than a system with us; *it is usage, it is a necessity.* We shall go on for ages doing as we have done."

Whether this really is so or not, it seems as if it *ought* not to be so. "Government," says Burke (to go back to Burke again), "is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom." We are a free people, we have made our own Government. Our own wisdom has planned our contrivance for providing for our own wants. And what sort of

a contrivance has our wisdom made? According to the *Times*, a contrivance of which the highest merit is, that it candidly avows its own impotency. It does not provide for our wants, but then it "always told us" it could not provide for them. It does not fulfil its function, but then it "never fed us with false hopes" that it would. It is perfectly useless, but perfectly candid. And it will always remain what it is now; it will always be a contrivance which contrives nothing: this with us "is usage, it is a necessity." Good heavens! what a subject for self-congratulation! What bitter satire on us and our institutions could our worst enemy invent?

Dr. Temple may well ask, "Why should persons in Downing Street be at all better qualified than the rest of the world for regulating such matters as 'education?'" Why should not a sporting rector in Norfolk, or a fanatical cobbler in Northamptonshire, be just as good a judge what is wise, equitable, and expedient in public education, as an Education Minister? Why, indeed? The Education Minister is a part of our contrivance for providing for our wants, and we have seen what that contrivance is worth. It might have been expected, perhaps, that in contriving a provision for a special want, we should have sought for some one with a special skill. But we know that our contrivance will do no good, so we may as well let Nimrod manage as Numa.

From whence can have arisen, in this country, such contemptuous disparagement of the efficiency and utility of State-action? Whence such studied depreciation of an agency which to Burke, or, indeed, to any reflecting man, appears an agency of the greatest possible power and value? For several reasons. In the first place, the Government of this country is, and long has been, in the hands of the aristocratic class. Where the aristocracy is a small oligarchy, able to find employment for all its members in the administration of the State, it is not the enemy, but the friend of State-action; for State-action is then but its own action under another

name, and it is itself directly aggrandized by all that aggrandizes the State. But where, as in this country, the aristocracy is a very large class, by no means conterminous with the executive, but overlapping it and spreading far beyond it, it is the natural enemy rather than the friend of State-action; for only a small part of its members can directly administer the State, and it is not for the interest of the remainder to give to this small part an excessive preponderance. Nay, this small part will not be apt to seek it; for its interest in its order is permanent, while its interest in State-function is transitory, and it obeys an instinct which attaches it by preference to its order. The more an aristocracy has of that profound political sense by which the English aristocracy is so much distinguished, the more its members obey this instinct; and, by doing so, they signally display their best virtues, moderation, prudence, sagacity; they prevent fruitful occasions of envy, dissension, and strife; they do much to insure the permanence of their order, its harmonious action, and continued pre-eminence. A tradition unfavourable to much State-action in home concerns (foreign are another thing) is thus insensibly established in the Government itself. This tradition—this essentially aristocratic sentiment—gains even those members of the Government who are not of the aristocratic class. In the beginning they are overpowered by it; in the end they share it. When the shepherd Daphnis first arrives in heaven, he naturally bows to the august traditions of his new sphere—*candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi*. By the time the novelty of his situation has worn off, he has come to think just as the immortals do; he is now by conviction the foe of State-interference; the worthy Daphnis is all for letting things alone—*amat bonus otia Daphnis*.

Far from trying to encroach upon individual liberty, far from seeking to get everything into its own hands, such a government has a natural and instinctive tendency to limit its own functions. It turns away from offers of increased re-

sponsibility or activity ; it deprecates them. To propose increased responsibility and activity to an aristocratic government is the worst possible way of paying one's court to it. The *Times* is its genuine mouthpiece, when it says that the business of Government, in domestic concerns, is negative—to prevent disorder, jobbery, and extravagance ; that it need “ have no notion of securing “ the future, not even of regulating the “ present ; ” that it may and ought to “ leave the course of events to regulate “ itself, and trust the future to the “ security of the unknown laws of human “ nature and the unseen influences of “ higher powers.” This is the true aristocratic theory of civil government : to have recourse as little as possible to State-action, to the collective action of the community ; to leave as much as possible to the individual, to local government. And why ? Because the members of an aristocratic class are preponderating individuals, with the local government in their hands. No wonder they do not wish to see the State overshadowing them and ordering them about. Since the feudal epoch, the palmy time of local government, the State has overlaid individual action quite enough. Mr. Adderley remembers with a sigh that “ Houses of Correction were once voluntary institutions.” Go a little further back, and the court of justice was a voluntary institution, the gallows was a voluntary institution—voluntary, I mean, in Mr. Adderley's sense of the word voluntary—not depending on the State, but on the local government, on the lord of the soil, on the preponderating individual. The State has overlaid the feudal gallows, it has overlaid the feudal court of justice, it has overlaid the feudal House of Correction, and finally, says Mr. Adderley, “ it has overlaid our school-system.” What will it do next ?

In the aristocratic class, whose members mainly compose and whose sentiment powerfully pervades the executive of this country, jealousy of State-action is, I repeat, an intelligible, a profoundly natural feeling. That, amid the tempta-

tions of office, they have remained true to it, is a proof of their practical sense, their sure tact, their moderation—the qualities which go to make that *governing spirit* for which the English aristocracy is so remarkable. And perhaps this governing spirit of theirs is destined still to stand them in good stead through all the new and changing development of modern society. Perhaps it will give them the tact to discern the critical moment at which it becomes of urgent national importance that an agency, not in itself very agreeable to them, should be used more freely than heretofore. They have had the virtue to prefer the general interest of their order to personal temptations of aggrandizing themselves through this agency ; perhaps they will be capable of the still higher virtue of admitting, in the general interest of their country, this agency, in spite of the natural prejudices, and the seeming immediate interest, of their own order. Already there are indications that this is not impossible. No thoughtful observer can have read Lord Derby's remarks last session on the regulation of our railway system, can have followed the course of a man like Sir John Pakington on the Education question, can have watched the disposition of the country gentlemen on a measure like Mr. Gladstone's Government Annuities Bill, without recognising that political instinct, that governing spirit, which often, in the aristocratic class of this country, is wiser both than the unelastic pedantry of theorising liberalism, and than their own prejudices.

The working classes have no antipathy to State-action. Against this, or against anything else, indeed, presented to them in close connexion with some proceeding which they dislike, it is, no doubt, quite possible to get them to raise a cry ; but to the thing itself they have no objection. Quite the contrary. They often greatly embarrass their liberal friends and patrons from other classes, one of whose favourite catchwords is *no State-interference*, by their resolute refusal to adopt this Shibboleth, to embrace this article of their patrons' creed. They will join

with them in their liberalism, not in their crotchets. Left to themselves, they are led, as by their plain interest, so, too, by their natural disposition, to welcome the action of the State in their behalf.

It is the middle class that has been this action's great enemy. And originally it had good reason to be its enemy. In the youth and early manhood of the English middle class, the action of the State was at the service of an ecclesiastical party. This party used the power of the State to secure their own predominance, and to enforce conformity to their own tenets. The stronghold of Nonconformity then, as now, was in the middle class; in its struggle to repel the conformity forced upon it, the middle class underwent great suffering and injustice; and it has never forgotten them. It has never forgotten that the hand which smote it—the hand which did the bidding of its High Church and prelatical enemies—was the hand of the State. It has confronted the State with hostile jealousy ever since. The State tried to do it violence, so it does not love the State; the State failed to subdue it, so it does not respect the State. It regards it with something of aversion and something of contempt. It professes the desire to limit its functions as much as possible, to restrict its action to matters where it is indispensably necessary, to make of it a mere tax-collector and policeman—the hewer of wood and drawer of water to the community.

There is another cause also which indisposes the English middle class to increased action on the part of the State. M. Amédée Thierry, in his "History of the Gauls," observes, in contrasting the Gaulish and Germanic races, that the first is characterized by the instinct of intelligence and mobility, and by the preponderant action of individuals; the second, by the instinct of discipline and order, and by the preponderant action of bodies of men. This general law of M. Thierry's has to submit to many limitations, but there is a solid basis of truth in it. Applying the law to a

people mainly of German blood like ourselves, we shall best perceive its truth by regarding the middle class of the nation. Multitudes, all the world over, have a good deal in common; aristocracies, all the world over, have a good deal in common. The peculiar national form and habit exist in the masses at the bottom of society in a loose, rudimentary, potential state; in the few at the top of society, in a state modified and reduced by various culture. The man of the multitude has not yet solidified into the typical Englishman; the man of the aristocracy has been etherealised out of him. The typical Englishman is to be looked for in the middle class. And there we shall find him, with a complexion not ill-suited M. Thierry's law; with a spirit not very open to new ideas, and not easily ravished by them, not, therefore, a great enthusiast for universal progress, but with a strong love of discipline and order—that is, of keeping things settled, and much as they are; and with a disposition, instead of lending himself to the onward-looking statesman and legislator, to act with bodies of men of his own kind, whose aims and efforts reach no further than his own. Poverty and hope make man the friend of ideals, therefore the multitude has a turn for ideals; culture and genius make man the friend of ideals, therefore the gifted, or highly-trained few, have a turn for ideals. The middle class has the whet neither of poverty nor of culture; it is not ill-off in the things of the body, and it is not highly trained in the things of the mind; therefore it has little turn for ideals: it is self-satisfied. This is a chord in the nature of the English middle class which seldom fails, when struck, to give an answer, and which some people are never weary of striking. All the variations which are played on the endless theme of *local self-government*, rely on this chord. Hardly any local government is, in truth, in this country, exercised by the middle class; almost the whole of it is exercised by the aristocratic class. Every locality in

France—that country which our middle class is taught so much to compassionate—has a genuine municipal government, in which the middle class has its due share; and by this municipal government all matters of local concern (schools among the number) are regulated: not a country parish in England has any government of this kind at all. But what is meant by the habit of local self-government, on which our middle class is so incessantly felicitated, is its habit of voluntary combination, in bodies of its own arranging, for purposes of its own choosing, purposes to be carried out within the limits fixed for a private association by its own powers. When the middle class is solemnly warned against State-interference, lest it should destroy “the habit of self-reliance and love of local self-government,” it is this habit, and the love of it, that are meant. When we are told that “nothing can be more dangerous than these constant attempts on the part of the Government to take from the people the management of its own concerns,” this is the sort of management of our own concerns that is meant; not the management of them by a regular local government, but the management of them by chance private associations. It is our habit of acting through these associations which, says Mr. Roebuck, saves us from being “a set of helpless imbeciles, totally incapable of attending to our own interests.” It is in the event of this habit being at all altered that, according to the same authority, “the greatness of this country is gone.” And the middle class, to whom that habit is very familiar and very dear, will never be insensible to language of this sort.

Finally, the English middle class has a strong practical sense and habit of affairs, and it sees that things managed by the Government are often managed ill. It sees them treated sometimes remissly, sometimes vexatiously; now with a paralysing want of fruitful energy, now with an over-busy fussiness, with rigidity, with formality, without due consideration of special

circumstances. Here, too, it finds a motive disinclining it to trust State-action, and leading it to give a willing ear to those who declaim against it.

Now, every one of these motives of distrust is respectable. Every one of them has, or once had, a solid ground. Every one of them points to some virtue in those actuated by it, which is not to be suppressed, but to find true conditions for its exercise. The English middle class was quite right in repelling State-action, when the State suffered itself to be made an engine of the High Church party to persecute Nonconformists. It gave an excellent lesson to the State in so doing. It rendered a valuable service to liberty of thought and to all human freedom. If State-action now threatened to lend itself to one religious party against another, the middle class would be quite right in again thwarting and confining it. But can it be said that the State now shows the slightest disposition to take such a course? Is such a course the course towards which the modern spirit carries the State? Does not the State show, more and more, the resolution to hold the balance perfectly fair between religious parties? The middle class has it in its own power, more than any other class, to confirm the State in this resolution. This class has the power to make it thoroughly sure—in organizing, for instance, any new system of public instruction—that the State shall treat all religious persuasions with exactly equal fairness. If, instead of holding aloof, it will now but give its aid to make State-action equitable, it can make it so.

Again, as to the “habits of self-reliance and the love of local self-government.” People talk of Government *interference*, Government *control*, as if State-action were necessarily something imposed upon them from without; something despotic and self-originated; something which took no account of their will, and left no freedom to their activity. Can any one really suppose that, in a country like this, State-action—in education, for instance—can ever be that, unless we choose to make it so?

We can give it what form we will. We can make it our agent, not our master. In modern societies the agency of the State, in certain matters, is so indispensable, that it will manage, with or without our common consent, to come into operation somehow; but when it has introduced itself without the common consent—when a great body, like the middle class, will have nothing to say to it—then its course is indeed likely enough to be not straightforward, its operation not satisfactory. But, by all of us consenting to it, we remove any danger of this kind. By really agreeing to deal in our collective and corporate character with education, we can form ourselves into the best and most efficient of voluntary societies for managing it. We can make State-action upon it a genuine local government of it, the faithful but potent expression of our own activity. We can make the central government that mere court of disinterested review and correction which every sensible man would always be glad to have for his own activity. We shall have all our self-reliance and individual action still (in this country we shall always have plenty of them, and the parts will always be more likely to tyrannise over the whole than the whole over the parts), but we shall have had the good sense to turn them to the best account by a powerful, but still voluntary, organization. Our beneficence will be “beneficence acting *by rule*” (that is Burke’s definition of law, as instituted by a free society), and all the more effective for that reason. Must this make us “a set of helpless imbeciles, totally incapable of attending to our own interests?” Is this “a grievous blow aimed at the independence of the English character”? Is “English self-reliance and independence” to be perfectly satisfied with what it produces already, without this organization? In middle-class education it produces, without it, the educational home and the classical and commercial academy. Are we to be proud of that? Are we to be satisfied with that? Is “the greatness of this country” to be seen in that? But it will be said

that, awakening to a sense of the badness of our middle-class education, we are beginning to improve it. Undoubtedly we are; and the most certain sign of that awakening, of those beginnings of improvement, is the disposition to resort to a public agency, to “beneficence working *by rule*,” to help us on faster with it. When we really begin to care about a matter of this kind, we cannot help turning to the most efficient agency at our disposal. Clap-trap and commonplace lose their power over us; we begin to see that, if State-action has often its inconveniences, our self-reliance and independence are best shown in so arranging our State-action as to guard against those inconveniences, not in foregoing State-action for fear of them. So it was in elementary education. Mr. Baines says that this was already beginning to improve when Government interfered with it. Why, it was because we were all beginning to take a real interest in it—beginning to improve it—that we turned to Government—to ourselves in our corporate character—to get it improved faster. So long as we did not care much about it, we let it go its own way, and kept singing Mr. Roebuck’s fine old English stave about “self-reliance.” We kept crying just as he cries now: “nobody has the same interest to do well for a man as he himself has.” That was all very pleasant so long as we cared not a rush whether the people were educated or no. The moment we began to concern ourselves about this, we asked ourselves what our song was worth. We asked ourselves how the bringing up of our labourers and artisans—they “doing for themselves,” and “nobody having the same interest to do well for a man as he himself has”—was being done. We found it was being done detestably. Then we asked ourselves whether casual, precarious, voluntary beneficence, or “beneficence acting *by rule*,” was the better agency for doing it better. We asked ourselves if we could not employ our public resources on this concern, if we could not make our beneficence act upon it *by rule*, without losing our

"habits of self-reliance," without "aiming a grievous blow at the independence of the English character." We found that we could ; we began to do it ; and we left Mr. Baines to sing in the wilderness.

Finally, as to the objection that our State-action—our "beneficence working by rule"—often bungles and does its work badly. No wonder it does. The imperious necessities of modern society force it, more or less, even in this country, into play ; but it is exercised by a class to whose cherished instincts it is opposed—the aristocratic class ; and it is watched by a class to whose cherished prejudices it is opposed—the middle class. It is hesitatingly exercised and jealously watched. It therefore works without courage, cordiality, or belief in itself. Under its present conditions it must work so, and, working so, it must often bungle. But it need not work so ; and the moment the middle class abandons its attitude of jealous aversion, the moment they frankly put their hand to it, the moment they adopt it as an instrument to do them service, it will work so no longer. Then it will not bungle ; then, if it is applied, say, to education, it will not be fussy, baffling, and barren ; it will bring to bear on this concern the energy and strong practical sense of the middle class itself.

But the middle class must make it do this. They must not expect others to do the business for them. It is they whose interest is concerned in its being done, and they must do it for themselves. Why should the upper class—the aristocratic class—do it for them ? What motive—except the distant and not very peremptory one of their general political sense, their instinct for taking the course which, for the whole country's sake, ought to be taken—have the aristocratic class to impel them to go counter to all their natural maxims, nay, and to all their seeming interest ? They do not want new schools for their children. The great public schools of the country are theirs already. Their numbers are not such as to overflow these few really public schools ; their fortunes are such

as to make the expensiveness of these schools a matter of indifference to them. The Royal Commissioners, whose report has just appeared, do not, indeed, give a very brilliant picture of the book-learning of these schools. But it is not the book-learning (easy to be improved if there is a will to improve it) that this class make their first care ; they make their first care the tone, temper, and habits generated in these schools. So long as they generate a public spirit, a free spirit, a high spirit, a governing spirit, they are not ill-satisfied. Their children are fitted to succeed them in the government of the country. Why should they concern themselves to change this state of things ? Why should they create competitors for their own children ? Why should they labour to endow another class with those great instruments of power—a public spirit, a free spirit, a high spirit, a governing spirit ? Why should they do violence to that distaste for State-action, in an aristocratic class natural and instinctive, for the benefit of the middle class ?

No ; the middle class must do this work for themselves. From them must come the demand for the satisfaction of a want that is theirs. They must leave off being frightened at shadows. They may keep (I hope they always will keep) the maxim that self-reliance and independence are the most invaluable of blessings, that the great end of society is the perfecting of the individual, the fullest, freest, and worthiest development of the individual's activity. But that the individual may be perfected, that his activity may be worthy, he must often learn to quit old habits, to adopt new, to go out of himself, to transform himself. It was said, and truly said, of one of the most unwearied and successful strivers after human perfection that have ever lived—Wilhelm von Humboldt—that it was a joy to him to feel himself modified by the operation of a foreign influence. And this may well be a joy to a man whose centre of character and whose moral force are once securely established. Through this he makes growth in perfection. Through

this he enlarges his being and fills up gaps in it; he unlearns old prejudices and learns new excellences; he makes advance towards inward light and freedom. Societies may use this means of perfection as well as individuals, and it is a characteristic (perhaps the best characteristic) of our age, that they are using it more and more. Let us look at our neighbour, France. What strikes a thoughtful observer most in modern France is the great, wide breach which is being made in the old French mind; the strong flow with which a foreign thought is pouring in and mixing with it. There is an extraordinary increase in the number of German and English books read there, books the most unlike possible to the native literary growth of France. There is a growing disposition there to pull to pieces old stock French commonplaces, and to put a bridle upon old stock French habitudes. France will not, and should not, like some English liberals, run a-muck against State-action altogether; but she shows a tendency to control her excessive State-action, to reduce it within just limits where it has overpassed them, to make a larger part to free local activity and to individuals. She will not, and should not, like Sir Archibald Alison, cry down her great Revolution as the work of Satan; but she shows more and more the power to discern the real faults of that Revolution, the real part of delusion, impotence, and transitoriness in the work of '89 or of '91, and to profit by that discernment.

Our middle class has secured for itself that centre of character and that moral force which are, I have said, the indisputable basis upon which perfection is to be founded. To securing them, its vigour in resisting the State, when the State tried to tyrannise over it, has contributed not a little. In this sense, it may be said to have made way towards perfection by repelling the State's hand. Now it has to enlarge and to adorn its spirit. I cannot seriously argue with those who deny that the independence and free action of the middle class is now, in this country, immutably secure;

I cannot treat the notion of the State now overriding it and doing violence to it, as anything but a vain chimera. Well, then, if the State can (as it can) be of service to the middle class in the work of enlarging its mind and adorning its spirit, it will now make way towards perfection by taking the State's hand. State-action is not in itself unfavourable to the individual's perfection, to his attaining his fullest development. So far from it, it is in ancient Greece, where State-action was omnipresent, that we see the individual at his very highest pitch of free and fair activity. This is because, in Greece, the individual was strong enough to fashion the State into an instrument of his own perfection, to make it serve, with a thousand times his own power, towards his own ends. He was not enslaved by it, he did not annihilate it, but he used it. Where, in modern nations, the State has maimed and crushed individual activity, it has been by operating as an alien, exterior power in the community, a power not originated by the community to serve the common weal, but entrenched among them as a conqueror with a weal of its own to serve. Just because the vigour and sturdiness of the people of this country have prevented, and will always prevent, the State from being anything of this kind, I believe we, more than any modern people, have the power of renewing, in our national life, the example of Greece. I believe that we, and our American kinsmen, are specially fit to apply State-action with advantage, because we are specially sure to apply it voluntarily.

Two things must, I think, strike any one who attentively regards the English middle class at this moment. One is the intellectual ferment which is taking place, or rather, which is beginning to take place, amongst them. It is only in its commencement as yet; but it shows itself at a number of points, and bids fair to become a great power. The importance of a change, placing in the great middle class the centre of the intellectual life of this country, can hardly be over-estimated. I have been

reproved for saying that the culture and intellectual life of our highest class seem to me to have somewhat flagged since the last century. That is my opinion, indeed, and all that I see and hear strengthens rather than shakes it. The culture of this class is not what it used to be; their value for high culture, their belief in its importance, is not what it used to be. One may see it in the public schools, one may see it in the universities. Whence come the deadness, the want of intellectual life, the poverty of acquirement after years of schooling, which the Commissioners, in their remarkable and interesting report, show us so prevalent in our most distinguished public schools? What gives to play and amusement, both there and at the universities, their present overweening importance, so that home critics cry out: "The real studies of Oxford are its games," and foreign critics cry out: "At Oxford the student is still the mere school-boy"? The most experienced and acute of Oxford Heads of Houses told me himself, that when he spoke to an undergraduate the other day about trying for some distinguished scholarship, the answer he got was: "Oh, the men from the great schools don't care for those things now; the men who care about them are the men from Marlborough, Cheltenham, and the second-rate schools." Whence, I say, does this slackness, this sleep of the mind, come, except from a torpor of intellectual life, a dearth of ideas, an indifference to fine culture or disbelief in its necessity, spreading through the bulk of our highest class, and influencing its rising generation? People talk as if the culture of this class had only changed; the Greek and Roman classics, they say, are no longer in vogue as they were in Lord Chesterfield's time. Well, if this class had only gone from one source of high culture to another; if only, instead of reading Homer and Cicero, it now read Goethe and Montesquieu;—but it does not; it reads the *Times* and the *Agricultural Journal*. And it devotes itself to practical life. And it amuses itself. It is not its rising generation only which

loves play; never in all its history has our whole highest class shown such zeal for enjoying life, for amusing itself. It would be absurd to make this a matter of reproach against it. The triumphs of material progress multiply the means of material enjoyment; they attract all classes, more and more, to taste of this enjoyment; on the highest class, which possesses in the amplest measure these means, they must needs exercise this attraction very powerfully. But every thoughtful observer can perceive that the ardour for amusement and enjoyment, often educative and quickening to a toil-numbed working class or a short-lived middle class, whose great want is expansion, tends to become enervative and weakening to an aristocratic class—a class which must rule by superiority of all kinds, superiority not to be won without contention of spirit and a certain severity. I think, therefore, both that the culture of our highest class has declined, and that this declension, though natural and venial, impairs its power.

Yet in this vigorous country everything has a wonderful ability for self-restoration, and he would be a bold prophet who should deny that the culture of our highest class may recover itself. But however this may be, there is no doubt that a liberal culture, a fulness of intellectual life, in the middle class, is a far more important matter, a far more efficacious stimulant to national progress, than the same powers in an aristocratic class. Whatever may be its culture, an aristocratic class will always have at bottom, like the young man in Scripture with great possessions, an inaptitude for ideas; but, besides this, high culture or ardent intelligence, pervading a large body of the community, acquire a breadth of basis, a sum of force, an energy of central heat for radiating further, which they can never possess when they pervade a small upper class only. It is when such a broad basis is obtained that individual genius gets its proper nutriment and is animated to put forth its best powers; this is the secret of rich and beautiful epochs in national

life: the epoch of Pericles in Greece, the epoch of Michael Angelo in Italy, the epoch of Shakspeare in England. Our actual middle class has not yet, certainly, the fine culture, the living intelligence, which quickened great bodies of men at these epochs; but it has the forerunner, the preparer, the indispensable initiator; it is traversed by a strong intellectual ferment. It is the middle class which has real mental ardour, real curiosity; it is the middle class which is the great reader; that immense literature of the day which we see surging up all round us,—literature the absolute value of which it is almost impossible to rate too humbly, literature hardly a word of which will reach, or deserves to reach, the future,—it is the middle class which calls it forth, and its evocation is at least a sign of a widespread mental movement in that class. Will this movement go on and become fruitful; will it conduct the middle class to a high and commanding pitch of culture and intelligence? That depends on the sensibility which the middle class has for *perfection*; that depends on its power to *transform itself*.

And it is not yet manifest how far it possesses this power. For—and here I pass to the second of those two things which particularly, I have said, strike him who observes the English middle class just now—in its public action this class has hitherto shown only the power and disposition to *affirm itself*, not at all the power and disposition to *transform itself*. That, indeed, is one of the deep-seated instincts of human nature, but of vulgar human nature—of human nature not high-souled and aspiring after perfection—to esteem itself for what it is, to try to establish itself just as it is, to try even to impose itself with its stock of habitudes, pettinesses, narrownesses, shortcomings of every kind, on the rest of the world as a conquering power. But nothing has really a right to be satisfied with itself, to be and remain itself, except that which has reached perfection; and nothing has the right to impose itself on the rest of the world as a conquering force, except that which

is of higher perfection than the rest of the world. And such is the fundamental constitution of human affairs, that the measure of right proves also, in the end, the measure of power. Before the English middle class can have the right or the power to assert itself absolutely, it must have greatly perfected itself. It has been jokingly said of this class, that all which the best of it cared for was summed up in these two alliterative words—*Business and Bethels*, and that all which the rest of it cared for was the *Business* without the *Bethels*. No such jocose and slighting phrase can convey any true sense of what the religion of the English middle class has been really to it; what a source of vitality, energy, and persistent vigour. “They who wait on the Lord,” says Isaiah, in words not less true than they are noble, “*shall renew their strength*,” and the English middle class owes to its religion not only comfort in the past, but also a vast latent force of unworn life and strength for future progress. But the Puritanism of the English middle class, which has been so great an element of strength to them, has by no means brought them to perfection; nay, by the rigid mould in which it has cast their spirit, it has kept them back from perfection. The most that can be said of it is, that it has supplied a stable basis on which to build perfection; it has given them character, though it has not given them culture. But it is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal; to reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture. The life of aristocracies, with its large and free use of the world, its conversance with great affairs, its exemption from sordid cares, its liberation from the humdrum provincial round, its outward splendour and refinement, is a kind of outward shadow of this ideal, a prophecy of it; and there lies the secret of the charm of aristocracies, and of their power over men’s minds. In a country like England, the middle

class, with its industry and its Puritanism, and nothing more, will never be able to make way beyond a certain point, will never be able to divide power with the aristocratic class, much less to win for itself a preponderance of power. While it only tries to affirm its actual self, to impose its actual self, it has no charm for men's minds, and can achieve no great triumphs. And this is all it attempts at present. The Conservative reaction, of which we hear so much just now, is in great part merely a general indisposition to let the middle-class spirit, working by its old methods, and having only its old self to give us, establish itself at all points and become master of the situation. Particularly on Church questions is this true. In this sphere of religion, where feeling and beauty are so all-important, we shrink from giving to the middle-class spirit, limited as we see it, with its sectarianism, its under-culture, its intolerance, its bitterness, its unloveliness, too much its own way. Before we give it quite its own way, we insist on its making itself into something larger, newer, more fruitful. This is what the recent Church-Rate divisions really mean, and the lovers of perfection, therefore, may accept them without displeasure. They are the voice of the nation crying to the *untransformed* middle class (if it will receive it) with a voice of thunder: "The future is not yours!"

And let me say, in passing, that the indifference, so irritating to some persons, with which European opinion has received the break-up of the old American Union has at bottom a like ground. I put the question of slavery on one side; so far as the resolution of that question depends on the issue of the conflict between the North and the South, every one may wish this party or that to prevail. But Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden extol the old American Republic as something interesting and admirable in itself, and are displeased with those who are not afflicted at its disaster, and not jealous for its restoration. Mr. Bright is an orator of genius; Mr. Cobden is a man of splendid understanding. But why do they refuse to

perceive, that, apart from all class jealousy of aristocracies towards a democratic republic, there existed in the most impartial and thoughtful minds a profound dissatisfaction with the spirit and tendencies of the old American Union, a strong aversion to their unchecked triumph, a sincere wish for the disciplining and correcting of them? And what were the old United States but a colossal expression of the English middle-class spirit, somewhat more accessible to ideas there than here, because of the democratic air it breathed, much more arrogant and overweening there than here, because of the absence of all check and counterpoise to it—but there, as here, full of rawness, hardness, and imperfection; there, as here, greatly needing to be liberalised, enlarged, and ennobled, before it could with advantage be suffered to assert itself absolutely. All the energy and success in the world could not make the United States admirable so long as their spirit had this imperfection. Even if they had overrun the whole earth, their old national style would have still been detestable, and Mr. Beecher would have still been a painted barbarian. But they could not thus triumph, they could not make their rule thus universal, so long as their spirit was thus imperfect. They had not power enough over the minds of men. Now they are transforming their spirit in the furnace of civil war; with what success we shall in due time see. But the lovers of perfection in America itself ought to rejoice—some of them, no doubt, do rejoice—that the national spirit should be compelled, even at any cost of suffering, to transform itself, to become something higher, ampler, more gracious. To be glad that it should be compelled thus to transform itself, that it should not be permitted to triumph untransformed, is no insult, no unkindness; it is a homage to perfection. It is a religious devotion to that providential order which forbids the final supremacy of imperfect things. God keeps tossing back to the human race its failures, and commanding it to try again.

In the Crusade of Peter the Hermit, where the hosts that marched were not filled after the customary composition of armies, but contained along with the fighters whole families of people—old men, women, and children, swept by the universal torrent of enthusiasm towards the Holy Land—the marches, as might have been expected, were tedious and painful. Long before Asia was reached, long before even Europe was half traversed, the little children in that travelling multitude began to fancy, with a natural impatience, that their journey must surely be drawing to an end; and every evening, as they came in sight of some town which was the destination of their day's march, they cried out eagerly to those who were with them, "*Is this Jerusalem?*" No, poor children, not this town, nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem; Jerusalem is far off, and it needs time, and strength, and much endurance to reach it. Seas and mountains, labour and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between Jerusalem and you.

So, when one marks the ferment and stir of life in the middle class at this moment, and sees this class impelled to take possession of the world, and to assert itself and its own actual spirit absolutely, one is disposed to exclaim to it, "*Jerusalem is not yet.*" Your present spirit is not Jerusalem, is not the goal you have to reach, the place you may be satisfied in. And when one says this, they sometimes fancy that one has the same object as others who say the same to them; that one means that they are to yield themselves to be moulded by some existing force, their rival; that one wishes Nonconformity to take the law from actual Anglicanism, and the middle class from the present governing class; that one think Anglicanism Jerusalem, and the English aristocratic class Jerusalem.

I do not mean, or wish, or think this, though many, no doubt, do. It is not easy for a reflecting man, who has studied its origin, to feel any vehement enthusiasm for Anglicanism; Henry the Eighth and his parliaments have taken

care of that. One may esteem it as a beneficent social and civilising agent. One may have an affection for it from life-long associations, and for the sake of much that is venerable and interesting which it has inherited from antiquity. One may cherish gratitude to it—and here, I think, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who fights against it the battle of the Nonconformists with so much force and so much ability, is a little ungrateful—for the shelter and basis for culture which this, like other great nationally established forms of religion, affords; those who are born in them can get forward on their road, instead of always eyeing the ground on which they stand and disputing about it. But actual Anglicanism is certainly not Jerusalem, and I should be sorry to think it the end which Nonconformity and the middle class are to reach. The actual governing class, again, the English aristocratic class (in the widest sense of the word *aristocratic*)—I cannot wish that the rest of the nation—the new and growing part of the nation—should be transformed in spirit exactly according to the image of that class. The merits and services of that class no one rates higher than I do; no one appreciates higher than I do the value of the relative standard of elevation, refinement, and grandeur, which they have exhibited; no one would more strenuously oppose the relinquishing of this for any lower standard. But I cannot hide from myself that while modern societies increasingly tend to find their best life in a free and heightened spiritual and intellectual activity, to this tendency aristocracies offer at least a strong passive resistance by their secular prejudices, their incurable dearth of ideas. In modern, rich, and industrial societies, they tend to misplace the ideal for the classes below them; the immaterial chivalrous ideal of high descent and honour is, by the very nature of the case, of force only for aristocracies themselves; the immaterial modern ideal of spiritual and intellectual perfection through culture they have not to communicate. What they can and do communicate is the material ideal of

splendour of wealth, and weight of property. And this ideal is the ideal truly operative upon our middle classes at this moment. To be as rich as they can, that they may reach the splendour of wealth and weight of property, and, with time, the importance, of the actual heads of society, is their ambition. I do not blame them, or the class from which they get their ideal; all I say is, that the good ideal for humanity, the true Jerusalem, is an ideal more spiritual than brilliant wealth and boundless property, an ideal in which more can participate. The beloved friends of humanity have been those who made it feel its ideal to be in the things of the mind and spirit, to be in an internal condition, separable from wealth, and accessible to all—men like St. Francis, the ardent bridegroom of poverty; men like the great personages of antiquity, almost all of them, as Lacordaire was so fond of saying, poor. Therefore, that the middle class should simply take its ideal from the aristocratic class I do not wish. That the aristocratic class should be able absolutely to assert itself and its own spirit, is not my desire. No, no; they are not Jerusalem.

The truth is, the English spirit has to accomplish an immense evolution; nor, as that spirit at this moment presents itself in any class or description amongst us, can one be perfectly satisfied with it, can one wish it to prevail just as it is.

But in a transformed middle class, in a middle class raised to a higher and more genial culture, we may find, not, perhaps, Jerusalem, but, I am sure, a notable stage towards it. In that great class, strong by its numbers, its energy, its industry, strong by its freedom from frivolity, not by any law of nature prone to immobility of mind, actually at this moment agitated by a spreading ferment of mind, in that class, liberalised by an ampler culture, admitted to a wider sphere of thought, living by larger ideas, with its provincialism dissipated, its intolerance cured, its pettinesses purged away,—what a power there will be, what an element of new life for

England! Then let the middle class rule, then let it affirm its own spirit, when it has thus perfected itself.

And I cannot see any means so direct and powerful for developing this great and beneficent power as the public establishment of schools for the middle class. By public establishment they may be made cheap and accessible to all. By public establishment they may give securities for the culture offered in them being really good and sound, and the best that our time knows. By public establishment they may communicate to those reared in them the sense of being brought in contact with their country, with the national life, with the life of the world; and they will expand and dignify their spirits by communicating this sense to them. I can see no other mode of institution which will offer the same advantages in the same degree.

I cannot think that the middle class will be much longer insensible to its own evident interests. I cannot think that, for the pleasure of being complimented on this self-reliance by Lord Fortescue and Mr. Roebuck, they will much longer forego a course leading them to their own true dignity instead of away from it. I know that, with men who have reached or passed the middle of life, the language and habits of years form a network round the spirit through which it cannot easily break; and among the elder leaders of the middle class there are men whom I would give much to persuade—men of weight and character, like Mr. Baines, men of character and culture too, like Mr. Miall—whom I must not, I fear, hope to persuade. But among the younger leaders of this class—even of that part of it where resistance is most to be apprehended—among the younger Dissenting ministers, for instance, there exists, I do believe, a disposition not fixedly averse to the public establishment of education for the middle classes—a willingness, at any rate, to consider a project of this kind on its merits. Amongst them particularly is the ferment and expansion of mind, of which I have spoken,

perceptible; their sense of the value of culture, and their culture itself, increases every day. Well, the old bugbear which scares us all away from the great confessed means of best promoting this culture—the religious difficulty, as it is called—is potent only so long as these gentlemen please. It rests solely with themselves to procure the public establishment of secondary instruction upon a perfectly equitable basis as regards religious differences. If its establishment is suffered to fix itself in private hands, those hands will be the clergy's. It is to the honour of the clergy—of their activity, of their corporate spirit, of their sense of a pressing want—that this should be so. But in that case the dominant force in settling the teaching in these schools will be clerical. Their organization will be ecclesiastical. Mr. Woodard tells us so himself; and indeed he (very naturally) makes a merit of it. This is not what the Dissenters want, neither is it what the movement of the modern spirit tends to. But when instruction has once been powerfully organized in this manner, it is very difficult for the State afterwards to interfere for the purpose of giving effect to the requirements of the modern spirit. It is met by vested interests—by legitimate vested interests—not to be conciliated without great delay and difficulty. It is not easy for the State to impose a conscience clause on primary schools, when the establishment of those schools has been for the most part made by the clergy. It is not easy to procure the full benefits of the national universities to Nonconformists, when Anglicanism has got a vested interest in the colleges. Neither will it be easy hereafter, in secondary instruction, to settle the religious difficulty equitably, if the establishment of that instruction shall have been effected by private bodies in which clerical influence predominates.

I hope the middle class will not much longer delay to take a step on which its future value and dignity and influence so much depend. By taking this step they will indirectly confer a

great boon upon the lower class also. This obscure embryo, only just beginning to move, travelling in labour and darkness, so much left out of account when we celebrate the glories of our Atlantis, now and then, by so mournful a glimpse, showing itself to us in Lambeth, or Spitalfields, or Dorsetshire; this immense working class, now so without a practicable passage to all the joy and beauty of life, for whom in an aristocratic class which is unattainable by them there is no possible ideal, for whom in a middle class, narrow, ungenial, and unattractive, there is no adequate ideal, will have, in a cultured, liberalised, ennobled, transformed middle class, a point towards which it may hopefully work, a goal towards which it may with joy direct its aspirations.

Children of the future, whose day has not yet dawned, you, when that day arrives, will hardly believe what obstructions were long suffered to prevent its coming! You who, with all your faults, have neither the aridity of aristocracies, nor the narrow-mindedness of middle classes—you, whose power of simple enthusiasm is your best gift, will not comprehend how progress towards man's best perfection—the adorning and ennobling of his spirit—should have been reluctantly undertaken; how it should have been for years and years retarded by barren common-places, by worn-out clap-traps. You will wonder at the labour of its friends in proving the self-proving; you will know nothing of the doubts, the fears, the prejudices they had to dispel; nothing of the outcry they had to encounter; of the fierce protestations of life from policies which were dead and did not know it, and the shrill, querulous upbraiding from publicists in their dotage. But you, in your turn, with difficulties of your own, will be mounting some new step in the arduous ladder whereby man climbs towards his perfection; towards that unattainable but irresistible lode-star, gazed after with earnest longing, and invoked with bitter tears; the longing of thousands of hearts, the tears of many generations.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: IN WHICH TWO GREAT PIECES OF GOOD FORTUNE BEFALL US—ONE VISIBLE, THE OTHER INVISIBLE.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR, I found out afterwards, had sat in Parliament twice in his life, on the Tory interest. If there had been any interest more re-actionary than the Tory interest, he would have connected himself with it instantly. He had utterly outnewcastled Newcastle ever since he married his keeper's daughter: since he had brought a plebeian Lady Hillyar into the house, it became necessary for the family respectability to assert itself in some other direction, and it asserted itself in the direction of Toryism. Sir George, with the assistance of a few others, got up a little Tory revival; and they had so edified and improved one another—so encouraged one another to tread in newer and higher fields of Toryism—as to be looked on with respectful admiration by the rest of the party. And among this small knot of men who claimed, as it were, a superior sanctity, Sir George Hillyar had the first place conceded to him, as the most shining light of them all.

At this time—at the time of our troubles—a general election was approaching, and Sir George Hillyar, at the solicitation of a powerful body of men, determined to enter public life for
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the third time, and contest, when the time should come, the borough of Malton.

We heard this news from Mr. Compton, and were wondering why he had come to tell us about it, when he struck us all of a heap by announcing a most remarkable piece of good fortune. Sir George had offered Joe the post of private secretary, with a salary of two hundred a-year.

"And what do you think of that?" said Mr. Compton, triumphantly, to Joe.

Joe was trying to express his astonishment and delight, when he fairly burst into tears; and I don't think any of us were very far behind him. We had always known that Sir George meant to provide for Joe, but we never expected such an offer as this to come at such a time.

"And what do you think of that? Is the salary enough?"

"Lord bless you, sir," said Joe; "never mind the salary. I'd go bare-foot in such a place as that. There is no telling how I may end."

"Indeed, you are right," said Mr. Compton; "and you thoroughly deserve your good fortune. Sir George has employed me for a long time to make inquiries about your capacity and steadiness, and you have enabled me to make such a report of you as has secured you this offer. I wish you every success."

So Joe departed, dressed like a gentleman, "burning high with hope." The family troubles were to come to an

end in no time now. All the morning before he went he was restlessly and eagerly, with flushed face, laying out his plans for our future benefit; and Emma either was, or pretended to be, as enthusiastic and hopeful as he was, and encouraged, nay, even surpassed, his boldest flights of fancy, until, by her arts, she had got Joe to believe that all which had to be done, was already done, and to forget, for a time at least, that he was leaving us behind in poverty and wearing anxiety.

Delighted as we were with his good fortune, we sadly felt the loss of one familiar face at such a time as that. But soon we had other things to think of, for our troubles came faster and faster.

On the Saturday night after Joe had gone, I noticed that our three men were unusually boisterous. George Martin, the head man, struck me as meaning mischief of some kind, and I watched him carefully. He hurried his work in a somewhat offensive manner, struck with unnecessary vigour, upset the tools and swore at them,—did everything in fact that he ought not to do, except lame any of the horses; with *them* he was still the splendid workman that my father had made him. But in whatever he did, all the fore part of the afternoon, the other two followed suit, though with smaller cards. They did not speak to my father or me, but they told one another stories, which were received with ostentatious laughter; and Martin seemed inclined to bully my fellow-apprentice, Tom Williams. My father and I knew what they were going to do; they were going to strike, and make it easier by quarrelling with us.

They had not much chance of doing that. I was very angry, but I imitated my father as well as I could; and he, that afternoon, was more courteous, more patient, and more gentle than ever. About three o'clock my father was called out on business, and they, to my great delight, began quarrelling among themselves. How little I thought what that quarrel would lead to!

The moment my father's back was turned Jack Martin began on Tom Wil-

liams, the apprentice, again. At first he confined himself to impertinences, and kept addressing him as Werk'us (he was a parish boy, which made my father very jealous about having him ill-used or insulted, as Jack Martin well knew); but after a time, finding that Tom was as gentle and as patient as ever, he began to take further liberties, and dropped two or three things on his toes, and once threw a shoe at him. Meanwhile I would have died sooner than interfere on behalf of Tom, though I could have stopped Jack Martin at once.

Now the third and youngest of our men, who had been with us about a year, was a young Cornishman, Trevittick by name, a very taciturn, almost sulky fellow, who had resisted all our efforts to be intimate with him, but who had in his silent, sulky way conceived a great regard, certainly never exhibited in public, for Tom Williams, the apprentice. After he had been with us about a month he had obtained my father's consent to Tom's sharing his lodgings, at his, Trevittick's, expense. Shortly afterwards I made the surprising discovery that he and Tom used to sit up half the night reading mechanics and geology, and that Tom was bound to the very strictest secrecy on the subject. To this man Trevittick, therefore, whose personal appearance was that of a very strong Jew prize-fighter, with frizzly purple hair, I, on this occasion, left the defence of Tom Williams, with the most perfect confidence.

Trevittick was the most absolutely silent man I ever met in my life. Consequently, when Jack Martin had, for a pretended fault, taken Tom Williams by the hair of his head and shaken him, and Trevittick had said, in a short, sharp growl, "Leave that boy alone, you coward," Jack Martin stood aghast, and asked him what he said.

"You heard what I said well enough. Do it."

Martin was very much surprised, and made no answer for an instant; but the word "yield" (or more correctly the expression "shut up") and Jack Mar-

tin were utter strangers; so he walked up to Tom Williams, collared him, and shook him again.

"Drop that boy now, Jack, or I'll make 'ee," growled Trevittick once more, in a rather deeper tone.

After this, according to the laws of London honour, there remained nothing but for Jack Martin to call on Trevittick to come outside; which corresponds to the "after school" or "the old place" of your early days, my dear sir. But Jack had not time to say the words, when my father—who had been waiting outside, talking to a man on business—thought fit to come in, and to say in a very gentle, polite voice,

"Mates! mates! if you'll be so good as to work in my time, and to quarrel arterwards in your own, I shall be obliged."

So they set to work again, I all the time, like a low-lived boy as I was, thinking what a splendid fight there would be in Battersea fields the next morning; for there were certainly not a dozen men in the prize-ring who could have stood long, before either Jack Martin or Trevittick.

But at six o'clock, although there was still work enough to keep my father and Tom Williams and me hard at it till two o'clock on Sunday morning, my father said it was time to knock off, and took out the men's money. Jack Martin was paid first, and he, I knew, would be spokesman. When he got his money he spit on it, and then jingled it in his closed hands.

"Come, Mr. Burton," he said, in a tone of injured innocence. "Why they're a-giving of a pound down at Jumston's. That's what Jumston's a-doing on. A-giving of a pound."

"And I think, Jack, as Mr. Jumston's giving two shillings too much. Why, that six shillings as you men are asking for, is six shillings off the kids' victuals. Six bob's worth of bread and butter, as I'm a true man."

Jack Martin began to talk himself into a passion, while my father raised himself on to the forge, and sat comfortably on the edge of the cinders.

"Well, then, I'll tell you where it is," said Jack Martin, "me and my mates must look to ourselves. White men, leave alone Druids and Foresters, is not slaves nor negro bones. Nor are they going to be, Mr. Burton; thank you for your kind intentions all the same. Come, sack us, will you? Take and give the sack to the whole three on us. Come."

"I don't want to give you the sack, Jack Martin," said my father. "I'm a ruined man, as you know. But I won't rob the kids."

"Then this is where it is," said the other, who had now got himself into as towering a passion as he could have wished; "the master as won't give the pound when asked, nor the sack when challenged, is no master for me or my mates."

"Well, you needn't get in a wax over it, old chap," said my father. "If you like to stay for eighteen bob, stay. I don't want you to go."

"Not if we know it, thank you," said Jack, louder than ever. "We must look to ourselves. If you won't give us the sack, why, then we take it. Now!"

"I've been a good and kind master to you, Jack. I've teached you your trade. And now, when things look a little black, you want to leave me. And you're not contented with leaving, but you are so ashamed of your meanness that you puts yourself into a passion, and irritates and insults me. Now it runs to this, Jack. You're a younger man than me: but if you hollers like that, in this here shop, I'll be blown if I don't see whether I can't put you out of it. You'd better go."

Jack was so astonished at such a speech as this coming from the pacific James Burton, that he departed wondering and rather ashamed. My father paid the other man, and he went, and then he turned to Trevittick, who was sitting on the anvil, and offered him his money.

"Never mind me, master," growled Trevittick, speaking now for the first time; "I ain't a-going to leave you. I was going this morning, but I've thought

better of it. Never mind thickey money neither. I've a-got to fight to Jack Martin to-morrow morning, and I should be knocking that down, and a deal more too. You'm best owe me my wages a few weeks. I've saved lots, ain't I, Tom?"

But Tom had disappeared. And looking at my father I saw that he had coloured scarlet up to the roots of his hair, but was quite silent. After a time he managed to say to Trevittick, "Thank ye, lad—thank'ee, kindly." That was all he said, and all that Trevittick wanted him to say.

Trevittick went out without another word; but in about half-an-hour he came back with Tom Williams, and silently set to work. When my father got behind him he began telegraphing to Tom Williams, and Tom replied by nodding his head nearly off, and smiling. Then the next time my father got near Tom he patted him on the back; by which things I knew that Tom had contrived to stop the fight, and that we should never know whether the Cornishman or the Londoner was the best man. Was I a little disappointed? Well, I am afraid I *was* a little disappointed. It was so very long ago, you must remember, and I did not write "Honourable" before my name at that time. But strict truth compels me to state that I *was* a little disappointed; I was indeed.

Meanwhile we three set to work, and worked far into the night: none of us any more conscious of the astounding piece of good fortune which had befallen us than was Fred, asleep on Emma's shoulder, with his balmy breath upon her cheek.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE BEGINS TO TAKE A NEW INTEREST IN REUBEN.

THERE was no doubt at all that what Erne had said was true. So anxious was he not to come between his brother and his father, that he never interrupted them in a *tête-à-tête*; nay more, seldom saw much of his father except

in the presence of George's wife, Gerty. These three, however, were very much together, and enjoyed one another's company immensely.

George was furious at this arrangement; he had set Gerty on his father expressly to see what she could do. She was making immense progress with the old man, when Erne stepped in, as it seemed to him, and interfered. He attributed Erne's eager pleasure in the society of his sister-in-law to the very deepest *finesse*. In his generous conduct he chose to see nothing but the lowest and meanest cunning.

"Look at him," he would growl to himself behind his book; "look at the artful cub, with his great eyes, and his gentle voice. Who would think he was such a young sneak? practising off his arts against those of my—Oh! my trebly-dyed fool of a wife. If she had had an ounce of brains, we might have had that will altered long ago. If I could only get her to quarrel with Erne! But she won't, and I daren't scold her, for fear she should show signs of it before him. Oh! if she only knew what I was saying to her under my breath sometimes!—if she only knew that!"

George could hate pretty well, and now he got to hate Erne most decidedly. Poor fellow! he still loved his wife, but she made him terribly mad with her silliness sometimes. It was well for Gerty that she was under the protection of Sir George Hillyar. James Oxtton would have trembled had he seen the expression of George's face now at times. The long-continued anxiety about his succession in his father's will was wearing him into a state of nervous excitement. He, at this time, took up with one of his old habits again. He used to go to London and play heavily.

Reuben had stayed about Stanlake so long that it was just as well, said Sir George, that he should stay on until they went to the Thames in the summer. Although he was only hired by the month, yet every one about the place would have been universally surprised if anything had occurred to

terminate his engagement. He was considered now to be a sort of servant to Erne, who seemed much attached to him; but every one knew that it was by the wish of Sir George himself that Reuben was retained there. Also it is singular; but the well-trained servants found out that Reuben was to be called Reuben, and that the name of Burton was not to be used at all; and when Joe made his appearance as secretary, they were instructed to address him as Mr. Joseph. Some of the older servants, who remembered Samuel, knew well enough why; and wondered to themselves whether or no he knew who Reuben was.

It was not very long after the arrival of the George Hillyars, that George, walking through the grounds, by the edge of the lake, near the boat-house, came across Reuben; who, with his boat-mending instinct, acting under the impression that he must do something, was scraping a fir sapling with a spoke-shave, trying to make a punt-pole of it: which is what no one, who cares for a ducking, ever did yet. He was also singing to himself a song very popular at that time among the London youth, which may be advantageously sung to the tune of "Sitch a getting up stairs:" if you can only get the words, which I fear are lost for ever. Reuben had his back to George, and George heard him sing, with the most determined cockney accent—

"The very next morning he was seen,
In a jacket and breeches of velvet.
To Bagnigge Wells then in a bran
New gownd she went with this 'ere dog's
meat man.
She had shrimps and ale with the dog's
meat man,
And she walked arm in arm with the dog's
meat man,
And the coves all said, what around did
stan',
That he were a werry nobby dog's meat
man.
Oh he were such a handsome dog's meat man,
Such a sinivating titivating dog's meat man."

George Hillyar called out, "Hallo, you fellow!"

And Reuben, not seeing who it was,

replied, "Hallo, you fellow! it is." And then he turned round, and, seeing who it was, was shent, and thought he was going to catch it."

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said; "I thought you was the turncock come for the income-tax. There," he added, with one of his irresistible laughs, "don't be angry, your honour. I can't help talking nonsense at times, if I was hung for it."

"Are you the young waterman that my father has taken such a fancy to?"

Reuben sheepishly said he supposed he was.

"I shouldn't advise you to treat him to many such songs as you were singing just now. You should try to drop all this blackguardism if you mean to get on with him."

"Lord bless you, sir," said Reuben, "you'd never make nothink of me. I've been among the coal barges too long, I have."

"I've seen many a swell made out of rougher stuff than you; you might make rather a fine bird in other feathers. How old are you?"

"Twenty, sir."

"Has he given you any education?"

"Has who, sir?"

"Sir George, of course."

"No, sir," said Reuben, in wonder.

"What a shame," thought George to himself. "I wonder what he is going to do for him. There is one thing," he went on thinking, and looking at Reuben with a smile; "there is no mistake about the likeness: I shall make friends with the son of the bondwoman. I wonder who the dickens *she* was. I like this fellow's looks, much."

"Who is your friend?" he asked aloud, pointing to a young man who had just come up, and was waiting respectfully a little way off.

"That is my cousin James, sir."

James Burton, who has told some three quarters of the story hitherto, here approached. He was a tall, good-looking lad of about eighteen, with a very amiable face, and yet one which gave you the idea that he was deficient neither in brains nor determination. He approached George with confidence,

though with great respect, and waited for him to speak.

"So you are Erne's friend the blacksmith, hey?" said George.

James said "Yes."

"And how does your pretty sister do, eh, lad? I am very anxious to see this pretty flame of Erne's. If she is as pretty as Erne says she is, the young rogue must have an eye for beauty."

Jim blushed very much, and looked very awkward, at this free and easy way of implying an engagement between Erne and Emma. He said nothing, however, and immediately George turned away from him and began talking once more to Reuben.

This was their first interview, and very soon Reuben had won over George Hillyar as he had won his father. Another noticeable fact is that the old man perceived George's growing liking for Reuben, and seemed pleased at it. George had nothing to complain of in his father's treatment of him. So George was very kind indeed.

If Erne could have been got out of the way, George thought, every thing must go right.

He had been home about six months, when one morning he would go rabbit-shooting, and so he sent for old Morton, the head keeper, and they went out alone together.

It was a glorious May day, a day on which existence was a pleasure, and they left the moist valley and the thick dark woods far behind them, and climbed up the steep slope of the chalk down, to shoot among the flowering broom, which feathered the very loftiest summit. They stood up there, with the county at their feet like a map, and the happy May wind singing among the grass and the junipers around them.

Poor George felt quieter up here with his old friend. He had been to London the night before, playing, and losing heavily, and he had been more than usually irritated with Erne that morning. Instead of setting to work shooting, he sat down beside old Morton on the grass, and, taking off his hat, let the fresh wind blow his hair about.

"Morton, old fellow," he began, "I wish I hadn't got such a cursed temper. You mayn't think it, but I very often wish I was a better fellow."

"You are good enough for me, Master George," said the old man. "You were always my favourite."

"I know it," said George. "That is very queer. Did you think of me all the time I was away?"

"I always thought of my own plucky lad that I taught to shoot. I thought of you constant through all that weary time. But it's come to an end now. You sowed your wild oats, it's true."

"But I haven't reaped them," said George, with his head on his hands.

The old man took no notice of this; he went on: "And here you are home again, with the most beautiful of all the Lady Hillyars, since there were a Lady Hillyar. And Sir George coming round so beautiful, and all—"

"But I am disinherited," said George; "disinherited in favour of Erne."

"Not disinherited, sir. I know more than that."

"Next thing to it," said poor George. "I know as much as that."

"There's time enough to alter all that; and mark, my word, Master George, I know Sir George better than any man living, and I can take liberties with him that you durstn't—bah! that Master Erne durstn't. And I tell you that sweet little lady of yourn has wound herself round his heart, in a way you little think. I held you on my knee when you were a little one, and I dare say anything to you. I hear you cursing on her to yourself for a fool, the other day. Now you leave her alone. Fool she may be, but she will do the work if it is to be done. I hear 'em together, Sir George and her, the other day, and I says to myself, 'Either you are the silliest little hare of a thing as ever ran, or else you are the artfullest little—'. There, I forget. You let her alone. If it is to be done, she'll do it."

"No, she won't, old fellow," said George. "There's Erne in the way. There's Erne, I tell you, man. He never

leaves them alone together. He is always thrusting his cursed beautiful head in between them, and ruining every thing. (Here he gave way, and used language about Erne which I decline to write, though there was not a single oath, or a single improper expression in it). Why, I tell you, Morton, that fellow's beauty, and amiability, and affectionate gentleness, and all that sort of thing, as nearly won me as possible. At one time I was saying to myself, 'If my father denies me justice, I shall be able to get it from him;' and so I thought, until I saw that all this amiability and gentleness was merely the art of a beautiful devil. When I saw him declining to do battle with me, like a man, and saw him sneak in between my wife and my father, then I said to myself—then. I said to myself—Oh, stop me, old Morton, and don't let me talk myself mad. I want to be better. I swear to God I want to be better. But I am sinking into hell, and there is no one to save me. Where's James Oxtan? Why was he fool enough to let me leave him? And Aggy; how these shallow-brained women delude us, with their mincing airs of wisdom! See what they have brought me to now."

Perhaps, if the poor fellow had chosen to make friends in his own rank in life, he might have found one honest, educated man, who would have set everything right for him; at all events have shown him that his suspicions of Erne were incorrect, and have made the ordinary routine of life, in his own rank, more pleasant to him. But he had, through vanity and idleness, early in life acquired the taste for being the greatest man in the company; and the only company where he was king was the company of his inferiors, and the passion stuck to him, and so there he was, at the turning point of his life, telling his troubles to a foolish old gamekeeper.

The old man said nothing to turn away George's wrath from Erne. Why should he? George had always been his favourite, and he believed what he said about Erne. No; he only tried to soothe the poor fellow with common-

places, and let him sit with his head in his hands until the wild fit had passed over. Then old Morton was glad to hear him change the conversation.

"What do you think of that young Reuben?" asked George.

"Reuben," said the old man, laughing; "why, every one is fond of Reuben. A merry, cheeky young dog."

"I have taken a great fancy to the fellow myself. I have a very great mind to take him for my servant."

"I daresay he would make a good one, master," said Morton. "But I should have thought you had had one too many of that name. His father wasn't so satisfactory an investment as might be, and—"

"His father," said George, looking quickly round. "Are you mad?"

"Do you mean to say," said the other eagerly, "that you don't know that this Reuben's name is Burton, and that he is the son of your old servant Samuel, by—you know who?"

George started up, and stood looking at Morton, silent and deadly pale, with his hands clasped wildly in his hair, for nearly a minute—a ghastly sight to see. Then with a hollow groan he sank on his knees, and his look of blank horror was changed into one of pitiful entreaty.

"Morton! Morton! don't kill me. The dog has deceived me. Don't tell me that *she* is alive too. Don't kill me by telling me that."

"Get up from the grass, Master George. You frighten me. She died ten year ago, or more."

The look of terror left George's face by degrees. It was evident that he had had a fearful shock.

"How long ago did she die, did you say?"

"She died when Reuben was about ten years old. Jim Burton, the Chelsea blacksmith, asked me to come over to her funeral, as having known her once. And I went. Reuben was the *second* child, Master George. There was one that died."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Positive and certain sure. I took care to be. I see its little coffin carried to the grave. And the poor thing,

she told me herself that it was the eldest."

"He wrote and told me," said George, "when he was transported, that she was dead, and— There, we have talked enough about that. Do you know that he and I have quarrelled?"

It was Morton's turn to look astonished now. "You and who?" he said, with a blank stare.

"I and Samuel Burton have quarrelled."

"Do you mean to tell me he is not dead yet?"

"Curse him, no. He has far more life left in him than you have, my faithful old friend. He came to my office in Palmerston the other day, and I quarrelled with him."

"That was unwise."

"It was; but, at all events, he is safe for the present. He is at Perth, in Western Australia, 14,000 miles away."

"I am glad of that," said old Morton. "I suppose he *daren't* come home, eh!"

"Oh, dear, no," said George. "He *daren't* come to England. He would get life for it. Come, let us begin."

They began shooting. Morton, with the licence of a keeper, combined with that of a confidential friend, said, "Mind the dogs, sir. In your present state of nerve, mind the dogs."

But George shot beautifully. The old trick had come back to him again after a few months' practice; and his hand and eye were as true as ever. He shot recklessly, but wonderfully well, appearing all the time to be so utterly absent and distraught, that old Morton kept on saying, "Mind the dogs, sir; for Gawd's sake, mind the dogs. It's old Beauty, the Governor's pet; and if anything happens to that there spaniel—Lord a mercy, look at that. I say, Master George, hold hard, sir. You ain't in the humour to shoot rabbits before Clumber spannels worth twenty guineas a-piece. Hold hard, sir. Now, do hold hard."

"I'm shooting better than ever I shot in my life," said George.

"Too beautiful by half. But leave

off a minute. That last shot was too risky; it were indeed."

"All right," said George, going on with his loading. "Have you seen this girl Emma that Erne *raffoles* about?"

"Yes, sir. She is daughter of Jim Burton, the Chelsea blacksmith.—Here, Beauty; here, Frolic.—There, put down your gun a bit, Master George. There."

"Is her name Burton, too?" said George. "Why, the air seems darkened with Burtons. I thought somehow that she was cousin to Joseph, the secretary. Or did I dream it?"

"Why, *his* name is Burton, too, and she is his own favourite sister," said the old man. "He is Reuben's cousin. But you mus'n't say the name of Burton in that house. It's a word mus'n't be said at Stanlake."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, and nobody don't know; and very probably, with an obstinate man like the Governor, there ain't very much to know. We were children together, and I know him better than any man alive, and may-be like him better than any man alive, except one. But I tell you that, in the matter of obstinacy, Balaam's ass is a black and tan terrier to him. For instance, I don't know to this day whether or no he knows that Reuben is Sam, the steward-room boy's son. Mr. Compton don't know either. Mr. Compton says he has never forgiven Sam. We soon found out that we were to call Reuben by his Christian name. And he makes Joe Burton call hisself Joseph."

"But this Emma;" asked George, "is there any chance of Erne's putting his foot in it with her?"

"He swears he will marry her," said Morton. "The governor did the same thing himself, and so, may-be, won't find much fault."

"Do you know anything about the girl? What is she like?"

"She is a fine-made, handsome girl. But she is better than that. I want to tell you a story about her. I have known her father, Jim Burton, Lord love you, Master George, why as long as I've known Mr. Compton; and they

was two boys together, was Mr. Comp-ton and him. You ain't got a cigar to give away, sir ?

"I have known James Burton, sir," continued the old man, "ever since I was a boy, and I have always kept up an occasional acquaintance with him : and one day, just before you came home, I was over there, and he said to me, laughing, 'What a game it is to hear they young folks a-talking, good Lord !' I asked him what he meant, and he said, 'Why, my girl Emma has been pitching it into Master Erne like one o'clock. Such airs with it, too—pointing her finger at him, and raising her voice quite loud, calling him by his Christian name, and he answering of her as *fierce*—' And I asked what he and the girl fell out about, and he said that Master Erne had been going on against you—that you wern't no good ; and that she'd up, and given it to him to his face."

"She must be rather a noble person ; I'll remember *him* for this," said George. "Come, Morton, let us go home."

So he walked rapidly homeward in deep thought, and Morton guessed what he was thinking about—Reuben. Reuben, George saw, was his own son. There was a slight confusion about the date of his birth, and the poor woman had lied to Morton ; but there was no doubt about his features. That square honest face could belong to no son of the thin-faced, hook-nosed Burton. No, there was the real Hillyar face there. That unset mouth was not Hillyar either, certainly, but he knew where *that* came from. Yes ; now he knew what it was that attracted him so strangely to Reuben from the first. Reuben had looked on him with the gentle eyes of his dead mother.

The old keeper once, and once only, ventured to look into his face. He hardly knew him, he was so changed since they had gone that road two hours before. His face was raised, and his eyes seemed set on something afar off. His mouth was fixed as though he had a purpose before him, and his whole expression was softened and intensely mournful. The old man had seen him

look so when he was a boy ; but that was very, very long ago.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GERTY'S HYBERNATION TERMINATES.

THE sun was so warm on the south side of the house, that Gerty had come out on the terrace, and was drinking in the floods of warmth and light into her being. The first thing she had done, her very first instinct after a few minutes of what was dreadfully like sun-worship, was to dash at the flowers with a childish cry of delight—anemones, ranunculuses, tulips, narcissuses, all new to her. George found her with her hands full of them, and held out his arms. She gave a laugh of joy and sprang into them, covering his head with her flowers.

Her George had come back to her arms with the warm weather. The ugly cold winter had passed. It was that which had made George cross to her ; every one was splenetic during an English winter. The French laughed at us about it. If they could only get back to the land of sunshine and flowers, he would never be unkind to her. If she and he and baby could only get back again to the dear old majestic forests, among the orchises and lobelias and Grevilleas, with the delicious aromatic scent of the bush to fill their nostrils, they would be happy for evermore. How faint and sickly these narcissuses smelt after all, beautiful as they were. One little purple vanilla flower was worth them all. Bah ! these flowers smelt like hair oil, after the dear little yellow oxalis of the plains. She covered his face with kisses, and said only—

"Take me back, dear—take me back to the old forest again. We shall never be happy here, dear. The flowers all smell like pomatum ; there is no real warmth in the sun. And it is all so close and confined : there is no room to ride ; I should like to ride again now, but there is no place to ride in. Take me back. We were happier even at Palmers-ton than here. But I want to go back to the bush, and feel the sun in my

bones. *This* sun will never get into your bones. Take me back to the Gap, dear."

"And leave my father here?" said George, laughing. "For shame."

"Why shouldn't he come too?" said Gerty.

"You had better propose it to him," said George, kissing her again.

"I will this very night," said the silly little woman. And, what is more, she did. And, what is still more than that, Sir George, after sitting silent a few minutes, said, "I'll be hanged if I *don't*." And after Gerty had twittered on for ten minutes more in praise of the country of the Eucalypti, he looked up and said to the ambient air, "Why the deuce *shouldn't* I have a spree?" And when she had gone on another quarter of an hour on the same subject, he looked up again, and then and there wished he might be wicked-worded if he didn't. I believe he would have run over, if circumstances which have made the history of these two families worth writing had never occurred. But—to save the reader any unnecessary anxiety he—never did.

Poor little Gerty! How she revelled in this newly-restored love of her husband's. How she got drunk upon it. How the deep well-springs of her love overflowed, and not only drowned George and the baby, but floated every object it came near: horses, butlers, dogs, tulips, ladies'-maids, ranunculuses, and grooms. It was well she was a fool. She was so glad to see George take such notice of the young waterman. What a kind heart he had! Poor little thing; who would have dared to tell her the truth about him and Reuben? If she could have been made to understand it, which I doubt, I think it would have gone far to kill her.

Sir George Hillyar marked George's increased attention to Reuben with evident satisfaction. One day, overtaking George in the shrubbery, he took George's arm with a greater show of affection than he had ever done before, and walked up and down, talking very kindly to him. They spoke about no family matters, but it was easy to see that George was

gaining in his father's favour. As they were talking earnestly together thus, Mr. Compton and Erne came round the corner on them. Mr. Compton was very much surprised, but noticed that the arm which Sir George took from his elder son's, to shake hands with his old friend, was transferred to Erne, and that George was left to walk alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

J. BURTON'S STORY: THE GHOST SHOWS A LIGHT FOR THE SECOND TIME.

It was about three days after our men had struck and left us, that something took place which altered the whole course of our lives in the most singular manner.

It was a dark and very wet night. The King's Road, as I turned out of it into Church Street, at about half-past eleven, was very nearly deserted; and Church Street itself was as silent as the grave.

I had reached as far as the end of the Rectory wall, when, from the narrow passage at the end of the Lime trees, there suddenly came upon me a policeman, our own night-policeman, a man I knew as well as my own fellow-apprentice. At this I, being in a humorous mood, made a feint of being overcome with fear, and staggered back, leaning against the wall for support.

"Stow larks, Jimmy," said the constable, in a low, eager voice. "Something's going wrong at home. I have orders to stop you, and take you to the inspector."

"So it had come, then," I thought to myself with a sickening feeling at my heart. I couldn't find words to say anything for a moment.

"I had no orders to take you into custody, Jimmy," the constable whispered; "only to tell you to come to the inspector. There's nothing again your hooking on it, if you're so minded."

I answered, returning as I did—and, heaven help me! sometimes do still—on occasions of emergency—to my vernacular, "I ain't got no call for hooking on it, old chap. Come on." ("Cub awd," is

more like the way I said it than anything else.)

And so we came on: my old friend the constable continuing to force home the moral that I weren't in custody, and that there weren't nothink again hooking on it, until, at the corner of the place I have chosen, for fear of an action for libel, to call Brown's Row, we came against the man whom, also for fear of an action for libel, I call Detective Joyce.

He was alone, under the lamp of the Black Lion. When he saw us, he took us over to the other side of the street, and said, quite in a low voice, "Is this the young man Burton!"

I, with that self-assertion, with that instinct of anticipating adverse criticism—that strange, half cowardly feeling, that there is some unknown advantage in having an innings before the other eleven get in—which is a characteristic of the true Londoner—replied that it was, and that any cove who said that I had been up to anythink, was a speaker of falsehoods.

"Well, we all guess that," said the inspector. "What we want to find out is; how much do you know about your precious flash cousin Reuben's goings on? I don't suppose you'll tell us till you are under cross-examination, as you will be pretty soon. You're in custody, lad. And *silence*, mind. There; I've seen a deal that's bad, and that's wrong, but I never saw anything that shook my faith in folks like this. Why, if any man had told me, six weeks ago, that old Jim Burton, the blacksmith, would have harboured Bardolph's gang and Sydney Sam, I'd have knocked him down, I think."

"He never knew nothing of it, sir," I said eagerly. "Me and Joe——"

At this point my old friend, the night-policeman, garotted me with singular dexterity. As he held his hand over my mouth, and I struggled, he said to the detective inspector,

"Come, sir. Fair play is a jewel. Jimmy—I should say, the boy—is in custody. Take and caution him, sir. I asks you in fairness, take and caution on him."

The inspector laughed. "Everything

you say will be put in evidence against you. I mean, you d—d young fool, hold your tongue."

This took place against the railings of a milk shop, on the left-hand side as you go down towards the river, opposite a short street which leads into Paulton Square (which, at the time I speak of, was "Shepherd's Nursery," or, to old Chelsea folk, "Dove-house Close"). This narrow street, which is now widened, was in my time Brown's Row, a mere court of six-roomed houses, from among which rose majestically the vast old palace which was in the occupation of my father.

As I stood there, with the horror and disgrace on me of being in custody for the first time in my life, with the terror of I know not what upon me; I could make out, in spite of the darkness and the rain, the vast dark mass of our house towering into the sky to the west. I could make out the tall, overhanging, high-pitched roof, and the great dormer-window, which projected from it, towards us, to the east; the windows of the Ghost's room—of Reuben's room—of the room where I had stood helpless, waiting for my death. I knew that the present complication was connected with that room: and with a sick heart I watched the window of it. I was right.

How long did we stand in the rain—the inspector, constable, and I? A hundred years, say. Yet I looked more at that window than anywhere else; and at last I saw it illuminated—dimly at first, then more brightly; then the light moved: and in a moment the window was dark again. And, while I saw all this, with throbbing eyes, the inspector's hand closed on my arm with such a grip as made me glad I was a blacksmith, and he whispered in my ear—

"You young rascal! You see that light? Take me to the room where that light is, or you'd better never have been born! And tell me this, you young scoundrel: Are there two staircases, or only one?"

Now that I saw clearly and entirely, for the first time, what was the matter, I wished to gain a moment or two for

thought. And with that end, I (as we used to say in those times) "cheeked" the detective.

"Tell you! Not if I know it! And everything to be took down in evidence! Find out for yourself. I'm in custody, am I? Then take me to the station and lock me up. I ain't going to be kept out in the rain here any longer. Who the deuce are you, cross-questioning and Paul-Pry-ing? What's your charge against me?"

"You'll know that soon enough, you young fool," said the inspector.

"But I'll hear it now. I want to be took to Milman's Row and the charge made; that's what I want. And I'll have it done, too, and not be kep' busnacking here in the rain. I'll make work for fifty of you in two minutes, if you don't do one thing or the other."

And, so saying, I put my two fore-fingers in my mouth. What I meant to do, or what I pretended I meant to do, is no business of any one now; all that concerns us now is that I never did it and never meant to. I have mentioned before that Alsatia was only just round the corner.

Our policeman caught my hands, and said, pathetically, "Jimmy, Jimmy, you wouldn't do such a thing as that!" And the inspector said, "You young devil, I'll remember you!"

"Am I in custody, sir?" I asked.

"No, you ain't," said the inspector. "You may go to the devil if you like."

"Thank you," I said. "Common sense and courtesy are not bad things in their way, don't you think? I shall (now I have bullied you into time for thinking) be delighted to inform you that there is only *one* staircase; that I shall be glad to guide you to that room; that I sincerely hope you may be successful; and that I only hope you will do the thing as quietly as possible."

My thoughts were these. Reuben, thank heaven, was safely away: and really, when I came to think of the annoyance and disgrace that Mr. Samuel Burton had caused us, I looked forward to his capture and re-transportation with

considerable indifference—not to say complacency. Consequently I went willingly with them.

As we came to our door we came upon four other constables, and one by one we passed silently into the old hall. As I passed our sitting-room door, I could see that my mother and Emma were sitting up and waiting for me, and immediately went on, considering what effect the disturbance, so soon to begin, would have on them. And then, going as silently as was possible up the broad staircase, we stood all together in the dark, outside Reuben's room. What should we find there?

At first, it appeared, nothing; for the door being opened, the room seemed empty. But in another moment that magnificent ruffian I have called Bill Sykes, had sprung into sight from somewhere, and cast himself headlong at the constables, who were blocking up the door. For one instant I thought he would have got through and escaped; but only for one. I saw him locked in the deadly grip of a young Irish constable, by name Murphy, and then I saw them hurling one another about the room for a few seconds till they fell together, crashing over a table. They were down and up, and down again, so very quickly, that no one had time to interfere. Sykes had his life-preserver hanging at his wrist, but could not get it shifted into his hand to use it, and the constable had dropped his staff, so that the two men were struggling with no more assistance than Nature had given them. Before or since I have never seen a contest so terrible as between this Englishman and this Irishman.

And after the first few seconds no one saw it but me. The sound of the table falling was the signal for a rush of four men from the inner room, who had, to use a vulgar expression, "funked," following the valiant scoundrel Sykes, but who now tried to make their escape, and found themselves hand to hand with the policemen. So that Sykes and the noble young Irishman had it all to themselves for I should think nearly a minute.

For in their deadly grip, these two did so whirl, and tumble down, and roll over, and get up, and fall again, that I could not, for full that time, do what I wanted. It was clearly a breach of the Queen's peace, and I had a right to interfere, on those grounds even; and, moreover, this dog Sykes, in this very room, had coolly proposed the murder of my own humble self. It was for these reasons that I wished, if possible, to assist this young Irishman; but I could get no opportunity for what seemed to me a long while. At last they were both on their feet again, locked together, and I saw that the Irishman's right hand was clear, and heard it come crashing in with a sickening rattle among Sykes's teeth. Then I got my arm round Sykes's neck, and in spite of his furious efforts managed to hold him fast, all the while that Murphy—bah!—it is too terrible—until, while I was crying out shame, and threatening to let him go, the burglar and I fell together to the ground, and Murphy came down on Sykes heavily, breaking three of his ribs. Yet, in spite of his terrible injuries, in spite of his broken jaw, and such internal injuries as prevented his being tried with the rest, this dog, whom I would not save from hanging to-morrow, never, in spite of his agony, gave one whine of pain from first to last. When we thought we had secured him, and a constable was preparing his handcuffs, he raised his horribly battered face, and burst out again, striking Murphy a blow behind the ear, which made the poor fellow totter and reel, and come headlong down with his nose bleeding, snoring heavily, quite insensible. It took the whole force of us even then to secure this man, though he was so desperately injured.

But at last there came a time when Sykes lay on his stomach on the floor, conquered and silent, but unyielding; when Murphy, the young Irish constable, had left off snoring so loud, and had made three or four feeble efforts to spit; when Bardolph and Pistol, with three other scoundrels—for whom I have not time to find imaginary names, and whose real names, after a long series of con-

victions and aliases, were unknown to the police, and possibly forgotten by themselves (for there are limits to the human memory)—were walked off ironed down the stairs; when the constables had lit candles and the room was light; when there was no one left in it after the struggle, but the inspector, and Sykes, with the one man who watched him, and Murphy, with the one man who raised his head and wiped his mouth, and myself, who cast furtive glances at the door of the inner room, and my father, who stood in the door-way in his shirt and trousers, pale and fierce, and who said:

"This is some more of Samuel Burton's work. This has come from harbouring his boy—his bastard boy—that I treated like one of my own. I knew that I was utterly ruined three days ago. But I thought I might have been left to die without disgrace. May God's curse light on Samuel Burton night and day till his death! Have you got him?"

"We haven't got him, Burton," said the inspector. "But I am afraid that, in spite of your rather clever denunciation of the man you have shielded so long under the wing of your respectability, we must have you. You are in custody, please."

This was the last and worst blow for my father. He spoke nothing for an instant, and then said hoarsely, pointing to me, "Are you going to take *him*?"

The inspector said no; that he did not want me, but told me to be very cautious, and mind what I was about, which I fully intended to do without his caution. In fact, I was doing so now.

Where was my cousin Samuel? When would the inspector notice the door into the other room? And would my father ask me to get his coat? I was very anxious about this last matter. Either I must have gone for it, or have excited the inspector's suspicions; and I wanted to stay where I was.

In a few moments he saw the door. My father and I followed him towards it, intending to give him our assistance should there be any one there. He

flung open the door, and, to my surprise, the room was empty. The bed, the old box, the lumber, were all gone. And, moreover, the hole that I had made in the floor three years before was there no longer. I saw at once that the scoundrels had by means of that hole discovered the vast depth between the floor and the ceiling below, and had utilized it. They had cunningly used old wood too, in their work; and so, walking over the place where the hole had been, I felt no less than four boards loose under my feet; and then I came to the conclusion that no less a person than Samuel Burton was stowed away below.

I ought to have given him up. And I should like to have given him up; but when it came to the push I would not. My heart failed me. I stood there until the inspector turned to go; and the secret of the loose boards was left undiscovered.

If I had known that no one was under there, except poor trembling Nym, I might have given *him* up, perhaps. But Samuel Burton was not there at all. Samuel Burton had found that William Sykes was rather too clumsy and incautious a gentleman to have anything to do with, and had, in his usual manner, pitched the whole gang overboard. That is to say that, seeing Reuben safe out of the way, he had dropped a line to Scotland Yard, which resulted as we have seen. Samuel himself was somewhere else, at far different work.

I was furiously indignant at my father's being arrested. Looking at it from my point of view, it seemed to me to be a perfectly unnecessary insult. I suppose it could not be helped. One thing was certain, however, that it would be the last ounce on the camel's back to him, and that in future my father would never raise his head again in England.

Two things remained to be done—the one, to fetch my father's coat and waistcoat from his bedroom, which was not difficult; and the other, to break the fact of his arrest to my mother, which was easy enough, but not a pleasant task

by any means—at all events in anticipation.

But, when I knocked at their bedroom, I found her up and dressed, with his things ready; and not only her, but Emma. And my mother only said cheerily, "Dear, dear. What a shame. Going and taking of father. There, Jim, my dear, take him his coat and waistcoat; and here's the old horse-rug. And we'd best sit up to go for Mr. Child and Mr. Chancellor in the morning to bail him. There, cut away, old man. They ain't took you, I know; for I listened to 'em. On the stairs I did. God bless us, father will be in a taking. We must have him home by breakfast, or they sausages will spile. Cut away, or he'll catch his death."

And so she chattered on, and packed me out of the room. But when I was gone, Emma tells me, she broke out into wild hysterical wrath, and denounced fiercely and wildly—denounced Bill Joyce (as she irreverently called the inspector), and said that marrying eaves-droppers and earwigs might be some folks' line, but that it was not hers, and never had been. She said how true her instinct was, to have refused to say anything to the man twenty years before; though she thought that even an earwig might have forgotten in that time, and not disgraced her husband like that; and so she went on until she got quieter. And at last she said, as she herself tells me, and not Emma,

"May God forgive me, as I forgive them [all]. May God forgive Samuel Burton, whom I met on the stairs last week, and fainted away stone dead on account on. He has been an unlucky man to us. It's on his account that I hate the name of Hillyar. It was through his going to them, child, that all our troubles came about. He was not so bad till he got corrupted by that devil George Hillyar. I hate the name. I am glad of one thing in this break-up, my Emma; and that is this—we shall see no more of this Master Erne. You are a child, and don't know. But I tell you, that the time is come for you to part with him. Better too soon than

too late. Red eyes are better than a broken heart."

My mother tells me that, as she said this, she looked at Emma, and saw—why, many things; among others, that it *was* too late. Emma was sitting opposite her, deadly pale, with a worn, wearied look on her face, but perfectly quiet and self-possessed. She said,

"What you say is very true, dear. He and I must part for ever. Perhaps, mother, if this had not happened, I might have begged to have a little, only a very little more of him; for—. But now, I thank God, that has become impossible. This business will separate us for ever; and it is best so. I might have fallen in love with him, for aught we know, and what a sad business that would have been; would it not? May I see him only once—just to wish him good-bye? Only once, mother? Oh, mother! mother! only once."

"No," said my mother, promptly, "that is all fiddlededee, and stuff, and nonsense. It's all over and done, and dead and buried, and I won't have it took and dug up again. Take and go along with you, I tell you."

And so my mother scolded her, and then went to her solitary bed—solitary the first time for twenty years—and lay down and wept wildly. "I am a wicked, stupid, useless woman, oh, Lord," she said. "But, Lord! I did not see it. And it is to be visited on her head. The fathers upon the children; my folly on her. But Lord! it will break her heart—my own Emma's heart. I seen it to-night, and I know it. Oh, Lord! wicked woman that I am, let the judgment fall on me, Lord! Let me suffer, but take her to Thy bosom and comfort her."

* * * *

We shall see how my mother's prayer was answered.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIR GEORGE'S ESCRITTOIRE.

POOR Reuben Burton, whose only crime had been faithfulness to the scoundrel he called father, received a message that

some one wished to speak to him at a certain public-house, and was then and there quietly arrested and taken to London; so that during the events which followed he was in prison, be it remembered. That he was *very* wrong in receiving his father into the Burtons' house at Chelsea we cannot say. But a little more resolution would have saved the Burtons an infinity of trouble.

The Hillyars wondered where he was. Erne had the impudence to propose cutting the dam to search for his body; and Sir George said, loftily, that it was, in his opinion, rather contemptible taste in Erne, to refer, to allude, however faintly, to an idiotic and highly expensive escapade, which ought to be consigned to oblivion. Erne proposed to send for Joseph, the secretary, to take his father's words down; and so they had one of their numerous pleasant squabbles—the one among them all which Erne remembered best—while Gerty sat and laughed at them.

She had taken the baby, and a pile of flowers, and had sat herself down under the south wall, opposite the sun-dial, just outside the drawing-room window, in a blazing heat, fit to roast a peacock; and there she was now, with the baby and the flowers, doing something or another with them, though whether she was nursing the flowers, or tying up the baby, it was hard to say. There she was, as happy as ever a little mother was, baking herself, and cooing in her infinite contentment.

Her suggestion about Reuben Burton, which she made in perfect faith, was that he had gone into the township, and got on the burst. This brought the heartiest roar of laughter from George that we have ever heard him indulge in. Gerty was very much delighted. She determined that she had said something very good, and must try it again.

The old butler never went to bed before Sir George, but always sat up in one of the easy chairs, in the third or smallest drawing room, with the door open. For exactly opposite this door was the door of Sir George's study, and so, if Sir George went to sleep in his

chair, as he very often did, the butler could, after a reasonable time, go in and wake him up, and take him to bed, generally in a very stupid state.

But very often the butler would go to sleep, and his candle would go out, and he would wake in the dark, wondering where he was, and would go in to rouse Sir George, and would find that Sir George had gone to bed hours ago, and that the sparrows outside, after a sleepy night's debate of it (that honourable member the nightingale having been on his legs for nearly four hours, and having concluded his answer to the Opposition about daybreak), had woke up and divided, and had all got into the wrong lobbies, and were pitching into the tellers: in other words, that it was broad daylight. And this very night he went to sleep in this way, and let his candle burn down.

Sir George that evening had complained of its being cold, which it most certainly was not, and had ordered the fire to be lit in his study. The butler in the little drawing-room, snoozing in the chair, did not feel cold. But Sir George sat close before the blaze, musing, and looking into the coals, thinking intensely.

It may have been this, to some extent, which caused certain things to happen this very evening, of which you will hear immediately. We cannot say. We cannot see the inside of a man's head, unless we open it. But I don't think it was a good thing for Sir George, with his apoplectic habit, to sit close before a hot fire, thinking intensely.

While we are writing we have looked into the fire, and all that we have seen there was Glen Roy and Glen Spean, filled with gleaming ice, and the little double summit of Mealderry, like an island in the midst of it: in fact, Lyell has been answerable for our coal formations; in the which thing, there is a certain sort of fitness. To-morrow it will be some one else who is answerable for the vagaries. To-morrow in the fire, one may see Messieurs Assolant and Renan receiving, at the International Exhibition of 1873, at Chicago or Charleston, as the case may be, the Aluminium medal for having achieved,

and entirely and utterly mastered, the subjects of the English nation and the Christian religion. Or, possibly even, M. Thiers in the act of being presented with a new pair of brass spectacles by the Emperor, for his accounts of the battle of Waterloo, and other battles; which, doubtless, as specimens of military history, stood alone until Cousin Tom and Cousin Jerry fell out in America.

The fact is that, if you are a real fire-worshipper, you can't control the fantastic images which present themselves to your retina, when you have your brain rather full of blood, and are comfortably looking into a good coal fire. As in the beautiful old optical experiment of the glass globe in the dark (which some wiseacres, one of whom, at least, ought to have known better, have invested with supernatural properties, and called the Magic Crystal), you see what you are thinking about, as you do in dreaming, though in an inferior degree.

Sir George Hillyar sat and looked into the fire. From the first moment he looked there he saw four figures. They had been with him nearly all day, and now they stared at him out of the coal chasms. They were the figures of his two wives, with their two sons; and, as he looked at them, he thought deeply and intensely over the results of his life.

How well he remembered his first courtship. What a noble, square-faced, bold-eyed young fellow he was, when he first met Kate Bertram at the Lymington ball. How well he could remember her that first night. How beautiful she was; and he the madman, seeing, as he did, the wild devil in her eyes, admired it, and was attracted by it. "She has a spice of the devil in her," he had said to a friend. She had indeed.

And then by degrees he had found out the truth. At first he had laughed at the horrid idea; then he had grown moody over it; then he had entertained it sometimes, and at last he had taken it to his bosom and nursed it. She had never loved him. She had always loved that rattling, merry sailor, Lieutenant Somes. Then he was slowly

growing to hate her ; until, at last, she justified his hatred by dishonouring him.

And then her son. Had he been just to George ? Had George's wickedness justified all the neglect he had received ? Did he, the father, never feel something like satisfaction at the boy's career, as furnishing him with an excuse for the dislike he had always felt for him ? And how much of that reckless despair had been caused by this very same neglect ? These were terrible questions. A few months ago he would have answered them by an overwhelming flood of self-justification ; but death was drawing nearer, and after death the judgment. He left them unanswered.

Was he doing right in disinheriting George ? Was he not cutting off George's last hope of reform by impoverishing him in this way ? He went to the *escritoire*, let down the desk of it, and, sitting down before it, took out his will and began reading it.

Eight thousand a-year to Erne, and George left nearly a beggar, with the title and establishment to keep up. It was not just. He said aloud, "I fear I am *not* doing justice to George. But my Erne—" He laid down the will again, and went once more and sat before the fire.

Then the old man lived some more of his life over again. His brain was very active, and his memory most wonderfully good to-night. He felt again the indignation, the shame, and the horror, which had torn him, as it were, to pieces, when he discovered that his wife had fled. The dislike which he had allowed to grow up in his mind towards her had been no preparation for *that*. Could he ever have dreamt that she would have *dared* ? Could he ever have supposed that his calm, gentlemanly obstinacy would have driven her to commit such a nameless horrible crime (for so it was to him) as to leave the husband she hated for the man she loved ? The agony of recollecting the shame of that dreadful time brought the blood humming into his ears ; but it went back again, and throbbled itself into stillness once more.

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For, passing through, in his fancy, in his memory, lightly enough, and yet correctly, the period which followed on this, the great horrible shame of his life ; he went through a time of dull despair ; then a longer one of godless cynicism ; and then a longer one yet, of dull acquiescence in things as they were : the time when he believed that God had got tired of him, and had put him aside to be dealt with only after death. And, when his imagination had taken him through these sad, sad old times, and he had felt, let us hope in a less degree, all his old agonies once more, then the old gentleman's face began to brighten, and his stern set mouth to relax into a happy smile.

For, wandering on through the wood of his life—a wood, as he humbly acknowledged, full of strange paths (of which paths he had generally taken the wrong one), tangled with brambles, which he had never broken through—going on, I say, through this wood of his life, which he now began to see was not an honest English copse, but a labyrinth, in which he had never turned the right way, and which he was now going through all, again—he came to this :

He began to remember the dear old scent—far dearer to him, and some others, than the whiff one gets opposite *Piesse* or *Rimmel's* shop—of his newly loaded gun. Then he thought of fresh trodden turnips in September. Then a pheasant whirred above his head ; and then he was breast-high among the golden fern under the browning hazels : and then, rustling ankle-deep in the fallen leaves, came *Mary Hawkins*, the game-keeper's daughter, the beautiful and the good, and her arm was round his neck and her breath was on his cheek, and she said to him, "It is not too late, yet, George. God has sent me to save you, my love."

And when she had done her work God took her ; and left in her place Erne, to keep him from despair. Erne, the delight of his life, the gentle, handsome lad, who had wound himself so round his heart. He could not take

this money from Erne. It might be unjust, but it was so pleasant to think of Erne's having it.

Yet death was near, and might come at any time. And afterwards—some justice must be done to George. Half, say. There was the will, and there was the fire—and Erne—and George—

* * * *

The butler was awakened by a light, a sudden light, on his face, and a sound which seemed to him to be one of those terrible, inexplicable, horrible noises, which never occur in life, but which are sometimes heard towards the end of a very bad dream—of one of those dreams from which the sleeper awakes himself by an effort, simply from terror of going on with it any further. Sir George was standing in the corridor before him, with a candle held close to his face, and a drawn sword in his hand, looking down the passage. The poor old gentleman's face was horribly distorted, and red; and, before the old butler had time to stagger to his feet, the noise which had awakened him came again. It was Sir George Hillyar's voice, for the butler saw him open his mouth; but the tone of it was more nearly like the ghastly screech of an epileptic than anything the old man had ever heard. He saw Sir George stand for an instant, pointing down the corridor with his sword, and crying out, "Reuben! Reuben! Help! Help! Come at once, and I will do justice to all. Reuben! Reuben!" And then he saw the poor old gentleman go staggering down the passage, with his drawn sword in his hand; and he followed him, very truly sorry for his kind old master, but reflecting, nevertheless, that all folks, high or low, must go off somehow, and hoping, even in the few minutes following, that his summons might come in a more peaceful manner. He saw clearly that Sir George had got his first stroke, and that he would never be the man he was any more.

"I hope he ain't altered his will," said the sleepy butler, a red-hot Erneist, to himself, as he followed poor reeling

Sir George down the passage. "Poor dear old master. I wonder if he really is ill or no. May-be there ain't much the matter with him. I wish I dared collar him. Where is he going?"

Sir George, meanwhile, with his sword in his right hand, feeling the wall with his left, which held the candlestick, staggering fearfully from time to time, had passed from passage to passage, until he had come to the kitchen. Once or twice at first he had cried out, in that terrible tone we have noticed before, for Reuben, but latterly had been silent.

The terrified butler saw him enter the kitchen. The next instant there was a heavy fall, and, following his master in, he found darkness and silence. He cried out for help, but none came for a few moments; only a cat in the butler's pantry hard by knocked down some glasses, and tried to break out of the window in her terror. The silence was terrible. He shouted again, and this time roused the household. When lights were brought they found Sir George lying on his face quite dead, with his sword and his candle thrown far from him in his fall.

When they had carried him up, the first thing the butler did was to send for old Morton, the keeper, who came at once.

"Dead!" he said; "he ain't dead, I tell you. Here, Sir George, sir, rouse up. I've seen him this way twenty times." He quite refused to believe it. He kept on at intervals speaking to the dead man. Sometimes he would give him his title; at others he would merely call him George. At one time he would be angry with him; at another he would almost whisper to him, and remind him of his dogs and his guns, and scenes which the closed eyes should never look on any more; but at last he did nothing but sit and moan wearily. No one dared interfere, until the new Sir George Hillyar came, and quietly and kindly led him away.

To be continued.

THE KALIF OF BALDACCA.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

INTO the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alaù.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed :
He saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu,
Rode the great captain Alaù ;
And he stood before the Khan, and said,—
“The enemies of my lord are dead ;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey his least behest ;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers are plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

“ Only Baldacca’s Kalif alone
Rose in rebellion against thy throne :
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore ;
His body is dust o’er the Desert blown.

“ A mile outside of Baldacca’s gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of the gongs from within ;
With clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide ; we turned and fled,
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mahomed :
Thus we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

“As in at the gate we rode, behold,
 A tower that was called the Tower of Gold!
 For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
 Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
 Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
 And there the old miser crept by stealth
 To feed of the gold that gave him health,
 To gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
 On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
 Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

“I said to the Kalif,—‘Thou art old;
 Thou hast no need of so much gold;
 Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here
 Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
 But have sown through the land these useless hoards
 To spring into shining blades of swords,
 And keep thine honour sweet and clear.
 These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
 These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
 These jewels and pearls and precious stones
 Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
 Nor keep the feet of death one hour
 From climbing the stairways of thy tower!’

“Then into this dungeon I locked the drone,
 And left him to feed there all alone
 In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
 Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
 Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
 Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

“When at last we unlocked the door,
 We found him dead upon the floor;
 The rings had dropped from his withered hands;
 His teeth were like bones in the Desert sands;
 Still clutching his treasures he had died;
 And, as he lay there, he appeared
 A statue of gold with a silver beard,
 His arms outstretched as if crucified.”

This is the story, strange and true,
 That the great captain Alaù
 Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
 When he rode that day into Kambalu
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

THE LAST DAYS OF SIMON DE MONTFORT: A FRAGMENT.

BY THE REV. F. J. A. HORT.

[The six months, the events of which are described in the following pages, brought to an end one of the great crises of English history. They virtually decided the close of the Barons' war, and the apparent failure of its purpose. In the preceding year King Henry III. and his son Prince Edward had been completely defeated and made prisoners at Lewes. In the preceding month representatives of boroughs had for the first time sat in Parliament beside the knights of the shires, and so the career of the English House of Commons had begun. But the inherent weakness and instability of Simon de Montfort's position had meanwhile begun to shew itself in the midst of his outward triumph. Discordances of interest and feeling, suppressed or forgotten in the stress of warfare, regained their force when the work to be done was government. The strong measures required for the maintenance of authority at a moment of singularly complicated disorder were inevitably unpopular and easily misrepresented. The real incongruity of administering the kingdom for any length of time in the King's name against the King's wishes became every day more manifest. Lastly, the sorely tried loyalty of the nation for the person of its sovereign, which had preserved to him an almost forfeited throne in his childhood, became once more an active power, now that he was vanquished and helpless. The jealousy of Gilbert de Clare Earl of Gloucester, De Montfort's leading coadjutor and rival, struck the first and most deadly blow. The narrative will shew the successive steps by which difficulty became disaster, and disaster ended in ruin.

The story has been constructed directly and exclusively from the original sources. No manuscript authority has however been used. A few unimportant but striking incidents, which seemed to have an air of probability, have been cautiously taken from such comparatively late and romantic chroniclers as Hemingburg, who doubtless heard them current in popular tradition: they will be found stated less positively than the rest of the text. With these exceptions, the evidence, fragmentary and conflicting though it sometimes be in details, is that of contemporaries and occasionally of eye-witnesses.]

As the spring of 1265 advanced, the breach between the Earls of Leicester¹ and Gloucester became constantly wider. It would appear that matters were made worse by the thoughtlessness of De Montfort's sons. Being mere soldiers, blind to the necessities of statesmanship, they took advantage of their position to indulge a haughty and pugnacious spirit without regard to consequences, and thus unawares thwarted their father's policy at a most critical season. With incredible folly they treated their powerful rival with especial disdain. A tournament was announced to be held at Dunstable on Feb. 17, at which the Earl of Gloucester was to contend with Henry de Montfort. Whether the proclamation was actually issued by the

Earl or by the young De Montforts, is not clear, but undoubtedly the affair arose from provocations on their part. As the day drew near, it became known that Gloucester was collecting a body of men disaffected to the barons, to accompany him at Dunstable. Under such circumstances there was great danger of smouldering passions bursting into a flame, even if actual treachery were not already designed. The king was therefore wisely induced to write a letter to the Prior of Dunstable, peremptorily forbidding the tournament. Gloucester however threatened to hold it in spite of the prohibition; so that De Montfort had to go down in person with Hugh le Despenser and a body of Londoners, and compel obedience by the display of a superior force.

Gloucester was greatly enraged at the disappointment, and De Montfort must have seen good reason to fear the consequences, for we soon find him taking vigorous measures of precaution. On

¹ Simon de Montfort's grandmother was the eldest sister and coheir of Robert Fitzpurnell, Earl of Leicester. The county of Leicester was conceded by Henry III. to belong to the De Montforts, and transferred to Simon by his elder brother Amalric, in a series of transactions during the years 1230-2.

March 19 he joined his Countess¹ at Odiham Castle, whither Prince Edward and Henry of Germany² had been brought from Wallingford two days before, in the honourable custody of their cousin Henry. He left Eleanor, whom he was destined never to see again, on April 1, probably taking with him the prince, who could no longer be safely trusted out of his own immediate neighbourhood. Five days later Gloucester was required to deliver up Bamborough Castle. De Montfort had not long to wait for a proof of the reasonableness of his suspicions. His sons had proclaimed a second tournament, to be held at Northampton on April 14. When the day came, Gloucester did not appear, and it was found that he had gone with his adherents to the west, where there was reason to fear he would join the Marchers. Simon at once broke up the tournament, and proclaimed the Marchers enemies to the state; and before long he set out in pursuit, keeping the king and prince with him.

It was near the end of April when they reached Gloucester, where they spent a fortnight. The Earl of Gloucester was at this moment in the Forest of Dean, at no great distance; and one last earnest attempt was made, chiefly by the bishops, to contrive a reconciliation before the breaking out of actual hostilities, messengers passing constantly to and fro between the city and the forest. Gloucester complained that certain specified articles of Oxford and Lewes had not been observed. Ultimately it was agreed on both sides to refer the decision of the dispute to four arbitrators — Bishop Walter, Hugh le Despenser, John Fitzjohn, and William de Munchensy. Unhappily, for some unknown reason, the negotiations were suddenly broken off, and the very next

day De Montfort and his force went away to Hereford. It is said that his spies discovered a plot of the Earl of Gloucester to seize him, and that he was only just in time to get safely into Hereford. The whole transaction is however obscure, and seems to have been unknown to most of the chroniclers. Perhaps this last rupture was owing to the important news which arrived about this time, that the fugitives from the battle of Lewes, the Earl of Warren and William de Valence, had returned from the Continent, and landed with 120 knights on the Pembrokeshire coast. Simon remained some while at Hereford; possibly, as one writer says, because the whole neighbouring country was occupied by Gloucester's army; but more probably because no spot was so central for watching the progress of the dangers arising in different quarters, and overawing waverers by the force of his own presence. About this time reception was given to two ambassadors from the King of France. The precise nature of their mission is not recorded, but it was obviously barren of results.

The history of these weeks, and indeed of the whole reactionary movement, would be clearer, if the part played by Prince Edward could be fully ascertained. Thus much is manifest, that he was trusted up to a certain point by Simon, and even employed by him to treat with some of the turbulent Marchers; and it is scarcely credible that the prudent and experienced Earl could have ventured on such a step, unless Edward had deceived him by a course of elaborate hypocrisy and by fictitious proofs of a desire to mediate between the contending parties. Unhappily this supposition agrees but too well with the popular estimate of his character at this period of his life.

At length the time came for him to throw off the mask. The Earl of Gloucester, says a friendly chronicler, had gathered his forces together from all sides, and retired into the safer parts of the country, to avoid such attacks as De Montfort might design to make upon him. "But his brother Thomas

¹ Eleanor, the youngest daughter of Henry III., and widow of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, was secretly married to Simon de Montfort, January 6, 1238, by the king's connivance, who hoped to secure a powerful adherent against the increasing discontent of his nobles and his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, at that time in opposition.

² Son of the Earl of Cornwall, who was at this time King of Germany.

“de Clare, an ingenuous youth, as the “familiar friend and chamberlain of “the Lord Edward, stayed constantly “with him to comfort him:” “so that “(Simon) the Earl of Leicester, not “knowing the secret understanding between him and the Lord Edward, “loved him most sincerely, and praised “him highly for his fidelity.” Through this Thomas de Clare, Edward was in constant communication with the Marchers, and doubtless also with the Earl of Gloucester. It was arranged that he should endeavour to make his escape; and for this purpose Roger Mortimer, one of the leading Marchers, whose castle of Wigmore lay some twenty-four miles to the north, is stated to have sent him a very powerful horse. On Thursday evening, May 28, he asked and obtained leave from Simon to try three spirited horses, which few would venture to mount, in the meadow outside the city. He took with him young De Clare and another knight and three squires; escorted by Robert de Ros and a body of guards. He rode first one horse and then another, at full speed, until they were thoroughly exhausted. By this time a man was seen on a neighbouring hill, seated on a white horse, and making a signal with his hat; upon which the Prince mounted the third charger, the same, in fact, that Roger Mortimer had sent him, paused at a short distance to bid his escort a polite farewell, then rode off with his six chosen attendants, swam the Wye, and made for the upper country. This stratagem had disabled the only horses which would have been likely to overtake so bold and practised a rider, while his own animal was quite fresh and in good order for a long journey. As soon however as the escort had recovered from their first surprise, they pushed boldly on in pursuit, till they saw the banners of Roger Mortimer and Roger Clifford emerging from the forest, when they knew that a further advance would be worse than useless, and rode back to Hereford. Meanwhile the Prince was warmly greeted by the Marchers, and conducted at once to Wigmore Castle.

This unexpected adventure led immediately to the most important results. Hitherto De Montfort's opponents consisted of three distinct bodies—the old Royalists, who had escaped from Lewes and landed in South Wales, headed by the Earl of Warren; the Marchers, now recovered from their defeat in the preceding autumn; and that section of the barons which took part with the Earl of Gloucester. These several bodies had by no means identical interests; and, though doubtless some sort of mutual understanding had existed between them, there is no clear evidence of united action before Edward's escape from Hereford. But the next day the Earl of Gloucester, who had lately been lingering about the neighbourhood of Bristol, met the Prince at Ludlow, the Earl of Warren being also present. Gloucester, to his credit be it said, was not prepared utterly to sacrifice to his miserable jealousy of De Montfort the cause for which a year before they had fought together. As a condition of his adherence, he required from the Prince an oath that, if their joint efforts should prove successful, he would cause the ancient laws of the realm to be observed, the bad customs which had lately grown up to be abolished, and all foreigners to be removed from the custody of fortresses, from the council-chamber, and from all part in the administration of affairs. Edward readily took the oath; whether sincerely, or meaning to keep it only in the letter, as was easy in his father's lifetime, or prepared to perjure himself openly after his father's example, we cannot tell. Gloucester agreed to assist him by force of arms, and thus a powerful league was formed, of which the one object was to destroy Simon de Montfort. Numerous adherents now flocked to the Prince's standard from the Marches, and indeed, it is said, from all parts of England, but above all from his own county of Chester, where his known prowess as a fearless soldier awoke especial enthusiasm.

The next week, the first week of June, was spent in active and decisive operations. De Montfort had manifestly

started on his expedition to the west with a small force, quite inadequate to resist the combination now formed against him. His real strength lay in the eastern counties and the city of London. The first purpose therefore of his enemies was to cut off his communications, so that he could neither himself escape from the Marches into England proper, nor receive fresh troops and supplies from the well affected districts. Accordingly they marched without delay to Worcester, "which the citizens gave up to the Lord "Edward without making any resistance," broke down the bridge over the Severn, drew all the boats to the eastern bank, and dug holes in the bed of the river, to make the neighbouring fords impassable. From Worcester troops were sent up to secure the two great northern bridges and towns of Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury; and the counties of Worcester, Shropshire, and Cheshire (except the city of Chester) submitted to them. South of Worcester there still remained Gloucester and its bridge, affording almost as convenient a passage to or from Hereford as Worcester itself. And at the end of the week Prince Edward set out to seize it in person. De Montfort was however equally conscious how much depended on the occupation of this post, and had already sent Robert de Ros, in command of three hundred knights, to garrison it; a poor force for such a service, but doubtless as much as could be spared from the Earl's little army. They made a bold stand against Edward's assaults, but on the third day were driven to abandon the city and take refuge in the castle. There they held out for three weeks more, suffering and inflicting severe loss, till want of provisions compelled them to surrender, on or about June 29. They obtained from the Prince favourable terms, being allowed to depart with their horses and arms, on taking an oath not to serve against him for the next forty days. Thirty-six days later the oath had become practically unnecessary.

De Montfort's own proceedings in the months of June and July are but imperfectly recorded. The day after

Prince Edward's escape, he began to issue letters in the king's name, commanding forces to be raised throughout England and assembled at Worcester, and publishing a sentence of excommunication from the clergy of the province of Canterbury against all who had beguiled the Prince into perjury. The capture of Worcester by the opposite party must soon have led to the substitution of Kenilworth as the place of rendezvous. De Montfort is also said to have written to his adherents among the northern nobility, calling upon them to join the auxiliary army. Towards the end of June he was driven to make use of a more questionable resource. In such extremities the presence of his former ally, Llewelyn Prince of Wales, in the mountains to the west, was too tempting. Large tracts of land, won to England in many a hard fight, were ceded to the Welshman, nominally at the price of 30,000 marks, on condition of receiving his support in men and arms. The demolition of some of the king's border castles was the immediate fruit of the bargain. The Earl of Gloucester's and the Marchers' castles were now visited by De Montfort for a like purpose. Among others, he stormed and destroyed Monmouth Castle, which had just been manned by the enemy. Soon afterwards, Edward and the Earl of Gloucester were in pursuit of him, having taken Gloucester and placed there an efficient garrison. One castle, apparently Usk, they occupied three days after its capture by Simon. About this time however he was reinforced by Llewelyn, and they together entered Glamorganshire, which belonged to the Earl of Gloucester, laying waste the country as they went. Returning towards England, the whole line of the Severn being in the enemy's hands, De Montfort made a desperate effort to escape from his perilous situation. He took possession of Newport in Monmouthshire, also belonging to the Earl of Gloucester, and sent messengers across the Channel up to Bristol, desiring that all vessels of burden to be found there should come to Newport without delay

to bring back himself and his army. By some mischance Gloucester heard of the design, and placed three galleys full of soldiers in the mouth of the Usk, to wait for the Bristol fleet. As it approached, they attacked it furiously, captured or sunk eleven ships, and drove the rest away. Edward and Gloucester, thinking to follow up their success, raised their standards, set their men in order of battle, and marched to the bridge leading to the town on the right bank of the river. In the middle of the bridge a conflict took place; when Simon, being hard pressed, set fire to the wooden structure itself, and retreated into Newport. Under the cover of night he withdrew his forces secretly from the town, and sought refuge with them in the mountains of his ally. Being however accustomed to the use of bread, they suffered much from the Welsh diet of meat (probably goat's flesh) and milk, and he was induced to lead them down once more to Hereford.

In the meanwhile Simon's friends had not been idle in acting on the royal letters for raising fresh supplies of men. But, so effectual were the measures adopted by Edward for making the Severn an impassable barrier, that many of the reinforcements, endeavouring to straggle singly into the Marches, were intercepted and either captured or repulsed. More judicious steps were taken by the younger Simon. Recalled by the urgent representations of his father from a tedious and unprofitable siege of Pevensey, which he was carrying on with the help of a body of Londoners, he joined his mother the Countess of Leicester, on June 13th, at the neighbouring town of Wilmington. At the news of the Prince's escape, she had fled by night, under the guidance of her "parker" or shepherd "Dobbe," from her own castle of Odiham, given her before her second marriage by her brother Henry, where, as we saw above, she had taken leave of the Earl at the beginning of April; and, after a stay of eleven days at Porchester Castle at the head of Portsmouth harbour, of which her son Simon had been constable since

Christmas, she was now hurrying along the south coast of Sussex and Kent to Dover, the constableness of which belonged in like manner to her eldest son Henry. Thither Simon escorted her, arriving on June 15th, and then probably returned to Porchester to prepare for his recruiting expedition. Ten days later he left Porchester, and proceeded by Tonbridge to London, where "he summoned together the barons, about sixteen banners, and an infinite multitude of warriors," and whither, on June 7, the Countess sent him additional help from Dover. The city of London appears to have decided to remain neutral, and to consider the war as a private quarrel between the two Earls: about the end of June the authorities hanged some soldiers who followed young Simon's army for "roberies" in Stepney and Hackney. The aldermen were in fact, as usual, of the King's party; and shortly afterwards nearly fell victims to a murderous conspiracy of the democratic mayor, Thomas Fitz-Thomas, and his associates.

From London Simon conducted his army to Winchester, where the citizens refused him entrance and killed one of his envoys before his eyes. Exasperated at this reception, on July 16th he forced a window of St. Swithin's Priory adjoining the walls, and introduced some soldiers who threw open the city gates. Entering, he treated the inhabitants with very little ceremony; killing, we are told, a few, and placing the rest under severe confinement, while he caused the houses and churches to be ransacked: the Jews were treated with especial harshness. In all probability the want of money for the support of his army induced him to undertake this otherwise inexplicable march to Winchester: and we may suppose that this resistance of the citizens was occasioned by a peremptory demand for heavy contributions; to which eventually he helped himself in the shape of plunder. Next he commenced a siege of Winchester Castle, but soon abandoned it, deceived by a false rumour of Prince Edward's approach. Loaded with booty, the

army now proceeded on their way to the appointed place of meeting, probably increasing in number at each important town. From Oxford, where they were received without opposition, they swerved in some degree from their direct course to visit Northampton, and at length reached Kenilworth on Thursday, the 30th of July.¹

It was past sunset when they arrived, wearied with the day's march. If we may judge by the great thunderstorms of June and of the very next week, the summer was unusually sultry. The confinement of the castle, smaller in the thirteenth century than it is now, was irksome for the hot nights; and the troops, after taking their own supper and feeding their horses, stripped off their heavy armour, and went comfortably to bed in the houses and priory of the pleasant town. It would seem that they indulged themselves in like manner the following nights. But they paid dearly for the luxury. Intelligence of their unguarded situation was carried to Prince Edward by a woman named Margot, whom he employed as a spy, dressed in man's clothes. It is also said that they were betrayed by a man of their own party, one Ralph Arden, obviously by his name a native of the intervening country. On Saturday night, August 1, the Prince, accompanied by the Earls of Gloucester and Warren, started from Worcester, and travelled all night. According to one historian, they halted while it was still dark in a deep glen near Kenilworth, pointed out to them by Margot, probably to rest themselves and take some food. While they were arming and saddling their horses, they heard a distant sound which made them fear that their enemies were on the alert and preparing to receive them. They therefore mounted in haste, seized their lances,

and rode on. When they were near the town, they met a string of waggons coming out to forage for provisions. These they seized, and took, it is said, the horses instead of their own, tired with a ride of thirty miles. The evening before, Simon's troops had come out for a bathe, doubtless in the remarkably large moat or "pool" below the castle, and gone to sleep as usual in the town and priory. Their slumbers, we are told, were the sounder for a drinking-bout before they went to bed. Dawn was just breaking when Edward stole upon the unconscious sleepers. With all his faults he had no taste for useless butchery; and, on entering the town, he gave strict orders that the whole force should be taken alive. His army then set up a loud shout, commanding the inmates to come out of the houses on pain of death. "So the poor wretches," says one who was perhaps an eye-witness, "miserably betrayed, rising from bed, all fled by the back of the houses, leaving behind them their horses, armour, clothes, and whatever baggage they had. There you might see some fleeing stark naked, some with only their breeches on, others with only their shirts and drawers: there were very few, and perhaps none, who were able to put on all their clothes; though many carried their clothes under their arms. . . . Soon Edward's soldiers entered the houses, one after another, and carried off the horses, armour, and every thing else which had been left behind in the flight. When morning came, the foot-soldiers, who the day before had followed holding on by the horses' tails of Edward's knights, put on the armour of the fugitive nobles and mounted their horses: so that you could see the prophecy of Ecclesiastes there and then fulfilled, 'I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.'" The surprise was complete. Young De Montfort himself, with two or three others, escaped naked in a little boat by way of the priory fish-pond into the almost impregnable castle. Nearly all the rest of the army were captured,

¹ The authorities differ remarkably as to the dates of the arrival at Kenilworth and the surprise, and the interval between the two events. The account here given seems to be the most probable in itself, and to explain best the variations. The Waverley Annals require the correction "iii dies" for "ui dies," an impossible reading.

including the Earl of Oxford and some thirteen banners: William de Munchensy, Richard de Grey, Adam de Newmarket, and Robert de Vere are the chief names mentioned. The prisoners were conducted for safety to Gloucester, and the army returned to Worcester, laden with the twice-captured spoils of Winchester.

We must now return to the Earl himself, whom we left at Hereford. Want of provisions at length compelled him to resolve to cross the Severn, and endeavour to effect a junction with his son's auxiliary army, without the help of which he knew that prolonged resistance was hopeless. Probably the time of his expedition was fixed by news of Simon's expected or even actual arrival at Kenilworth. It is also barely possible, but not likely, that he may have received immediate intelligence of Edward's departure from Worcester, and so been tempted to make the passage in his absence. It was apparently Sunday, August 2, the day that was ushered in by that strange scene at Kenilworth, when he left for the last time the neighbourhood of the friendly mountains. His road must have passed round the northern end of the Malvern hills, that thin upheaved ridge of once molten rock which so sharply severs the most ancient world of Britain, with its tossed and heaving waves of upland, from the gentle 'secondary' slopes of central and eastern England. Before him lay the almost level bed of the narrow sea called by geologists the Straits of Malvern, believed to have formerly prolonged the British Channel by the lower valley of the Severn upward till it met the Irish Sea at the present mouths of the Mersey and Dee. Far away to his right the further side of the strait was clearly defined by the face of the Cotswolds; but nearly opposite to him, they slanted gradually away towards the north-east, throwing out, before they left the Severn, one well marked spur, Bredon Hill. Almost parallel with their general direction, and partly encircling Bredon Hill, flowed the Avon, along the rich vale of Evesham, to join the Severn at Tewkesbury lower down. Its course indicates

roughly De Montfort's intended route; for, by following it upwards from Evesham, he would, after passing Stratford and Warwick, be led within two or three miles of Kenilworth.

He did not venture to approach Worcester itself, but made for a spot about four miles down the Severn, at what is now Pixham Ferry, opposite to Kempsey, an estate belonging to Bishop Walter. Late in the evening his army crossed the river. The whole of the following day was spent at Kempsey, for what reason does not appear: probably the Earl was afraid to move in broad daylight, and hoped to escape notice in his present position. On Monday night he put his force in motion again; perhaps, as some say, he had heard of Edward's return; but in any case he was not likely to stay in that dangerous neighbourhood now that his men were rested after their march from Hereford, and that he had the protection of darkness. Early in the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of August, he arrived at Evesham. Time was precious: but the King insisted on having his breakfast; the Earl was obliged to submit, and they stayed at the abbey.

But before the departure from Kempsey, Edward had returned to Worcester, and the movements of De Montfort's army were reported to him by his scouts without delay. That same night he set out once more to intercept it on the way to Kenilworth. He had reason to suspect the presence of spies from the enemy in his own camp; and, to deceive them, started in a northerly direction, as if Bridgenorth or Stafford were his destination. But after riding three or four miles, thinking his purpose sufficiently gained, he turned sharply to the south-east. In all probability he struck the Avon near Prior's Cleeve, about the boundary of Worcestershire and Warwickshire, five or six miles higher up the river than Evesham. Here he might learn the situation of the enemy; and here there is some reason to think that he detached a part of his force, under Roger Mortimer, to cross the river, proceed down its left bank, and

so intercept any of the present occupants of Evesham who might attempt to escape that way. Meanwhile he himself advanced along the right bank with the rest of his force. As he drew near Evesham, he followed the plan adopted at Lewes with so much success by Simon de Montfort, and separated his men into two divisions, one of which he led himself, assigning the other to the Earl of Gloucester. This second division he caused to march at some little distance behind his own, and apparently as much as possible out of sight. In front were borne the standards of the younger Simon and the other nobles who had been surprised at Kenilworth. All his men wore a red cross on each arm.

For some unexplained reason, the barons' army had been detained at Evesham till the day was far advanced. At length, mass being said, the foremost horsemen began to leave the town. Simon's barber Nicholas, whom he had placed on the look-out, now reported the appearance of a large number of armed men coming from the north, but at too great a distance to be clearly distinguished, though he thought he saw the standards of Simon's own expected party. De Montfort eagerly exclaimed that it must be his son, coming from Kenilworth; but, having some misgivings and fearing to be surrounded, he desired Nicholas to mount the bell-tower of the abbey to reconnoitre with more certainty. By this time Edward had withdrawn the captured standards; and, when Nicholas reached the top of the tower, he recognised the banners of the Prince, the Earl of Gloucester, and Roger Mortimer, approaching in three different directions; and cried out to De Montfort "We are all dead men." Their case was indeed hopeless. The Avon, winding about among the level meadows, surrounds the town of Evesham on three sides; and on the remaining or northern side Prince Edward was drawing near. The disproportion too of numbers was fearful; six or seven, it is said, to two. The enemies were able to bring their whole force into action;

while De Montfort had probably received few or no reinforcements to the small army with which he had originally gone to Gloucester, except Llewelyn's body of Welshmen. In truth his fate was sealed at Kenilworth. Years before, when he took the oath which determined the rest of his career, he seemed to have a foreboding what the end would be; and now, when the hour was evidently indeed come, he met it calmly, and went forth to die, not merely as a gallant knight, but as the deliberate martyr of a holy cause. It seems to have been still possible for a few good riders to escape; for he urged Hugh le Despenser and some others to save themselves for a happier time, while there was yet opportunity; but in vain. If, as is supposed, Despenser had been partially estranged from him in the preceding months, the breach was healed now; he too would not survive his devoted leader. A few words, variously reported, also passed between Simon and his eldest son Henry, partly in gentle reproof of the arrogance of the young De Montforts, which had occasioned this train of misfortunes, partly in entreaties from each to each to flee while the other remained to sustain the battle; but neither prevailed, and father and son resolved to die together. In the mean time the troops were solemnly shriven, and marked with a white cross on the right shoulder before and behind. The earl then addressed them, reminding them that their cause was that of justice and the laws of the land. "Let us go," he said, "steadfastly to die, for we have breakfasted here, and we shall dine in heaven." The march then began. To understand the plan of attack, he rode on with some of his knights to a rising ground from which he could see Edward's division crossing the next hill. Struck with the arrangement of forces by which the prince was about to overwhelm him, he exclaimed, "By St. James's arm, they come on wisely; though indeed they learned that trick from me and not from their own wits. Now let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are theirs." His

little band was soon gathered into one compact mass, to withstand the Prince on the one side and the Earl of Gloucester on the other. Earl Simon's banner was carried in the front by a Scottish knight, Guy de Baliol, and next to him rode Henry de Montfort.

The Prince himself led the onset at full speed with a blast of trumpets, and the combat at once became general. At the first shock the herd of Welshmen fled; some of them attempted to cross the river, and many were drowned in the attempt; the rest hid themselves in the gardens and cornfields, which then as now surrounded the town, where they were hunted out and destroyed. In front the battle raged with great fury. The king, who had been dressed in a suit of armour and brought out into the midst, received an accidental wound in the shoulder, and cried out "I am Henry, your old King." As his assailants pressed incredulously upon him, he implored mercy with passionate adjurations, protesting that he was too old to fight. His helmet being dragged off his head, he was at once recognised by one of the knights, and escorted by the Prince himself to a place of shelter at a safe distance.

Before Edward returned, the battle was virtually over. The two elder De Montforts sustained for a time the unequal struggle: the Earl's steadfastness seemed proof against the storm which raged around him. But presently his horse was stabbed in many places, and he was dismounted. Nevertheless he fought vigorously on, till news was brought him that his son Henry was slain. He gave one cry, "Then, by St. James's arm, it is time for me to die," grasped his sword with both hands, and rushed with such fury upon the ring of knights who were hemming him in, that, as one of them declared, if he had had seven like himself to help him, he would have turned the tide of battle. But the fate of his great predecessor Richard Marshall awaited him. A squire, stealing behind him, lifted up his coat of mail, and with a dastardly thrust of his sword brought him to the ground. In a few seconds his limbs

were hewn off and hacked to pieces, and only a headless trunk remained. One would gladly believe that these horrors were perpetrated, as one royalist historian implies, only by the rabble who followed in the rear of the Prince's army; but the names of knights are given, and it is but too certain that Roger Mortimer sent the head, in a manner too revolting for description, as a present to his wife at Wignore Castle: thereby reminding one chronicler of "the Lord's forerunner, " whose head was offered to a dancing-woman at a feast."

The Barons' army was annihilated. Hugh le Despenser, Ralph Basset, and above a hundred and sixty other knights were among the slain, besides, it is said, two thousand foot-soldiers of Simon's own force and five thousand Welshmen. There were also many prisoners; among the rest young Guy de Montfort, who was found lying wounded on the field. The battle, or rather slaughter, was over in less than two hours. It was marked by a violent thunderstorm with extraordinary darkness all over England, which made the greater sensation, as a comet had already been conspicuous for some weeks.

What remained of Earl Simon was decently buried, by the king's licence, before the high altar of Evesham Abbey, as were also the bodies of his son and of Hugh le Despenser. Prince Edward himself attended Henry de Montfort's funeral with tears of genuine sorrow; for he dearly loved his brave cousin, who had been his intimate friend and companion from childhood upwards. It is said that, owing to scruples about persons dying under excommunication, the bodies were afterwards moved to unconsecrated ground. But, wherever it was that they rested, they were believed to have the power of working miracles. The tomb of St. Simon, as he was called, in particular, is connected with many such tales; by which, in a confused and fanciful way, thousands gave utterance to their feeling that the work done upon earth by the dead servant of Heaven was yet living and bearing fruit, and perhaps that he too was still a

minister of blessings to the land for which he had given his blood.

It may not be amiss to repeat two or three of the stories which at least illustrate the popular instinct about De Montfort. "When he came to England in early youth, ignorant of the English tongue, it chanced that at the court at Westminster he heard the Abbot of Evesham summoned by the herald. When a monk came forward to represent the Abbot of his house, Simon approached and asked him in what part of the country he lived, and whether they had there any place called in French '*Le Champs de Dieu.*' The monk replied that they had a piece of ground called in English God's Croft. On which Simon's face brightened up, and he said, 'Believe me, sir, in the course of time more than seventeen martyrs shall receive their crown there,' meaning thereby, in the idiom of his native (French), an infinite number." In like manner Robert Grosseteste, the patriot Bishop of Lincoln, whose friendship had deeply influenced the Earl in his later life, was said to have once laid his hand on young Henry de Montfort's head, and to have pronounced over him these words, "Dearest son, thou and thy father will die both in one day and by one kind of death, and that for the sake of justice and truth." One other legend must be given, attesting the degree in which Grosseteste and Simon de Montfort were associated in the minds of their generation. "A young man, of about sixteen years of age . . . coming to the tomb of the holy Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, with his father and mother on the Saturday before the battle of Evesham, fell asleep, and continued in his sleep the whole night and till one o'clock on the following Monday. Then waking up, he began to speak, though he had all his life been tongue-tied and dumb; and he said to his father and mother, 'Why are you staying here?' They answered, 'To obtain your recovery from the holy Bishop Robert.' He answered, 'The holy bishop you speak of is not here, for

"he has gone on to Evesham to succour Earl Simon his brother, who will die at Evesham on Tuesday next."

The character of Simon de Montfort can hardly be disentangled from the story of his life. The process by which the foreign adventurer, the bought champion of a weak and ignoble king, became the English patriot, is full of interest, but cannot be described here. It is enough to say that the general grief at his death and veneration for his memory were assuredly not misplaced. Doubtless to several classes of the much-suffering England of the thirteenth century he was but the ideal deliverer from miseries of which in reality he knew little, and for which he therefore had little care. Still less perhaps does he deserve the credit of a far-seeing prophet. Even the most lasting of his measures were probably adopted in haste, with a view only to immediate necessities. But on the whole he strove manfully and conscientiously against the evils of his own time, which pressed upon such parts of the nation as were known to him. It was no small service to his own generation and to posterity, to set forth the laws and liberties of England as a cause for which it was worth while to lay down one's life. The principles for which Becket had contended were mixed with claims most injurious to the commonwealth, and his zeal and courage were deeply stained with unworthy ambition; and yet the records of this century shew what powerful influences for good lay in the memory of his death. Through his name the idea of martyrdom became familiar to the English mind as a possible duty of the present, glorified by the sacred associations of antiquity. Simon de Montfort gave the idea a wider compass. It was an incalculable blessing, not least for the Church itself, that the sanctity and renown of martyrdom should henceforth be shared with one whose cause was purely national, and that so all estates of the realm might learn to see a true and even a divine glory ennobling their several callings.

Such a benefit as this might have

been cheaply purchased even by De Montfort's death. But it would be a fatal error to suppose that the cause for which he fought was truly wrecked at Evesham. Dangerous as it is to pretend to say what would have been the course of things in imaginary contingencies, we can hardly be wrong in believing that the absolute and unchecked triumph of the barons would have gravely imperilled the future progress of England. Constitutional government, in the modern sense of the word, was as yet impossible: the state of society which it presupposes was only beginning to grow. The barons or the wild democracy of London were, taken alone, worse enemies to liberty than any king. The royal prerogative was the indispensable condition of the unity of the nation, the one bond by the pressure of which its divers elements could work their way to their respective tasks. The barons triumphed, so far as it was well that they should triumph, not in the intermediate possession of outward authority, but in the mind of the people. Those last years of

Simon de Montfort were years of rapid education for several classes. The progress so made could never be thrown back except in appearance, and the national cause drew a moral strength from the martyrdom of its champion more than compensating for the loss of his personal help.

By one man in particular the lessons of those stormy days were, to all appearance, taken to heart with a depth and steadfastness for which even now we cannot be too thankful. There was a time when it seemed that Prince Edward would come to the throne little more than a crafty *Cœur de Lion*, in an age which required to be led by men of another stamp. But the rough apprenticeship of his youth did its work. Softened and instructed by personal and national experience, he ripened into one of the greatest of kings. The first-fruits of the Barons' War, and of the life and death of Earl Simon, were reaped by prince and people in the glorious reign of Edward the First.

A LITTLE FRENCH CITY.¹

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

(SECOND ARTICLE).

THE Lycée deserves attention as a specimen of a French public school. It is a very long, narrow, and lofty building, on the site of the old wall of the town, with great court-yards and a chapel. The side facing the promenade still bears many marks of musket-balls, a reminiscence of the invasion. As the stranger walks along the promenades, under those

lofty walls, he might excusably infer that the principal occupation of the students within was the production of horrible discords on all kinds of instruments. This impression, though natural, would however be erroneous. A system of education is carried on there which, if not in every respect exactly what one might desire, has, nevertheless, the qualities of steadiness, regularity, and discipline.

As there are eighty Lycées in France, all on the same model, a description of this particular one has much more than a merely local interest, and therefore deserves to be given in detail. France has the advantage of possessing a great national system of public schools for the middle and upper classes—a system

¹ The beginning of this article was written before the author was aware that Professor Arnold intended to contribute papers to the same magazine on a similar subject. It does not, however, seem necessary to withdraw what relates to the Lycée at Sens; for Professor Arnold's contribution, instead of lessening the interest of this, has in reality augmented it, by directing attention to the subject of public education in France.

impossible in England on account of the wider differences of caste, but admirably fulfilling the French ideas of culture and equality.

A striking difference between English and French education is, that in England the education of the upper classes is almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, whilst in France the national education is laic. How far this may seem an advantage or not, depends upon the point of view from which we look at it. If it is good for a nation to be governed by its priesthood, the English system is unquestionably the better of the two, for it gives the priesthood absolute power over a very important part of the nation. If, on the other hand, clerical authority is, as some assert, a kind of power naturally hostile to intellectual liberty, it need not surprise us that many politicians should be anxious to place national education in the hands of laymen.

The functionaries in a French Lycée are divisible into three classes,—Administrators, Professors, and Masters.

The *Administration* consists first of the *Provisieur*, who is the head of the establishment and directs everything; next, the *Censeur*, whose business it is to attend to the discipline of the Lycée, and who, therefore, is also a powerful personage; then the *Treasurer* and his clerk, who are called the *Économe* and the *Commis d'Économat*. The *Économe* is master of all money matters, and is alone responsible for them, not to the *Provisieur*, but directly to the Court of Accounts. He has an office where he and his clerk keep an open account between the Lycée and every pupil in it, and between the Lycée and all the tradespeople who supply it. Even the *Provisieur*, master absolute in everything else, cannot spend one centime, nor receive one, except his own personal salary. Lastly there is the chaplain (*Aumônier*), whose office is purely ecclesiastical, and who exercises little or no power but that of persuasion.

The *Professors*, fifteen in number, hear and examine the pupils, but are not present when they prepare their work. There are five professors of sciences and

ten of letters. Of the former, three are mathematical, and two teach physics and chemistry. Amongst the professors of letters there is one for English and another for German literature.

The eight *Masters* are the most to be pitied. It is their business to be with the pupils at all hours of the day and night, except during class hours, which are from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., and from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. These unlucky masters have to help and direct the pupils whilst they learn their lessons, on which account they are called "*maîtres répétiteurs*." They sleep in the dormitories with the pupils, they walk out with them when they take exercise, they watch them even in the play-grounds. To my mind the existence of one of these masters seems absolutely insupportable. Surely the calm and peace of the grave must have a great attraction for men who are hardly ever alone, whose days and nights are passed amongst scores of schoolboys! I wonder whether they envy the quiet folk in the cemetery.

High up in the Lycée there is an infirmary, and near it dwell three Sisters of Charity, one of whom manages the infirmary, and the other two the linen-room, where all the boys' linen is kept, nicely folded and clean, on pretty oak shelves, which exhale a pleasant perfume of lavender. These two Sisters have to take care that every one of the thousands of things under their charge is kept in good order and repair. Sisters of Charity have no choice where they will go, or what they will do. The Superior of this little sisterhood of three, she who attends to the infirmary, was sent here quite suddenly, and, for anything she knows, may be sent to some other place, and quite a different sort of work, any day. As it generally happens to these good women, she is regarded by everybody with the utmost respect and affection. She is a very fat, good-tempered person, extremely kind and obliging to every one, and like a tender mother to the boys in the infirmary. She is very sharp, nevertheless, and soon finds out small patients who

sham illness to escape work. For these, as the good Superior revealed to me in confidence, she has a simple treatment which effects a rapid cure. She reduces their food to famine allowance and administers a nauseous purgative. The boys, of course, very soon become ravenously hungry, and can stand it no longer, when they profess themselves quite recovered, that they may return to the flesh-pots of the refectory.¹

A physician visits the pupils every day from 7 A.M. to 8 A.M. As to those who are ill, he visits them as often as he is wanted.

The chaplain, of course, is a Catholic priest, and the chapel, which is lofty and spacious, but by no means beautiful, is provided with the things necessary for Catholic worship. There is, however, perfect liberty in religious matters, no one form of faith being imposed on the boys. It happens that at Sens, just at present, all the boys are, at least nominally, Catholics; but at the Lycée at Marseilles there are not only Protestants, but even Jews and Mahometans, all of whom are allowed to follow their own religion without interference. The religious services in the chapel consist of mass on Thursday and Sunday from 8 A.M. to 9 A.M., and vespers on Sunday from 1 P.M. to 2.30 P.M. The chaplain gives instruction in religious matters to each division of the school once in every week.

I particularly inquired whether boys entered as Catholics were compelled to confess, and was happy to learn that they are not. On the average, the boys confess about once a month, but a good many of them never. I was told that it was considered wiser not to make confession compulsory, because that would dispose the boys to hate the Church and religion altogether. This exceedingly sensible view of the matter might be applied with advantage to other religious institutions besides the confessional.

Nevertheless, it appears that boys

¹ Since this was written, the good lady is dead.

belonging to the Church of Rome are obliged to make their "première communion," which involves preliminary confession necessarily. After that, however, they are left free to confess or not as they like.¹

The total number of masters, not counting the priest, is, with the *Provisseur* and *Censeur*, 25.

The total number of pupils is 300. This gives exactly one master to every twelve pupils.

The scholars are of three kinds—*pensionnaires*, or boarders; *demi-pensionnaires*, or half-boarders; and *externes*, or day-scholars. There are 220 boarders, 40 half-boarders, and 40 day-scholars.

The rooms for study are of two kinds, *études* and *classes*. The *étude* is a place where the lessons are learned, the *classe* is the place where they are heard. The masters preside over the *études*, the professors over the *classes*.

The boarders and half-boarders learn their lessons in the *études*; but the day-scholars have not this advantage, being admitted to the *classes* only.

All the pupils are separated into three divisions:—1. *Division élémentaire*. 2. *Division de grammaire*. 3. *Division supérieure*.

The terms will now be intelligible.

PENSIONNAIRES.

	£	s.	d.
Division élémentaire	26	0	0
Division de grammaire	28	0	0
Division supérieure	30	0	0

¹ In a boarding-school the authorities stand in the place of the parents, and have to deal with the question of religion necessarily. In order, therefore, to ascertain how far the French Government is really in favour of secular education, we must go to a Lycée where there are no boarders, as, for instance, the Lycée Bonaparte, at Paris. The education there is absolutely secular. When a pupil enters he is not even asked what is the religion of his parents; nor is there any religious instruction in the course of education there. In this instance the State leaves the responsibility of religious education entirely with the parents, which, of course, is a great boon to parents who do not belong to the dominant faith. How far the system is in harmony with the feelings of the public, may be judged from the fact that at the Lycée Bonaparte there are no less than 1,200 pupils.

DEMI-PENSIONNAIRES.		£	s.	d.
Division élémentaire		15	0	0
Division de grammaire		17	0	0
Division supérieure		19	0	0
EXTERNES.				
Division élémentaire		3	4	0
Division de grammaire		4	0	0
Division supérieure		4	16	0

All the scholars wear the uniform of the Lycée.¹ Uniforms are repugnant to English individualism, and Englishmen on their travels often feel highly amused at the French custom of putting schoolboys in uniform, thinking it very ridiculous to dress up a set of boys, great and small, like so many soldiers. The reason for the uniform is, however, a good one. It is intended as a protection for the poorer boys, and arises from a desire on the part of the Government that its pupils should be accustomed to consider themselves equals. In a large Lycée, where the sons of rich tradesmen and well-to-do noblemen study side by side with poor *externes*, it is obvious that there would be visible disparity in dress; and appearances, if they affect men much, affect boys still more. Here again is the French idea of equality, which, whether we sympathise with it or not, we are compelled to recognise, if we would understand France.

When a boy is entered as *pensionnaire* his parents have to furnish his first outfit, or else pay twenty pounds to the Lycée. After that the Lycée clothes the boy entirely, so long as he remains there, without charging anything. Nor is a boy allowed to have fine linen of his own, the linen furnished by the Lycée being considered good enough for every one. The Lycée supplies all the books and stationery required for purposes of study.

Boys entered as *demi-pensionnaires* are clothed at the expense of their parents, but the Lycée supplies their

¹ It seems quite right that there should be a uniform; but why, in the name of common sense, is it so stiff and awkward? A uniform for boys ought to be as free and convenient as possible—graceful, too, and pretty; whereas the costume of these unlucky Lycéans is as ugly and unyielding as that of an English policeman.

books. The same may be said of the *externes*.

As the uniform is intended to be a protection for the poor against the rich, so the presence of the masters is meant to protect the weak against the strong. The benefits of the fagging system are not recognised in France, and bullying is not allowed. It has been argued in defence of bullying that it prepares boys for manly life. But even in England grown-up men are *not* allowed to strike each other with impunity; and the master in a French Lycée fulfils exactly the same office as a policeman in a London street—so that in this respect a French Lycée represents a civilized community more accurately than an English school. For example, I have myself seen an English school-bully inflict a certain counted number of hard blows daily on a boy, too young to resist him, simply "for his amusement." Fortunately, the law, the ever-present schoolmaster of adults, forbids this particular form of muscular recreation.

The boys sleep in large, well-ventilated dormitories. Each has a little iron bed without curtains. In each dormitory there is a master's bed with white curtains. The washing arrangements are defective, consisting of a large circular basin, with several small taps from a raised reservoir in the middle like a fountain. This, though a stupid system, would still be endurable if there were more water; but the supply is insufficient, the share of each boy amounting, as far as I could calculate, to about one-twentieth part of what a cleanly English gentleman requires. I ridiculed these fountains so unsparingly that the functionary who conducted me was hurt, and took care to show me a room surrounded with foot-baths, whither the pupils are marched by detachments at regular intervals. The supply of water is the only detail in the whole establishment that really seemed unworthy of it. Air and light are both given liberally enough. The dormitories are at the top of the building, and have a great many windows on each side, which are kept open during the day-time.

There are separate rooms for the boys' clothes, which are kept well brushed and repaired by servants and tailors belonging to the Lycée. There is also a shoemaker, who mends the shoes.

The boys all get up at 5.30 A.M., winter and summer. They go to bed at 8.45 P.M.

Their eating is arranged as follows :

7.15 A.M. Soup, or hot milk (with bread) in winter. In summer cold milk, with bread. To this bread the boys are allowed to eat preserves of their own, so that the kind friends of the little boys often give them dainties of that description.

12 A.M. The principal meal of the day, consisting of soup and two dishes, with some dessert. On ordinary days wine and water; on fête days better wine and a better dinner, with the additional delightfulness of pastry.

4 P.M. Each scholar gets a piece of bread, to which he generally adds preserves of his own as in the morning; but he gets nothing but water to drink to it this time.

8 P.M. Supper. A dish of roast meat, and one of vegetables.

The *classes* are held by the professors from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., and from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. The *études* (under the masters) are held from 6 A.M. to 6.45 A.M., from 10.15 A.M. to 12 A.M., from 1 P.M. to 2 P.M., from 5 P.M. to 8 P.M. This leaves too narrow a margin for physical exercise and recreation; and many enlightened Frenchmen maintain that the hours of study in the Lycées might be reduced, with benefit to the mental vigour of the pupils. If the reader will take the trouble to add the hours spent in the *classes* to those spent in the *études* he will find the large total of ten hours and a half of mental labour per day. Is not this too much? Very few immature brains can get any good out of more than six or seven hours of real work, and, even after twenty, eight hours are enough. It would be a salutary measure to reduce the time of brain-work in all the Lycées by three hours a day, and require them to be spent in rowing, cricket, or other energetic exercise according to the season.

Lessons in accomplishments, or "*arts d'agrément*," are taken out of the limited recreation time. Of the two accomplishments, however, one is a capital exercise—namely, fencing; and the other, music, is enlivening and refreshing to the practitioners, if not to the teacher. English and German are, I am happy to say, looked upon as serious studies, and taught in the regular hours. In addition to these languages, Spanish and Italian are taught in some Lycées, and at Marseilles there is a class in Arabic. Scholars who learn living languages give four hours a week to them in the *classes* and a proportionate time in the *études*.

As to Latin and Greek, they attack them with much energy. As in other countries, many years are painfully employed in acquiring two languages which very few pupils ever come to know really, and of which the immense majority forget everything, down to the very rudiments, a year or two after they have left college. The boys fabricate Latin verses once a week; and they produce French verses also; but this latter sort of poesy is not compulsory.

Chemistry and physics are taught in earnest up to a certain point, and the Lycée is well furnished with good apparatus for experiments.

There is a drawing lesson of two hours, twice a week. The sort of drawing taught is apparently drawing in earnest, but the time devoted is of course too short to lead to much technical proficiency.

There are eight classes, and a pupil generally rises one class every year; but this depends upon himself. Pupils usually enter the Lycée at nine years old, and remain there till eighteen, by which time they are ready for the *baccalauréat* (a bachelor's degree).

This degree is conferred by a Faculty. The Lycée of Sens is under the Faculty of Dijon; and this year all the members of the Faculty came by train to Sens to examine the candidates; but sometimes the candidates go to the seat of the Faculty.¹

¹ The Faculties belong to the French University system, which may be briefly outlined as follows:—

A system of schools so complete as this has not been got for nothing. An ordinary French Lycée costs fifty thousand pounds. It may safely be asserted that the mere material buildings of the French provincial Lycées have cost four and a half millions of money—not much in comparison to the cost of a war, yet a creditable little outlay on schools.

When a Lycée is not very prosperous the State aids it. The subvention of that at Sens was, at first, 1,000*l.* a year; last year it asked for 690*l.*; this year it will ask for 400*l.*; and very soon it hopes to do without any subvention.

The municipality provides the Lycée, and the ground, and the furniture; then the Government charges itself with the rest. The repairs of the Lycée at Sens have cost the town 20,000*l.*

In a French city the Lycée is the embodiment of modern tendencies and aspirations, and the cathedral of mediæval ones. The Lycée is prosaic, scientific, ugly, a place of hard labour for young brains, preparing them for the

The Minister of Public Instruction, for the time being, is head, or Chancellor, of the University of France.

Under him works, all over France, an immense machinery of Academies, Faculties, and Lycées. There are sixteen Academies, and as many Faculties, to eighty Lycées.

The Academies inspect and govern; the Faculties teach and examine.

The *Recteur* of each Academy is to the Minister of Public Instruction what the Prefect of a Department is to the Minister of the Interior.

The *Recteur* of every Academy has under him as many inspectors as there are departments in his jurisdiction. These functionaries are required to overlook public instruction in all its degrees within their respective departments.

All the *Proviseurs* of the Lycées are responsible to the Rector of the Academy. It is only on matters of urgency that the *Proviseur* communicates directly with the Minister.

The teaching of the Faculties is gratuitous, but the students are not boarded. They live in the city which is the seat of the Faculty, and attend the lectures of the Professors. The three grades in degrees are *Bachelier*, *Licencié*, and *Docteur*. The Faculties alone can confer degrees. The Lycées prepare students for the degree of *Bachelier*; the Faculties confer that degree, and afterwards continue and complete the system of education. The preliminary Bachelor's degree is

work of this world by stern discipline of actual acquisition, leaving no time for dreaming about lofty ideas. The cathedral, on the other hand, is from end to end, from base to pinnacle, a great world of ideal aspirations; a place to which, century after century, men and women have gone purposely to get rid of the wearisome pressure of the actual, in meditations on the past histories of idealised personages, in sweet brooding over, and eager longing for, the bliss of a far Paradise. The temper of the Lycée is submission to discipline for the sake of knowledge, the temper of the Church is obedience for the sake of heavenly protection. In the first, men seek to correct their weakness *by getting to know*, for they attribute it to mere ignorance; in the second, they seek strength by prayer, and penance, and confession. The Lycée and the cathedral are in more ways than one typical of the modern and mediæval ages. Modern education is acquisitive and critical; the legends of the Church

required of all candidates for admission to the following great professional schools:—

Ecole d'Etat Major.—(For the staff of the Army.)

Ecole Forestière.—(Rivers and forests.)

Ecole Normale.—(For training teachers for the Lycées.)

Ecole de Droit.—(For barristers, attorneys, notaries.)

Ecole de Medecine.—(For students of medicine.)

Ecole Polytechnique.—(For military and civil engineers, and artillery officers.)

Ecole St. Cyr.—(For officers in the army.)

Ecole des Chartes.—(For diplomacy.)

Ecole des Mines.—(For mining engineers.)

Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées.—(For engineers of public roads and bridges.)

Ecole de Génie Maritime.—(For marine engineers.)

The Lycée is consequently the almost inevitable preparation for all the most important secular professions. Not absolutely inevitable, because a boy privately educated *may* take his Bachelor's degree if he can pass the examination. The Roman Catholic clergy are educated in seminaries of their own; which isolates them, as a class, from their early youth. The priests tell me that in their Seminaries the discipline is much less severe than in the Lycées, and the education more paternal. There is enough about education in this article, or I would have told what I could about the Seminary here.

of Rome were endlessly inventive, full of deep feeling, and passion, and power. The Lycée is as prosaic as a Lancashire factory; it is, indeed, a sort of factory for turning raw boy-material into bachelors. The cathedral is all poetry; I mean that every part of it affects our emotional nature either by its own grandeur or beauty, or by its allusion to histories of bright virtue or brave fortitude. And this emotional result is independent of belief in the historical truth of these great legends—it would be stronger, no doubt, if we believed them, but we are still capable of feeling their solemn poetry and large significance as we feel the poetry and significance of "Sir Galahad," or "The Idylls of the King."

Some persons are so constituted that it is necessary to their happiness to live near some noble work of art or nature. A mountain is satisfactory to them because it is great and ever new, presenting itself every hour under aspects so unforeseen that one can gaze at it for years with unflinching interest. To some minds, to mine amongst others, human life is scarcely supportable far from some stately and magnificent object, worthy of endless study and admiration. But what of life in the plains? Truly, most plains are dreary enough, but still they may have fine trees, or a cathedral. And in the cathedral, here, I find no despicable compensation for the loss of dear old Ben Cruachan. The effects of light on Cruachan were far more wonderful and interesting, but still it is something to see the cathedral front dark in the early morning when the sun has risen behind it, and golden in the glow of the evening when he lights all its carven imagery. Better than either when the sun has set long ago, and the slenderly columned arcades lift themselves storey above storey, pale in the clear calm air, and the white statues of the mitred old archbishops stand ghostly in their lofty tower. And then is the time to enter in, and feel the true power of the place. Just before the Suisse locks all the doors, go in, and yield to all the influences

that await you. Silent worshippers are lingering at twenty altars yet¹—women, all of them, gathering strength to bear their sorrows. They are praying for dear friends, dead and living; they are praying to be sustained in their daily trials. You find them in little groups of two or three, quite silent and absorbed; and here and there one kneels alone in some dim old vaulted chapel, before an altar decked with flowers, almost invisible now. And above the altar a little lamp is burning, one little speck of yellow fire shining, faintly, yet for ever. And all the painted windows gleam with a strange intensity, for their tracery is quite black now and every scrap of glass tells with tenfold power. Thousands of figures are still mysteriously visible—angels and demons, prelates and warriors, and all the saints and heroes of the faith. The flames of hell are still visibly crimson; still visibly writhe in torture the companies of the damned! But the Suisse gathers us all together—us, lovers of fine art, who came on purpose to be pleasantly thrilled by a poetic effect; and those others, the poor women, who came to pray at the altars of the Blessed Saints. I wonder whether he does not miss one now and then, lost in a dream of paradise, or passionate prayer for the dead, far in some lonely chapel before her favoured shrine.

A Gothic cathedral, being intended originally for the great ceremonies of the Roman Church, can only be properly seen and understood when one of those ceremonies is going forward in it. The extreme discrepancy between the splendour of our old English cathedrals, with their obvious adaptation to the Roman ritual, and the simple costume and observances of the English Church, strikes every artist irresistibly. The natural completion of a Gothic cathedral is a visible bishop, with cope and mitre and crozier, surrounded by a crowd of inferior priests, all glowing with gold and embroidery. With those living and moving figures the painted windows and illumin-

¹ There are twenty-five altars in the cathedral at Sens.

ated vault have a natural and intelligible relationship; but the wig and lawn sleeves (though objects of ambition to the clergy, and of veneration to the laity) are in artistic harmony with no English cathedral except St. Paul's. Of course I speak here only of the æsthetic aspect of this question, and do not meddle with the theological. No doubt, in separating herself from Rome, England did wisely to display the outward and visible sign of her separation by rejecting the sacerdotal vestments. But thence came a discord between the old temples and the new priests.

Let us see how the old cathedral here looks on a great day, and let us try to understand what sort of ceremonies these Gothic cathedrals were built for.

The choir is enclosed by railings, and the priests do not seem to care very much whether we see them or not. The bishops, in the middle ages, performed their solemn offices in a kind of isolation from the crowd, utterly regardless of its convenience in every way. This makes us understand the purpose of the processions. Without processions, as a Gothic cathedral is constructed, not one person in a hundred would ever see the bishop at all; so he and his priests walked round the aisles, blessing the kneeling people.

This time it is the consecration of a bishop—a great event. The archbishop has allowed carpenters to erect seats in the aisles near the choir, to let us get a peep at the ceremony. Of course, many spectators find themselves precisely opposite a huge pillar, impervious to the sight, and there they sit, seeing nothing, and asking their neighbours what is going on. As for me, I see tolerably well through the iron grating. There are three prelates with stiff golden copes and tall mitres. One is our archbishop, who is to consecrate the new bishop. There are also two other bishops seated, in their simple violet dress.

The archbishop is seated in an arm-chair, with his back to the altar. The elected is seated in front of him, with the assistant bishops. This lasts for some time in perfect silence. One of

the bishops then rises, and begs the archbishop, in Latin, to raise the elected to the *onus Episcopatus*. The archbishop asks for the Apostolic mandate. It is read by a secretary, and then the archbishop administers the oath, which is long and highly curious. After that comes a remarkable catechism, to which the elected has to answer; and every time he answers he rises slightly from his seat. The catechism over, the elected is conducted between the bishops to the archbishop, whose hand he kisses, kneeling. The archbishop turns to the altar with the bishops, and confesses; then kisses the altar and incenses it; after which he returns to his seat.

There is another altar, lower down, for the elected, and there he says mass, but before that he is invested with some pontifical ornaments. Then all chant the great Litany of the Saints, the archbishop on his knees with all the bishops, and the elected, this time, prostrate on his face. It is strange to see that figure, habited so splendidly, stretched motionless on the ground whilst the slow, monotonous chant goes forward, and one wonders whether it will ever have an end.

It does end, however, at last, and then the archbishop stands erect before his chair, and the elected falls on his knees before him. Then they open a great copy of the Gospels, and put the open book on the head and shoulders of the elected, clothing him with it as it were. A chaplain behind him keeps the book from falling.

The archbishop and the assistant-bishops touch the head of the elected, saying, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost." And the archbishop, first taking the mitre off, prays, standing. Towards the close of the long prayer comes an allusion to the splendour of the Hebrew sacerdotal costume, which the Roman Church loves to recall in justification of her own magnificence.

Then they tie a white napkin round the head of the elected, who is now anointed by the archbishop. After unction, the archbishop prays for the new prelate; and then come an anthem

and psalm, both recalling the anointing of Aaron. They tie a long white napkin round the new bishop's neck, and his hands are next anointed. Now that the hands are anointed, they are fit to hold the crozier, which, being blessed, is given to the elected; then the consecrated ring is placed upon his finger. All this time the elected has been under the book of the Gospels, which is now removed. Then the archbishop kisses the elected, and so do the other bishops, and the new bishop returns to his own altar, where his head is wiped with bread and linen, and his hair combed with a curious antique comb, which has served that purpose for ever so many centuries. Then he washes his hands; and the archbishop, seated in his arm-chair, also washes his. The archbishop takes the sacrament, and administers it to the elected, at the high altar. Then he blesses the new bishop's mitre, and then comes the great moment when the mitre is finally placed by the three prelates on the new prelate's head. Lastly, the Episcopal gloves are blessed and the ring is taken off, and the gloves put on, and the ring put on again outside the glove. And now a hymn is sung, and the new bishop walks in procession all through the church, splendid with jewelled mitre and silver crozier, blessing the people as he goes.

Such is a bare and naked outline of the ceremony. But how shall I paint it in words?—how tell of the gleaming of the golden vestments, and the coloured light that fell upon them from the lofty windows of the apse? A group of bishops in full pontificals, close to the high altar in one of the noblest cathedrals the Gothic ages have left us, is a rare and wonderful sight—a sight never to be seen in England, and marvellous to our eyes. Yet one thing still was wanting. The splendid bishops and the Gothic architecture agreed quite well together; but what of the people? I longed for the costumes of the middle ages—for the knights with silken robes over their armour, and ladies dressed in rich embroideries, sitting gorgeous, like illumined queens in missals, or like Esther

on the tapestry in the Treasury here, where she is innocently represented as a magnificent Burgundian dame of the thirteenth century.

So much for the artistic impressions; philosophical reflections the reader may not particularly care to hear. But one thing struck me as curious. In the middle of the choir sat Monsieur Leverrier, the astronomer—a person who holds, I believe, the heretical doctrine of the revolution of the earth, and who has presumed to add a planet to the discoveries of a profane science. Leverrier and the bishops seemed incongruous elements, and I looked at his sharp, intelligent face, to see whether it indicated a devout or a critical spirit. It seemed lively and interested, but not devout. Well for you, Monsieur Leverrier, that you live now rather than in the days of Galileo, or you might not only have beheld pontifical splendour, but felt pontifical power! There are dungeons under the Synodal Hall here, good for heterodox teachers!

Another spectator was more affected. There was a woman at a little distance from me, and exactly opposite a thick pillar, so that for most of what passed she had to trust the accounts of her neighbours; and, indeed, except for the emotions excited by feeling herself physically present at the ceremony, she, poor thing, might just as well have been at home. She kept up a perpetual stream of the most eager inquiries as to what was going on, which she directed to everybody who would pay any attention to her. "What is he doing now? Is he really anointed? What is the archbishop saying now—is he praying for him? Are his hands anointed now? and have they given him the crozier? Ah! to think—to think that he holds the crozier! Ah me! I have confessed to him many and many a time! And what are they doing now?—the ring—ah yes, the ring!—have they put it on? and, —what do you say?—have they taken the Gospels off his back? Ah me! and the archbishop has kissed him—and the other bishops, have they kissed him too? Ah, to think that he is really a bishop

now! O God, I thank Thee that I have lived to see this day!"

To this woman, you may be sure, the pageant was anything but tedious or overdone. To an uneducated Protestant it would seem absurd, if not sinful. To a spectator who thinks, it is merely an anachronism. We must remember that the Roman Church holds the principle that splendid public worship is a sacrifice of wealth highly acceptable to God—a principle which, whether right or wrong, has been held by all religions except the Protestant. Now, once admit this principle, and where are you to stop? Even Protestants dress well to go to church; and, as Protestant ladies consider handsome bonnets and fine shawls a fit expression of respect for the house of God, so, I imagine, might a pure-minded prelate don his glittering mitre and golden cope on entering the presence of his Master. As for our archbishop, splendid as he is when on duty before the altar, he is as simple as Wellington at home. His income, to begin with, is exactly the tenth part of the income of an English archbishop; yet this income, moderate as it is, might procure him luxuries which he denies himself. For instance, he does not even keep a carriage, but (though always ill and infirm), whenever he has to go into the country, *Monseigneur* goes in a hired fly. One day I called upon him, and found him at work, in the intervals of suffering, in a room altogether destitute of luxury, and with no comfort except a fire, a plain arm-chair or two, and perfect cleanliness. The servant who opened the door was as simple as his master, and quietly tucked his blue apron round his waist before conducting me into the presence of *Monseigneur*. It is true that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not wear such gorgeous pontificals as his brother of Sens, but in all the splendour of *this* world he outshines him infinitely.

As to the effect of religious pageantry on the mind, I suppose our age has outlived it, and it is only artists and poets, or very devout women, who feel it occasionally still. Even royalty has all but

abandoned its costume, and kings make little use of their regalia, preferring for public occasions some military uniform, and for private ones the ordinary dress of a gentleman. But in the preceding ages the visible splendour of high office was an effectual strengthening of the hands of rulers, both civil and ecclesiastical, and therefore they wisely paid great attention to it.

It was a fine sight when the procession left the cathedral, and the great doors, eight hundred years old, were opened before the new bishop. There were real monks, with shaven heads and bare feet, such as we see in pictures, and the four prelates, in full pontificals, with all their attendant priests, followed by hundreds of chanting seminarists. A good many women were waiting about the door to have their babies blest by the new bishop; but in one respect the scene differed strangely from what it would have been in the middle ages. *The men did not kneel*. The men are not Catholics.

Some modern writer has complained bitterly of the separation of the sexes by their different systems of thought and education. In France the separation is very wide. The women, generally, are Catholics—the men, generally, Deists.¹ I have often tried to get accurately at the real state of opinion, but it is not very easy. This much, however, is certain, that most educated Frenchmen are Deists of a type not unfairly represented by M. Renan, and that nearly all Frenchwomen in good society observe the rites of the Church of Rome. The boys are Catholics when in petticoats, but turn Deists generally between fifteen and seventeen, and remain so all their lives. This difference is, of course, a cause of much estrangement in families, because a Catholic lady finds on certain subjects a companionship in her confessor which she lacks in her husband.

¹ Within a radius of one hundred miles round Paris. In the mountainous and southern districts, and generally in places not having much communication with Paris, Catholicism is still a great power, even over men.

These facts may serve to account for what may seem such strange contradictions in modern France. The position of the Church, for instance, is both very weak and very strong. The direct power of the Church of Rome in France is infinitely smaller than that of the English Church in England, because the men are openly against it; but its indirect power, through the confessional, is still very considerable. For instance, the English Church in England is strong enough to repress the utterance of heterodox opinions in general society, but in French society such opinions are discussed with perfect freedom. On the other hand, such is the influence of the Roman Church in France over the women, that fathers who hate the priests find themselves nevertheless compelled to let their daughters confess themselves to priests, because a girl who should omit the *première communion* would find her position amongst women perfectly unendurable. And, as Catholicism in women is *comme il faut*, many men in France like girls for being Catholics, the more bigoted the better, though it is difficult to see how any union can be intellectually complete between persons who differ so widely on such an important subject as religion.

As to morality, I think there can be no doubt that France, on the whole, is a more immoral country than England; but it is an interesting fact that French mothers dread sending their boys to London, for fear of the dear innocent youths being contaminated by our bad example. The more ignorant French, too, have a horror of the shocking conduct of English girls, whom they look upon as lost to all sense of decency and propriety. Our institution of divorce, though really intended to work in the interests of morality itself, is looked upon by all well-bred Frenchwomen as abominably wrong and immoral; and they say it is hypocritical to affect to consider marriage divine and eternal, when, by our Divorce Court, we have virtually reduced it to a connexion binding only during good behaviour. I think an unprejudiced observer would

come to the conclusion that between young Englishmen and young Frenchmen there is really very little difference, but that (in spite of our divorce scandals) marriage is less generally respected by our neighbours than by us. That is about a fair statement of the case.

Frenchwomen are generally very active in their houses, giving the whole of the morning to busy superintendence of their servants. French ladies, even rich ones, are often excellent cooks. Their kitchens are pretty laboratories, with tiny charcoal fires sunk in tables of clean porcelain, and rows of many-sized copper-pans, shining like gold. The question as to whether a lady can cook, and still be conventionally a lady, is beyond my depth; but that a woman may be accomplished in all household duties, and still be both cultivated in mind and noble in feeling, is proved by many examples. Eugénie de Guérin is a good instance; but the French provinces abound with such. Charles Dickens had a very telling bit once about the De Quelquechoses, the great point of which was that Madame was to be seen in a morning in a plain dress, hard at work with her servants, to the astonishment of some English ladies, who visited her. And quite right too. Probably she was far too sensible a dame to run the risk of soiling a handsome dress; so she wore a plain print (often washed) when she was busy in the house, and reserved her better things for the drawing-room.¹

The Church has survived the *noblesse*, and the bishops are the only *noblesse* which still, in ordinary conversation, receives the title of *seigneur*. This is perhaps due to the fact that episcopal rank is official and not hereditary, the natural tendency of democracy being to elevate official rank by making it the only distinction. It is difficult for an Englishman to realize how exceedingly unimportant in France are even the most ancient and authentic titles of

¹ Ten to one, too, she wore a clean white cap to keep the dust from her hair; which, to English eyes, completes the resemblance to a servant.

nobility. Whether you are Count de B. or Marquis de B., you are always spoken of as Monsieur de B. Let the reader imagine how much title would be cheapened in England if our peers were always spoken of as *Mister* so-and-so, and if the public knew *and cared* as little about their titles of nobility as it does at present about their coats of arms.

The Café, an institution so dear to Frenchmen, flourishes even in this little city. One night I went with a friend to a café here, and heard something new. We had hardly been there five minutes when our talk was interrupted by a shrill sound, so strange as to startle us all, and break at once the varied threads of at least twenty conversations. What could it be? It continued, like the warbling of a nightingale, and then burst into a wild, sad melody, softly and tenderly executed, as if on a flute. Still we felt that it was not a flute, nor yet a bird. It came, apparently, from a youth seated at a little table by himself in the middle of the café. He was playing *upon his hands*, using no other instrument. He went on, and executed several airs from well-known operas—at first with taste and truth; then, afterwards, when he got tired, he began to play out of tune. Still it is very wonderful to be able to make so efficient a musical instrument out of one's two hands. The young man turned out to be a Portuguese, called Ferreira.¹

¹ He does not *whistle* at all; it is pure flute-playing. The notes are produced on the left hand, and he plays upon it with his right. The four fingers of the left hand are opened like the letter V; two fingers on each side. The mouth is inserted in the opening, so that the tips of the fingers come near the eyes. The thumb of the right hand is placed on the palm of the left, and the fingers play freely, as it seems, in the air; but they affect every note. If the reader attempts to produce a musical sound that way he will probably fail, but Ferreira produces two octaves and a half. His *fortissimo* is tremendously strong, and his *pianissimo* as faint as the distant warbling of a lark. His musical art is very unequal; he soon tires himself, and, when tired, loses precision.

Ferreira intends to visit London after Paris.

Besides a great many cafés, and a funny little theatre, Sens supports two establishments of baths. At any hour of the day or night you may have a bath brought to your house, with water ready heated, and carried up into your bedroom—for the moderate price of seven pence halfpenny before 10 p.m., and a shilling and a halfpenny after. The little old French washhand basons and cream jugs are of course detestable, but the big cheap warm bath is a capital cleanser.

The French are wonderfully fond of bathing. All the ladies and gentlemen here meet early on the fine summer mornings (between five and eight o'clock) to bathe in the river—in full costumes, of course. The ladies who happen to be well made, look graceful enough in their pretty bathing dresses, but the meagre ones and the corpulent ones do not appear to advantage. The gentlemen teach their wives and sisters to swim, and there is an old sailor who gives regular lessons all the summer through. They stay in the water very long, and try to swim very energetically. Their perseverance is often rewarded by considerable proficiency in that accomplishment.

Enormous rafts of wood come down the river, and it is curious to see how two men can manage them. One stands at the bow and another at the stern. The man in front has a thick pole that he puts into the water, so that one end rests on the river's bed and the other is caught under a ledge contrived for it in the side of the raft. The end of the raft then takes a leap, exactly as a man does with a leaping pole. It is raised out of the water, and at the same time pushed aside. By repeating this operation at the four corners of the raft, whenever necessary, it is easily guided. These rafts, sometimes several hundred feet long, are picturesque objects, with their little huts and the smoke of their fires rising from a vast flow of half submerged wood. At night the rafts are moored by the river shore, and then their bright fires are highly desirable as warnings to belated. Perhaps some English Barnum may make money of him; let us hope, also, for him.

canotiers. One very dark night, when I was rowing homewards down the stream at speed, my boat (a delicate one, by Picot of Asnières), came into collision with one of these rafts whose fires were out. Luckily, the boat rose upon the raft, and received no injury; but I had a Frenchman with me whose nervous system experienced such a shock that he has never stepped into it since.

The great Pear boats are a wonderful sight. I have seen as many pears at once, in the boats, and on the quay, as would cover the floor of Westminster Hall a foot deep; and all these pears were gathered in a little circle round Sens. Indeed I never saw a place with a market so abundantly supplied in proportion to the population. M. Déligand, the *maire*, having been struck by the same idea, took the trouble to get some statistics, which he gave me. The population is now about 11,000. On the Monday market *twenty thousand dozens* of eggs are sold, and six thousand strangers come into the town, bringing with them fifteen hundred carts. Fancy a proportionate influx of strangers into London once a week! and imagine, if you can, a proportionate quantity of eggs! And not only for its boundless abundance but its delightful variety is this market astonishing to an Englishman. You find so many good things that the wonder is how such a little town can eat them up. The secret is that Sens is one of the feeders of Paris, whose provision-merchants and fruiterers buy largely.

The name of our *maire*, M. Déligand, reminds me of one of his chief functions, that of marrying people; and this brings me to the marriage of the Rosière. The Rosière is a girl who bears a rose awarded to her by the authorities for her good character. Amongst the blameless virgins of the place they try to choose the most deserving. She gets a little dowry of twenty-four pounds, left by will for the purpose, and is married publicly with great *éclat* by the *maire* on the feast of the Assumption. I was present at the last marriage of the kind in the Hotel de Ville. The court-yard was lined by a corps of *Sapeurs Pom-*

piers (the Fire Brigade), in full military uniform, with a band. The *maire* and *sous-préfet* came in splendid ceremonial costume. All the municipal council and official persons were present. We waited some time for the fair bearer of the rose. At last she came, with her betrothed—a quiet girl, not particularly good-looking, and evidently rather bothered by the publicity of the ceremony. It must indeed have been very trying for her, the centre of all eyes, the subject of innumerable comments. I think she earned her little dowry. Not every maiden would face that ordeal for the sum of four-and-twenty pounds.

At the Hotel de Ville, where the marriage took place, is a library and little museum, whose chief treasures are some relics of Napoleon's life at St. Helena. One is a copy of Beatson's map of St. Helena, on which Napoleon had traced some plan of escape in red lines. He was hesitating, perhaps, between Europe and Brazil, for both words occur, in his handwriting. A still more interesting object is an atlas, with a map of a part of Asia in it, on which Napoleon's red line runs from *Cairo to the Indus*. On the margin at the right hand are a good many figures in his handwriting:—

30,000.
22,000 infanterie.
4,700 caval.
3— artill.

On the left is a rough calculation of time required. There is also Fleury de Chaboulon's book of Memoirs, with Napoleon's critical notes. His writing, at first sight apparently rather neat, is in reality very difficult to read. Though well used to French scribbles of all sorts, I never met with a more illegible hand.

I mentioned my painting-tent in a preceding paper. I have had a little camp on the heights for the autumnal months, guarded by a promising youth who had just come out of prison when I engaged him, and enlisted for a soldier when I wanted him no longer. One morning, on going to my work, it struck

me that Jacob looked unusually grave ; and, indeed, he had a long story ready about somebody who had fired upon the painting-tent. Surely enough the tent was riddled with shot ; but I felt inclined to believe that Jacob himself, who had a gun for his protection, had been, by accident or carelessness, the real author of the injury. A much more serious annoyance was the number of spectators, who thronged from all parts to see the tent ; and they all made exactly the same remarks that the Lancashire peasants used to make. The Lancastrians said, "He's makin' a map," the Burgundians say, "*Il tire un plan.*" The Lancastrians said, "Isn't it cold of a neet?" the Burgundians say, "*Il doit faire froid la nuit.*" The Lancastrians said, "*It's tinkers.*" The Burgundians, "*Ce sont des chaudronniers.*" In the course of two months and a half thousands of people came to see the tent, and, as they all said exactly the same things and asked exactly the same questions, their visits were less amusing to me than to them. One day came mounted gendarmes, armed and terrible. Feeling perfectly guiltless, I paid no attention to their cries ; so one of them, forced to dismount, came heavily on foot, ascending the steep against his will. When he got to the tent at last he was very much out of breath, and out of

temper too. It appeared that my imprudent Jacob had been amusing himself with shooting in the air, and that the shot had fallen on a gentleman on horseback (riding leisurely on the public road below), and that the horse, unaccustomed to that sort of rain, had been unpleasantly restive in consequence. So the gentleman had lodged a complaint, and Jacob got severely reprimanded, which didn't seem to affect his serenity. Indeed, I never saw a youth endowed with such enviable serenity of mind. Scolding had no effect upon him ; and he had a little, jaunty, self-satisfied manner which never failed him under the most trying circumstances. It was capital to hear him tell the story of his imprisonment, and the fight which led to it. He had been dancing at an open-air ball, and some *bourgeois* in tailcoats had resented the intrusion of Jacob and one or two other blouses. On this the blouses maintained their rights ; and, when the police came to see what was the matter, the gallant blouses fought both the tail-coats and the police. Who would not fight bravely in such a position, inflamed with wine, and under the very eyes of beauty ? But the blouses were vanquished and marched off to prison, and the hated *bourgeois* danced in triumph.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XIX.

COLIN never ascertained what were the events immediately succeeding his plunge into the canal; all he could recall dimly of that strange crisis in his life was a sense of slow motion in which he himself was passive, and of looking up at the stars in a dark-blue, frosty, wintery sky, with a vague wonder in his mind how it was that he saw them so clearly, and whether it was they or he that moved. Afterwards, when his mind became clear, it grew apparent to him that he must have opened his eyes for a moment while he was being carried home; but there intervened a period during which he heard nothing distinctly, and in which the only clear point to him was this gleam of starlight, and this accompanying sense of motion, which perplexed his faculties in his weakness. While he lay feverish and unconscious he kept repeating, to the amazement of the bystanders, two stray lines which had no apparent connexion with any of the circumstances surrounding him.

“Each with its little space of sky,
And little lot of stars,”

poor Colin said to himself over and over, without knowing it. It had been only for a moment that he opened his eyes out of the torpor which was all but death, but that moment was enough to colour all the wanderings of his mind while still the weakness of the body dominated and overpowered it. Like a picture or a dream, he kept in his recollection the sharp, frosty glimmer, the cold twinkling of those passionless, distant lights, and with it a sense of rushing air and universal chill, and a sound and sense of wending his way between rustling hedges, though all the while he was immovable. That feeling remained with him till he woke from a long sleep

one afternoon when the twilight was setting in, and found himself in a room which was not his own room, lying in a great bed hung with crimson curtains, which were made still more crimson by a ruddy glow of fire-light which flashed reflections out of the great mirror opposite the end of the bed. Colin lay a while in a pause of wonder and admiration when he woke. The starlight went out of his eyes and the chill out of his frame, and a certain sense of languid comfort came over him. When he said, “Where am I?” faintly, in a voice which he could scarcely recognise for his own, two women rose hastily and approached him. One of these was Lady Frankland, the other a nurse. While the attendant hurried forward to see if he wanted anything, Lady Frankland took his hand and pressed it warmly in both hers. “You shall hear all about it to-morrow,” she said, with the tears in her eyes; “now you will do well, but you must not exert yourself to-night. We have all been so anxious about you. Hush, hush! You must take this; you must not ask any more questions to-night.” What he had to take was some warm jelly, of which he swallowed a little, with wonder and difficulty. He did not understand what had befallen, or how he had been reduced to this invalid condition. “Hush, hush! you must not ask any questions to-night,” said Lady Frankland; and she went to the door as if to leave the room, and then came back again and bent over Colin and kissed his forehead, with her eyes shining through tears. “God bless you and reward you!” she said, smiling and crying over him; “you will do well now—you have a mother’s blessing and a mother’s prayers,” and with these strange words she went away hastily, as if not trusting herself to say more. Colin lay back on his pillow

with his mind full of wonder, and, catching at the clue she had given him, made desperate feeble efforts to piece it out, and get back again into his life. He found it so hard fighting through that moment of starlight which still haunted him, that he had to go to sleep upon it, but by-and-bye woke up again when all was silent—when the light was shaded, and the nurse reclining in an easy chair, and everything betokened night—and lying awake for an hour or two, at last began to gather himself up, and recollect what had happened. He had almost leaped from his bed when he recalled the scene by the canal—his conviction that Frankland had gone down, his own desperate plunge. But Colin was past leaping from his bed, for that time at least. He followed out this recollection, painfully trying to think what had occurred. Was Harry Frankland alive or dead? Had he himself paused too long on the brink, and was the heir of Wodensbourne gone, out of all his privileges and superiorities? That was the interpretation that appeared most likely to Colin. It seemed to him to explain Lady Frankland's tears and pathos of gratitude. The tutor had suffered in his attempt to save the son, and the parents, moved by the tenderness of grief, were thankful for his ineffectual efforts. As he lay awake in the silence, it appeared to him that this was the explanation, and he too thought with a certain pathos and compunction of Harry—his instinctive rival, his natural opponent. Was it thus he had fallen, so near the beginning of the way—snatched out of the life which had so many charms, so many advantages for him? As Colin lay alone in the silence, his thoughts went out to that unknown life into which he could not but imagine the other young man, who was yesterday—was it yesterday?—as strong and life-like as himself, had passed so suddenly. Life had never seemed so fair, so bright, so hopeful to himself as while he thus followed with wistful eyes the imaginary path of Harry into the unknown awe and darkness. The thought touched him deeply, profoundly, with wistful pity, with wonder

and inquiry. Where was he now, this youth who had so lately been by his side? Had he found out those problems that trouble men for their life long? Had existence grown already clear and intelligible to the eyes which in this world had cared but little to investigate its mysteries? While Colin's mind was thus occupied, it occurred to him suddenly to wonder why he himself was so ill and so feeble. He had no inclination to get up from the bed on which he lay. Sometimes he coughed, and the cough pained him; his very breathing was a fatigue to him now and then. As he lay pondering this new thought, curious half-recollections, as of things that had happened in a dream, came into Colin's mind; visions of doctors examining some one—he scarcely knew whether it was himself or another—and of conversations that had been held over his bed. As he struggled through these confusing mazes of recollection or imagination, his head began to ache and his heart to beat; and finally his uneasy movements woke the nurse, who was alarmed and would not listen to any of the questions he addressed to her. "My lady told you as you'd hear every thing to-morrow," said Colin's attendant; "for goodness gracious sake take your draught, do, and lie still; and don't go a-moidering and a-bothering, and take away a poor woman's character, as was never known to fall asleep before, nor wouldn't but for thinking you was better and didn't want nothing." It was strange to the vigorous young man, who had never been in the hands of a nurse in his life, to feel himself constrained to obey—to feel, indeed, that he had no power to resist, but was reduced to utter humiliation and dependence, he could not tell how. He fell asleep afterwards, and dreamed of Harry Frankland drowning, and of himself going down, down through the muddy, black water—always down, in giddy circles of descent, as if it were bottomless. When he woke again it was morning, and his attendant was putting his room to rights, and disposed to regard himself with more friendly eyes. "Don't you go disturbing of your-

self," said the nurse, "and persuading of the doctor as you ain't no better. You're a deal better, if he did but know it. What's come to you? It's all along of falling in the canal that night along of Mr. Harry. If you takes care and don't get no more cold, you'll do well."

"Along with Mr. Harry—poor Harry!—and he he—?" said Colin. His own voice sounded very strange to him, thin and far-off, like a shadow of its former self. When he asked this question, the profoundest wistful pity filled the young man's heart. He was sorry to the depths of his soul for the other life which had, he supposed, gone out in darkness. "Poor Frankland!" he repeated to himself, with an action of mournful regret. *He* had been saved, and the other lost. So he thought, and the thought went to his heart.

"Mr. Harry was saved, sir, when you was drowned," said the nurse, who was totally unconscious of Colin's feelings; "he's fine and hearty again, is Mr. Harry. Bless you, a ducking ain't nothing to him. As for you," continued the woman, going calmly about her occupations—"they say it wasn't the drowning, it was the striking against—"

"I understand," said Colin. He stopped her further explanations with a curious sharpness which he was not responsible for, at which he himself wondered. Was not he glad that Harry Frankland lived? But then, to be sure, there came upon him the everlasting contrast—the good fortune and unflinching luck of his rival, who was well and hearty, while Colin, who would have been in no danger but for him, lay helpless in bed! He began to chafe at himself, as he lay, angry and helpless, submitting to the nurse's attentions. What a poor weakling anybody must think him, to fall ill of the ducking which had done no harm to Harry! He felt ridiculous, contemptible, weak—which was the worst of all—thinking with impatience of the thanks which presently Lady Frankland would come to pay him, and the renewed obligations of which the family would be conscious. If he only could get up, and get back to his own

room! But, when he made the attempt, Colin was glad enough to fall back again upon his pillows, wondering and dismayed. Harry was well, and had taken no harm; what could be the meaning of *his* sudden unlooked-for weakness?

Lady Frankland came into the room, as he had foreseen, while it was still little more than daylight of the winter morning. She had always been kind to Colin—indifferently, amiably kind, for the most part, with a goodness which bore no particular reference to him, but sprang from her own disposition solely. This time there was a change. She sat down by his side with nervous, wistful looks, with an anxious, almost frightened expression. She asked him how he was with a kind of tremulous tenderness, and questioned the nurse as to how he had slept. "I am so glad to hear you have had a refreshing sleep," she said, with an anxious smile, and even laid her soft white hand upon Colin's and caressed it as his own mother might have done, while she questioned his face, his aspect, his looks, with the speechless scrutiny of an anxious woman. Somehow these looks, which were so solicitous and wistful, made Colin more impatient than ever.

"I am at a loss to understand why I am lying here," he said, with a forced smile; "I used to think I could stand a ducking as well as most people. It is humiliating to find myself laid up like a child by a touch of cold water—"

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, pray don't say so," said Lady Frankland; "it was not the cold water; you know you struck against— Oh, how can we thank you enough!—how can I even now express my gratitude!" said the poor lady, grasping his hands in both hers, her eyes filling unawares with tears.

"There is no need for gratitude," said Colin, drawing away his hand with an impatience which he could not have explained. "I am sorry to find myself such a poor creature that I have to be nursed, and give you trouble. Your son is all right, I hear." This he said with an effort at friendliness which cost him some trouble. He scorned to seem to envy the

young favourite of fortune, but it was annoying to feel that the strength he was secretly proud of had given way at so slight a trial. He turned his face a little more towards the wall, and away from Harry's mother, as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Frankland, "he is quite well, and he is very, very grateful to you, dear Mr. Campbell. Believe me, we are all very grateful. Harry is so shy, and he has never once had an opportunity to pay you that—that attention which you deserve at his hands, and it showed such noble and disinterested regard on your part——"

"Pray don't say so," said Colin, abruptly; "you make me uncomfortable; there was no regard whatever in the case."

"Ah, yes! you say so to lighten our sense of obligation," said Lady Frankland. "It is so good, so kind of you. And when I think what it has made you suffer—but I am sure you will believe that there is nothing we would not do to show our gratitude. If you were our own son neither Sir Thomas nor I could be more anxious. We have sent for Sir Apsley Wendown, and I hope he will arrive to-day; and we have sent for your dear mother, Mr. Campbell."

"My mother?" said Colin. He was so much startled that he raised himself up on his pillows without thinking, and as he did so was seized by a horrible pain which took away his breath. "Sir Apsley Wendown and my mother? What does it mean?" the young man said gasping, as he managed to slide down again into his former recumbent position, "Am I ill? or does all this commotion arise simply from an unlooked-for ducking and a knock against the side of the canal." He got this out with difficulty, though he strove with all his might to conceal the trouble it gave him; then he turned his eyes to Lady Frankland, who sat wringing her hands and full of agitation by his bedside. The poor lady had altogether lost her good-natured and amiable composure. Whatever she had to say to him, whatever the character of the communication might be, disturbed her greatly. She

wrung her hands, gave a painful hurried glance at him, and then withdrew her eyes from his inquiring looks. All this time Colin lay impatient, looking at her, wondering, with a sharp sensation of anger, what she could have to say.

"Dear Mr. Campbell," she said at length, "you are ill; you have been wandering and insensible. Oh, it is hard to think you are suffering for your goodness, suffering for us! We could not trust you to our doctor here after we knew; we thought it best to have the best advice, and we thought you would prefer to have your mother. I would have nursed you myself and tended you night and day," said Lady Frankland, with enthusiasm; "I owe you that and a great deal more; you who have saved my dear boy."

"What is the matter with me?" said Colin. It appeared to him as if a great cloud was rolling up over the sky, throwing upon him a strange and ominous shadow. He scarcely heard what she said. He did not pay any attention to her. What was Henry Frankland's mother to him, or her thanks, or the things she was willing to do to show her gratitude? He wanted to know why he was lying there powerless, unable to move himself. That was the first thing to be thought of. As for Lady Frankland, she wrung her hands again, and hesitated more and more.

"I hope God will reward you," said the agitated woman; "I would give everything I have in the world to see you well and strong as you were when you came here. Oh, Mr. Campbell, if you only could know the feeling that is in all our hearts!" It was her kindness, her reluctance to give him pain, her unfeigned distress, that made her prolong Colin's suspense, and drive him frantic with these exasperating professions of regard, for which, true as they doubtless were, he did not care.

"I suppose I've broken some of my bones," said Colin; "it would be real kindness if you would tell me what is the matter. Will it take a long time to mend me? I should be glad to know, at least, what it is."

Impelled by his looks and his tone, Lady Frankland burst into her statement at last. "You have broken some of your ribs," she said, "but I don't think that is of so much importance; Sir Apsley, when he comes, will tell us. He is coming to-day and you are looking so much better. It was old Mr. Eyre who gave us such a fright yesterday. He said your lungs had been injured somehow, and that you might never—that it might be a long time—that it might keep you delicate; but even if that were the case, with care and a warm climate—oh, Mr. Campbell! I think he is mistaken; he is always such a croaker. I think—I hope—I am almost sure Sir Apsley will set you all right."

Again Colin had risen in his bed with a little start. This time he was scarcely sensible of the pain which every motion caused him. He fancied afterwards that for that moment his heart stood still in his bosom, and the pulses in his veins stopped beating. The shock was so strange, so sudden, so unlooked for. He sat up—struggled up—upon his pillows, and instinctively and unawares faced and confronted the new Thing which approached him. In that moment of strange consciousness and revelation he felt that the intimation was true—that his doom was sealed and his days numbered. He did not look at the anxious woman who was wringing her hands by his bedside, nor at any external object; but with an irresistible impulse confronted dumbly the new world—the changed existence. When he laid himself down again it seemed to Colin as if years had passed over his head. He said some vague words of thanks, without being very well aware what he was saying, to Lady Frankland, and then lay silent, stunned and bewildered, like a man who had received a blow. What she said to him afterwards, or how long she remained in the room, he was scarcely aware of. Colin belonged to a race which had no weak members; he had been used to nothing but strength and health—wholesome rural life and vigour—all his days. He had even

learned, without knowing it, to take a certain pride in his own physical gifts, and in those of his family, and to look with compassionate contempt on people who were "delicate" and obliged to take care of themselves. The idea that such a fate might by any possibility fall to himself had never once occurred to him. It was an impossible contingency at which, even a week ago, the strong young man, just entering upon the full possession of his powers, would have laughed, as beyond the range of imagination. He might die, no doubt, like any other man—might be snatched out of the world by violent disease or sudden fever, as other strong men had been; but to have his strength stolen from him while still his life remained had appeared a thing beyond the bounds of possibility to Colin. As he lay now, stunned by this unlooked-for fall, there came before his eyes, as vividly as if he saw them in actual presence, the sick people of his native district—the young men and the young women who now and then paid, even on the sweet shores of the Holy Loch, the terrible toll which consumption takes of all the nations of the north. One of them, a young man about his own age, who like himself had been in training for the Scotch Church, whom Colin had pitied with all his kind heart—with the deepest half-remorseful sense of his own superior happiness—came before him with intense distinctness as he lay silent-struck by the cold shadow of fate. He could almost have thought that he saw the spectral attenuated form, with its hectic cheeks, its thin, long, wasted hands, its preternatural length of limb, seated in the old, high-backed easy-chair which harmonized well enough with the other articles in the farmhouse parlour, but would have been oddly out of place in the room where Colin lay. All the invalid's life appeared to him in a sudden flash of recollection—the kindly neighbours' visits; the books and papers which were lent him; the soup and jellies which the minister's wife and the other ladies of the parish, few in number as they were, kept him pro-

vided with. Colin could even remember his own periodical visits; his efforts to think what would interest the sick man; his pity, and wonder, and almost contempt, for the patience which could endure, and even take a pleasure in, the poor comforts of the fading life. God help him! was this what he himself was coming to? was this all he had to anticipate? Colin's heart gave a strange leap in his breast at the thought. A sudden wild throb, a sense of something intolerable, a cry against the fate which was too hard, which could not be borne, rose within him, and produced a momentary sickness which took the light out of his eyes, and made everything swim round him in a kind of dizzy gloom. Had he been standing he would have fallen down, and the bystanders would have said he had fainted. But he had not fainted; he was bitterly, painfully conscious of everything. It was only his heart that fluttered in his breast like a wounded bird; it was only his mind that had been struck, and reeled. So much absorbed was he that he did not hear the voice of the nurse, who brought him some invalid nourishment, and who became frightened when she got no answer, and shook him violently by the arm. "Lord bless us, he's gone," exclaimed the woman; and she was but little reassured when her patient turned upon her with dry lips and a glittering eye. "I am not gone yet," said Colin; "there is no such luck for me;" and then he began once more to picture out to himself the sick man at the Holy Loch, with the little tray on the table beside him, and his little basin of soup. God help him! was this how he was to be for all the rest of his life?

This was how he sustained the first physical shock of the intimation which poor Lady Frankland had made to him with so much distress and compunction. It is hard enough at any time to receive a sentence of death; yet Colin could have died bravely had that been all that was required of him. It was the life in death thus suddenly presented before his eyes that appalled his soul and made

his heart sick. And after that, Heaven knows, there were other considerations still more hard to encounter. If we were to say that the young man thus stopped short in the heyday of his life bethought himself immediately of what is called preparation for dying, it would be both false and foolish. Colin had a desperate passage to make before he came to that. As these moments, which were like hours, passed on, he came to consider the matter in its larger aspects. But for Harry Frankland he would have been in no danger, and now Harry Frankland was safe, strong, and in the full enjoyment of his life, while Colin lay broken and helpless, shipwrecked at the beginning of his career. Why was it? Had God ordained this horrible injustice, this cruel fate? As Colin looked at it, out of the clouds that were closing round him, that fair career which was never to be accomplished stretched bright before him, as noble a future as ever was contemplated by man. It had its drawbacks and disadvantages when he looked at it a week before, and might, perhaps, have turned out a commonplace life enough had it come to its daily fulfilment; but now, when it had suddenly become impossible, what a career it seemed! Not of selfish profit, of money-making, or personal advantage—a life which was to be for the use of his country, for the service of his Church, for the furtherance of everything that was honest and lovely, and of good report. He stood here, stayed upon the threshold of his life, and looked at it with wonder and despair. This existence God had cut short and put an end to. Why? That another man might live and enjoy his common-place pleasures—might come into possession of all the comforts of the world, might fill a high position without knowing, without caring for it; might hunt, and shoot, and fall asleep after dinner as his father had done before him. In the great darkness Colin's heart cried out with a cry of anguish and terrible surprise to the invisible, inexorable God, "Why? Why?" Was one of His creatures less dear, less precious to Him than another, that He

should make this terrible difference? The pure life, the high hopes, the human purpose and human happiness, were they as nothing to the great Creator who had brought them into being and suffered them to bud and blossom only that He might crush them with His hands? Colin lay still in his bed, with his lips set close and his eyes straining into that unfathomable darkness. The bitterness of death took possession of his soul—a bitterness heavier, more terrible than that of death. His trust, his faith, had given way. God sat veiled upon his awful throne, concealed by a horrible cloud of disappointment and incomprehension. Neither love nor justice, neither mercy nor equal dealing, was in this strange, unintelligible contrast of one man's loss and another man's gain. As the young man lay struggling in this hour of darkness, the God of his youth disappeared from him, the Saviour of his childhood withdrew, a sorrowful shadow, into the angry heavens. What was left? Was it a capricious Deity, ruled by incomprehensible impulses of favour and of scorn? Was it a blind and hideous Chance, indifferent alike to happiness and misery? Was it some impious power, owning no everlasting rule of right and wrong, of good and evil, who trampled at its will upon the hearts and hopes of men? Colin was asking himself these terrible questions when the curtain was softly drawn, and a face looked down upon him, in which tenderness and grief and pity had come to such a climax as no words could convey any impression of. It was his mother who stood beside him, stretching out her arms like a pitying angel, yearning over him with the anguish and the impatience of love. Sometimes, surely, the Master gives us in the fellowship of His sufferings a human pang beyond His own—the will to suffer in the stead of those we love, without the power.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THEY'RE awfu' grateful, Colin—I canna but say that for them," said Mrs. Campbell; "and as anxious as if you were their own son. I'll no undertake to say

that I havena an unchristian feeling myself to Harry Frankland; but, when you're a' weel and strong, Colin,"—

"And what if I am never well and strong?" said the young man. His mother's presence had subdued and silenced, at least, for a time, the wild questions in his heart. She had taken them upon herself, though he did not know it. So far human love can stretch its fellowship in the sufferings of its Master,—not to the extent of full substitution, of salvation temporal or spiritual, but, at least, to a modified deliverance. She had soothed her son and eased him of his burden, but in so doing had taken it to herself. The eagle that had been gnawing his heart had gone to fix its talons in hers; but she carried it like the Spartan, under her mantle, and smiled while it rent her in twain.

"Whisht, whisht!" she said, in her martyrdom of composure and calm looks, and took her boy's hand and held it between hers—God only could tell how fondly—with a firm, warm grasp that seemed to hold him fast to life. "Colin, my man, it's a' in God's hands," said the Mistress of Ramore; "whiles His ways are awfu' mysterious. I'm no one that proposes to read them, or see a' thing plain, like some folk; but I canna think He ever makes a mistake or lets anything go by hazard. We'll bide His time, Colin; and who can tell what mercy and goodness he may have in His hand?"

"Mercy and goodness, or, perhaps, the contrary," said Colin. If he had not been a little comforted and eased in his heart, he would not have given utterance to words which he felt to be unchristian. But now, with his longing to be soothed and to accept the softening influence which surrounded him, came an impulse to speak,—to use words which were even more strong than his feelings. As for his mother, she was too thoughtful a woman, and had in her own heart too heavy a burden, to appear shocked by what he said.

"Maybe what appears to us the contrary," she said, "though that maun

be but an appearance, like most things in this life. I'm no one to deny my ain heart, or make a show as if I understood the ways of the Lord, or could, aye, in my poor way, approve of them, if a mortal creature might daur to say so, Colin. There's things He does that appear a' wrang to me—I canna but say it. I'm no doubting His wisdom nor yet His love, but there's mony a thing He does that I canna follow, nor see onything in but loss and misery. But oh, Colin, my bonnie man, that's nae cause for doubting Him! He maun have His ain reasons, and they maun be better reasons than ours. If you'll close your eyes, and try and get a sleep, I'll take a breath of air to myself before night sets in. I was aye an awfu' woman for the air; and eh, laddie! I think ye'll be thankful to get back to Ramore after this dreary country, where there's neither hill nor glen—though maybe it might be cauld for you in the spring, when there's so much soft weather," said the tender woman, smoothing his pillows, and bending over him with her anxious smile. "It minds me o' the time when you were my baby, Colin, to get you into my hands again. They say a woman's aye a queen in a sick room," said the Mistress. Her smile was such that tears would have been less sad; and she was impatient to be gone—to leave her son's bedside—because she felt herself at the furthest stretch of endurance, and knew that her strained powers must soon give way. Perhaps Colin, too, understood what it was which made his mother so anxious to leave him, for he turned his face to the waning evening light, and closed his eyes, and after a while seemed to sleep. When he had lain thus quietly for some time, the poor mother stole downstairs and out into the wintry twilight. Her heart was breaking in her tender bosom; her strength had been strained to the utmost bounds of possibility; and nature demanded at least the relief of tears. Two days before she had been tranquil and content in her peaceful life at home. When Sir Thomas Frankland's telegram came late at night, like a sudden thunderbolt into the quiet house, the Holy Loch was

asleep and at rest, cradled in sweet darkness, and watched by fitful glances of that moon for which Colin and his friends had looked; o guide them on the night of the accident; and no means of communicating with the world until the morning was possible to the inhabitants of Ramore. The anxious mother, whose eyes had not been visited with sleep through all the lingering winter night, set off by dawn to thread her weary unaccustomed way through all the mazes of the railways which were to convey her to Wodensbourne. She had neither servant nor friend to manage for her; and no fine lady, accustomed to the most careful guardianship, could be more unused to the responsibilities of travelling than Mrs. Campbell. When she arrived, it was to find her boy, her firstborn, stretched helpless upon his bed, to see the examination made by the great doctor from London, to hear his guarded statements, his feebly-expressed hopes, which conveyed only despair—and with that sudden arrow quivering in her heart to undertake the duties of a cheerful nurse—to keep smiling upon Colin, telling him the news of the parish, the events of the country ride, as if her coming here had been a holiday. All this, together—though so many women have borne it, and though the Mistress of Ramore was able to bear it, and more, for her boy's sake—was a hard strain upon her. When she got downstairs into the air, the first thing she did was to sit down on the steps of the glass door which led into the terrace and cry bitterly and silently. She was alone among strangers, with scarcely even a friendly feature of familiar nature to give her a little confidence. The aspect of the great house, stretching its long wings and solemn front into the twilight, containing a whole community of people unknown to her, whose very voices were strange and sounded like a foreign tongue, completed the forlorn sense she had of absence from everything that could help or console; and when, in the restlessness of her musing, she got up and began to walk about upon that deserted terrace which Colin had paced so often, all Colin's questions,

all his doubts, rushed with double force and feminine passion into his mother's mind. As she pursued her uncertain way, her eye was attracted by the lights in the windows. One of them was large and low, and so close upon the terrace that she could not help seeing the interior, and what was passing there. Harry Frankland was standing by the fire with his cousin. The long billiard-table behind them, and the cue which Miss Matty still held in her hand, did not enlighten Mrs. Campbell as to what they had been doing. Matty had laid her disengaged hand on her cousin's shoulder, and was looking up, as if pleading for something, into his face; and the fire-light which gleamed upon them both, gave colour and brightness to the two young faces, which seemed to the sorrowful woman outside to be glowing with health and love and happiness. When Mrs. Campbell looked upon this scene her heart cried out in her breast. It was Colin's question that came to her lips as she hurried past in the cold and the gathering darkness—"Why? Oh God! why?" Her son struck to the earth in the bloom of his young life—rooted up like a young tree, or a silly flower—and this youth, this other woman's son, taking the happiness which should have been for Colin. Why was it? The poor woman called in her misery upon the heavens and the earth to answer her—Why? One deprived of all, another possessed of everything that soul of man could desire—one heart smitten and rent asunder, and another reposing in quiet and happiness. As she went on in her haste, without knowing where she went, another window caught the Mistress's eye. It was the nursery window where all the little ones were holding high carnival. Little boys and little girls, the younger branches of the large happy family, with again the light gleaming rosy over their childish faces. The eldest of all was having her toilette made for presentation in the drawing-room, and at sight of her another blow keen and poignant went to Mrs. Campbell's heart. Just such a child had been the little maiden, the little daughter who once made sunshine in the homely house of Ramore.

It came upon the poor mother in the darkness to think what that child would have been to her now had she lived—how her woman-child would have suffered with her, wept with her, helped to bear the burden of her woe. Her heart yearned and longed in her new grief over the little one who had been gone four years. She turned away hastily from the bright window and the gay group and sank down upon her knees on the ground with a sob that came from her heart—"Why? oh, why?" God had His reasons, but what were they? The agony of loss, in which there seemed no possible gain; the bitterness of suffering, without knowing any reason for it, overpowered her. The contrast of her own trouble with the happiness, the full possession, the universal prosperity and comfort which she saw, struck her sharply with something which was not envy of her neighbour, but the appeal of an amazed anguish to God. "The ways of the Lord are not equal," she was saying in her soul. Was it, as Nature suggested, with natural groans, because He loved her less, or, as the minister said, because He loved her more, that God sent upon her those pangs, and demanded from her those sacrifices? Thus she cried out of the depths, not knowing what she said. "If I had but had my Jeanie!" the poor woman moaned to herself, with a vision of a consoling angel, a daughter, another dearer, fairer self, who would have helped to bear all her burdens. But God had not afforded her that comfort, the dearest consolation to a woman. When she had wept out those few bitter tears, that are all of which the heart is capable when it is no longer young, she gathered herself up out of the darkness and prepared to go in again to Colin's bedside. Though she had received no answer to her question—though neither God Himself, nor His angels, nor any celestial creature, had gleamed through the everlasting veil, and given her a glimpse of that Divine meaning which it is so hard to read—there was a certain relief in the question itself, and in the tears that had been wrung out of her heart. And so it was that, when Matty Frankland came lightly

out of the billiard-room, on her way to dress for dinner, Mrs. Campbell, whom she met coming in from the terrace, did not appear to her to bear a different aspect from that of the Mistress of Ramore. Matty did not lose a minute in making her advances to Colin's mother. She was, indeed, extremely sorry, and had even been conscious of a passing thought similar to that which had struggled passionately into being, both in Colin's mind and in his mother's—a passing sense of wonder why Harry, who was good for nothing in particular, should have been saved, and Colin, who was what Miss Matty called "so very clever," should have been the sufferer. Such a doubt, had it gone deep enough—had it become an outcry of the soul, as it was with the others—would have made an infidel of that little woman of the world. She ran to Mrs. Campbell, and took her hand, and led her into the billiard-room, the door of which stood open. "Oh, dear Mrs. Campbell, come and tell me about him," she said; and, as it had been the conjunction of a little real feeling with her habitual wiles that brought Colin under her influence, the same thing moved his mother at least to tolerate the inquiry. She drew away her hand with some impatience from the little enchantress, but her tender heart smote her when she saw an involuntary tear in Matty's eye. Perhaps, after all, it was less her fault than her misfortune; and the Mistress followed the girl into the room with less dislike, and more toleration, than she would have supposed possible. It might be, after all, the older people—to whom worldliness came by nature, as the Hindoos thought—who were to blame.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry; I cannot tell you how sorry I am," cried Matty—and she spoke only the truth, and had real tears in her eyes—"to think that he should save my cousin again, and suffer so for his goodness. Don't be angry with us, though, indeed, I should not wonder if you could not bear our very name—I am sure I should not, if I were you."

"Na, God forbid," said the Mistress. She was but half-satisfied of the reality of

the young lady's professions, and this suspicion, so unusual to her, gave dignity to her speech. "It wasna you nor ony mortal person, but his own heart, that moved my Colin. You could do an awfu' deal," said Colin's mother, looking with a woman's look of disapproving admiration on Matty's pretty face, "but you couldna move my son like his ain generous will. He never was one to think of his ain—comfort—" continued Mrs. Campbell with a little shudder, for something in her throat prevented her from saying his life—"when a fellow creature was in danger. It was his ain heart that was to blame—if anything was to blame—and not you."

And the homely woman's eyes went past her questioner with that same look which in Colin had so often baffled Miss Matty, showing that the higher spirit had gone beyond the lesser into its own element, where only its equals could follow. The girl was awed for the moment, and humbled. Not for her poor sake, not for Harry Frankland, who was of no great account to anybody out of his own family, but because of his own nature, which would not permit him to see another perish, had Colin suffered. This thought, imperfectly as she understood it, stopped the voluble sympathy, pity and distress on Matty's lips. She no longer knew what to say, and, after an awkward pause, could only stammer over her old common-places. "Oh dear, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry; I would give anything in the world to make him well again, and I only hope you won't be angry with us," said Matty, with a suppressed sob, which was partly fright and partly feeling. The eyes of the Mistress came back at the sound of the girl's voice.

"I'm no angry," she said—"God forbid; though I might have something to say to *you* if my heart could speak. The like of you whiles do mair harm in this world, Miss Frankland, than greater sinners. I'm no saying you kent what you were doing; but, if it had not been for you, my Colin would never have come near this place. You beguiled my son with your pleasant words and your bonnie face. He had nae mair

need to come here to be tutor to yon bit crooked callant," said the Mistress, with involuntary bitterness, "than Maister Frankland himself. But he thought to be near you, that had beguiled him and made him give mair heed to your fables than to anything else that was true in life. I'm no blaming my Colin," said the Mistress, with an unconscious elevation of her head; "he never had kent onything but truth a' his days, and, if he wasna to believe in a woman that smiled on him and enticed him to her, what was he to believe in at his years? Nor I'm no to call angry at you," said Colin's mother, looking from the elevation of age and nature upon Miss Matty, who drooped instinctively, and became conscious what a trifling little soul she was. "We a' act according to our ain nature, and you wasna capable of perceiving what harm you could do; but, if you should ever encounter again one that was true himself and believed in you——"

Here Matty, who had never been destitute of feeling, and who, in her heart, was fond of Colin in her way, and had a kind of understanding of him, so far as she could go, fell into such an outburst of natural tears as disarmed the Mistress, who faltered and stopped short, and had hard ado to retain some appearance of severity in sight of this weeping, for which she was not prepared. Colin's mother understood truth, and in an abhorring, indignant, resentful way, believed that there was falsehood in the world. But how truth and falsehood were mingled—how the impulses of nature might have a little room to work even under the fictions of art or the falseness of society—was a knowledge unimagined by the simple woman. She began to think she had done Matty injustice when she saw her tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I know how good he is! I—I never knew any one like him. How could I help——? But, indeed—indeed, I never meant any harm!" cried Matty, ingeniously taking advantage of the truth of her own feelings, as far as they went, to disarm her unconscious and singleminded judge.

The Mistress looked at her with puzzled, but pitiful eyes.

"It would be poor comfort to him to say you never meant it," she said; and in the pause that followed Matty had begun to recollect that it was a long time since the dressing-bell rang, though she still had her face hid on the table, and the tears were not dried from her cheeks. "And things may turn out more merciful than they look like," said the Mistress, with a heavy sigh and a wistful smile. Perhaps it occurred to her that the gratitude of the Franklands might go so far as to bestow upon Colin the woman he loved. "I'll no keep you longer," she continued, laying her tender hand for a moment on Matty's head. "God bless you for every kind thought you ever had to my Colin. He's weel worthy of them all," said the wistful mother.

Matty, who did not know what to say, and who, under this touch, felt her own artifice to her heart, and was for a moment disgusted with herself, sprang up in a little agony of shame and remorse, and kissed Mrs. Campbell as she went away. And Colin's mother went back to her son's room to find him asleep, and sat down by his side, to ponder in herself whether this and that might not still be possible. Love and happiness were physicians in whom the simple woman had a confidence unbounded. If they came smiling hand in hand to Colin's pillow, who could tell what miracle of gladness might yet fall from the tender heavens?

CHAPTER XX.

BUT, though Mrs. Campbell's heart relented towards Matty, and was filled with vague hopes which centred in her, it was very hard to find out what Colin's thoughts were on the same subject. He scarcely spoke of the Franklands at all, and never named or referred to the ladies of the house. When his mother spoke, with natural female wiles to tempt him into confidence, of special inquiries made for him, Colin took no notice of the inference. She even went so far as to refer specially to

Miss Matty with no greater effect. "There's one in the house as anxious as me," said the Mistress, with tender exaggeration, as she smoothed his pillow and made her morning inquiries; but her son only smiled faintly, and shook his head with an almost imperceptible movement of incredulity. He asked no questions, showed no pleasure at the thought, but lay most of the day in a silence which his mother could find no means of breaking, even now and then, for a moment. The first horror, the first resistance, had gone out of Colin's mind; but he lay asking himself inevitable questions, facing the great problem for which he could find no solution, which no man has been able to explain. Had the thoughts of his mind been put into words, the chances are that to most people who have never themselves come to such a trial Colin would have seemed a blasphemer or an infidel. But he was neither the one nor the other, and was indeed incapable by nature either of scepticism or of profanity. The youth had been born of a sternly-believing race, which recognised in all God's doings an eternal right, beyond justice and beyond reason, a right to deal with them and theirs as He might please; but Colin himself was of the present age, and was fully possessed by all those cravings after understanding and explanation which belong to the time. Without any doubt of God, he was arrested by the wonderful mystery of Providence, and stood questioning, in the face of the unanswering silence, "Why?" The good God, the God of the Gospels, the Father of our Lord, was the Divine Ruler whom Colin recognised in his heart; but the young man longed and struggled to find reasonableness, coherence, any recognisable, comprehensible cause, for the baffling arrangements and disarrangements, the mysterious inequalities and injustices of life. He wanted to trace the thread of reason which God kept in His own hand; he wanted to make out why the Father who loved all should dispense so unequally, so differently, His gifts to one and another. This awful question kept him silent for days

and nights; he could not make anything of it. Social inequalities, which speculators fret at, had not much disturbed Colin. It had not yet occurred to him that wealth or poverty made much difference; but why the life of one should be broken off incomplete and that of another go on—why the purposes of one should end in nothing, why his hopes should be crushed and his powers made useless, while another flourished and prospered, confounded him, in the inexperience of his youth. And neither heaven nor earth gave him any answer. The Bible itself seemed to append moral causes which were wanting in his circumstances to the perennial inequalities of existence. It spoke of the wicked great in power, flourishing like the green bay-tree, and of the righteous oppressed and suffering for righteousness' sake; which was, in its way, a comprehensible statement of the matter. But the facts did not agree in Colin's case. Harry Frankland could not, by any exertion of dislike, be made to represent the wicked, nor was Colin, in his own thinking, better than his neighbour. They were two sons of one Father, to whom that Father was behaving with the most woeful, the most extraordinary partiality, and nothing in heaven or earth was of half so much importance as to prove the proceedings of the Father of all to be everlastingly just and of sublime reason. What did it mean? This was what Colin was discussing with himself as he lay on his bed. It was not wonderful that such thoughts should obliterate the image of Miss Matty. When she came into his mind at all, he looked back upon her with a pensive sweetness as on somebody he had known a lifetime before. Sterner matters had now taken the place of the light love and hopes of bountiful and lavish youth. The hopes had grown few, and the abundance changed into poverty. If the Author of the change had chosen to reveal some reason in it, the young soul thus stopped short in its way could have consented that all was well.

And then Lady Frankland came every day to pay him a visit of sympathy, and to express her gratitude. "It is such a comfort to see him looking so much

better," Lady Frankland said; "Harry would like so much to come and sit with you, dear Mr. Campbell. He could read to you, you know, when you feel tired; I am sure nothing he could do would be too much to show his sense of your regard——"

At which words Colin raised himself up.

"I should be much better pleased," said Colin, "if you would not impute to me feelings which I don't pretend to. It was no regard for Mr. Frankland that induced me——"

"Oh, indeed! I know how good you are," said Harry's mother, pressing his hand, "always so generous and disposed to make light of your own kindness; but we all know very well, and Harry knows, that there is many a brother who would not have done so much. I am sure I cannot express to you a tenth part of what I feel. Harry's life is so precious," said my Lady, with a natural human appreciation of her own concerns, and unconscious, unintentional indifference to those of others. "The eldest son—and Sir Thomas has quite commenced to rely upon him for many things—and I am sure I don't know what I should do without Harry to refer to," Lady Frankland continued, with a little smile of maternal pride and triumph. When she came to this point, it chanced to her to catch a side glimpse of Mrs. Campbell's face. The Mistress sat by her son's bedside, pale, with her lips set close, and her eyes fixed upon the hem of her apron, which she was folding and refolding in her hands. She did not say anything, nor give utterance in any way to the dumb remonstrance and reproach with which her heart was bursting; but there was something in her face which imposed silence upon the triumphant, prosperous woman beside her. Lady Frankland gave a little gasp of mingled fright and compunction. She did not know what to say to express her full sense of the service which Colin had done her; and there was nothing strange in her instinctive feeling, that she, a woman used to be served and tended all her life, had a natural claim upon other people's ser-

vices. She was very sorry, of course, about Mr. Campbell; if any exertion of hers could have cured him, he would have been well in half-an-hour. But, as it was, it appeared to her rather natural than otherwise that the tutor should suffer and that her own son should be saved.

"I felt always secure about Harry when you were with him," she said, with an involuntary artifice. "He was so fond of you, Mr. Campbell—and I always felt that you knew how important his safety was, and how much depended——"

"Pardon me" said Colin—he was angry in his weakness at her pertinacity. "I have no right to your gratitude. Your son and I have no love for each other, Lady Frankland. I picked him out of the canal, not because I thought of the importance of his life, but because I had seen him go down, and should have felt myself a kind of murderer had I not tried to save him. That is the whole. Why should I be supposed to have any special regard for him? Perhaps," said Colin, whose words came slowly and whose voice was interrupted by his weakness—"I would have given my life with more comfort for any other man."

"Oh Mr. Campbell! don't be so angry and bitter. After all, it was not our fault," said Lady Frankland, with a wondering offence and disappointment—and then she hurriedly changed her tone, and began to congratulate his mother on his improved looks. "I am so glad to see him looking so much better. There were some people coming here" said my lady, faltering a little; "we would not have them come so long as he was so ill. Neither Harry nor any of us could have suffered it: We had sent to put them off; but, now that he is so much better——" said Lady Frankland, with a voice which was half complaint and half appeal. She thought it was rather ill-tempered of the mother and son to make so little response. "When I almost asked their permission!" she said, with a little indignation, when she had gone downstairs; "but they seem to think they should be quite masters, and look as black as if we had done them an injury. Send to every-

body, and say it is to be on Wednesday, Matty; for Henry's interest must not be neglected." It was a ball, for which Lady Frankland had sent out her invitations some time before the accident; for Harry Frankland was to ask the suffrages of the electors of Earie at the approaching election. "I don't mean to be ungrateful to Mr. Campbell," said the Lady of Wodensbourne, smoothing those ruffled plumes. "I am sure nobody can say I have not been grateful; but, at the same time, I can't be expected to sacrifice my own son." Such were the sentiments with which Lady Frankland came downstairs. As for the other mother, it would be hard to describe what was in her mind. In the bitterness of her heart she was angry with the God who had no pity upon her. If Harry Frankland's life was precious, what was Colin's? and the Mistress, in her anguish, made bitter comparisons, and cried out wildly with a woman's passion. Downstairs, in the fine rooms which her simple imagination filled with splendour, they would dance and sing unconcerned, though her boy's existence hung trembling in the balance: and was not Heaven itself indifferent, taking no notice? She was glad that twilight was coming on to conceal her face, and that Colin, who lay very silent, did not observe her. And so, while Lady Frankland, feeling repulsed and injured, managed to escape partially from the burden of an obligation which was too vast to be borne, and returned to the consideration of her ball, the two strangers kept silence in the twilight chamber, each dumbly contending with doubts that would not be overcome, and questions which could not be answered. What did God mean by permitting this wonderful, this incomprehensible difference between the two? But the great Father remained silent and made no reply. The days of revelation, of explanation were over. For one, joy and prosperity; for another, darkness and the shadow of death—plain facts not to be misconceived or contested—and in all the dumb heavens and silent observant earth no wisdom nor knowledge which could tell the reason why.

CHAPTER XXI.

"AY, I heard of the accident. No that I thought anything particular of that. You're no the kind of callant, nor come of the kind of race, to give in to an accident. I came for my own pleasure. I hope I'm old enough to ken what pleases myself. Take your dinner, callant, and leave me to mind my business. I could do that much before you were born."

It was Lauderdale who made this answer to Colin's half-pleased, half-impatient, questioning. The new comer sat, gaunt and strange, throwing a long shadow over the sick bed, and looking, with a suppressed emotion, more pathetic than tears, upon the tray which was placed on a little table by Colin's side. It was a sad sight enough. The young man, in the flush and beauty of his youth, with his noble physical development, and the eager soul that shone in his eyes, laid helpless, with an invalid's repast before him, for which he put out his hand with a languid movement like a sick child. Lauderdale himself looked haggard and careworn. He had travelled by night, and was unshaven and untrimmed, with a wild gleam of exhaustion and hungry anxiety in his eyes.

"Whatever the reason may be, we're real glad to see you," said Mrs. Campbell. "If I could have wished for anything to do Colin good more than he's getting, it would have been you. But he's a great deal better—a wonderful deal better; you would not know him for the same creature that he was when I came here; and I'm in great hopes he'll no need to be sent away for the rest of the winter, as the doctor said," said the sanguine mother, who had reasoned herself into hope. She looked with wistful inquiry as she spoke into Lauderdale's eyes, trying hard to read there what was the opinion of the new comer. "It would be an awfu' hard thing for me to send him away by himself, and him no well," said the Mistress, with a hope that his friend would say that Colin's looks did not demand such a proceeding, but that health would

come back to him with the sweet air of the Holy Loch.

"I heard of that," said Lauderdale, "and, to tell the truth, I'm tired of staying in one place all my life myself. If a man is to have no more good of his ain legs than if he were a vegetable, I see no good in being a man; it would save an awfu' deal of trouble to turn a cabbage at once. So I'm thinking of taking a turn about the world as long as I'm able; and, if Colin likes to go with me——"

"Which means, mother, that he has come to be my nurse," said Colin, whose heart was climbing into his throat; "and here I lie like a log, and will never be able to do more than say thanks. Lauderdale——"

"Whisht, callant," said the tender giant, who stood looking down upon Colin with eyes which would not trust themselves to answer the mother's appealing glances; "I'm terrible fatigued with my life, and no able to take the trouble of arguing the question. Not that I consent to your proposition, which has a fallacy on the face of it; for it would be a bonnie-like thing to hear you say thanks either to your mother or me. Since I've been in my situation—which, maybe, I'll tell you more about by-and-bye, now that my mouth's opened—I've saved a little siller, a hundred pounds, or maybe mair," said the philosopher, with a momentary smile, "and I see no reason why I shouldna have my bit holiday as well as other folk. I've worked long for it." He turned away just then, attracted by a gleam of sunshine at the window, his companion thought, and stood looking out, disposing as he best could of a little bitter moisture that had gathered in the deep corners of his eyes. "It'll no be very joyful when it comes," he said to himself, with a pang of which nobody was aware, and stood forming his lips into an inaudible whistle to conceal how they quivered. He, too, had built high hopes upon this young head which was now lying low. He had said to himself, with the involuntary bitterness of a mind disappointed and forlorn, that here at least was a life free from all shadows

—free from the fate that seemed to follow all who belonged to himself—through whom he might again reconcile himself to Providence, and re-connect himself with existence. As he stood now, with his back to Colin, Lauderdale was again going over the burning ploughshares, enduring the fiery ordeal. Once more his unselfish hope was going out in darkness. When he returned to them, his lips had steadied into the doleful turn of a familiar air, which was connected in Colin's mind with many an amusing and many a tender recollection. Between the two people who were regarding him with love and anguish so intense, the sick youth burst into pleasant laughter—laughter which had almost surprised the bystanders into helpless tears—and repeated, with firmer breath than Lauderdale's, the fragment of his favourite air.

"He never gets beyond that bar," said Colin. "It carries me back to Glasgow and all the old days. We used to call it Lauderdale's pibroch. Give me my dinner, mother. I don't see what I should grumble about as long as you and he are by me. Help me to get up, old fellow," the young man said, holding out his hands, and ate his invalid meal cheerfully, with eager questions about all his old companions, and bursts of passing laughter, which to the ears of his friend were more terrible than so many groans. As for the Mistress, she had become by this time accustomed to connect together those two ideas of Colin and a sick-bed, the conjunction of which was as yet misery to Lauderdale; and she was glad in her boy's pleasure, and took trembling hope from every new evidence of his unbroken spirit. Before long the old current of talk had flowed into its usual channel; and, but for the strange, novel circumstances which surrounded them, one at least of the party might have forgotten for the moment that they were not in the pleasant parlour of Ramore; but that one did not see his own countenance, its eloquent brightness, its flashes of sudden colour, and the shining of its too brilliant eyes.

But there could not be any doubt that

Colin improved from that moment. Lauderdale had secured a little lodging in the village, from which he came every morning to the "callant," in whom his disappointed manhood, too careless of personal good, too meditative and speculative for any further ambition on his own account, had fixed his last hopes. He even came, in time, after he had accustomed himself to Colin's illness, to share, by moments, in the Mistress's hopes. When Colin at last got up from his bed, it was Lauderdale's arm he leant on. That was an eventful day to the little anxious group in the sick chamber, whose hopes sometimes leapt to certainty—whose fears, with an intuition deeper still, sometimes fell to the other extreme, and were hushed in the silence of an anguish too deep to be fathomed, from which thought itself drew back. It was a bright winter day, with symptoms of spring in the air, when the young patient got up from his weary bed. Colin made very light of his weakness in the rising tide of his spirits. He faltered across the room upon Lauderdale's arm, to look out again, as he said, upon the world. It was an unfortunate moment for his first renewal of acquaintance with the bright outside sphere of ordinary life, which had passed on long ago, and forgotten Colin. The room in which they had placed him when his illness began was one of the best rooms in the house, and looked out upon the terrace and the big holly-trees which Colin knew so well. It was the morning of the day on which Lady Frankland's ball was to take place, and symptoms of excitement and preparation were apparent. Immediately in front of the window, when Colin looked out, Miss Matty was standing in animated talk with her cousin. They had been loitering about, as people do in the morning about a country house, with no particular occupation—for the sun was warm, though it was still only the end of January—and Matty was at the moment engaged in indicating some special designs of her own which were involved in Lady Frankland's alterations in the flower-garden, for Harry's approval. She had, indeed, just led him

by the sleeve into the midst of the half-completed design, and was describing circles round him with the walking-stick which she had taken out of his hand for the purpose, as Colin stood, tremulous and uncertain by the window, looking out. Nobody could look brighter than Miss Matty; nobody more happy than the heir of Wodensbourne. If the sick man had entertained any hope that his misfortune threw a sympathetic shadow over them, he must now have been undeceived very summarily. Colin, however, bore the trial without flinching. He looked at them as if they were miles or ages away, with a strange smile, which did not seem to the anxious spectators to have any bitterness in it. But he made no remark until he had left the window, and taken his place on the sofa which had been arranged for him by the fire. Then he smiled again, without looking at any one, with abstract eyes, which went to the hearts of his attendants. "How far off the world seems," said Colin. "I feel as if I ought to be vexed by that paltry scene on the terrace. Don't you think so, mother? But I am not vexed, no more than if it was a picture. I wonder what it means?"

"Eh, Colin, my man, it means you're getting strong and no heeding about them and their vanities," cried the Mistress, whose indignant eyes were full of tears; but Colin only shook his head and smiled, and made no reply. *He* was not indignant. He did not seem to care or be interested one way or another; but, as a spectator might have done, mused on the wonderful contrast, and asked himself what God could mean by it?—a question which there was no one to answer. Later the curate came to visit him, as indeed he had done several times before, praying out of his well-worn prayer-book by Colin's bedside in a way which at first scandalized the Mistress, who had, however, become used to him by this time. "It's better to speak out of a book than to speak nonsense," Mrs. Campbell had said; "but eh, Colin, its awfu' to think that a man like that hasna a word out of his ain heart to make inter-

cession for his fellow-creatures when they're in trouble." However, the curate was kind, and the mother was speedily mollified. As for that excellent clergyman himself, he did not at all understand the odd company in which he found himself when he looked from Colin, of whom he knew most, to the mother with her thoughtful eyes, and to the gaunt gigantic friend who looked upon everything in a speculative way of which the curate had an instinctive suspicion. To-day Colin's visitor was more instructive and hortatory than was at all usual for him. He spoke of the mercy of God, which had so far brought the patient towards recovery, and of the motives for thankfulness; to which Mrs. Campbell assented with silent tears.

"Yes," said Colin; and there was a little pause that surprised the curate. "It is comfortable to be better," said the patient; "but it would be more than comfortable if one could but know, if one could but guess, what meaning God has in it all. There is Frankland downstairs with his cousin, quite well," said Colin. "I wonder does he ever ask himself why? When one is on the wrong side of the contrast, one feels it more I suppose." The curate had passed Harry Frankland before he came upstairs, and had, perhaps, been conscious in his own mind of a momentary personal comparison and passing wonder, even at the difference between his own lot and that of the heir of Wodensbourne. But he had thought the idea a bad one, and crushed it at once; and Colin's thought, though more justifiable, was of the same description, and demanded instant extinction.

"You don't grudge him his good fortune, I am sure; and then we know there must be inequalities in this life," said the curate. "It is very mysterious, but nothing goes without compensation; and then we must always remember that 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,'" said the good clergyman. "You are young to have so much suffering; but you can always take comfort in that."

"Then you mean me to think that God does not love Harry Frankland,"

said Colin, "and makes a favourite of me in this gloomy way? Do you really think so?—for I cannot be of that opinion, for my part."

"My dear Mr. Campbell," said the curate, "I am very much grieved to hear you speaking like this. Did not God give up His own Son to sufferings of which we have no conception? Did not He endure—"

"It was for a cause," said Colin. The young man's voice fell, and the former bitterness came back upon him. "He suffered for the greatest reason, and knew why; but we are in the dark, and know nothing—why is it? One with all the blessings of life—another stripped, impoverished, brought to the depths, and no reason in it, no occasion, no good," said Colin, in the momentary outcry of his wonder and passion. He was interrupted, but not by words of sacred consolation. Lauderdale was sitting behind, out of the way, humming to himself, in a kind of rude chant, out of a book he held in his hand. Nobody had been taking any notice of him, for it was his way. Now his voice rose and broke in, in an uncouth swell of sound, not unharmonious with the rude verse—

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die."

said Lauderdale, with a break of strong emotion in his voice; and he got up and threw down the book, and came forward into the little circle. It was the first time that he had intimated by so much as a look his knowledge of anything perilous in Colin's illness. Now he came and stood opposite him, leaning his back against the wall. "Callant," said the strong man, with a voice that sounded as if it were blown about and interrupted by a strong wind, "if I were on a campaign, the man I would envy would be him that was chosen by his general for the forlorn hope—him that went first, and met the wildest of the battle. Do you mean to tell me you're no ready to follow when He puts the colours in your hand?"

To be continued.

BIOGRAPHY AT A DISCOUNT.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

It can hardly have escaped the notice of those who watch the signs of the times—though I have nowhere seen the phenomenon commented on—that in this our day there are fewer biographies published than there used to be. In the lists of new books ready, or about to appear, which fill the advertisement-sheets of the literary and other periodicals, we find abundant announcements of novels, of historical works, of scientific, medical, and religious treatises; but the biographies are almost entirely wanting. Now here is a very remarkable change in our manners, which certainly deserves a word of comment, and a glance at which may help us in the difficult task of understanding the age we live in, and estimating its merits and demerits with some degree of certainty.

Twenty or thirty years ago we went exactly to the other extreme. We used to write biographies about everybody. A man concerning whom there really was nothing whatever to tell, except that he had been educated at one of our public schools, from which place he passed to the University of Cambridge, in the year —, and that then, after obtaining a fellowship, he was raised to the proud position of barrister, but did not practise, because, by the death of his father, the family seat in Parliament becoming vacant, he was induced to apply himself to the study of politics, and became an active supporter of Government under the Peel administration—this estimable individual used formerly to be biographed in two large volumes, with a portrait-frontispiece in the first, representing a gentleman of the Canning pattern, holding a scroll inscribed, "Corn Laws, 18—."

And what has become of this good gentleman now? He is lucky if he gets a short paragraph down at the bottom of one of the columns of the *Times* to

announce his death when it occurs, and to inform the world of the particulars given above. As to writing his biography, there are a few old-world fogies who might think the thing ought to be done; and a smaller section yet, the members of which, supposing the book written, might try to read it. But the thing is not done, and society is none the worse for the omission.

It is a fact, about which one cannot doubt, that there is much less of hero-worship among us than there used to be. It is much more difficult than it used to be to make a sensation. And this is certainly one among the many causes which have tended towards the decline of biography. We don't believe so much in individuals as we used to do, and consequently we don't desire so keenly to know about them. Even in small coteries, now-a-days, it is hard to get believed in, while the worship of the world at large is next to unattainable.

Years ago De Balzac prophesied, using these words: "Il n'y aura plus de grands hommes d'état; il y aura seulement des hommes qui toucheront plus ou moins aux événements." There is infinite delicacy and discrimination in the way this is worded. Men who administer well in the small section over which they preside; men who do their part in the great scheme satisfactorily—these, it is said, there will be, but no more great *individuals* who direct all the rest, and by all the rest are bowed down to and worshipped. Wonder and veneration are dying out among us. No one is surprised—no one impressed.

The fact is that improved systems of education, the prevalence of the examination-test, and other similar "institutions," have raised the standard of intellectual attainment, and, among the

multitude of well-informed people in the world, a man who would once have been distinguished is in danger of being lost sight of. And the man who *does* distinguish himself, is it not chiefly the money which he makes by his successes that is talked about? "I hear that So-and-so can command 5,000*l.* for a novel whenever he chooses to write one"—or "They tell me that Such-a-one never puts brush to canvas under a couple of thousand." "Mr. This must make a deal of money by his plays;" "Mr. That lives in the style of a marquis on the strength of that gun he has invented."

It is a good thing that we have abandoned biography so much as we have. The thing was to a great extent a farce. It was a farce to write the life of a man, and make a mere milk-and-water panegyric of it—to paint a portrait and leave out the blemishes. Were those portraits in printer's ink—generally known as biographies—like? Could we stand such likenesses in these days of photography? What instruction, what comfort, what warning was there in those biographies of the old days, when every man was made a hero of, and his faults, and his shortcomings, and his miserable weaknesses and follies were all glossed over, or disposed of in a few gently-regretful lines? Very often these books were written by relations of the deceased person, and how could he, or she, as the case might be, rip up the secret passages of the dead man's life, and dissect them for the benefit of society at large? Which among us would like this sort of revelation of his inner life to be made? And, if it is not made, where is the use of the biography? To read of a life that is all virtue and integrity, and entirely free from weakness and folly, leads a man either to despair or to disbelieve. He either says to himself, "I am so utterly removed from this sort of thing that there is no hope of my ever doing anything;" or he ceases to believe a word he is reading, and sets the whole treatise down as a pack of lies—which, indeed, by a total suppression of many

most important facts, it has really become.

Alas! if the hero had been really put before us as he was; if that study in which he "used to remain shut up all day" had been really thrown open to the public; if we had seen the great man, now working for a time, and then sitting for a much longer time staring at the fire, reading the advertisements in the newspaper, getting up to gaze absently into the looking-glass, or, perhaps, making faces at himself through its aid; if we had seen him when there was a ring at the bell holding his door ajar, and listening while the servant announced that "master was very busy in his study"—had our hero been exhibited to us in his idle as well as his industrious mood, we should have derived hope from the spectacle, and should have felt that his biographer was, at least, telling us the truth.

But no, "the subject of this memoir," as he used to be called, was only shown in full dress, and on his best behaviour, calm, upright, virtuous, just like that portrait-frontispiece. The written portrait and the painted are alike in unlikeness. That man, as depicted in the frontispiece, and as described in the book, would be quite incapable of girding at his enemies, of brooding over wrongs real and imaginary, of sticking to a wrong cause because he had committed himself to it, of inflicting small wrongs upon his foes when the means came to his hand. He would be incapable of over-eating himself, of lying a-bed in the morning, of beating his relations. In short, the only accusation which you could level against him would be that of a prig of the most unmitigated and uncompromising description. That charge would hold at any rate.

And there was another kind of biography, formerly, of which we see fewer examples in these days: this was the short memoir, "Remains of the Rev. Silas Scroop." There was something nasty about such a title as this, yet it has been seen in advertisement-sheets before now. "A memoir of Sarah Ann N——," too, would always sell well in

the religious world. A single volume this would be, of small dimensions, and ornamented with a meek and moistly-aggravating portrait. These were works which, falling into the hands of worldlings, did an amount of mischief which it is only just to say their authors never contemplated; for these uninitiated ones would say, "If this is religion I am afraid it won't suit me at all."

And another bad effect of too much and too indiscriminate biographizing was this,—a man who once began to see his way to a little success began also to see his way to the biography which was to commemorate it, and would act accordingly. His conduct would begin to adapt itself to biographical exigencies, and he would do and say many things, which would otherwise have remained undone and unsaid, with an eye to those terrible two volumes which were to record the story of his life for the good of posterity. How careful, too, our friend would become in the matter of letter-writing! His correspondence, even with his most intimate friends and relatives, would be affected by the thought that haply one day those sheets would be devoured by a ravenous public; and so his letters will no longer be entirely easy, slipshod, ungrammatical, disjointed, as letters to those we love should be; but, on the contrary, they will be well-composed, full of antithesis, epigrammatical, and either err in being formal compositions, with a beginning, middle, and end, or else they will be of the satirical-facetious kind, still, however, suggesting self-consciousness and pains-taking. And this is infinitely distressing. We should, in our letters, appear full-dressed when we have to do with strangers or acquaintances, but in dressing-gown and pantoufles to our friends. There was, however, nothing of this slipshod sort in the life of our friend who intended to be the subject of a memoir.

And I am afraid that it was customary with this worthy gentleman, when in society, to do many things for effect, and still with an eye to that possible biography. And this I am afraid would,

to take one instance, appear particularly in his behaviour to children. For was it not desirable, nay, imperatively necessary, that some such page as the following should appear in his memoirs: "The subject of this memoir was always most passionately fond of children, and, indeed, was never seen to better advantage than when associating with them. I remember that on one occasion, when I had invited some friends to dinner to meet him, he was very late; indeed, he kept us so long that I began to despair of his coming, and was on the point of ordering dinner to be served, when one of my guests, who was looking out of window perhaps rather impatiently, exclaimed: 'Why, surely, there is X. on the other side of the square, hopping on one leg with a number of children about him!' We all hastened to the window, and there, sure enough, was the great man, apparently engaged in some mystic performance, the exact nature of which we could not make out; at one time hopping backwards and forwards upon the pavement, apparently in obedience to the lines of some pattern; at another time stooping to correct the pattern with a piece of chalk; and yet again pausing to direct the movements of a large flock of youngsters by whom he was surrounded. Our astonishment was, naturally enough, unbounded, and the servant was promptly despatched to the other side of the square to inform Mr. X that we were waiting dinner for him. Our dear friend arrived among us quite out of breath and flushed with his recent exertions. He was full of apologies for having kept us waiting. 'But the fact is,' he said, 'that, as I was coming round the square in the direction of this house, I happened to light upon a group of little men and women playing, or rather trying to play, at hop-scotch. Now I knew the game well, having played it frequently when a boy, and I could not resist stopping to put them to rights a bit, and the dear little people were so ready to learn and so anxious that I should play the game out with them, and were altogether such delightful companions, that I am

ashamed to say I forgot all about dinner till James here was so good as to come and remind me—much obliged to you, James.”

Now, surely there was something suspicious about the conduct of X. on this remarkable occasion. To have played at hop-scotch at all in the streets would have been, under any circumstances, a doubtful proceeding; but in the very square—within view of the very windows of the house at which he was expected—it was really too bad. But we have not done with X. in this particular phase yet. “I remember, on another occasion,” says the biographer, “when our illustrious friend honoured my humble board with his presence, that my own little boy, always a great favourite with X., was present at dessert, and was entertaining us with his artless prattle. There was a young man at table who, I could not help observing, had shown himself rather forward and presuming, having several times spoken when he ought to have been listening to our illustrious guest. Now, it so happened that, in the course of the dessert, the young man to whom I have alluded began to make some statement just as my little boy was also beginning to speak. Of course the child stopped at once, and the young man went on. But this was not to be allowed. ‘Stop, young gentleman,’ said X., addressing the talkative youth, on whom all eyes were instantly fixed; ‘the *child* is going to speak, and we should always listen—to our betters.’”

It was, then, with an eye to such records as this that those rising men of a former period must have been tempted to perform many such fantastic tricks as, we are told, extract tears from the very angels themselves. Now there is less temptation; for in these days a man must distinguish himself so very much to run any, even the slightest, chance of being biographized, that he will probably have too much to do to find leisure for these very telling eccentricities. For it must be remembered that all these impulsive and unconscious acts require care and attention in their concoction, as well as in their execution, and are not to be

executed with good effect unless they are very carefully studied, and even, if necessary, rehearsed.

Is it too much to say that men have performed actions, and written letters, and kept journals with an eye to the biography which was to appear one day and put these things on record? I do not say that they have deliberately acted with that motive distinctly defined in their thoughts; but I do believe that in some cases it has been there, unacknowledged, perhaps, but potential, nevertheless, to influence the conduct of the weakly ambitious, and make them live on stilts or behind a mask, grotesque or sublime as the case might be. And now, at any rate, one motive that might instigate men to eccentric acts has been withdrawn, and those who still play such tricks as have been here glanced at do so rather to bewilder and mystify their living tompeers than with a view of impressing posterity.

Woe to the men of cliques, to the lovers of solitude, to heroes worshipped of women! They live in sheltered gardens, they walk on velvet turf and along straight and even paths. Men should live *with* men, and with the strongest they can get hold of, too. So living, the conceit which grows about the heart, like proud-flesh, when the man is alone, working in his study, or among home satellites, will all be dispersed when he gets out into the world, and finds a dozen men in his club who can do as well as he, perhaps do a more important thing, and do it better. Under such circumstances, the man's morning work sinks in his estimation into its proper place, and he finds his level. But not all men can bear this wholesome regimen. Even if they are tritons, they like to have the minnows about them wondering, better than to be with fellow-tritons who take them easy, and are not surprised at their size.

All things considered, then, this decline of hero-worship, which I would fain venture to connect with the decay of biographical literature, is a good thing. The colder atmosphere in which genius flourishes now is wholesome for it,

Men respect more an audience that is no longer indulgent, and they strive harder to make their work perfect that they may win approbation, and escape censure and ridicule. Our awe of the public is tenfold greater now, when it is hard to please, well-informed, dispassionately critical, than when, twenty years ago, it believed blindly and worshipped. They say, and from observation I greatly believe it, that singers are in the habit of performing much more carefully in Paris, where the audience is almost savagely critical, than before the more good-natured public of our own metropolis. They will take more pains for us, no doubt, as we get hard to please.

It is worth while perhaps, to inquire whether certain changes in our social life may not have helped to snub the biographical muse. The life of a remarkable man generally comprises some notice of his "times," and of the society in which he moves. Is that society less interesting than it used to be? If the literary society of our own day were made the subject of a book, if a new Boswell were to arise, and attempt to give such a picture of the social life of our modern literary men, artists, and others as the old Boswell gave, would it—supposing the thing as well done, which is supposing much—be equally amusing? Would there be the same display of individuality and variety of character—the same readiness to discuss abstract questions, the same vigour and freshness of talk? I very much doubt it. We are all very guarded now, very much afraid of that schoolmaster who is abroad to so wonderful an extent that his influence pervades all society—the man of facts and information who sits by, cold and watchful, ready to catch anybody napping at a moment's notice, ready to crush fancies with facts, and to repress enthusiasm with ridicule. And then there would be so much to report of a purely pecuniary nature in the dialogues of the modern geniuses—discussions as to whether Genius No. 1 really received so many thousands for his novel as report credited to his ac-

count; whether Genius No. 2 was not living beyond his means; or whether the sum said to have been paid over to Genius No. 3 for his last picture was inclusive or exclusive of copyright. These things are discussed at enormous length and over and over again. They would not read so well in a biographical study as the discussions held in Reynolds's painting-room, or at the renowned "club" where Boswell grovelled and Goldsmith made a fool of himself; where Burke held forth on the Sublime, and Reynolds, isolated by his infirmity, meditated on the Beautiful. Pictures of such times we wanted—the more and the minuter the better—but the times are changed now, and, wonderful and glorious as they are, one cannot help fancying that they are sadly unpicturesque.

As to whether the peculiar nature of the fiction of the present day has had anything to do with the decline of biography, that would be a very difficult question to settle. It may be that, after reading of people whose whole lives consist of one uninterrupted round of the most exciting incidents, who get out of one scrape to fall into another, who plot and conspire, or else are plotted and conspired against, incessantly, who never seem to have a blank day when they have no engagements with the powers of darkness during their whole lives, who are ever from the cradle to the grave in turmoil or in rapture—it may be that, after being accustomed to this sort of thing, we find a real life of a real man a dull thing to occupy ourselves with, and should be disposed to throw the record of it aside as flat, stale, and unprofitable. The fact is that, in the life of one individual, the incidents may not be too unscrupulously multiplied without some outrage to nature. It is true that, in the columns of the newspaper and elsewhere, we do read from time to time accounts of strange and almost incredible adventures which have befallen certain persons, and these are often labelled "stranger than fiction." But then we must remember that the particular adventure which we

read or hear of is perhaps an isolated thing in the life of the man who takes part in it. Another adventure, similarly exciting, does not come in his way again next day.

It is probable that the life of a successful man is generally less interesting than that of the individual whose career has been on the whole a failure. Success, like goodness, is a rather simple transaction. There is a phenomenon connected with the game of billiards which is sufficiently remarkable. It is this: the first-rate player astonishes you, not by the extraordinary skill with which he executes strokes of extreme difficulty, but, on the contrary, by so arranging his game that he always seems to have an easy stroke to make. So it is with the successful man in real life. He, too, astonishes you, not by the brilliant manner in which he gets out of scrapes, but by so ordering his life that he shall not get *into* them. Therefore it follows that his life will be the less interesting. The history of the man who gets into scrapes, and out of them again, who is for ever in hot water, who makes mistakes and suffers for them, who stumbles and falls, and gets up again, and makes but little way at last, is more exciting than that of the greater character, who, by wondrous effort, and the display of magnificent, but often unpicturesque, qualities, has managed to keep the even tenour of his way along the difficult and narrow path. It is good and right to succeed in this world, and noble qualities are required to enable a man to do so. The men who rave and roar about their temptations, and their repentance, and their

love of the right—only they follow the wrong—have by an unfortunate chance managed to make themselves interesting. It is always so difficult to make the industrious apprentice an attractive character; and yet this is what the biographer for the most part undertakes to do. For is it not the industrious apprentice always whose life he has to write? In whatever calling the man distinguishes himself, it is still the industrious apprentice who excels. It is commonly not the prodigal son who is written about, but that other whose happier story is told in few and simple words.

Possibly, then, it may be because the lives of such persons as it generally falls to the writer's lot to biographize are often somewhat monotonous, that books of the biographical sort are becoming more uncommon among us. Possibly, also, this phenomenon may be attributed in some degree to the fact that it is needful to deal with so much dry business matter while treating of that long period of the successful man's career which follows the interesting struggles of his earlier life. These causes *may* have something to do with the effect which we have been considering; but I cannot help thinking that the decline of biography is, on the whole, much more attributable to our growing want of veneration for each other, to the wider distribution of a certain amount of talent, and to the frantic mammon-worship which is carried on so enthusiastically that we have no energy left for the more unprofitable culture of our national heroes.

A MOTHER'S WAKING.

ALL night the dews in silence wept,
 And through the pane the moon's
 pale beams
 Played on the floor in silver streams,
 While by my side my baby slept.

So soft, so sweet the midnight stole,
 It stilled the breezes on the lea,
 And hushed the murmur of the sea,
 And hushed the strife within my soul ;

And silenced all the questions wild
 That come between our faith and God,
 And bade me lie beneath the rod
 Calmly, as lay the sleeping child.

Then slumber on my eyelids pressed,
 And dimmed the moonbeam silver
 clear,
 And hid the sound I loved to hear,
 The breathing of the babe at rest ;

Till o'er the sea in rosy light
 The flush of morning slowly crept,
 And whispering breezes softly swept
 The silent shadows of the night.

Then wrapped in dreamland far away
 I saw the angels come and go,
 And flutter of their white wings show
 Like ocean bird at dusk of day.

They came and looked within my eyes
 With their sweet eyes so pure and true,
 And sang low songs all strange and
 new,
 The music of the eternal skies.

But, waking, lo ! a cherub smiled,
 Heaven in his soft eyes' azure deep,
 And radiant from his rosy sleep
 An angel half, and half a child.

And little hands were touching me,
 And tiny rills of laughter broke
 From lips that kissed me as I woke,
 And called my name in baby glee.

And all the vision heavenward swept
 Lost in the gold and crimson sky,
 Their farewell whispers floating by ;
 One angel in my arms I kept.

E. M. MURRAY.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURE AS A GUIDE TO ART.

BY J. L. ROGET.

THE general maxim, that the purest source of artistic inspiration is to be found by studying the works of Nature, is one which must have a certain power of enforcing itself upon all. To deny it would imply either a blindness to beauty, which few persons are ready to acknowledge, or a certain want of reverence, with which none would like to be charged. There are two separate classes of artists to whom the maxim may be considered applicable—namely, the IMITATIVE and the CREATIVE artists ; the painters and sculptors, on the one hand, and the designers, the architects, and the decorators, on the other. There

is an obvious and broad distinction between these two classes as fit subjects for the application of our maxim. If Nature guides the one, it is by precept only ; if the other, it is by example as well. The works of Nature are models of Creative Art, but they comprise no specimen of the Imitative Arts. Nature herself is neither a painter nor a sculptor. Before the dawn of science, a different opinion might have been entertained. There was a time for belief that the organic forms we find imbedded in hard rocks were shaped by angel chisels in imitation of the living creatures, and that the Argus eyes which glitter in a

peacock's tail, and the insect forms of flowers, had some pretty meaning in their chance resemblance. That time is past. We know that Nature does not herself practise the Imitative Arts. With the Creative Arts the case is entirely different; and the advice to study the works of the great Creator has in their case a very intelligible and definite meaning.

Yet it is much more difficult to follow this advice than would be supposed at first sight; for everything depends upon the kind of study which is pursued. It has been found in practice that the possession of a facile hand and a correct eye is not in itself enough to convert a learned naturalist into a good painter. A draughtsman may succeed in copying the forms of Nature with all the accuracy of a photograph, and yet fail to infuse anything of the artistic element into his pictures.

I believe, however, that the sources of failure in such cases are generally to be found in two false assumptions, which are virtually made by some of the most zealous pupils of the school of Nature. One is, that every portion of the work of Nature is, of necessity, beautiful; the other is, that all this beauty is capable of being reproduced by the hand of the artist.

As to the first point, it would be the extreme of presumption to deny that the whole scheme of creation may be one of infinite beauty as well as infinite goodness. But, whatever may be the truth with regard to Nature as a whole, there is nothing inconsistent or unlikely in the belief that deformity is to be met with in the natural, as well as evil in the moral, world. If we admit this, it becomes the business of the artist to make a selection from the appearances presented to him, and to distinguish those which are worthy, from those which are unworthy, of admiration.

This brings him face to face with the main obstacle to his progress in natural study. If Nature herself holds up to him models of unequal merit, who shall direct him in his choice? There is no

want of volunteers for the office. Professors and critics in plenty are ever ready to supply the required instruction, and to lay down rules and principles for the artist's guidance. Academies of Art are formed to keep its canons pure and undefiled. "*Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" What test is there of the truth of these rules of composition, and principles of selection? The answer usually made is by an appeal to further *human* authority—to the taste of civilized people, and the opinion of those who have been canonized as the great masters.

Now there is a convenient theory which gets over much of the difficulty here presented, and whereby, in fact, the knot was cut by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He simply declared that good taste was itself the teaching of Nature. "My notion of Nature," he says, "comprehends not only the forms which nature produces, but also the nature and internal fabric and organization, as I may call it, of the human mind and imagination. The terms beauty, or Nature, which are general ideas, are but different modes of expressing the same thing, whether we apply these terms to statues, poetry, or pictures. Deformity is not Nature, but an accidental deviation from her accustomed practice. This general idea, therefore, ought to be called Nature; and nothing else, correctly speaking, has a right to that name." I am far from denying the truth of this position; but it will be observed that it still leaves undecided the disputes of doctors as to what is properly to be accounted as good taste. If there be deformity in the material works of Nature, so may there be obliquity in the natural judgment of men's minds. Is there no court of appeal sitting in which we may take the judgment of Nature herself upon the points in dispute? The only method I can descry of arriving at such a decision is by a fresh study, conducted in a more philosophic manner, of the works of Nature; not regarding their outward appearances as a series of facts to be recorded by the artist, but seeking

rather to examine the operation of these facts in conveying emotions of delight to the human mind. I think it extremely probable that this study would lead to the conclusion that there is but one true standard of good in taste, as in morality. We should very likely find that similar phenomena have a tendency to produce similar emotions of delight in all minds, and that the varieties of taste which now exist are partly caused by the unequal susceptibilities of different minds, and partly by associations and habits which obscure these emotions, and often prevent us from detecting their presence. But, while these diversities of taste exist, every artist must be content to act upon his own individual impressions of the beauty of nature, and make them his sole guide to the interpretation of her works.

With respect to the second fallacy to which I have referred—that of assuming it possible to reproduce in our copy all the beauty of the original—no one can deny that a *true* copy of a beautiful object must itself be beautiful. But what picture that ever was painted can be upheld as a *true* copy? The materials with which the artist works, his limited range of light and shade, and the incomparable littleness of his power, are enough to account for his utter failure when he attempts a literal transcript of any but the most trivial facts. Something must obviously be omitted, and in that something the greater part of the beauty of the original may chance to be contained.

We may observe, therefore, that, besides the philosophic inquiry before mentioned, there is another and a special kind of study demanded of the artist, which differs entirely from that required of the historian. The painter or sculptor who would succeed in his art, must first feel the beauty of what he attempts to reproduce, and must learn in what qualities of Nature the causes of his emotion lie; but, secondly, he must ascertain which of those qualities are beyond and what within the capabilities of his art. He will then be in a position to apply that art with effect,

and, partly by imitation, but much more by suggestion of what his limited materials are insufficient to reach, he can interpret the tale to others which Nature has told to him.

So much, then, for the Imitative Arts. I turn now to the Creative Arts of the designer, the architect, and the decorator, in whose case we have observed that the advice to study Nature as a guide is much more intelligible and definite than when addressed to the painter or the sculptor.

The most obvious course for a designer, who would pursue his art under the guidance of Nature, is to search among her works for similar objects to those he proposes to design, in order that he may make his own practice conformable to the precedent so set before him. But here, at the very outset, his difficulties begin. Where is he to find the analogies he wants? The very sentence under which man lives by the sweat of his brow, the very want which the artificer supplies, would seem to tell him that he is working in a field which Nature has purposely left uncultivated. It is only to make up for our natural deficiencies that the useful arts are called into requisition. Hence similar conditions to those to which the designer has to apply his art may be looked for in vain in the natural creation. What we are required to make and desire to beautify are the very things which Nature has not made for us.

It may be suggested that we shall find precedents where other animals have, by the inspiration of a wondrous instinct, been taught to supply their own wants. Nests of birds, the web of the spider, the honey-comb, and the coral are admitted to be beautiful, although the same quality may perhaps be denied to the hill of the ant and the hut of the beaver. But the wants of man are so different from the wants of these animals that it is almost impossible to deduce a precedent from such examples. Easy as it is to hold them up for imitation in a general way, any supposed parallel with them would generally be felt by the working

artist as fanciful in the extreme ; and, indeed, the examples themselves differ so much from each other as scarcely to admit of the application of any principle common to them all.

As we despair, then, from the very nature of the case, of finding any objects which will afford complete models for imitation, the next inquiry would be for incidental analogies—for cases in which the design of Nature may be supposed to coincide in some particulars with the task allotted to man. Still we shall find the subject surrounded by difficulties. I will take a very familiar example—the art of dress. There is nothing in Nature which precisely answers to the idea of dress. Princes are not born with coronets on their brows ; the story of Minerva's entry into the world has long since been given up as incredible ; and, if ever a donkey did dress himself in a lion's skin, or a wolf in sheep's clothing, I am sure that he was not actuated thereto by any natural instinct. But seeming analogies are easily to be found. It requires no straining of the poetic licence to talk of a hill-side clothed with verdure, and meadows dressed with the flowers of spring. And, although it is true, at least in this climate, that we are forced to supply ourselves with clothing which Nature has not provided, we may very reasonably regard the feathers of birds and the fur of beasts as bearing the same relation to their wants that great-coats, and (in a minor degree) fashionable bonnets bear to ours. But the detection of any analogy of which the artist can make practical use is a matter of much greater difficulty. Mr. Marshall has pointed out that the skin and fur which cover the rabbit and the hare not only answer the purpose of clothing, but are used by Nature to correct and conceal the necessary deformity of internal structure. When these creatures have to be prepared for dressing, in the culinary sense of the word, we perceive how their natural covering contributed to their beauty. The agreeable appearance of a leveret in a dish is dependent on associations with which the eye has nothing to do. For the purpose of the

toilette the analogy of the clothing of the animal has no existence. It is not the practice of Nature to conceal by clothing, except where the result would show an increased beauty. If we admit that the human form is not susceptible of this increase of beauty, it would seem to follow that we must seek for our laws of ordinary dress in some other source than that of Nature. To this, however, the artist will answer, with some truth, that his conception of dress is not that of a covering which conceals form. It is rather that of a covering which is based upon, and may sometimes enhance, but never denies, the natural beauty of form. This idea of dress is much more closely represented in Nature by the ivy or creeping plants which adorn a cliff-side, or hang in garlands from the trees, than by the wool of a sheep or the shell of a lobster. It may, indeed, be thought by many a fatal objection to this definition, that it requires us to discard from the category of dress one of the most important articles of modern female attire. This it would be necessary to regard as a sort of case designed for a portable habitation, and it would be this case and not the human figure that would in reality be dressed. I am not so indiscreet as to deny that a bell-shaped receptacle of the human form may possess an independent beauty of its own ; but that is not the question before us. Even by thus limiting our definition of dress we advance no further in our search for precedents ; for the most expert *modiste* would be sorely puzzled at having to prepare a court costume on the model of a vine or a Virginia creeper.

Thus we see how our fancied analogies are apt to break down, if we look them full in the face, or attempt to apply to them a practical test. If we take, again, a more general view of creation, the very nature and scope of organic design would seem to separate it from human art. Unlike the creations of man, the animate works of Nature are susceptible of constant change and growth, and adapted to the requirements of life, and motion, and perpetual reproduction.

The graceful forms they possess would seem to be denied to the use of artificers who have not the breath of life at their command. Mr. Fergusson has drawn an ingenious analogy between the art of architecture and the natural design displayed in the human form. Yet what is there in the animal functions of man to liken him to a house? How much of his form is evidently designed for movement and locomotion, which would be utterly unsuited to the building of any house, except a caravan!

Again, we cannot fail to observe that the *growth* of an animal or vegetable is entirely different from that of an object made with hands. A baby-cottage does not spring from a germ, and expand itself into a palace, but the palace is built up—stone by stone—from the level of the earth. Instead of developing our creature *by means of* a vital force, our labour is mainly employed in *counteracting* another of Nature's forces—that of gravity. Art and Nature would seem to be in opposition, and striving against each other for the mastery. Not, indeed, that the piling of one stone upon another is to be reckoned as a fine art; but there can be no architecture without building—no decoration without something to decorate. And it is important to observe that it is from the actions of those very forces, which we have to overcome before our fine art begins that some at least of the beauty of Nature is admitted to arise. Have we not noted the beauty of natural drapery, upon which the force of gravity is allowed to act without restraint? And yet we see that the destruction of this beautifying agency is often one of the preliminary conditions of Art.

Thus man's industry is not only confined to a distinct field from the work of Nature, but must ever be occupied in opposing her action. Nature sends rain, and man makes umbrellas. It is a sense of this hopeless separation that makes the march of civilization in rural places a subject of so much regret to the lover of Nature. He cannot behold without sadness the lines of streets advancing with serried ranks across the fields, and

completing the work of destruction begun by the swarm of villas which had settled on her borders. Nor can he escape a passing suspicion that, when Art ascends the throne, Nature has no place at the council-board. It is small comfort to be told that the triumph is but for a time. Yet so it is. Leave our house untenanted, and it soon falls into decay; for Nature steps in to claim her reversion, our frail Art trembles at her touch, and she strikes to earth the temple we had designed to reach to heaven. Yet, while she destroys with one hand, with the other she builds again, renewing ever to our sight the same creative charm in which we had fondly hoped to find the clue to Art. Where her foot falls, fresh beauties rise, and still cry shame upon the handiwork of man. His frescoed walls she tints with softer hues. His finest tracery is coarse beside the foliage which clings around it; and every blossom tells how vain was the poet's fancy that—

“Nor herb nor flow'ret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.”

It may have been owing to a perception of the many difficulties to which I have referred, and to a sense of hopeless inferiority to Nature, coupled with a deep admiration of her beauty, that the creative artists of almost all ages and countries have had a tendency to seek for refuge and support in the Arts of Imitation. They have endeavoured to bestow upon works of design the gift of language, and to make them tell of absent Nature, in order, in some degree, to reconcile the spectator to their otherwise uncongenial presence.

Now this might be accomplished by other devices besides imitation. To a people advanced in civilization, the easiest way might seem to be afforded by the artifice of symbolism. We might write the names of natural objects all about our works of art. This is a method of pure convention, in which the symbols employed have no connexion with the things described, except what depends upon previous agreement with the persons addressed. But by

this means the suggestion of any actual appearance of nature depends so much on the imagination that it is useless for our purpose. Another kind of symbolism exists in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in heraldic paintings. Here the element of imitation is introduced. The forms and colours employed are as much symbolic as before; but they have been adopted because they bear some resemblance to the objects to be suggested. This is, in fact, a combination of two distinct modes of suggestion, one of which depends on artificial, and the other on natural, association. In their relation to the art of design the latter is quite as much a language as the former.

Bearing this in mind, let us look at the several ways in which the designer may make his creation speak of Nature by means of this language of imitation.

First, he may deliver his work bodily into the hands of the imitative artist. He may so use that art as to leave himself no field for design. If, for example, the four walls of a room were painted with a complete landscape like the late Mr. Burford's panorama, there would be no ornament there at all. I have a box for lucifers, which is simply the statue of a dog, and I have to cut his throat to get at the inside. This sort of adaptation of natural form is a mere substitution for Creative Art. The designer in this case is very like the actors in our so-called pantomimes, who do nothing but talk, and so leave no room for acting.

Secondly, the design may be so arranged that the suggestive element shall have a separate place assigned to it, there being scope for the whole art of the imitative artist in the pictures or pieces of sculpture so introduced, and the proper display of them being considered as one of the primary conditions of the design itself. For example, if the creation be a house, its *façade* may also be regarded as a sculpture gallery; if a dinner-plate, its rim may be treated both as a receptacle for salt, and as the frame of a picture. In neither of these cases is there any interference by the designer with the art of the imitator. If the two elements of

design and imitation co-exist, the result is a mixture only—not a combination.

In the methods of suggestion of which I have now to speak, the two elements are more or less combined. There are two distinct ways of effecting this union:—

First, the general design may be determined without reference to the suggestive element, and then imitations of natural appearances may be added, as matters of detail, and so interwoven with, and introduced upon or within the construction, that they may become an integral part of the whole. The design, in fact, is] a sort of skeleton or framework for the imitation. To accomplish this, it will of course be necessary to arrange the natural objects in an artificial manner with reference to the design; and this requirement is in some degree a restraint upon the imitator. But, with the artificial arrangement as a condition, the imitation of these objects may still be carried quite as far as in the preceding cases.

Examples of such painting will be found in the arabesques of Raphael; and of such sculptured ornament in the groups of fruit and flowers on the celebrated gates of Ghiberti at Florence, and the carving of Grinling Gibbons in our own country. In a bronze jug which I have before me, the form of the handle has first been designed, and then a portion of a human figure and some bird's wings have been modelled upon the chosen curve. The figure, of course, is in an artificial attitude, but the imitation is carried as far as the material allows. To take again our illustration of the dinner-plate, the rim will no longer be a mere set-off to the picture, but the composition of the picture will be governed by the shape of the rim.

It is plain that here the designer has a more important part to play than hitherto; but still he is working under some restraint, and, having carried forward his design to a certain point, he is obliged to retire, and leave the whole field open to the imitative artist. This is the method chiefly advocated by critics who belong to what is called the school of NATURALISM.

Finally, we arrive at a method of suggestion wherein the designer assumes a position of still greater prominence, and the imitative artist holds the second place only. Here not only the arrangement of the objects imitated, but the extent of the imitation is restricted by the nature of the design. Of the qualities which go to make up our idea of the object to be suggested, only such are allowed to be represented to our eyes as it could possess in common with the actual thing that we see before us. This I take to be the fundamental idea involved in the teaching of the so-called CONVENTIONAL school. An example of this method in sculptured ornament is afforded by the lotus capitals of Egypt, as compared with the natural foliage in some kinds of Gothic architecture.

Under this system of the Conventional School the designer is about as free as the imitator is under that of the Natural School. The condition of suggesting nature may be fulfilled without at all diverting the spectator's attention from the object created. But it will also be perceived that the language which speaks of nature has now begun to partake of the conventional character which we recognised in the case of hieroglyphics. The qualities which it has been found necessary to omit from the representation are only suggested to the mind by a process of natural association.

I believe that these considerations will give us the key to a controversy, which has been carried on for some time, between these two schools of Naturalism and Conventionalism. It is nothing more than a contest between the Imitative and the Creative artists. Each loves his own art the best, and advocates that system which gives it the greatest scope. The designer feels himself fettered by the necessity of introducing perfect works of Imitative Art into his designs. The painter and sculptor perceive that the qualities omitted by the Conventionalist are not unfrequently the very qualities upon which the beauty of the natural object depends. I am not about to enter into

the controversy in question. My object in thus passing in review the different methods of suggestion is merely to assign its true place to the art of imitation, which, instead of being looked upon as a language, is often confounded with the art of design.

An imaginary series of wall-papers will help to exemplify the different styles I have referred to.

1. *Design*.—A pattern of forms, shades, and colours only.

2. *Imitation*.—A representation of marble.

3. *Imitation + Design*.—A geometrical net-work, with separate pictures in the interstices.

4. *Imitation × Design*.—*Naturalism*—Roses naturally grouped upon a repeated form. *Conventionalism*—Fleurs-de-lys powdered over the surface.

Now, if I have made myself clear, it will be seen that, by thus seeking the aid of Imitative Art, the Creative artist does not in reality bring his practice one whit nearer to that of Nature. He only places himself under an artificial condition which limits and restricts the field of his operations. Except as affecting the extent of this restriction, he has no direct interest in the disputes of the Naturalists and Conventionalists. Nature belongs to neither the one school nor the other. The patterns she designs give delight because they themselves are beautiful, not because they remind us of something else.

I do not say that the artist should rebel against these conditions. If he can look upon all these works as mere compositions of form, shade, and colour, he will find room enough for his own particular art. But let him remember that in using imitation he is not taking Nature as a guide to Art, but making his art a guide to Nature.

The condition of suggesting Nature is often one to which the Creative artist is obliged to conform. Let us see whether there are any further conditions which he may be required to fulfil. To illustrate this inquiry, imagine a certain goblet to have attracted (whether properly or not is of no sort of consequence)

the admiration of a variety of persons. The Natural school of which I have spoken will have admired the goblet for the sake of the wreath of grapes and vine-leaves which surrounds it; and even the Conventional school may be pleased with the resemblance of the shape of the cup to the opening flowers of certain plants. Among those persons who are willing to admit an independent source of admiration, and have any theory at all on the subject, we shall find an extraordinary variety of opinions. Many would derive their emotion from an innate beauty belonging to certain definite forms, of which this partakes. Edmund Burke will attribute its beauty to the quality of smoothness. Sir Uvedale Price, admitting this kind of beauty, will say that it has the additional charm of the picturesque, arising from the roughness of the vine leaves, the angles of its outline, and the multitude of its parts. William Hogarth will assert that the waving line is the key to its elegance; and both he and the late J. D. Harding will give greater importance than other writers to the element of variety in its dimensions. Next there will arise a chorus of witnesses in praise of its proportion; but these will vary greatly in their definition of the term they use. One will give his in the words of Euclid. One will trace an analogy with the principles of harmony in sound; another will base the whole beauty of proportion upon the simplicity of prime ratios of numbers; while a fourth will sigh for the lost canon of the Greeks, and a German professor will evolve the idea of beauty from the application of a geometrical scale. One philosopher will see in the goblet no higher merit than regularity of form, and another will attribute its charm to that quality combined with delicacy and smoothness; while the Board of Trade will commend the designer for making it conformable to the laws of symmetry and series. Apart from all these witnesses, we shall have the followers of Mr. Alison, tracing their ideas of its beauty to the various agreeable asso-

ciations they happen to connect with it. The polite founder of the school may be pleasantly reminded of classical symposia, and the crown of Dionysus; while some of his less refined disciples will derive more gratification from the thought of beer. Admirers of the Utilitarian school will like it for its fitness. They will note with satisfaction that it is easy to hold, and to drink from; that it stands firmly on its pedestal; and that it is very large. So we may multiply the requirements to enable it to gratify the tastes of all, each according to his own pet system of philosophy. The manufacturer will refuse to call it beautiful unless it be substantial and well-made. The frugal housewife would like it cheap, and the merchant-prince would scorn it unless it were dear. The world will buy it if it be fashionable, and collectors will prize it only when it becomes unique. Every one of these multitudinous admirers will apply his own test of merit in judging of the artist's work.

If, then, these several witnesses have not been deceived as to the origin of their emotions, it follows that the designer will give them entire satisfaction if he make his work conformable to their several theories. It may naturally appear, therefore, to the student of design, whom we will assume to be a tractable youth, unencumbered by stubborn theories of his own, that all he has to do, to become perfect in his art, is to make himself acquainted with the theories of others, and apply them as the nature and object of his work may require. But I think it must be clear that this mere following or adoption of theories because they are the theories of those employers for whom the artist works is a very different thing from what we are accustomed to think of as Fine Art.

The truth of this will, I think, appear in the aspect of the matter which chiefly concerns us in the present inquiry. The mere following of the theories of others, or the mere obedience to rules, as rules, excludes us from the study of Nature as a guide to Art. And yet this methodical system is of the essence of academic

teaching. Certain rules are laid down, which the pupil is required to obey; and these rules he is taught to regard as principles of Art. To do more than this does not lie within the power of a master; and even this assumes his teaching to be of the most liberal kind. Generally he confines it within much narrower bounds. He teaches only the special theory which he himself believes to be true, and thus he limits the range of persons whom the pupil can gratify by his Art to that class of theorists to which the teacher belongs. Of course, it is incumbent upon professors who uphold our general maxim to show that the principles of Art which they lay down are derived from the study of Nature. But it is open to the pupil to take this for granted, and, without any real opinion of his own, to devote himself entirely to a mere mechanical following of rule. We sometimes do this in more weighty matters than ornamental Art.

Passing, however, from student to master, let us look at the theories of two rival schools which exist among us, and both of which do profess to be founded on natural study. The theory of Mr. Ruskin, with respect to beauty of form, is as follows:—He conceives that the forms in creation which are most frequently presented to men's eyes are those which God has pre-determined that it shall be man's nature to love. He infers that it is man's duty to consider these forms as beautiful, and to make use of them in his art. "All beautiful lines," he tells us, "are adaptations of those which are commonest in the external creation." On this theory he argues that it is our duty to employ the pointed arch in building, because the leaves of trees are most frequently pointed. He praises the flattened egg-shape in a certain ornament because it happens to be like a common pebble from the sea-beach. He characterizes the Greek fret as ugly, because the only approach to a natural resemblance which he can trace for it is that of certain unique crystals of bismuth; while he extols the beauty of

another ornament, which is often met with in the churches of Lombardy, because its forms occur in a variety of common crystals.

I have no space to point out the difficulties which stand in the way of the acceptance of this theory, my object being merely to place it side by side with the principle of another school. Mr. Owen Jones, one of the most eminent expositors of the system sanctioned by the Board of Trade, in its department of Practical Art, and who, equally with Mr. Ruskin, upholds the guidance of Nature, pursues his study as follows:—He traces in her works certain general laws of the distribution of form; and, observing that no style of ornament is universally admired which does not conform to these laws, infers that they are laws of beauty.

The two methods of study, then, amount respectively to this. Mr. Ruskin would obey the presumed injunctions of Nature, by copying the most frequent of her forms. Mr. Owen Jones would follow her dictates by imitating the most common qualities of her forms. Mr. Ruskin's motive is a pious submission to the will of God, as inferred from the ordinary aspect of creation. Mr. Jones contends that we can have no proper admiration of man's work unless it has a precedent in the general laws of natural design.

Both systems equally get over our difficulty of the want of analogy between Nature and Art. Mr. Ruskin's use of common forms has no reference to their application in Nature; and a great argument in favour of the Board of Trade principles is that they are applicable to every kind of design. There is no analogy, but that of shape, between a leaf and a Gothic window; and, except that they have certain qualities of form in common, a South Kensington student, who likened himself unto a tea-pot, would be liable to suspicions of incipient catalepsy.

But, to us, the most important aspect of the two schools is this: the one looks upon Nature as a despotic lawgiver, whom the artist is bound to obey; the other treats her as a court of ultimate appeal, to affirm or over-rule, as the case

may be, our previous decisions. In this view, there is little difference between them. The result of each is to reduce the teaching of Nature to a level with that of the pedagogue. A writing-master can set before us copies for imitation; and we may learn to do sums, on a system of faith that whenever answers have been universally admitted to be right, this will always be found to be in accordance with certain natural laws of addition, subtraction, and so forth.

On this system, the student may arrive at a certain point of technical ability without possessing any of the attributes of an artist. But he can never hope to raise the condition of Art itself—or, in short, become a true artist—as long as he looks upon Nature's laws (whether of individual form or of the general qualities of form) as purely arbitrary. He must feel within himself an irresistible conviction that they are laws of beauty, or they will avail him nothing. If he would use them himself, he must test them himself. If he begins by assuming that a rule of natural form must be a law of beauty, he will never get on any further. The only course from which he can hope for progress is this:—Let him examine such of the works of Nature as inspire him with emotions of delight. If he thinks he can trace any of these emotions directly to the presence of some quality which an object possesses, let him search for the same quality in other objects, and try whether the same emotions arise within him whenever this quality is present, and are absent whenever it is absent. By such a process—it is the well-known method of scientific induction—he may not only obtain the conviction he wants (that is, if it be a *true* conviction), but he may do more. He may learn to estimate the *relative value* of particular qualities, as affecting his emotions of delight. He may find that the law which professors would teach him to obey is, undoubtedly, one of

beauty, but that it does not account for the special charm which a particular object has for his mind.

The student need not be deterred by the philosophical character of the pursuit. The lesson of beauty is one which is revealed to babes. The untaught savage, who has nothing to guide him but a simple delight in Nature, is often a better designer than the learned professor of Ornamental Art. This fact is a very striking one; and, perhaps, we may learn from it that, in the practice of Art, the accumulated learning of ages will be only an incumbrance to the artist, unless he can distinguish his emotions of beauty, and keep them pure.

My object has not been to magnify the difficulty of the study of Nature as a guide to Art, but rather to show that the main difficulty arises from our not knowing how to begin that study. We have seen how many requirements the designer is obliged to fulfil. He must not interfere with the uses of the object he has to beautify. He may have to give room in his design for the work of the imitative artist. He must conform to a given style. He must follow the fashion of the times, and, perhaps, obey the caprice of his employer; and he may not dare to oppose the theories of the learned. If he is content to pursue his art as a trade, he may stop here, and need not go to Nature at all. But, if he would become a true artist, he must treat all these requirements as the conditions of his work, and feel that, when he has satisfied them, his art has yet to begin. Then let him enter the school of Nature, and be guided by what he feels within himself to be the love of her beauty, and her beauty alone; and he will learn, from the infinite variety in which this beauty is unfolded to him, that there are no human conditions, however hard, which do not admit of some reflection, however faint, of her boundless grace.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE "SUBSCRIPTION NO SECURITY,"
IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

BY THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

DR. HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel, who is distinguished for his knowledge of the annals of the University, and has been one of the chief actors in the academic history of his own time, has courteously called my attention to two errors in the Article above-named.

I. In p. 467, it is said that Subscription was first required from *Graduates*, as well as Undergraduates, at the instance of Leicester, in 1581.

There seems to be no reference to *Graduates* in Wood's Annals, either in that year or in any previous year. But as Subscription was certainly imposed on Graduates about that time, I followed others in regarding the whole transaction as one. The Provost, however, has disinterred from the old University documents a Statute imposing Subscription on Graduates, passed Oct. 25, 1576. There is certainly no evidence to connect Leicester's name with this Statute. But, as he had been Chancellor for twelve years, as he had constantly exercised a controlling power over the University, and had taken a forward part in banishing Roman Catholics from her pale, it is probable that the Statute of 1576, as that of 1581, was approved by him.

II. In p. 472, it is stated that the Oath to observe the Statutes of the University continued to be exacted from Undergraduates, till they were prohibited by the Act of 1854, § 43.

But it is plain that the only oaths so prohibited were those of allegiance and supremacy; for the Oath to obey the Statutes had been repealed by the University herself in 1837.

Yet it can hardly be said to have been repealed *without compulsion*. And, if so, the argument remains untouched, though a slight alteration in the words is required.

To explain the matter fully, it is necessary to refer to transactions in Parliament between the years 1834 and 1837.

In March, 1834, petitions were presented by the Prime Minister (Lord Grey) in the House of Lords, and by the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Spring Rice) in the Commons, signed by sixty-three resident members of the Senate at Cambridge, among whom appeared the eminent names of Sedgwick, Airy, Lee, Peacock, Bowstead, Thirlwall, and others, second to none (said Lord Grey) in general and scientific knowledge, in high character, and in zealous attachment to the interests of the Church. The prayer of the petition was that Dissenters should be admissible to Degrees; and the interest felt in the matter is shown by the facts that it was introduced by elaborate speeches from the Ministers, and gave rise to animated debates—the debate in the Lower House being twice adjourned.

This Petition was followed (April 17th) by a Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. George Wood, by which it was proposed to admit all His Majesty's subjects equally to Degrees, "notwithstanding their diversities of religious opinion; Degrees in Divinity alone excepted." Leave was given to bring in the Bill by 185 votes against 44. The second reading was carried (June 20th) by 321 to 147, after a vigorous debate, in which the most remarkable speech was that delivered in favour of the principle of the Bill by the present Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley. The third reading was opposed by Mr. Gladstone and others, and finally carried (July 28th) by 164 to 75. It was then brought into the House of Lords by Lord Radnor, but was rejected on the second reading (Aug. 1st) by 187 votes to 85.

In the following year, 1835, a Bill simply to abolish the requirement of Subscription was introduced by the same peer, and was rejected (July 14th) by 163 to 57.

These naked statements will show the great interest that was then taken in the condition of the Universities; and a perusal of the debates will greatly strengthen the impression thus received.

Now in the course of these debates, the question of the Oaths exacted by the University and Colleges was raised. Mr. Stanley alluded to them as mere forms in contrast to the more serious obligations entailed by Subscription (xxiv Hans. 687); and Lord Radnor spoke pointedly of the absurdity of the Oaths still exacted by the Universities and Colleges, to show how lightly solemn obligations had come to be regarded by the academical authorities (xxv Hans. 824). His lordship followed up the matter next year by moving for a return of all Oaths exacted at Oxford, and justified his motion by an elaborate speech (xxvi Hans. 576).

The result of this inquiry appeared two years afterwards, when Lord Radnor moved for a Parliamentary Commission to deal with the whole subject (xxxvii Hans. 1001). This proposal was defeated. But, a month later, he moved for a Committee of the House with the same end in view. On that occasion, the Duke of Wellington stated that, very shortly after he became Chancellor of Oxford [*i.e.* in 1834], he had recommended the governing body of the University to obtain a remedy for the evils that "arose out of the existence of obsolete and impracticable Statutes, which were not only useless, but injurious,"

and he further said that the University was "prepared to make all the inquiries that were necessary, and all the alterations that it would be in the power of Parliament to make" (xxxviii Hans. 667). Lord Camden gave a similar promise on behalf of the sister University and its Colleges. All the speakers on the side of the Universities made admission of the propriety, if not the necessity, of alteration. Lord Radnor, relying on these concessions, withdrew his motion.

This debate took place on the 8th of May, 1837.

It was on the 23rd of November, 1837, that the measure was passed at Oxford, by which Undergraduates were henceforth to be released from the oath of obedience to the Statutes.

It is fair to add that a number of superfluous oaths had been removed by the University of Oxford, *proprio motu*, in 1827. Some others had been abolished, and some modified, in 1835 and 1836.

But the abolition of the particular oath in question seems to have been the direct consequence of the Duke's engagement, not the unforced, spontaneous act of the University. So, at least, it was understood by Lord Radnor, whose statement was not contradicted by the Duke, in the debate that followed on the 21st of December, just a month after the Oath had been repealed (xxxix Hans. 1385).

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS: ETON.

IN Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper, "A French Eton: Part III," in our last number, there occurred the following statement:—"The most experienced and acute of Oxford heads of Houses told me himself that, when he spoke to an undergraduate the other day about trying for some distinguished scholarship, the answer he got was: "Oh, the men from the great schools "don't care for those things now; the "men who care about them are the men

"from Marlborough, Cheltenham, and "the second-rate schools."

A correspondent from Eton, who thinks that this statement is calculated to convey an unfair impression of the present state of our great public schools, sends us some comments upon it, with reference more particularly to Eton. He says:—

"To show how untrue this statement is, with regard to Eton at least (for I

will not undertake to answer for any other school), it will be but necessary to quote from two letters which appeared in the *Eton College Chronicle* within the last fortnight. The first is from a Cambridge man. He says :

“The following is an account of the success of Etonians at Cambridge, in 1862, 1863, and to April 11, 1864, omissions excepted :—

CLASSICAL.

- 17 First Classmen.
- 1 Senior Classic.
- 3 Chancellor's Classical Medallists.
- 2 Member's Prizemen.
- 1 Browne's Medallist, for Latin Ode.
- 1 Carus, Greek Testament Prizeman.
- Sundry Second and Third Classmen.

ENGLISH.

- 2 Le Bas Prizemen.

MATHEMATICAL.

- 5 Wranglers, if not more.
- Sundry Senior and Junior Optimes.'

“This is what Eton has done at Cambridge ; now let us turn to the Oxonian account ; it is dated Oxford, April 28.

“The following account (omissions excepted) of the successes obtained by Eton men at Oxford may, perhaps, be equally interesting (with the account given above) :—

“In the Public Examinations of 1862 and 1863 there were—

- 2 Double Firsts.
- 10 First Classmen.
- 10 Second Classmen.
- 16 Third Classmen.

“The following University prizes have lately been won by Etonians :—

- Stanhope Historical Essay, 1861.
- Junior Mathematical Scholarship, 1863.
- Taylorian Scholarship, 1863.
- Besides twelve open Scholarships and

Demyships now held by old Etonians at Balliol, Trinity, Magdalene, &c. When it is remembered how many of Eton's best classical scholars are to be found at Cambridge, the above facts must be acknowledged to confer no small amount of κῶδος upon the school.'

“Those two letters surely contain proof enough that the men from second-rate schools are not the only ones who care for intellectual honours.

“I think I have said enough now to show how untrue Mr. Arnold's assertion is, as far as Eton is concerned : I can answer for no more, but I have no doubt that other large Public Schools have done nearly as well, making allowances for smaller numbers. It would be well to remove the impression, that Eton boys learn nothing, which seems to be a fixed conviction on so many minds : as a sample of what they have done I may mention that six out of the first nine in the Classical Tripos last year were Etonians. I much doubt whether such a feat has ever been performed by any other school.”

Our Correspondent's statements as to the very high proportion of University honours won by Etonians of late years are amply borne out by reference to the calendars of the two Universities ; and, although we conceive that Mr. Matthew Arnold may have had in view something deeper than this, in any remarks of his in the course of his article that seemed to reflect generally on the present intellectual condition of those classes of society for whom our great public schools mainly exist, yet, as the particular passage referred to might be misapprehended, we willingly call attention to the facts on which our correspondent properly lays stress.—*Editor.*

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1864.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: MISS BROWN'S TROUBLES COME TO AN END, WHILE MR. ERNE HILLYAR'S FAIRLY COMMENCE.

WELLINGTON Row, Kentish Town, is a row of semi-respectable houses, in the most dreary and commonplace of all the dreary and commonplace suburbs which lie in the north of London. I should suppose that the people who inhabit them may generally be suspected of having about a hundred a year, and may certainly be convicted, on the most overwhelming evidence, of only keeping one servant.

At least Mrs. Jackson, at No. 7, only kept one, and she wasn't half strong enough for the place. Mrs. Jackson didn't mean to say that she wasn't a willing girl enough, but she was a forgetful slut, who was always posturing, and running after the men, "and so at times it was 'ard to keep your temper with her; indeed it were, I do assure you."

Now the history of the matter is simply this. Martha Brown, the servant-of-all-work ("slavey," as a snob would so suggestively have called her), was a delicate and thoughtful girl, which things, of course, are serious delinquencies in a pot-scourer and door-step cleaner; but, beside and above these crimes, she

had committed the crowning one of being most remarkably pretty—which, of course, was not to be tolerated.

So she had rather a hard life of it, poor thing. Mrs. Jackson was not, on the whole, very kind to her; and, being a she-dragon, not well-favoured herself, she kept such watch and ward over her pretty servant; accused her so often of flirtations which were entirely imaginary, and altogether did so wrangle, scold, and nag at her; that sometimes, in the cold winter's morning, wearily scrubbing the empty grate, or blowing with her lips the smouldering fire, the poor thing has bent down her head and wished that she was dead, and calmly asleep beside her mother in the country churchyard.

She was a country-bred girl, an orphan, who had come up to London to "better" herself (Lord help her!), had taken service in this dull, mean neighbourhood, and was now fearful of moving from sheer terror of seeing new faces. And so here she had been, in this dreadful brick-and-mortar prison, for more than three years, rising each morning only to another day of dull drudgery of the lowest kind. Perhaps, sometimes, there might be a moment or two for a day-dream of the old place she loved. But day-dreams are dangerous for a slave with a scolding mistress. The cat may get at the milk, the meat may burn; and then wrangle and nag for an hour or so, and, ah, me! it is all over—

“She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade—
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.”

What kept her up, you wonder ! Only hope. And—well ! well ! “People in that rank of life don’t fall in love in the same way as we do,” said a thoroughly good fellow to me the other day. I beg solemnly to assure him that he is quite mistaken.

Every time when anything went wrong with this poor little Cinderella, as soon as the first scalding tears were wiped, she had a way, learnt by long and bitter experience, of calling up a ghost of a smile on her poor face. She would say to herself, “Well, never mind. My holiday comes next Sunday three weeks.”

I beg to apologize for telling one of the most beautiful stories ever written (that of Cinderella) over again in my clumsy language. But there are many thousand Cinderellas in London, and elsewhere in England, and you must ask Dr. Elliotson or Dr. Bucknill how many of them go mad every year.

And, as the monthly holiday approached, there would be such a fluttering of the poor little heart about the weather—for it is quite impossible to look one’s best if it rains, and one likes to look one’s best, under certain circumstances, you know—and such a stitching together of little bits of finery, that the kettle used to boil over sadly often, and unnoticed coals to fall into the dripping-pan, and wrap the meat in the wild splendours of a great conflagration ; and there would be more scolding and more tears. However, all the scolding and all the tears in the world can’t prevent Sunday morning from coming ; and so it came. And this was a rather special Sunday morning—for there was a new bonnet with blue ribands, a rather neat thing ; and so she was rather anxious for a fine day.

But it rained steadily and heavily. It was very provoking. The people

were going into church by the time she reached Clerkenwell Prison, and it still rained on : but, what was worse than that, there was nobody there !

Up and down the poor child walked, under the gloomy prison wall, in the driving rain. It is not an inspiring place at any time, that Clerkenwell Prison-wall, as you will agree if you notice it the next time you go by. But, if you walk for an hour or more there, under a heavy disappointment, in a steady rain, waiting for some one who don’t come, you will find more melancholy still.

The people came out of church, and the street was empty once more. Then there were tears, but they were soon followed by sunshine. The spoilt bonnet was nothing now ; the wet feet were forgotten ; the wretched cheap boots, made of brown paper sewn together with rotten thread, the dreary squalor of the landscape, the impertinencies of passing snobs, were nothing now ;—everything was as it should be. For there was the ring of an iron heel on the pavement, and the next minute a young fellow came hurling round the corner, and then—

Well ! Nobody saw us do it but the policeman, and he was most discreet. He looked the other way. He had probably done the same thing himself often enough.

I had run all the way from Chelsea, and had almost given up all hopes of finding her ; so, in the first flutter of our meeting, what between want of breath, and—say, pleasurable excitement—I did not find time to tell her that my news was bad ; nay, more than bad—terrible. I hadn’t the heart to tell her at first, and, when I had found the heart, I couldn’t find the courage. And so I put it off till after dinner. She and I dined at the same shop the last time we were in England, and oh ! the profound amazement of the spirited proprietor at seeing a lady in thick silks and heavy bracelets come in to eat beef ! We had to tell him all about it ; we had, indeed.

At last it all came out, and she was sitting before me with a scared, wild

face. My cousin Reuben and my father had been arrested, but my father immediately released. Sir George Hillyar was dead, and Joe's heart was broken.

"The grand old gentleman dead!"

"Yes. Got up in the night out of his chair, wandered as far as the kitchen, and fell dead!"

"How very dreadful, dear."

There was something more dreadful coming, however. I had to break it to her as well as I could. So I took her hand and held it, and said—

"And now we are utterly ruined, and the forge fire is out."

"But it will be lit up again, dear. You and your father have your skill and strength left. You will light the forge fire again."

"Yes," I answered, "but it will be sixteen thousand miles away. In Australia, dear."

Now I had done it. She gave a low piteous moan, and then she nestled up close to me, and I heard her say, "Oh, I shall die! I know I shall die! I can't bear it without you, dear. I couldn't have borne it so long if I hadn't thought of you night and day. Oh, I hope I shall die. Ask your sister Emma to pray God to take me, dear."

"Why you don't think I am going without you, do you?" I hurriedly asked.

"You *must* go," she answered, crying.

"I know I must; and you must come too. Are you afraid?"

"How could I be afraid with you, darling. But you *must* go, and I must stay behind and die."

"Never mind about that, love. Are you afraid?"

"Not with you."

"Very well, then. You'll have the goodness to get a recommendation from the parson, as an assisted emigrant, *at once*. If you can't, you must pay your passage, and that'll be a twister. Now go home and give warning."

"I couldn't do it, dear," she said, with her sweet, honest eyes beginning to sparkle through her tears, and her mouth beginning to form a smile.

"Couldn't do what?"

"Give warning. I should fall down in a dead faint at her feet."

"Nonsense," I said. "Have it out the minute she opens the door."

"She won't open it. I go in the airy way, and as soon as she hears me come in she comes down and has a blow up at me."

"Can't you get in a wax, old girl?" I asked with an air of thoughtful sagacity, for I saw the difficulty at once.

Old girl thought this perfectly hopeless; and, indeed, I thought so too.

"Then I tell you what. Don't give her time to begin. Get between her and the door, and says you, 'If you please, ma'am—if you please, ma'am—I wish to give you a month's warning.'"

"Month's warning," repeated she.

"And then you take and hook it upstairs."

"Hook it upstairs," repeated she.

"You haven't got to *say* that to her. That's what you've got to *do*. When you come to the word 'warning,' say it out clear, and cut off."

At last, after many trials and repetitions, I got her to give me warning in a reasonably audible tone of voice; after which I saw her home. She made a mess of it after all, as I thought she would all along. She let the woman get between her and the door; and so had to stay and be scolded. But it "eventuated" rather well; for she *did* get into a "wax" for the first time in her life, and gave the woman as good as she brought. Astonished at her own suddenly-acquired audacity, and perfectly unused to fighting, she committed the mistake, so common among young fighters (who have never been thrashed, and therefore don't know the necessity of quarter), of hitting too hard. The end of which was that she was turned out the next day for a nasty, impudent, careless, sleepy, aggravating, and ungrateful little audacious hussey; which was a grand success—a piece of luck, which even I, with my highly sanguine temperament, had never dared to hope for.

While I was yet standing in the street, and making the remarkable discovery that I was wet through, and rather thinking that it must have been raining cats and dogs ever since I had been out, some one came and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw Erne Hillyar. He told me that he had come to find me, and then he told me something else—something which made me sit down on a muddy door-step in the rain, and stare at him with blank amazement and horror.

Erne Hillyar was a homeless beggar.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI.

"I CANNOT conceal from you the fact, my dear Sir George Hillyar," said Mr. Compton, the morning after the funeral, "that your father's death at this moment is a very serious catastrophe indeed."

"Very serious to me, I suppose?" said George.

"Very much so indeed. It is my belief that, if your father had lived another week, he would have altered his will in your favour."

"You are quite sure that he has not done so?"

"Quite sure. He would never have done it without my assistance."

"Do you hear that, you—you—Lady Hillyar?" said George, with a savage snarl, turning to Gerty, who was sitting nursing the baby.

She looked so very scared that old Compton interposed. "My dear Sir George—now really—her ladyship is not strong—"

"Silence, sir," replied George; "I am master here, and allow no one to interfere between me and my wife. Leave the room, Lady Hillyar, and ask your fellow-conspirator against your husband, —the gamekeeper's grandson, my worthy half-brother—if he will be so condescending as to be so obliging as to come and hear this precious will, which he and the lawyer seem to have concocted between them, read out."

"Sir George, I will not be insulted ;

you will remove your papers to some other office."

"Delighted, I am sure," said George, with an insolent sneer; for the old devil of temper was raging full career within him, and there was no help by. "It won't be worth much to any one. I shall insure this house over its value, and then burn the God-forgotten old place down. I don't care what I do."

"Sir George, for God's sake!" said Compton, shocked to see that the devil had broken loose once more after such a long sleep. "Suppose any one heard you, and there was a fire afterwards!"

"I don't care," said George, throwing himself into the chair in front of the escritoire, in which his father had sat the night before he died. "Oh, here is the noble Erne, who plots and conspires to rob his brother of his inheritance, and then sneaks night and day after my wife to prevent her getting the ear of my father."

"George, George, you are irritated; you don't mean what you say."

"Not mean it!"

"You can't, you know; you are a gentleman, and you can't accuse me of such a thing as that."

"I will! I do!" said George.

"Then I say that it is false. That is all. I do not wish to continue this discussion now; but it is false."

"False!" shouted George, rising and advancing towards Erne. "Is it false that I have sat watching you so many months, always interfering? Is it false that I have sat and cursed you from the bottom of my heart? Perhaps you will say it is false that I curse you now—curse the day you were born—curse the day that my father ever caught sight of your low-bred drab of a closer."

George had come too close, or had raised his hand, or something else—no man knows how it began; but he had hardly uttered these last words when he and his brother were at one another's throats like tigers, and the two unhappy young men, locked together in their wicked struggle, were trying to bear one another down, and uttering those inarticulate sounds of fury which one hears

at such times only, and which are so strangely brutelike.

Before Compton had time to cry "Murder" more than once, George was down, with his upper lip cut open by a blow from Erne's great signet-ring. He rose up, pale with deadly hatred, and spoke. His wrath was so deep that cursing availed him nothing. He only said in a low voice, "I will never, never forgive that blow as long as I live. If I ever get a chance of returning it, remember it and tremble, Master Erne."

Erne had not had time to cool and get ashamed of himself yet. He merely returned his brother a look of fierce scorn.

"Now," said George, "let us have this precious will read, and let me turn him out of the house; I shall have that satisfaction. Have you the will?"

"It is in here," said Mr. Compton. "This is the key of the escritoire. Sir George always kept it here, because he had a fancy that in some desperate extremity he might wish to put in a codicil in a hurry. We shall find it in this morocco box. God above us! What is this? Let me sit down: I am a very old man and can't stand these shocks. There is no will at all here!"

"No will?" said both of the brothers together.

"Not a vestige of one," replied Compton, looking suddenly up at George.

George laughed. "I haven't stolen it, old fox. If I had known where it was, I would have. In an instant. In a minute."

"I don't think you have taken it, Sir George," said Compton. "Your behaviour would have been different, I think. But the will was here the day before Sir George died, I know, and it is not here now."

"Look! Search! Hunt everywhere, confound you!"

"I will do so. But I have a terrible fancy that your father destroyed this will, and was struck down before he had time to make another. I have a strong suspicion of it. This will has been here for ten years, and never moved. My opinion is that there is no will."

He made some sort of a search—a

search he knew to be hopeless, while George stood and looked on with ghastly terror in his face. Erne had grown deadly pale, and was trembling. At last the search was over, and Compton, sitting down, burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

George spoke first. "Then," said he, in a voice which rattled in his throat, "everything is entirely and unreservedly mine?"

"I fear so."

"Every stick of timber, every head of game, every acre of land, every farthing of money—all mine without dispute?"

"If we can find no will. And that we shall never do."

"You have heard what he has said," said George to Erne, wiping his mangled lips, "and you heard what I said just now. This house is mine. Go. I will never forget and never forgive. Go."

Erne turned on his heel, and went without a word. The last he remembers was seeing his brother stand looking at him with his face all bloody, scowling. And then he was out of the house into the sunshine, and all the past was a cloud to him.

God had punished him suddenly and swiftly. He very often does so with those He loves best.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: ERNE'S NURSE.

"WILL God ever forgive me, Jim? I wish my right hand had been withered before I did it. I shall never forget that bleeding face any more. Oh, my brother! my brother! I would have loved you; and it has come to this!"

And so he stood moaning in the rain before me, in the blank, squalid street; and I sat on the step before him, stunned and stupid.

"I shall never be forgiven. Cain went out from the presence of the Lord. Look, his blood is on my right hand now! How could I? How could I?"

What could I say? I do not know even now what I ought to have said. I certainly did not then. I was very sorry at his having struck his brother

certainly; but seeing him stand homeless and wet in the rain was more terrible to me. I did not for one instant doubt that what he said was perfectly true, as indeed it was; and even then I began to ask of myself, What will become of him?

"Oh, father! father! I wish I was with you! I shall never join you now. He used to say that he would teach me to love my mother when we met her in heaven: but we can never meet now—never—never!"

This last reflection seemed to my boy-mind so very terrible that I saw it was time to do ~~or say~~ something; and so I took his arm and said—

"Come home, master, and sleep."

"Home! my old Jim? I have no home."

"As long as I have one you have one, Master Erne," I answered, and he let me take him away with me.

It was a weary walk. I had to tell him of our misfortunes, of our ruin, of Reuben's ruin, of Joe's terrible disappointment, and of the sad state of mind into which he had fallen—of the cold forge, of the failing food. I had to tell him that the home I was asking him to share with me had nothing left to adorn it now but love; but that we could give him that still. It eased his heart to hear of this. Once or twice he said, "If I had only known!" or "Poor Reuben!" And, when I saw that he was quieter, I told him about our plans; and, as I did so, I saw that he listened with a startled interest.

I told him that Mr. Compton had advanced money to take us all to Cooks-land, and that we went in a month, or less; and so I went on thinking that I had interested him into forgetting his brother for a time. But, just as we turned into Church Street, he said—

"She must never know it. I shall die if she knows it. I shall go mad if she knows it."

"What?"

"Emma must never know that I struck my brother; remember that."

I most willingly agreed, and we went in.

The dear comfortable old place was nearly dismantled, but there was the same old hearth, still warm. Our extreme poverty was, so to speak, over, but it had left its traces behind still. My father looked sadly grave; and as for my mother, though sitting still—as her wont was on Sunday—I saw her eye rambling round the room sometimes, in sad speculation over lost furniture. As I came in I detected her in missing the walnut secretary, at which my father used to sit and make up his accounts. She apologised to me also silently, with only her eyes, and I went and kissed her. A great deal may pass between two people, who understand one another, without speaking.

Emma was sitting in the centre of the children, telling them a story; and she came smiling towards Erne, holding out her hand. And, when he saw her he loved so truly, he forgot us all; and, keeping his head away from her, he said, "No! no! not that hand. That one is—I have hurt it. You must never take that hand again, Emma. It's bloody."

I, foreseeing that he would say too much, came up, took his hand, and put it into hers. But, when she saw his face—saw his pale scared look—she grew pale herself, and dropped his hand suddenly. And then, putting together his wild appearance, and the words he had just used, she grew frightened, and went back with a terrified look in her face, without one word, and gathered all the children around her as if for protection.

"You see even she flies from me. Let me go out and hide my shame elsewhere. I am not fit for the company of these innocent children. I had better go."

This was said in a low tone apart to me. My affection for him showed me that the events of the morning had been too heavy a blow for him, and that, to all intents and purposes, poor Erne was mad. There was an ugly resolute stare in the great steel-blue eyes which I had never seen before, and which I hope never to see again. I

was terrified at the idea of his going out in his present state. He would only madden himself further; he was wet and shivering now, and the rain still came down steadily. I could see no end to it.

"Come up to sleep, Master Erne."

"Sleep! and dream of George's bloody face? Not I. Let me go, old boy."

"Please don't go out, sir," said I louder, casting a hurried look of entreaty to Emma, who could hear nothing, but was wondering what was the matter, "it will be your death."

"Yes, that is what I want. Let me go."

"Won't Freddy go and kiss his pretty Master Erne?" said Emma's soft voice, suddenly and hurriedly. "Won't Freddy go and look at his pretty watch? Run then, Fred, and kiss him."

Thus enjoined, Fred launched himself upon Erne, and clasped his knee. It was with an anxious heart that I raised him up, and put him into Erne's arms. It was an experiment.

But it was successful. The child got his arm round his neck, and his little fingers twined in his hair; and, as I watched Erne, I saw the stare go out of his eyes, and his face grow quieter and quieter until the tears began to fall; and then, thinking very properly that I could not mend matters, I left Erne alone with the child and with God.

I went and thanked Emma for her timely tact, and put her in possession of the whole case; and then, finding Erne quiet, I made Fred lead him up to bed. It was high time, for he was very ill, and before night was delirious.

My mother gave herself up to a kind of calm despair when she saw what had happened, and that Erne would be an inmate of the house for some time, and that of necessity Emma must help to nurse him. She spoke to me about it, and said that she supposed God knew best, and that was the only comfort she had in the matter.

In his delirium he was never quiet unless either she or I were at his side. For five days he was thus. The cold he had caught, and the shock of excitement he had sustained, had gone near

to kill him; but it was his first illness, and he fought through it, and began to mend.

My mother never said one word of caution to Emma. She knew it would be useless. The constant proximity to Erne must have been too much for any efforts which Emma might have made against her passion. I was glad of it. My father merely went gravely about his work; was as respectful and attentive to Erne as ever; while my mother had, as I said before, resigned herself to despair, and left the whole matter in the hands of God.

Poor Joe! His was a bitter disappointment. Secretary to a member of Parliament: and now—Joe Burton, the humpbacked son of the Chelsea blacksmith; all his fine ambition scattered to the winds. He sat silently brooding now for hours; for a week I think he scarcely spoke. Sometimes he would rouse himself, and help at what there was to do, as a matter of duty; but as soon as he could he sat down again, and began eating his heart once more.

I need not say that we were all very gentle and careful with him. We had somehow got the notion that all our sufferings were as nothing to poor Joe's. I wonder who put that notion afloat. I wonder whether Joe unconsciously did so himself, by his tacit assumption that such was the case. I think it very likely. But Joe was never for an instant selfish or morose; unless his want of cheerfulness was selfish. He certainly might have assisted at that family harmony I spoke of; but then he was at Stanlake while we were learning the tune at home.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR IS WITNESS FOR CHARACTER.

AND dark over head all the while hung the approaching cloud. Reuben, Sykes, and the rest of them had been remanded, and the day drew nigh when Reuben would be committed for trial.

The question was, How far was he

really complicated with Sykes and the gang? That he took his father in, and lodged him, and hid him, could not go very far against him: nay, would even stand in his favour. Then his character was undeniably good until quite lately. And, thirdly and lastly, he had been absent at Stanlake for a long while. These were the strong points in his favour. Nevertheless, since his father had made his most unfortunate appearance, there was very little doubt that Reuben had been seen very often in the most lamentably bad company. It was hard to say how it would go.

At last the day came on. I was the only one of the family who went, and I left laughing, promising to bring Reuben home to dinner; but still I was very anxious, and had tried to make up my mind for the very worst. There was a considerable crowd in the police-court; and, as I was trying to elbow my way as far forward as I could, to hear what case was on, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, looking round, saw Sir George Hillyar.

"Come out of court with me," he said; "I wish to speak with you. The case will not be on this half-hour."

I wondered why he should care so much about it; but I obeyed, and we went out together, and walked to a quiet spot.

"What is your opinion about this matter? What do his associates say—these thieves and prostitutes among whom he has been brought up? What do they say about his chance?"

He said this with such fierce eagerness that I swallowed the implied insult, and answered,—

"Six and half-a-dozen, sir. I know him to be innocent, but who is to prove him so?"

"Why did not your father prevent this?" he went on, in a milder tone. "Why did not *you* prevent it? Your father is a man of high character. Why did he not take care of this poor deserted orphan? Christian charity should have made him do so."

"Nobody could have gone on better than Reuben, sir," I answered, "until

his father came back three months ago."

I was looking at him as I said this, and I saw that he grew from his natural pallor to a ghastly white.

"Say that again."

"Until his father came back some three months ago—his father, Samuel Burton, who, I have heard say, was valet to your honour."

"Traacherous dog!" I heard him say to himself. And then aloud, "I suppose you do not know where this man Burton is, do you?"

"That is not very likely, sir, seeing that he was the leader in that very business for which poor Reuben has been took."

"Come," he said; "let us go back. Bring Reuben to me after it is all over."

When we got in again the case was on. It seemed so very sad and strange to me, I remember, to see poor Reuben in the dock; he moment I saw him there, I gave him up for lost. It appeared that a grand system of robbery had been going on for some time by a gang of men, some of whom were in the dock at present—that their headquarters had been at a house in Lawrence Street, kept by an Irish woman, Flanagan, now in custody, and a woman Bardolph, *alias* Tearsheet, *alias* Hobart Town Sall, still at large, and in a garret at the top of the house known as Church Place, which was occupied by the prisoner Burton. The leader of the gang had been one Samuel Burton, *alias* Sydney Sam, not in custody; the father of the prisoner Burton. The principal depôt for the stolen goods appeared to have been in Lawrence Street (I thought of the loose boards, and trembled), for none had been found at Church Place, which seemed more to have been used as a lurking-place—the character of James Burton, the blacksmith, the occupier of the house, standing high enough to disarm suspicion. The prisoner Sykes, a desperate and notorious burglar and ruffian, had been convicted *x* times; the prisoners Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol

y times. There was no previous conviction against the prisoner Burton.

The other prisoners reserved their defence; but Mr. Compton had procured for Reuben a small Jew gentleman, who now politely requested that Reuben might be immediately discharged from custody.

On what grounds the worthy magistrate would be glad to know.

"On the grounds," burst out the little Jew gentleman, with blazing eyes and writhing lips, "that his sole and only indiscretion was to give shelter, and house-room, and food, and hiding, to his own father; when that father came back, at the risk of his life, sixteen thousand miles, to set eyes on his handsome lad again once more before he died—came back to him a miserable, broken, ruined, desperate old convict. He ought not to have received him, you say. I allow it. It was grossly indiscreet for him to have shared his bed and his board with his poor old father. But it was not criminal. I defy you to twist the law of the land to such an extent as to make it criminal. I defy you to keep my client in that dock another ten minutes."

The people in the court tried a cheer, but I was afraid of irritating the magistrate, and turned round saying, "Hush! Hush!" and then I saw that Sir George Hillyar was gone from beside me.

"The old fault, Mr. Marks," said the quiet, good-natured magistrate to Reuben's frantic little Jew gentleman. "Starting well and then going too far. If I had any temper left after twenty years on this bench, I should have answered your defence by sending your client for trial. However, I have no temper; and, therefore, if you can call a respectable witness to character, I think that your client may be discharged."

The little Jew gentleman was evidently puzzled here. His witnesses—I was one—were all to prove that Reuben had not been at home for the last two months. As for witnesses to character, I imagine that he thought the less that was said about that the better. However, a Jew is never nonplussed (unless

one Jew bowls down another's wicket, as in the case of Jacob and Esau); and so the little Jew lawyer erected himself on his tip-toes, and, to my immense admiration, and to the magistrate's infinite amusement, called out promptly, with a degree of impudence I never saw equalled, one of the greatest names in Chelsea.

There was subdued laughter all through the court. "The gravity of the bench was visibly disturbed," said the gentlemen of the flying pencils. But, before the rustle of laughter was subdued, our brave little Jew was on tip-toe again, with a scrap of paper in his hand, shouting out another name.

"Sir George Hillyar."

Sir George Hillyar, at the invitation of the worthy magistrate, walked quietly up, and took his seat on the bench. He was understood to say, "I am a magistrate in the colony of Cooksland, and still hold my appointment as Inspector of Police for the Bumbleoora district. The wretched man, Samuel Burton, whose name has been mentioned as leader of this gang of thieves, was once my valet. He robbed my late father, and was transported. The young man, Burton, the prisoner, his son, is a most blameless and excellent young man, whose character is, in my opinion, beyond all suspicion. He was a great favourite with my late father; and I am much interested in his welfare myself. Beyond the criminal indiscretion of saving the man he calls his father from starvation, I doubt if there is anything which can be brought against him."

This clenched the business. Reuben was discharged, while the others were sent for trial. I was mad with joy, and fought my way out through the crowd to the little door by which I thought Reuben would come. I waited some time. First came out the little Jew gentleman, in a state of complacency, working his eyebrows up and down, and sucking his teeth. After him, by a long interval, Sir George Hillyar; whom I took the liberty to thank. But no Reuben.

Sir George stayed with me, and said

he would wait till the young man came out. We waited some time, and during that time we talked.

"I suppose," said Sir George, "that Mr. Erne Hillyar has been to see you."

I told him that Erne had come to us on the evening next after the funeral—that he had been seized with a fever, had been at death's door, and was now getting slowly better.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that he is a penniless beggar?"

"We know that he has no money, Sir George; and we know that he will never ask you for any," said I, like a fool, in my pride for Erne.

"Well, then, I don't know that we need talk much about him. If you are nursing him and taking care of him on the speculation of my ever relenting towards him, you are doing a very silly thing. If you are, as I suspect, doing it for love, I admire you for it; but I swear to God, that, as far as I am concerned, you shall have no reward, further than the consciousness of doing a good action. He is quite unworthy of you. Is he going to die?"

"No."

"Then he will marry your sister. And a devilish bad bargain she will make of it. I wonder where Reuben is."

"He must come soon, sir."

"I suppose so. I wish he would make haste. Mind you, you young blacksmith, I am not a good person myself, but I know there are such things; and Compton says that you Burtons are good. I have no objection. But I warn you not to be taken in by Mr. Erne Hillyar, for of all the specious, handsome young dogs who ever walked the earth he is the worst. I wonder where Reuben can be."

It was time to see. I was getting anxious to fight Erne's battle with his brother; but what can a blacksmith do with a baronet, without preparation? I gave it up on this occasion, and went in to ask about Reuben.

I soon got my answer; Reuben had gone, twenty minutes before, by another door; we had missed him.

"He has gone home, sir, to our place," I said to Sir George; and so I parted from him. And, if you were to put me on the rack, I could not tell you whether I loved him or hated him. You will hate him, because I have only been able to give his words. But his manner very nearly counterbalanced his words. Every sentence was spoken with a weary, worn effort; sometimes his voice would grow into a wrathful snarl, and it would then subside once more into the low, dreamy, distinct tone, in which he almost always spoke. I began to understand how he won his beautiful wife. A little attentive animation thrown into that cynically quiet manner of his—coming, too, from a man who, by his calm, contemptuous bearing, gave one, in spite of one's common sense, the notion that he was socially and intellectually miles above one—would be one of the highest compliments that any woman could receive.

But, when I got home, no Reuben was there. He did not come home that night, nor next day, nor for many days. Sir George Hillyar sent for me, and I had to tell him the fact. "He is ashamed to see my father after what has happened," I said. And Sir George said it was very vexing, but he supposed it must be so. Still, days went on, and we heard nothing of him whatever.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

UNCLE BOB SURPRISES ERNE.

THERE is very little doubt that Emma would have done her duty better had she kept away from Erne altogether. It would have been fairer to him. She had prayed hard to my mother to be allowed a little, only a little more, of him, and my mother had, very wisely, refused it. Now Providence had given him back to her—had put the cup to her lips, as it were; and she, knowing her own strength—knowing by instinct that she had power to stop when she pleased, and knowing also that, even if her own strength failed, the cup would be taken from her in a very few days

—had drunk deeply. She had utterly given herself up to the pleasure of his presence, to the delight of to-day, refusing to see that the morrow of her own making must dawn sooner or later.

My mother and I thought that it was all over and done, and that there was no good in trying to stop matters in any way; and we were so far right. My mother would gladly have stopped it: but what could she do?—circumstances were so much against her. Busy as she was, morning and night, she must either have left Erne, during his recovery, to take care of himself, or leave him and Emma alone a great deal together. She, as I said before, abandoned the whole business in despair. I was intensely anxious for the whole thing to go on; I saw no trouble in the way. I thought that Emma's often-expressed determination of devoting her whole life to poor Joe was merely a hastily-formed resolution, a rather absurd resolution, which a week in Erne's company would send to the winds. I encouraged their being together in every way. I knew they loved one another: therefore, I argued, they ought to make a match of it. That is all I had to say on the subject.

"God send us well out of it," said my mother to me one night.

"Why?" I answered. "It's all right."

"All right?" she retorted. "Sitting in the window together all the afternoon, with their hair touching;—all right! Lord forgive you for a booby, Jim!"

"Well!" I said, "what of that!—Martha and me sat so an hour yesterday, and you sat and see us. Now, then!"

"You and Martha ain't Erne and Emma," said my mother, oracularly.

"You don't look me in the face, mother, and say that you distrust Erne?"

"Bless his handsome face—no!" said my mother, with sudden animation. "He is as true as steel—a sunbeam in the house. But, nevertheless, what I say is, Lord send us well out of it!"

I acquiesced in that prayer, though possibly in a different sense.

"You have power over her," resumed my mother. "You are the only one that has any power over her. Why don't you get her away from him?"

This I most positively refused to do.

"You'd better," said my mother, "unless you want her heart broke." And so she left me.

"Hammersmith, I want you," called out Erne, now almost convalescent, a short time afterwards; "I want you to come out with me. I want you to give me your arm, and help me as far as Kensington."

I agreed after a time, for he was hardly well enough yet. But he insisted that the business was important and urgent, and so we went. And, as we walked, he talked to me about his future prospects.

"You see, old boy, I haven't got a brass farthing in the world. I have nothing but the clothes and books you brought from Stanlake. And—I am not wicked: I forgive anything there may be to forgive, as I hope to be forgiven—but I couldn't take money from him."

I thought it my duty, now he was so much stronger, honestly to repeat the conversation Sir George had held with me, on the day when Reuben was discharged from custody.

"That is his temper, is it?" said Erne. "Well, God forgive him! To resume: do you see, I am hopelessly penniless."

I was forced to see that. I had my own plan, though I could not broach it.

"In the middle of which," said Erne, "comes this letter. Read it."

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, MR. ERNE,—
From a generous communication received from the new and highly-respected bart., in which my present munificent allowance is continued, I gather that differences, to which I will not further allude, have arisen between yourself and a worthy bart. whom it is unnecessary to mention by name. Unless I am misinformed, this temporary estrangement is combined with, if not in a great degree the cause of, pecuniary embarrassments. Under these circumstances, I beg to call your attention to the fact

that I have now been living for many years on the bounty of your late father, and have saved a considerable sum of money. In case 500*l.* would be of any use to you, I should rejoice in your acceptance thereof. I *owe* your late father more than that, as a mere matter of business. If agreeable to the feelings of all parties, a personal interview is requested.

“Your affectionate uncle,
“ROBERT HAWKINS.”

“Well, what do you think of that?”

“I think very well of your uncle, and I should take the money.”

“I *must*. But think of my disreputable old uncle turning up at such a time as this. Do you know my father was always fond of him? I wonder what he is like! I have never seen him.”

“Didn’t you tell me he drank, sir?” I asked.

“Drink!” said Erne. “He has been drunk nineteen years.”

I was lost in the contemplation of such a gigantic spree, and was mentally comparing the case of Erne’s Uncle Bob with that of a young lady in Cambridgeshire, who had at that time, according to the Sunday papers, an ugly trick of sleeping for six or seven months at a stretch, and thinking what a pity it was that two such remarkable characters didn’t make a match of it, and live in a caravan; moreover, supposing them to have any family, what the propensities of that family would be—whether they would take to the drinking or to the sleeping, or to both—concluding, that whichever they did they would be most valuable properties; in short, rambling on like my mother’s own son: when we came to the house in Kensington, and were immediately admitted into the presence.

This mysterious Uncle Bob was a vast, square-shouldered, deep-chested giant of a man, who was even now, sodden with liquor as he was, really handsome. Erne had often told me that his mother had been very beautiful. Looking at this poor, lost, debosbed, dog of a fellow, I could readily understand it. Erne said

he had been drunk nineteen years; if he hadn’t told me that, I should have guessed five-and-twenty.

Never having had any wits, he had not destroyed them by drinking; and having, I suppose, wound himself up for the interview by brandy or something else, he certainly acted as sensibly as could have been expected of him twenty years before. Besides, God had given this poor drunkard a kind heart; and certainly, with all his libations, he had not managed to wash *that* away. In our Father’s house there are many mansions; I wonder if there is one for him!

At the time of his sister’s marriage, he had just been raised to the dignity of underkeeper. Life had ceased with the poor fellow then. He was of an old family, and the old rule, that the women of a family last two generations longer than the men, was proved true here. He had shown signs of the family decadence while his sister showed none. She was vigorous, beautiful, and vivacious. He was also handsome, but unenergetic, with a tendency to bad legs, and a dislike for female society and public worship. Drink had come as a sort of revelation to him. He had got drunk, so to speak, on the spot, and had stayed so. His life had ceased just as he was raised to the dignity of cleaning Sir George Hillyar’s first season guns, nineteen years before; and we found him, sitting before the fire, rubbing one of those very guns with a leather on this very afternoon.

He rose when we went in, and made a low bow to Erne, and then stood looking at him a few seconds. “You are very like your mother, sir,” he said gently; “very like.”

“My dear Uncle Bob,” said Erne, “I am come according to appointment to speak to you about the noble and generous offer of yours.”

“Do you accept it, sir?”

“I do most thankfully, my dear uncle. I would speak of it as a loan, but how can I dare do so? I have been brought up in useless luxury. I know nothing.”

“You’ll get on, sir. You’ll get on fast enough,” said the poor fellow, cheerfully. “Please come and see me some-

times, sir. You're like my sister, sir. It does me good to hear your voice. Hers was a very pleasant one. We had a happy home of it in the old lodge, sir, before Sir George came and took her away. I saw what had happened the night he came into our lodge, after eight o'clock, and stood there asking questions, and staring at her with his lip a-trembling. I saw. I didn't think—let's see: I was talking about—. Ah! Sam Burton knowing what he knew and not trading on it—no, not that,—I mean I hope you'll come and see me sometimes. If my head was to get clear, as it does at times, I could tell you all sorts of things."

"My dear uncle, there is but small chance of our meeting for years. I am going to Australia."

"To Australia!" I bounced out, speaking for the first time.

"Certainly," said Erne; "I can do nothing here. And, besides," he added, turning his radiant face on mine, "I found something out last night."

Poor Uncle Bob gave Erne a pocket-book, and, after many affectionate farewells, we departed. I was very thoughtful all the way home. "Found something out last night!" Could it be all as I wished?

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST OF THE CHURCHYARD.

"AND so it is really true that the ship sails this day week, Emma?" said Erne Hillyar to Emma Burton, laughing. "Matters are coming to a crisis now, hey?"

"Yes, they are coming to a crisis," said Emma, quietly. "Only one week more."

"Only one week more of old England," said Erne, "and then four months of wandering waves."

"It will soon be over," said Emma.

"Oh, very soon," said Erne. "They tell me that the voyage passes like a peaceful dream. There are some who sail and sail on the sea for very sailing's sake, and would sail on for ever. The

old Greeks feared and wearied of the sea. We English love it as our mother. Yes, I think there are some of us who would love to live at sea."

"They leave their cares on shore," said Emma.

"They are like you and me, Emma. They have no cares."

"Have we none?"

"I have none. I leave everything humbly in the hands of God. I have been a great sinner, but He has forgiven me. He has been very merciful, Emma."

"I hope He will have mercy. I hope He will lay no burden on any of us greater than we can bear. But, at all events, they say that duty and diligence will carry one through all."

"You are disturbed and anxious, Emma, at this breaking up of old associations. Come with me. Let us walk together down to the old churchyard: it will be the last time for many years—possibly for ever."

"Yes, I will come with you. It will be for the last time for ever. Let us come."

So they two went down together to the old churchyard, and stood in the old place together, looking over the low wall on to the river. The summer evening was gathering glory before it slept and became night. And beyond the bridge, westward, the water and the air above were one indistinguishable blaze of crimson splendour. At their feet the tide was rushing and swirling down to the sea.

They were quite alone,—in perfect solitude among the tombs. Erne was standing, as of old, on the grave of the Hillyar girl, so often mentioned before; and Emma was beside him, touching him, but looking away across the sweeping river.

And so they stood silent for a long while. How long? Who measures lovers' time? Who can say? But the sun was dead, and only a few golden spangles of cloud were blazing high aloft in the west, when Emma felt that Erne had turned, and was looking at her. And then her heart beat fast, and she wished

she was dead, and it was all over. And she heard him say, with his breath on her cheek—

“What beautiful hair you have !”

“Yes.”

“Here is a long tress fallen down over your shoulder. May I loop it up ?”

“Yes.”

“May I kiss you ?”

“Yes ; it will soon be over.”

“My darling—my own beautiful bird !”

There was no answer to this, but a short sob, which was followed by silence. Then Erne drew her closer to him, and spoke in that low, murmuring whisper which Adam invented one morning in Eden.

“Why have we deferred this happy hour so long, Emma ? How long have we loved one another ? From the very beginning ?”

“Yes, I think it was from the very beginning.”

“Are you happy ?”

“Quite happy. Are you happy, dear ?”

“Surely, my own,” said Erne. “Why should I not be ?”

“Then let us be happy this one week, Erne. It is not long. God surely will not begrudge us one week ; life is very long.”

So they stood and talked till dusk grew into darkness upon the poor cripple-girl’s grave. And she lay peacefully asleep, nor turned upon her bed, nor rose up in her grave-clothes, to scare her kinsman from his danger.

The next day was dark and wild, and he was up and away early, to take the last headlong step. His friend, James Burton, went with him, and Erne took passage in the same ship by which the Burtons were going.

It was a busy, happy day. There were many things for Erne to buy, of which he knew nothing, and his humble friend had to assist him in fifty ways. At intervals of business Erne found time to tell Jim everything, and that worthy lad was made thoroughly happy by the news. They were together all day in the driving rain, scarcely noticing that it blew hard till they got on board ship, and then they heard it moaning melan-

choly aloft among the spars and cordage, telling of wild weather on the distant sea.

At evening it held up ; and Erne, coming home, missed Emma, and followed her down to the churchyard. It was a very different evening from the last : low clouds were hurrying swiftly along overhead, and far in the westward a golden bar, scarcely above the horizon, showed where the sun was setting ; and, as they looked at it, grew dark once more.

“Emma, my love, it is done.”

“What is done ?”

“I have taken passage in the same ship with you.”

Was it a moan or a cry that she gave ? Did it mean joy, or sorrow, or terror ? He soon knew, although it was too dark to see her face.

“Don’t kill me, Erne, by saying that ! Don’t tell me that you’ve been such a madman !”

“My darling, what do you mean ?”

“Keep your hand from me, Erne. Do not kiss me. Do not come near me.”

“Emma, what is the matter ?”

“It is not too late, Erne,” she said, kneeling down on the wet tombstone. “If you ever loved me—if you have any mercy on me, or on yourself—don’t carry out this intention.”

“In Heaven’s name why, my love ?”

“If I had not thought that we were to part for ever and ever, inexorably, at the end of this week, I could have stopped you in a thousand ways. But I thought that surely I might have one single week of happiness with you, before we parted never to meet again.”

“Why are we to part ?”

“I have devoted my whole life to one single object, and nothing must ever interfere with it. I have made a solemn vow before heaven that nothing ever shall. I allowed myself to love you before I knew the full importance of that object. Even in the old times I saw that I must give you up for duty ; and lately that duty has become ten times more imperative than ever. Judge what hope there is for us.”

Erne stood silent a moment.

"Speak to me! Curse me! Don't stand silent! I know well how wicked I have been, but think of my punishment—"

"Hush! my darling. You are only dearer to me than ever. Hush! and come here, once more—for the last time if you will, but come."

"Only for one moment. Will you do as I ask you? You will not come with us?"

"I will see. I want to ask you something. Did you think that I was going to part from you at the week's end as if nothing had passed? Could you think so of me? Were you mad, my own?"

"Yes, I was mad—wicked and mad. I did not know, I did not think. I *would* not think."

"And do you think I can give you up so lightly now? I *will* not. I swear it—will not."

He felt her tremble on his arm, but she said, quietly, "You must let me go. We must never talk to one another like this again. It is all my fault, I know, I have no one to blame but my wicked self. Good-bye, Erne."

"If you choose to carry out your resolution, you shall do so; but I will be by your side. I will never leave you. I will follow you everywhere. I will wait as long as you will, but I will never give you up."

"God's will be done," she said. "If you will make my trial harder, I can only say that I have deserved it. We must come home, Mr. Hillyar."

"Emma!"

"I have called you Erne for the last time," she said, and walked on.

That night the poor girl lay sobbing wildly in bed hour after hour—not the less wildly because she tried to subdue her sobs for fear of awakening her sleeping little bed-fellow, Fred. Shame at the licence she had allowed Erne, meaning as she did to part with him; remorse for the pain she had inflicted on him; blind terror for the future; and, above all, an obstinate adherence to her resolution, which her own heart told her nothing could ever shake—these four

passions—sometimes separately, sometimes combined—tore her poor little heart so terribly, that she hoped it was going to burst, and leave her at rest.

In the middle of the night, in one of the lulls between her gusts of passion—lulls which, by God's mercy, were becoming more and more frequent; when the wild wind outside had died into stillness, and the whole house was quiet; when there was no sound except the gentle breathing of the child by her side, and no movement except its breath upon her cheek—at such time the door was opened, and some one came in with a light. She looked round and said—

"Mother!"

The big, hard-featured blacksmith's wife came to the bedside, and sat upon it, drawing her daughter to her bosom. She said, "Emma dear, tell mother all about it."

"Kiss me then, mother, and tell me I am forgiven."

"You know you are forgiven, my daughter."

"I never meant to have him, mother. I always loved him; you know that; but I had vowed my life to poor Joe, before ever I saw him. You know you told me to give him up, and I did. I only asked for one more day of him; you remember that."

"And I forbade it."

"You were right and wise, dear. But then he came here in his trouble; and then, dear," she continued, turning her innocent, beautiful face up to her mother's, "I loved him dearer than ever."

"I know that, of course. I don't know what I could have done. Go on, and tell me what has happened now."

"Why, knowing that we were to part for ever at the end of the week"—here her voice sank to a whisper—"I let him tell me he loved me; and I told him I loved him. Oh, my God! I only wanted one week of him—one week out of all the weary, long eternity. Was that so very wicked?"

"You have been wrong, my darling; you have been very, very wrong. You must go on to the end; you must tell me what happened to-night."

"To-night? To-night? In the churchyard? Yes, I can tell you what happened there well enough. I am not likely to forget that. He told me that, so far from our being separated for ever, he had taken passage in the same ship with us, and was going to follow me to the world's end."

"And what did you do?"

"I knelt and asked his forgiveness, and then cast him off for ever."

Poor Mrs. Burton sank on her knees on the floor, and looked up into her daughter's face.

"Emma! Emma! Can you forgive your wicked old mother?"

"Forgive *you!* I, who have dragged our good name through the dust! I, who have let a man I never meant to marry kiss my cheek! *I* forgive you?"

"Yes, my pure, innocent angel—for so you are—your poor old mother asks your forgiveness on her knees. I might have prevented all this. I broke it off once, as you remember; but when he came back, I let it all go on, just as if I wasn't responsible. I thought it was Providence had sent him back. I thought I saw God's hand in it."

"God's hand *is* in it," said Emma.

"And Jim was so fierce about it; and I am so afraid of Jim. He wants you to marry Erne; and I thought it might

be for the best; but I see other things now. Are you afraid of Jim?"

"Yes; what will he say about this?" said Emma.

"He will be very angry. He must never know."

"Erne will tell him."

"Is there no chance of your relenting about Erne Hillyar?" said Mrs. Burton, in a whisper.

"You know me, mother, and you know there is none; I should drag him down."

"Then you must go on with your duty, my child. If you die, dear—if God takes you to His bosom, and lets you rest there—you must go on with your duty. Emma, I will give you strength. He would never be happy with you for long, unless he lowered himself to our level; and would you wish him to do that? He is one to rise in the world, and we, with our coarse manners and our poverty, would only be a clog round his neck. I love him for loving you; but remember what he is, and think what a partner he should have. You see your duty to him and to Joe. If the waves of the great, cruel sea we are going to cross rise up and overwhelm us, let your last thought before your death be that you had been true to duty."

To be continued.

CORRUPTION AT ELECTIONS.

"MR. CHRISTIE'S SUGGESTIONS."

BY F. D. MAURICE.

WHEN the Association for the Promotion of Social Science was established, many ridiculed the grandeur of its title and the largeness of its aims. Not a few predicted that it would devote itself to a magnificent philanthropy, and, therefore, would accomplish nothing for the removal of ordinary evils. There was an excuse for these anticipations, whether they expressed the fears or hopes of

those who entertained them. The great name might have been made an excuse for little doing or no doing. Simple devices for practical reformation might have been swept away by floods of rhetoric. The conductors of the Association have laboured diligently—on the whole, it seems to me, successfully—to avert these dangers. They have welcomed cordially the propositions of

individual members who have urged them to grapple with direct mischiefs which were not likely to attract the attention of legislators, and were sure to be pronounced incurable by officials. If they have allowed those to talk to whom talk is a necessity, they have shown a decided preference for action. They are making themselves, I trust, seriously disagreeable to several classes of evil doers.

Nothing may do more to justify the existence of this Association, and to explain its real objects, than an effort to which Mr. Christie, the late Minister in Brazil, has incited it. In an admirable paper, which he read on the 24th of February, he proposed "An Organization for the Restraint of Corruption at Elections." He gave specimens from Blue Books and from the evidence before Election Committees of the extent of the evil. He showed—without any exaggeration of language—in manly, vigorous English, that whatever efforts had been made for its repression, it was still debasing the moral and political life of our country. He urged the importance of collecting information upon the subject, and presenting it more distinctly than it has ever yet been presented to the mind and conscience of the nation. He expressed his belief that there would be a response to the appeal in men of all parties and schools. All had been guilty of the crime, yet all had in them that which protested against it, that which might be effectual in overthrowing it. He pointed out the importance of directing public opinion against the briber; the duty of treating many of what are considered the lawful expenses at elections as practically bribes; the necessity, therefore, of educating every class to a more enlarged apprehension of the sin, as well as a more intense abhorrence of it, than any of them can be credited with now. Mr. Christie had the high privilege of being supported in a few weighty and pregnant sentences by Mr. Mill, who came down to the Association expressly that he might give his adhesion to the movement. It would have been strange if,

with such encouragement, the council of the Association had exhibited any backwardness to inaugurate this agitation. It is an instance—the most striking which can be given—of the way in which a body for collecting and diffusing information and acting upon the spirit of a nation, may strike at a crime a body invested with legislative functions has failed to reach. The Association may not, ultimately, be the best instrument for effecting Mr. Christie's object. A separate league, a more elastic and active organization, may be needful to expose local scandals and stir up local zeal. But to have commenced that work will be always a high honour for the Association. It will prove that Social Science is essentially practical; that its ends are altogether moral ends; that a body absolutely free from party tendencies—and, therefore, open to the charge of vague comprehensiveness—is wanted to point out the means for accomplishing those ends.

The first thought which occurs to one on reading Mr. Christie's "Suggestions," is probably this—"Why was not this done years ago, at all events when the Reform Bill was passed? What money might have been saved for good purposes, what a mass of abomination might have been averted if it had!" The second, and the more rational, exclamation will be this—"How happily the moment has been chosen for the experiment. What great probability there is that it would have been a failure during the years when the nation believed in parties, and thought that the victory of one or the other was worth purchasing at any price, even at the price of its own degradation and baseness! What a hope there is now, when that faith is in abeyance—when the revival of it, however desperately attempted, is scarcely possible—that the protest against the evils which it fostered and sanctified may no longer be an inert and slumbering one, but may be heard through the length and breadth of the land, and may compel the most indifferent to take part in it."

Mr. Christie's Essay was read and published when a general election was

thought to be nearer at hand than it is now; the delay is all in his favour. It appeared before Mr. Gladstone's celebrated speech on the six pound franchise; that speech supplies an argument which may be addressed with equal effect to those whom the speech has filled with dread and to those whom it has filled with hope. Conservatives of Property! do you tremble that your influence shall be swamped by that of men who have none? Then, in God's name, come forth and show that you are not using your property to corrupt and brutalise those who commit their trust to your keeping, to brutalise the whole land. Swear that you will not any longer try to reduce the men who are in possession of the franchise to a level far below that of the worst whom you would exclude from it. Men of Progress! do you claim for the people who work with their hands a power or right from which they are debarred? Do you say that they have made good their title to it, that they have proved their ability to exercise it, by the signs they have given of intelligence and of endurance? What right are you asking for them? Show that it is not the right to be demoralised, the right to be robbed of their manliness, the right to have their intelligence stunted, their endurance turned into sottishness. Put the question which way you will, look at it from whatever side you will, this obligation is clear and imperative. It should have been confessed long ago. Show the sincerity of your political convictions, whatever they are, by confessing it now.

To get this confession frankly made, openly put forward, by men of all parties, is what Mr. Christie desires. No doubt the experiments in Parliament to put down bribery and corruption have done something. They have represented a certain amount of indignation in the country against the crime, a certain amount of shame in those who have committed it, or have winked at the commission of it. They have been feeble and inadequate experiments precisely because there has been no

adequate amount of indignation in the country against the crime, no sufficient shame in those who commit it, or wink at the commission of it. The moral sense of England is keener than it was on this as on other subjects. It is half awake, and between waking and sleeping utters some dreamy, incoherent expressions of regret for the drunkenness of the night before, at least for the morning's headache. * These expressions are faithfully embodied in the acts of the Legislature against paying or treating at elections. But those acts scarcely cultivate the feeling which has produced them—do not raise it to any higher pitch. They often lower it. There is a conscious feebleness in them. Their authors are accused of attempting what they cannot accomplish. Lawyers detect flaws in the machinery for working them. They leave an impression upon our minds that only the surface of the evil has been grazed; that it cannot be destroyed. And when they are supported by the exclusion of members, or even the disfranchisement of boroughs, there seems to be a self-righteous pride in the punishers which creates a reaction of pity for the victims. "It is only a decimation," we say; "they have fallen through ill-luck; probably there were many far more guilty."

All this shows that there must be a cry raised which shall not be against particular offenders, but against the offence—not against some flagrant exhibitions of it, but against the principle from which it has issued—not against those who take, but against those who give. A cry; I do not mean a *shriek*. Shrieks are the proper utterances of men trembling for some abuse, against those who would remove it. They belong of right to the craftsmen, who are afraid that the worship of some great goddess is likely to be set at nought. *Cries* arise from the deep heart of a nation, for the removal of abuses which it has tolerated—which it has, at last, discovered to be absolutely incompatible with its honesty and its freedom: which it is determined, at all costs, and with

deep repentance for its participation in them, to have done with for ever. Shrieks reach the houses of Parliament, and produce a terror there which checks the progress of some reformation that will at last be accomplished, or produce some sudden acts of legislature which must soon be repealed. Those cries, more deep than loud, in which the true spirit of a land comes forth, are not understood in a moment by its representatives; are drowned, it may be, some time, by the shriekers, or laughed off by the scorers. But when the shriekers are hoarse, and the wit of the scorers is dry, these are found to have a meaning in them which must be heeded. Legislation obeys an impulse which it was unable to create. The evil, a few petty details of which could not be touched without much fear, under many protests, with a reasonable expectation of disappointment, is torn up by the roots. In 1807, the King, the Royal Family, the West India interest, the leading merchants of the great towns of England, were as much in favour of the slave trade, as they had been while the greatest statesmen of England were in vain pleading for its abolition. But the conscience of the nation had been awakened; it was stronger than all these; and though the eloquence of Burke, Pitt, and Fox was silent, only sixteen members of the House of Commons had courage to support a traffic on which large majorities had declared that the very existence of our commerce depended.

That example is an encouragement to any effort of the kind which Mr. Christie has suggested. Lord Brougham wishes that bribery should be made a felony. That might be a very desirable measure if it could be carried: the sight of the son of a peer in penal servitude for tampering, or allowing others to tamper, with the honesty of a journeyman, might be an edifying spectacle. But till the mind of the country is more alive to the crime than it is, the felony would be with benefit of clergy. There would be compassion for that penal servitude, which would be wholly wanting in the case of frauds in a Joint Stock Bank. There

would be petitions to the Sovereign—perpetual applications to the Home Office—for a relaxation of the hard sentence. It would lead to greater ingenuity in the practice of corruption; not, I fear, to the undermining of it. And there are multitudes of acts essentially corrupt—essentially affecting the character of our representatives and the manliness of our citizens, which it would not even approach. An appeal to what is true and honest in the English people—an effort to enlist that against the abominations which it connives at, may seem less effectual than these stringent measures of punishment; it may really touch cases as well as principles, which would escape and defy those measures.

I allude especially to a class of bribes on which no one cares to bestow that title, and which ought to bear the same disgrace with those that draw down the wrath of committees. Mr. Christie has appealed earnestly—more respectfully than we deserve—to members of my profession. He has called for our co-operation in redressing an evil which we must know does more to impair the morality of the country than all our sermons can ever do to raise it. I hope that co-operation will be afforded by every clergyman in the country. But he must come to the task with clean hands. He must be sure that he is not himself receiving the rewards of corruption. I do not expect that he should not, in some degree, apply a professional standard to the merits of a candidate. If he thinks church-rates all-important to the existence of the Church, the defender of church-rates is likely to have his support. I trust he will consider a few other points besides that; I hope he will try to take some measure of the moral and intellectual status of the man who offers himself; that he will not be quite determined by specific promises of a vote for the plans which at any given moment he may consider best—of opposition to the plans which he may consider worst. I should suppose he had some experience of the worth and permanence of such promises which might make him hesitate before he

accepted them as pure gold; even if he has not learnt those maxims of Representation, set forth in Burke's speech at Bristol, which should lead us to suspect them as ridiculously inconsistent in a man who is entering a deliberative assembly. On the whole, however, the man whom the clergyman takes to be interested in the subjects which particularly interest him—if he does not understand that his vocation binds him to be interested in all subjects which concern the well-being of his fellow-citizens—may have a reasonable chance of his vote. What he knows of the general liberality of the candidate, therefore, in promoting charities or ecclesiastical objects may be one element—a legitimate element, if it is duly tempered with others—in affecting his judgment. But how if this general liberality takes the special form of liberality towards the restoration of the Church for which the clergyman is begging just at the eve of an election? How if a convenient sum, which will just set the school that has incurred a heavy debt straight, arrives shortly before a dissolution from a gentleman who is about to canvass the borough? Does the clergyman join the committee of that canvasser, or give his vote upon the hustings for that reason? Then he is to all intents and purposes bribed. Let him not evade the imputation by saying that the object is not a selfish, but a disinterested one. Would he take money out of the till of a shopkeeper for that disinterested object? Would he forge a cheque on the county bank for that disinterested object? These are crimes which the law would punish without the least respect to their object. Is a clergyman to think chiefly of crimes punishable by law? Has he no belief that there are sins which are deeper than such crimes, and which no outward penalties can reach? Does he resort to a threadbare and nasty story, and say, "*non olet?*" I say his offence does smell to heaven if it does not smell in his nostrils. I say that he is offering an ample excuse to the poor man—who has a wife and children that are quite as precious to him as the restoration of the

Church, or the paying the school debt, can be to the clergyman—for selling himself to the agent who puts five pounds under the plate on which there is a very small amount of bacon and bread.

I am afraid there are some clergymen who would be inclined to answer, in their tenderness, "Well, poor fellow; and if he does that, what harm, except that he has put himself within the risk of a prosecution?" The number of those who would say this, I am thankful to say, is diminishing every day. It would have been a common speech twenty years ago. It would have been joined with another: "Why shall not we pay men to do the right thing if we cannot get them to do it on other terms, especially when it may make a great difference to us whether they do it or not?" Such questions once were asked boldly and unblushingly; now they are whispered in corners. The consciences of men answer their own sophisms whether they assume the shape of pity or of patriotism. "The poor man whom you compassionate has, by taking the bribe, lowered himself in the scale of human beings. He has done that which makes him more incapable of doing just acts, of being a just man, of apprehending just principles. If your teaching happens to have the object of giving him apprehensions of justice, of making him a just man, of enabling him to do just acts, then he has made himself more incapable of listening to that. But to *this* extent your toleration of him is justified. He has not done worse than you. He has copied your example." And again, as to that notion of paying the man to save his country, "can any one believe that you who put forth the proposition have any, the slightest discernment of the man who is likely to save his country, of the way in which it can be saved? Has not every honest citizen a right to suspect any candidate whom you favour of doing what in him lies to destroy his country? There is no need to repeat the stale maxim that good ends must not be promoted by bad means. Your means are altogether

worthy of your ends, and will conduce to them."

I have been drawn into these remarks chiefly by the desire to show how needful such an agitation as that which Mr. Christie proposes is, to scatter a number of plausible pretexts for ill-doing which influence good men, and also to scatter those paradoxes which are still heard from time to time, and the impression of which survives from the days in which they were heard more frequently. There is another class of persons very dangerous in all elections, to whom, I think, such a movement may be very beneficial. I mean the wives, sisters, cousins, female friends generally, of candidates for boroughs. They have been told by persons whom they respect that "bribery and corruption are very wrong in the abstract." Now, they have no more notion than I have—I honour them for it—of anything being wrong in the abstract. Abstract slavery, where there is no slave and no slavedriver, does not seem to women, with their simple, true convictions, at all horrible. It becomes horrible and hateful to them when it presents itself in the concrete, when there is a slave and a slavedriver. So if they are told that bribery is very bad in the abstract, how can that proposition appear to them of any great force and validity, when there is a concrete and very handsome captain in the Guards who is soliciting the votes of a set of concrete and, in their sight, rather ignoble sellers of raisins and of yards of cloth? They are quite sure that if the captain in the Guards could ever get into Parliament he would not only make a prodigious impression there, but that all society would receive a new influence from his appearance and his speeches. How can a mere abstract offence hinder them from doing their very utmost to accomplish an object so interesting to them, and so desirable for the world, as that of procuring him a seat? Why should not infinite boxes of notoriously spurious eau de Cologne be ordered from the worthy perfumer who promises his support? Why should not the unprincipled linendraper, who owes so much

gratitude to the family and yet has evidently pledged himself to the other side, be threatened with the loss of his custom? To bring these natural acts of affection for an individual and zeal for the human race under the category of abstract sins is clearly impossible. Unless, therefore, something can be done in this case, as in the parallel one, to translate the offences into the other region—the region of the intelligible and the actual—influences which might be made powerful for the reformation of the land will very often indeed, be working to demoralise it. If ladies were shown the debasement which their encouragement and their threats were causing to the shopkeepers of their own town—to the poor on whom they would willingly empty their purses and bestow hours of kind visitation; if they could learn how palsied the young member for whom they have laboured becomes through the consciousness of having used such immoral influences to make himself a member—how he sinks into the mere lounge of a club, the mere favourite of a set, because he has learnt to regard all classes except his own as instruments which he may degrade that they may help him to rise; if these terrible facts could be made apparent to women, who often feel most nobly when their acts are most unjustifiable, the benefit to them and to the land would be unspeakable.

I will add one word to the class with which the editor and writers of a magazine may be supposed to have most sympathy. The literary men of England are recognising more and more their relation to the political life of England, yet they are standing more than ever aloof from it. So long as they cannot respect the House which has most share in the government of the country, or the means by which those who compose it find their way into it, so long this inconsistency must continue. They will indulge in cold and contemptuous criticisms upon its acts and upon the expressions of its members; they will injure themselves by those criticisms more than the objects of them. No

changes which shall affect the mere composition of the House as a representative of the upper, the middle, or the lower classes can materially change this feeling. Any change which shall exalt the self-respect of the representative, by exalting the self-respect of

the constituents, will diminish it—will, at last, remove it. Will not men of letters, then, lend themselves heartily to an effort for this purpose? Will they not claim their own place as citizens by helping to make their fellow-citizens worthier of the name?

"RESURRECTURIS."

A POEM FROM THE POLISH OF SIGISMUND KRASINSKI.

I SUPPOSE it may be taken for granted that ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred never so much as heard of the name of Sigismund Krasinski. Yet he would rank high among modern poets, were he not rendered well-nigh inaccessible to fame by the language in which he wrote. At the same time, no one in any degree acquainted with Polish can fail to recognise in that language a richness and vigour, combined with a remarkable simplicity, hardly surpassed by the Greek. While Polish will go word for word into Greek, without any perceptible change of construction, and into English or German without suffering much violence, it refuses absolutely to be rendered into French. Yet the French is just the one language into which translators have hitherto tried to force it. It is said that the poet Mickiewicz, who disputes with Krasinski the first place in the estimation of his countrymen, after reading a French translation of his poems, laid the book down with a sigh, exclaiming that from henceforth he renounced all claim to be considered a poet.

It is, indeed, a matter of surprise that in these days, when Englishmen scour land and sea in search of something new, and unearth Norse tales, Icelandic legends, and Servian ballads, for the benefit of the British public, they should with one accord have agreed to pass over the rich field of Polish literature. It is high time that the claims of such really remarkable poets as Mickiewicz and Krasinski were at least laid before

the English reader. Were we but superficially acquainted with the masterpieces of Polish literature, we should not need the excitement of an insurrection to turn our thoughts towards, and remind us of the continued existence of, that unfortunate nation. It should be borne in mind that the Poles do not die when the newspapers cease to write about them. That unintelligent sympathy, which is ready to burst out in England whenever the Poles throw down the gauntlet to one or other of their oppressors, would then be changed into an intelligent admiration of a people which in its century of bonds has produced so remarkable a literature. Just as Vesuvius resorts to periodical eruptions to save itself from falling quite out of the world's memory, so does the indifference of Europe drive Poland to insurrection, that men may at least talk of her for a time.

Whether it really be the difficulty of the language, or not rather the want of interest taken in Poland in repose, combined with a general disbelief in the existence of a Polish literature, which keeps the very names of Mickiewicz and Krasinski a dead secret to the outside world, it is a fact which is much to be regretted. If we are thereby the losers, the Poles, on the other hand, gain by the intense fervour with which their poets address themselves to the narrow circle of their own countrymen. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm with which a Polish lady remarked to me one day, "Nous avons Mickiewicz—à

nous," as much as to say, "We have him all to ourselves. To you he is nothing, but to us he makes up for everything else." While an Italian or German poet is to a certain extent the common property of all nations, the Pole is conscious that his song will be unheeded by the world at large; and hence that intense nationality which characterizes Polish poetry. That stanza in Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"—

"Like a poet hidden,
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought,

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not"—

is peculiarly applicable to the Polish poet, "pouring his full heart," full of anything but the skylark's gladness. To the Germans, who ought to have acted as the interpreters of Polish thought, coming as they do into immediate contact with the Poles, the gems of Polish poetry are offences—condemned as Prussians and Austrians are, in common with Russians, to see nothing in Poland but the reflection of their own crime; but we, "who have free souls," may find something besides treason there. The circulation of all the works of Krasinski is strictly forbidden in Russian Poland, and the prohibition of the subjoined poem "Resurrecturis" extends to Galicia.

Byron, almost alone of Englishmen, knew and appreciated Mickiewicz; and it is much to be regretted that the time which he devoted at Venice to translations from the Armenian was not spent in rendering some portion of his friend's poems into English. Though in the main widely different, there is yet sufficient resemblance in the genius of Byron and that of Mickiewicz to admit of some sort of comparison. With Krasinski, on the other hand, Byron has nothing whatever in common. Indeed, you might search modern literature in vain for a thinker with whom Krasinski has any real affinity. In Shelley there are here and there touches which remind one of Krasinski; but these are to be accounted for rather by the outward similarity of their lives than by any

kindredness of spirit. Both led a secluded life abroad, and wrote among strangers; and both were more or less misunderstood by their own countrymen. This circumstance sufficiently accounts for the under-current of melancholy which runs through the poems of both; but here the resemblance ends. While Shelley obeyed the impulse of his genius in abandoning himself to the beautiful in nature, Krasinski saw the hand of God everywhere; and hence the deep religious colouring which pervades his poems.

Strictly speaking, Krasinski is less of a poet than a preacher, or prophet; and, in reading him, you would rather suppose you had before you the utterances of an Isaiah, or of a Dante, than of a poet produced by, or rather in spite of, the nineteenth century. Krasinski's highest aspiration is the moral education of his countrymen; and the constant aim of his poems is to teach them to make nothing of their present sufferings in comparison of the glorious recompense in store for them.

There is a strange similarity between the fate of the Jews and that of the Poles; and it is not a little remarkable that at the present day there are more Jews in Poland than in the whole of the rest of Europe. It would almost seem that, in granting an asylum to the Jews at a time when they were cruelly persecuted in every other country of Europe, the Poles must have seen in the sufferings of this unfortunate people a foreshadowing of the fate in store for themselves. As the Jews were then everywhere trodden under foot, and scattered to the four winds of heaven in search of a home, so is it at this moment with the Poles. The destinies of these two nations seem to be linked together in a remarkable manner, and the leading idea of them both is what the world persists in regarding as an insane expectation of national regeneration. As in the case of the Jews, so with the Poles, the sins of the fathers have been visited with terrible severity on the children; and, as their sweetest singers rose up among the Jews during the captivity, so has the

literature of Europe been enriched by Poland's century of bonds.

The similarity between the circumstances of the Jewish history and those of his own country was often present to the mind of Krasinski. In order to understand the following poem, it must be borne in mind that, according to Krasinski, Poland is the modern scape-goat of nations, destined to bear the sins of the rest, but that one day, in the fulness of time, the national humiliation is to be recompensed by a glorious future. To point out to his countrymen what line of conduct will render them most worthy of the heritage in store for them, is the scope of the following poem. The poet exhorts them above all things not to sell their souls (*i.e.* their nationality) for those material goods which are so freely offered them by their enemies.

In conclusion, a few words as to the life of the author. To his own countrymen, Sigismund Krasinski was only known as "the anonymous poet." His unwillingness to attach his name to his poems arose from unfortunate family differences. General Count Krasinski, the father of the poet, lent all his influence to induce his countrymen to accept the Russian yoke with a good grace. This attitude of his father to-

wards the Russian Government was the great grief of the life of the son, whose regard for his father was only second to his love for his country. Partly in order not to compromise his father, and partly because of the bad odour in which the family name stood with his countrymen, owing to General Krasinski's Russian policy, the poems of Sigismund Krasinski were published anonymously at Paris, where the poet died a few years ago. To the end, he steadily rejected all offers of lucrative posts, made to gain him over, by the Russians. It can only be regarded as a happy thing, that he did not survive to witness the outbreak of the present insurrection, which he would surely have looked upon as precipitate action. To use his own words in the following poem, he would never have admitted "that the bell of universal events had sounded for action." Yet, if they neglected the prudential part of their poet's teaching, the youth of Poland showed, by the fearless way in which they met death, that they had laid to heart some portion of Krasinski's exhortation. Much of the poem "Resurrecturis," which was written some ten years ago, has been painfully illustrated by the events of the past year, and reads like a prophecy.

RESURRECTURIS.

THIS world is a graveyard of tears, of blood, and of mire,
To each one of us an everlasting Golgotha!

In vain the soul casts about her,
Writhing in her agony.

From the storms of life
There is no landing-place here.

Destiny mocks us every moment!
The workers she hurls into the gulf;
Takes the saintly, takes the lovely;

Leaves the unlovely!

Everything is knotted, and will not get untangled;
Death is at hand; and, in the distance,
Somewhere on the far-off waves of ages,

RESURRECTION!

Well, then, why not grow hard and stony-hearted ?
 Among murderers, become murderers,—
 Among criminals, be criminals too,—

Lie, hate,
 Kill, and scoff,—

Paying the world back in its own coin ?

Lo ! this shall be our strength !

Or let us eat and drink, and sink to nothingness,

Only gilding over our beastliness—

Pampering the body, and letting the mind run to seed—

And so be counted among the fools and happy !

Oh no ! my soul !

Hold ! draw back !

These are no weapons for those

Who would march in the van of the nations.

Not with evil must he pursue evil

Who would destroy it.

Alone in all the world

The force of silent suffering

Is able to crush crushing destiny.

Lo ! this alone is action ;

Which, at a single breath,

Shall sweep into nothingness

Whatever is grovelling, or presumptuous, —

Both but one kind of rubbish.

Oh ! know thyself !

Ask not to be lord,

Like God in heaven ;

Neither be like the beasts, which rot at grass in the meadows !

On this side the grave, before the Resurrection dawn,

Be a man, by thy suffering stamped of heavenly birth !

Be an arch-worker of unbending will !

Be patientness,—that queen-mistress of adversity,

Who rears her pile out of nothing, brick by brick !

Be that loser whose prize is always afar,

But who in the end wins for all eternity !

Be rest amid the storms of unrest ;

Be order in chaos—harmony in discord ;

Be an eternal beauty in the eternal fight of life !

Only to the grovelling and the self-righteous

Be a threat, a wrath, or saintlike silence !

With the hypocrites have no dealings at all ;

To all others be an angel's breath !

Be that food on which the heart feeds ;

Be a sister's tear to thy brother in misfortune,

And a man's voice when his manhood is like to fail him !

To the homeless—be home ;

To the hopeless—be hope ;

To yon sleeping corpses be an awakening thunder-clap !

In thy wrestlings with the fury of this hell-world,

At all times, and in all places, be that winning force,

Charity, whose strength is stronger than death !

Be a hell of love !

Continually, in word and deed,
 Expend thyself on thy brethren !
 Multiply thy one self by thy living actions,
 And out of thee alone shall be a thousand !
 Though it be in bonds, be an untiring worker !
 Make of each pain, pain as it may, no pain !
 In thy one breast be thy whole people !
 Be a miracle joining earth to heaven,
 A saintliness in bonds !

Rush not on death, ere, like a grain in the earth,
 Thy thought shall be sown in men's hearts and fructify ;
 As long as the victory of martyrdom is not sure—
 For the good of thee alone, and not of thy kind—

 Shun martyrdom !
 They are fools who grasp
 At vain crowns of glory ;
 They are only heroes, who leap
 Into the yawning gulph ;
 But the higher force of the soul
 Heeds not such tinsel.

Only then, when, with its penetrating vibration,
 The bell of universal events shall sound for action,
 Will it be time for thee to offer thyself a ransom.
 When thou hast hearkened to thy country calling thee,
 Thy spirit will sink in penitent submission
 On the threshold of the portal of the two worlds ;
 And into thy soul, spread out there before God,
 The inbreathing voice of the Deity shall pour through the silence.
 Then arise ; and, like the runner whose course is run out,
 Shake off from thy feet the dust of this earth.
 Arise ; and, like love, which dies for that it loves,
 Spread out thy arms, and soar heavenwards.
 Arise ; speed to meet the hangman
 Speeding towards thee—greeting such guests
 In silence—with a blessing—without grief—
 With the pitying glance of thy immortality !
 Then seal thy witness, big with future promise,
 With death—the budding of the higher life !

-What the world called a dream and a delusion,
 Make it a reality ;
 Make it a faith ;
 Make it a right—

Something fixed and tangible,
 Something holy,
 Which shall bore deep into men's hearts
 Like a dagger, and stick there for ever,
 Though it seem but to touch the surface lightly
 Like a breath of air ;
 Until the world, thy murderer,
 Of itself fall on its knees, and confess
 That God and Fatherland
 Are the conscience of nations.

When thy thought shall stream from thy body
Clothed in the flowing purple of thy blood,
This thought of thine shall be as a flood of light,
A judgment of God gleaming on high
Over the base herds of the ungodly.

Then shall withstand it
Neither men, nor deeds,
Nor lies, nor shams,
Nor genius, nor praise,
Nor kings, nor peoples ;
And on the third day,
Over the grave of thy sufferings,
Out of the gulf of calamities,
Of the flood of events,
The unborn shall be born—
Righteousness shall arise !

W. H. B.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN ; OR, RECOLLECTIONS
OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. CHALMERS.—PART I: HIS YOUTH.

It was a favourite speculation of Dr. Chalmers—well do I remember the walk with him in which he confided it to me with reference to himself,—that, if a man were spared to the age of sixty, he then entered on the “Sabbatic decade” of human life, and ought to be able to look forward to a final ten years of rest and of pious meditation towards Heaven, after the six tens passed in growth, or in labour, controversy, and worldly turmoil. When I first became acquainted with him, he was, according to this figure, in the late Saturday evening of his life, or near the end of his sixth decade. His “Sabbatic decade” should have begun on the 17th of March, 1840, when he completed his sixtieth year ; which birth-day of his, as it recurred, we always remembered more by token that it was St. Patrick’s day, and that the Irish students about the University appeared on it with shamrocks in their hats, and he had always a party of them, shamrocks and all, to dine with him in the evening. But, though that birth-day passed, there was no “Sabbatic

decade” for him, any more than I suppose there had been for the saint under whose influence he had been born. The great “Non-intrusion Controversy,” as we used to call it, was raging—a controversy, one may say, of his own making ; and it was to rage and rage, with new developments—in all of which he had to take part—as long as he remained on the earth. It was at the beginning of one of these new developments, when he was once more a-field as generalissimo, and his hands were full of public meetings, committee-meetings, and all the vast business of a difficult national organization—it was then that, in the walk to which I have referred, and which happened after a public meeting from the fag-end of which, and its last hurrahings and clutchings of him, he had managed to escape, he broke out thus to me, with pain in his voice, “Oh ! this is not what I thought to be doing in my old age ! The years of man being threescore and ten, the last ten should be for all a kind of Sabbatic decade. What I used to look forward to was such

a Sabbatic decade for myself at the close of my life—a time for peace, and piety, and Christian literature.” He paused a little, and then muttered to himself, “peace, and piety, and Christian literature,” as if they were items he had thought of well. The time was never to come. He was then founding the Free Church; and, though, during the closing year or two of his life, he did withdraw himself from as much of the formal business of that Church as might then be resigned to younger men, he was, in one way or another, in harness to the last—even till that memorable Monday morning of the 31st of May, 1847, when, on going to waken him early for some final additions to a report he was to read that day in the General Assembly, they found him dead in his bed. He had passed away, alone, in the middle of the night, to join another and vaster General Assembly which was also expecting him; and the Sabbath for which he had longed was to be that only Sabbath of all the weary which begins not till beyond the stars, if even there is Sabbath there.

Already, I find, I have connected Dr. Chalmers with the “Non-intrusion Controversy” of Scotland and with the foundation of the Free Church. During the time when I knew him, these were certainly, as far as appearances went, his main occupations; and they were the natural conclusion of his whole previous career as a theologian and ecclesiastic. But, although it is with the Scottish “Non-intrusion Controversy,” fancied as some frantic much-ado-about-nothing, or unintelligible tempest in a tea-pot, that most Englishmen, and even many Scotchmen, now identify Dr. Chalmers; and although that Free Kirk of Scotland, which is now chiefly a subject of comic allusion, if not actually of derision, with writers beyond its borders, is the veritable construction which he left behind him on the soil of Britain in posthumous witness to the energy of his life—there is nothing of which I am more sure than that those who have to extract their idea of Dr. Chalmers out of what they know by hearsay about these things

will have an idea miserably inadequate to the reality. At a fitting time I might go farther. I might ask whether the Free Church, in its present state, is such a Church as its founder would have had it to be if he had still been alive, or only a shrivelled something, calling itself by his name, but which has been waiting since his death for a new blast from his spirit ere it can be owned by him without shame in that realm of larger lights from which he now surveys his native land. For the present, what I am anxious to say is, that while the form of Dr. Chalmers’s career was indubitably that of a theologian and ecclesiastic—nay, while it was that of a theologian and ecclesiastic in the popularly-constituted and not very learned church of a small Presbyterian nation, and while it ended in hurling that nation into an agony the results of which do not for the present seem to outsiders to have been particularly beautiful,—yet he was such a man by nature, was so manifestly a commissioner of ideas, and gave such dignity and significance to his career by the magnificence of his method in it, that I know of no recent British life more worthy of study than his. With his son-in-law’s admirable biography of him beside me to keep me right in particulars, and with the venerable face and form which I knew gazing in upon me from the haze as I write, let me first review that portion of the life which was past before my knowledge of him began.

A quiet, venerable town, well worthy of a visit, is St. Andrews, on the east of Fifeshire. It is a town of a few quiet streets on a rocky bit of shore over which the sea-breezes blow freely, and with a few small vessels and fishing-boats in its quiet harbour, and ranges of uneven downs stretching from it along the sea, so as to afford the most famous ground for the game of golf known in all Scotland. But not for its small signs of commerce, and not for the sight of the golfers in red coats plying, at most times, their stately game on its spacious links, is St. Andrews so interesting as for its antiquities and general air of

antiquity. It was the Canterbury, or ancient ecclesiastical capital, of Scotland—the seat of the Scottish Primacy till the Reformation; and, in walking through its quiet streets, you walk not only amid the memories of that old ecclesiastical system, and of Knox's first outbreaks against it, but actually amid its ruins and quaint stony relics. Telling of the most ancient time of all are the chapel and tall square tower of St. Regulus, the exact date of which is unknown, but which commemorate the legend of the introduction of Christianity into Pictish North-Britain by the Greek priest St. Rule or St. Regulus. Sent by a holy dream to that remote coast in the fourth century, and bringing with him seventeen monks and three nuns, and some bones of St. Andrew, he was wrecked in the bay, so that all he brought ashore, besides his companions, was the bones of the apostle. On the site thus consecrated by St. Andrew's relics there arose, in due time, a mediæval cathedral, which the reforming fury, roused by Knox, did not "ding down" so thoroughly but that portions of it are yet standing. Then there is a ruined fragment of the old Castle by the sea, where the archbishops of St. Andrews resided, and from a window of which Cardinal Beaton looked upon the burning of the Protestant martyr Wishart; round about, within a little space, are fragments of old monasteries, once companions of the Cathedral and Castle; here and there through the town are other bits of antique building; and, if you stroll in a moonlight night to the sea-cliff for a look over the far-glimmering bay, you follow the angles of a thick old wall, which you would fancy to be the ancient wall of the town, but which really marked the precincts of the Priory, and you pass out beyond this wall through ghostly archways and portals before you seem to breathe the sea-air of the present century. At the time when all these relics were in their complete state, and part and parcel of the fabric of the place, St. Andrews was an important Scottish town, with a considerable population,

and an amount of trade to correspond. But after the Reformation, when it lost its prestige as the ecclesiastical capital, it shrank and dwindled, till, in the end of the last century, it was one of the sleepest old Scottish towns exposed to the influence of the east-wind. "One of its streets is now lost," says Dr. Johnson of it in 1773, "and in those that remain there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation." Even at that time, however, St. Andrews retained a certain characteristic consequence. The first University founded in Scotland had been that of St. Andrews, in the palmy days of its ecclesiastical primacy; and even after the place had begun to decline from the effects of the Reformation, and there had arisen, moreover, four competing Universities in other parts of Scotland, the University of St. Andrews still continued to exist, and to serve as a convenient seat of learning for at least Fifeshire and the districts adjacent. For more than a century the University has consisted of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard for the purposes of the general curriculum, and St. Mary's College, set apart for theology. Still mainly a quiet and venerable-looking academic town, with professors and their families, closely grouped together, for its leading inhabitants, and a moderate number of students congregated in it in lodgings during winter, St. Andrews has of late wakened up not a little—has added to itself new streets, schools separate from the University, and what not, and is now less solitary and out of the world than it was. Within easy recollection, when the first street cab or "minibus" was set up in it, there was a proposal that the vehicle should receive the academic name of "The Deipnoplautrum," seeing that its sole use in a town of such small distances was likely to be the conveyance of the professors and their wives *seriatim*, on rainy evenings, to parties at each other's houses; but, of late years, Oxford and Cambridge men of the highest note have not disdained to accept and hold professorships at

St. Andrews, and to try to drive things on there at English speed. If one had resolution to resist a certain tendency to somnolence generated by the quiet, by the ecclesiastical ruins, and by the sea-breezes, it would be a pleasant place for a man of science or of letters to retire to, with the run of the University library. And then, however it may be with strangers, the vitality of the Fifeshire natives is of a sturdy kind, and accustomed to the local conditions. To them the saltiest east winds are sweet, and, if they do doze, it is in the Fifeshire manner, with heads full of dreams.

A long while ago, when George the Third was King, and Pitt was the minister in possession, and when the French Revolution was at its most frantic height, so that the soul of Burke was more appalled than ever, and Britain had at last unanimously adopted his policy, and flung itself, at the head of a European coalition, into war with the French demons—back in those old days I can see the venerable University town of the East Neuk of Fife, pursuing the even tenor of its way, and the flutter in its quiet streets of the little flock of students then attending its classes, and hearing such rumours of the great events of the world as were brought, by slow means of communication, into that angle of Scotland. From that little flock of students I can pick *him* out—the largest-headed, dreamiest-eyed youth among them all. He is very young—absurdly young, according to our present notions, for his stage at the University; the youngest St. Andrews student of his year indeed, and the youngest that had matriculated at the University in his time, with the exception of a certain John Campbell, the son of a Fifeshire clergyman, then also studying there, and afterwards to be known as the Lord Chancellor of England. But, though of the same Fifeshire birth and breeding, this youth was by no means, even then, one whit like John Campbell. Nature had set very different and more transcendent marks upon him. He was, as we have said, large-headed—to a degree beyond the ordinary standard even of very large heads; brown-haired;

of strong and broad, rather than very tall, build; with features of a large, white, and roughish cast, that would admit of plenty of improving sculpture from the action of the mind within; the forehead very broad; the eyes small, dull, and heavy-lidded, and the space between them particularly wide; the manner absent, but manly, with a tendency to be riotously hearty; the gait, on the whole, awkward, but with a certain unexpected expertness in some movements and gestures, consequent on his being left-handed. They called him “mad Tam Chalmers.” He had been sent, in November, 1791, when only in his twelfth year, from his native place of Anstruther, on the other side of the East Neuk, and about ten miles distant from St. Andrews, to begin his studies at college along with an elder brother. His father—a man of great integrity, piety, and good-humour—was a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant in the then Scottish sense of the term, in Anstruther; and, of a family of fourteen, born to him and his wife, Elizabeth Hall—a grave, methodical, and anxious-tempered woman of the same county—Thomas was the sixth. For his first two sessions at St. Andrews he had been of note among his class-fellows only for his idle boyishness and extravagant animal spirits—always ready for golf, foot-ball, hand-ball, a ramble about the town, or a pelting-match on the beach with mussel-shells; in any such frolic always the heartiest and least malevolent in his mirth; but with no sign of intellectualism about him, unless it might be in his vehement and picturesque way of expressing himself, and occasionally in the odd and abstracted look into which he would fall, with his over-weighted head and cloudy and far-separated eyes, till the course of the fun, or the laugh at his expense, had startled him up again. The school at Anstruther had done little for him; and such scraps of his letters at this time as remain show that he had then to trust to Nature for his English spelling and syntax, quite as much as some of our young gentlemen—not at all likely to turn out Chalmerses—still have to do in

these days, when they leave school for college. But, in his third session at St. Andrews, a change had happened to him. It was the year 1793-4, when the Revolutionary war on the Continent was raging at its widest and fiercest, and France was writhing in its terror under Robespierre and the Jacobins, and the Christian religion had been abolished, and the worship of Reason substituted instead. Human Reason, however, had not been so completely aggregated in France, even by the premium thus put upon her residence there, but that some portion of the subtle fluid had been left to float in a more diffused and quiet state through the atmosphere of other parts of the earth. Now, Fifeshire was not quite out of Reason's range; and, in looking about for likely young recruits in that neighbourhood, what quantum of the diffused power was there localized and acclimatized had made a sudden seizure of our big-headed St. Andrews student. To explain the way of the occurrence more prosaically, we may mention that, from singularly unanimous accounts, it appears that St. Andrews University had then mainly two things to be proud of—the teaching of her accurate, and much-loved philosophical Latinist, John Hunter, then holding the Humanity Professorship; and, along with this, a tradition of unusual mathematical excellence and ardour, dating from the time, some seventeen years previously, when the nominal incumbent of the mathematical chair, Professor Vilant, finding himself disqualified by ill-health, had committed the duties of the chair to well-chosen assistants. First in the series of these assistants had been a Mr. Glennie, author of a treatise on projectiles. Then had come a Mr. John West, of whose subsequent life I know little, save that he afterwards went to Jamaica, but who must have been a superb teacher, and who has a reputation yet among mathematicians, and especially among lovers of pure geometry, for his “*Elements of Mathematics, comprehending Geometry, Conic Sections, Mensuration, and Spherics,*” published in 1784—a work so remarkable for its original

structure, and for its choice collection of theorems and problems, that I advise any one who may see a stray copy of it at a book-stall to secure it at any price. Out of a little group of young mathematicians formed by West during his assistantship, two, at least, became afterwards distinguished in the scientific world—Sir James Ivory and Sir John Leslie. A third pupil of his, of less general celebrity, but who succeeded him in the assistantship, and won golden opinions from all who knew him there in that capacity, was Dr. James Brown, afterwards, for a short time, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow. Brown was a man of varied accomplishments, of whom Dugald Stewart himself said that he had never met any one who could converse more elegantly and precisely on mathematical or metaphysical subjects. He had been already the mathematical assistant for some years when Chalmers went to St. Andrews; and, by general confession, he and Dr. John Hunter were then the only two real lights of the place. To all appearance, Chalmers had as yet resisted the influence of Hunter. He had not taken to Latin or to grammar in any form; and, whatever respect he may have had for Hunter, he had not been so pervious to that sort of instruction as that Hunter would have picked him out as a promising student. But, on coming, in a more particular manner, under Brown's influence, in his third session, he had been kindled all at once into intellectual enthusiasm. The dormant mathematics in him—and I have hardly ever met a man in whom the mathematical mode of thought, especially in the form of an incessant play of the faculty of number, was constitutionally so strong—the dormant mathematics in him had been roused into conscious action. He was in a fever of mathematics—cultivating both the analytical and the geometrical, but more enamoured, as he continued to avow himself throughout his life, with the direct and frank beauty of geometry than with the charms of her craftier and more far-reaching sister. So far

from having to spur him, his teacher had to hold him in. From that time Chalmers was a somebody among the St. Andrews youths—one of Brown's best. And the mathematical wakening-up had been a general wakening-up. Chalmers was not one of those of whom it is alleged there are many—"mere mathematicians," whose minds seem to consist of a mathematical organ, and nothing else, and who, out of mathematics, are loutish and incapable. He was one of that class, of which there have been many splendid examples, in whom the happy appearance of the mathematical faculty announces, perhaps for the first time, the great general strength of a yet unemployed intellect. At all events, the mathematical ardour kindled in Chalmers had become a general mental ardour, applying itself not only to mathematical theorems and problems, but to everything around him. Here, too, the influence and conversation of Brown had been of use to him, introducing him to ethical and political questions, and to glimpses of a region of speculation in which one had to deal with other matters than circles, or triangles, or algebraic formulæ, however far the method caught among these might still assist. Accordingly, during the remainder of his general curriculum, we find him mingling with his enthusiasm for mathematics and physics a passion for speculation on moral and social subjects, and gratifying this passion, so far as might be, by active membership in a little society of his fellow-students, calling itself "The Political Society," and by the reading of particular books. One of the books that took the strongest hold on him was Godwin's "Political Justice ;" and it was some time before the doctrines of that work were shaken out of his mind. But perhaps the most curious effect of his general mental rousing by mathematics was that it made him go back, in a way of his own, for some parting benefit from that influence of Hunter the full benefit of which he had missed. Latin scholarship, indeed, was now past praying for ; and all the Latin that

Chalmers carried with him during his life might have been held in a tea-cup, while of Greek he had not more than would have gone into the smallest liqueur-glass. But he had set himself with extraordinary energy, in that famous third college session, to the task of learning how to write English, and this with such success that though, when he began, he could hardly spell correctly, he acquired in a marvellously short time the habits of rapid, yet deliberate, composition which remained with him through life, and within two years had formed a style, of peculiar structure, which was substantially Chalmers's to the last. In this bout of rhetorical training the main tuition came from the struggle of his own excited mind, and of the ideas that were filling it, into suitable arrangement and rhythm ; but his readings of Godwin had some effect, and the opportunities of hearing Hunter's lectures, as well as Brown's, materially assisted. Hence, next to Brown, though at a considerable interval, he always remembered Hunter as the teacher to whom he had been most indebted at St. Andrews.

Thus already in a state of intellectual ferment for two years, Chalmers had passed on, in his sixteenth year, to the four years' course of theology in the same University which was to qualify him, according to Scottish routine, for the clerical profession. These four years were, for him, a period of increased ferment. I can imagine nothing in the shape of a young mind in a state of action more continuously fervid and tumultuous than the records prove to have been that of this Fifeshire Grostête during these four years—in the winter and spring months attending the theological classes at St. Andrews, and varying the somewhat cold and dry doctrine he received there with readings and enthusiastic ruminations of his own, or with talks in-doors and out-of-doors with the companions he found congenial, or with weekly essays and discussions on Free Will, Predestination, &c. in a theological society, where there sat among his fellow-members

John Leyden and the future Chancellor Campbell (destined then for the Kirk of Scotland, and not for the Law of England); and in the summer months returning to his father's house at Anstruther, and there or elsewhere expatiating, as he loved to think that Adam Smith had done before him in an equally abstracted mood, among the sea-views of his native coast. They had called him "mad Tam Chalmers" in his undergraduate days—applying the name then to his heavy, bizarre look, and to the extravagant bursts of his humour and animal spirits. There are legends of his "madness" in those days. One is how, being once engaged, with other students, in an evening frolic in the streets of St. Andrews, he unfastened or tore off a sign from over a particular shop-door, and carried it to his lodgings, and how, on the next morning, when the tradesman, having traced his missing property, came furiously at the head of a body of his neighbours to demand it, Chalmers thus harangued the little crowd from his window: "A wicked and adulterous generation demand a sign, and no sign shall be given them." As I was told this legend on the very spot of its occurrence, and was even shown the window whence the harangue had been spoken, I took the most exact pains I could, short of asking Dr. Chalmers himself, to inquire into the truth of the story. It is, I am sorry to say, a pure myth. I have no doubt, however, that there is a certain verisimilitude in it—a certain expression, in an imaginary or borrowed incident, of the real recollection of Chalmers, and of what he might have done, in his undergraduate days. But, though the name of "mad Tam Chalmers" still accompanied him beyond those days into the four years of his theological studentship and riper approach to manhood, it was with an altered and elevated meaning. He was still, indeed, the same bluff, hearty, jovial-mannered youth, whose dreamy-looking eyes, occasional fits of absence when he would mutter to himself, and eccentricities caused by those fits of

absence, betokened the presence of an unusually big Fifeshire bee inside his bonnet. It is a perfectly authentic story that, when in his nineteenth year he had accepted the situation of private tutor in a Scottish family of some wealth, in order to lessen his father's expenses for the time, and when his mother, brothers and sisters, and the rest of the household at Anstruther, were taking leave of him at the door, with more than usual emotion at the thought that their Thomas was setting out for such a situation among strangers, the emotion was converted into roars of laughter by an instance of Thomas's absence of mind. Coming out of the house confused and rueful with the leave-taking, he had gone to the wrong side of the horse that was to carry him so far on his journey, and, as they looked to him for the last adieu, there he was seated on the animal with his face to the tail. Nor, to modify the impression made by these occasional uncouthnesses and oddities arising from his absent ways, was there the excuse of those moping and bookish habits which sometimes produce the like in a certain class of students. Though he fastened on particular books with an avidity which made their contents then and there a part of his being, and the dates of his first acquaintance with them epochs in his life, and which even blocked his mind to the fact that other books had been written of as great importance, he never was a book-worm; and, to the last, two or, at most, three hours of intense effort a day, instead of the usual six or eight hours of the professional man of letters, sufficed for his own literary labours. In youth, as in later life, he was a sociable and open-air intellect—out for walks in the fields, the streets, or whatever the neighbourhood was; doing his thinking as he walked, or observingly taking in, when he was not too abstracted, the range and particulars of the landscape, the meteorology overhead, and the incidents, humours, and physiognomies that passed him. There is ample evidence, too, that there never was anything in him

of that kind of fatuous self-forgetfulness or indifference to personal dignity which often accompanies eccentricity or habits of mental absorption. On the contrary, he was about the manliest young fellow breathing, and, though the readiest to join in the laugh against himself when caught with his face to the horse's tail, or in any similarly absurd predicament, yet always with a hot fund of self-assertion which prevented the impressions of such incidents from travelling a hairsbreadth beyond the moments to which they belonged, and which would not tolerate, in his relations with others, a semblance of disrespect. When wakened out of one of his brown studies by the laughter of his fellow-students, who, after watching him for some time, would break in upon him with a "Hillo ! Chalmers," and the information that he was half-crazy already, and would soon make up the other half if he did not mind what he was about, "Very well, my good lads," he would say good-humouredly, shaking his fist, and in he would be among them uproariously for the next twenty minutes, with some flashes of his cogitations by way of amends. Rather than put up with a real indignity he would, I believe, even while he was yet a mere stripling, have set Fifeshire in a blaze about it. A very conspicuous proof of this—a peculiarity of temperament which he retained all through his life—was to be given by him within a few years after his course as a student was over, when, on some real or fancied slight upon him in connexion with the mode in which he had discharged the duties of a temporary teachership in the University (the same mathematical assistantship which West and Brown had held), he was to beard the professors in full assembly, dare them, and all the Presbyteries of Fife to boot, to put him down, and make the whole world of St. Andrews and its dependencies ring with his wrongs. But a less public, though equally characteristic example of the same quality was given by him in that very tutorship to which, while yet a divinity-student, we have seen him set out from his father's

door in so singular a fashion. The family was not at all one to his mind—of the petty, illiberal and purse-proud ways to be found sometimes among the wealthy of commercial towns. The idea of the lady of the house as to the proper relations of the tutor to the family was that he was there only as the associate of the boys, to sit silent and subservient in his appointed place at table when the family were together, and to have his meals served to him in his own room whenever there was company. Chalmers was up in arms instantly. "In consequence of the low idea "they have of the respect due to a tutor," he writes home to his father after two months, "it is impossible for me to talk "with freedom and confidence. I have "observed more than once my attempts "to participate in the conversation dis- "countenanced by the frown of superior "dignity. Hence those who frequent the "house—many of whom would bow full "low in your dining-room—regard me as "unworthy of their notice, and return "my salutations with cold indifference." The feud proceeded from bad to worse—Chalmers at last resorting to such methods of open warfare as that of always marching off to an opposition supper-party of his own at a neighbouring inn whenever there was a family-party from which he was excluded ; till, after a while, the family, amazed at the unmanageable Tartar they had got for a tutor, were glad to release him from his engagement. Let such items of character as these enter into our conception of the "mad Tam Chalmers" of the later and more intellectual years of his St. Andrews studentship. Above all, as the real cause of that extraordinary demeanour which distinguished him then from his fellow-students and made them look upon him as one possessed, let there be conceived a mind not only incapable of taking things coolly or with any ordinary degree of youthful ardour, but even incapable of existing from day to day unless in a state of protracted ecstasy or whirlwind over some object of contemplation or other. Take him in any year of the four from his seven-

teenth to his twentieth, and you will find him contemplation-drunk. You may even ascertain, in any particular year, the theme or the set of themes that is holding him entranced. For one whole twelvemonth he was in a state of "mental elysium," as he afterwards described it, with the constant thought of the Infinity and Majesty of Godhead—not a single hour elapsing in which the overpoweringly impressive imagination of the great glowing light in the centre of all was not bright before his inward eye, and his mind was not on the strain extending it in circles beyond circles to the outermost bounds of things—the rapture of the repeated process being so great that it was his habit all that twelvemonth to wander in the fields early in the morning, that he might indulge in the glorious conception undisturbed. Again it was Jonathan Edwards on Free Will that was in possession of him, and he was in a dogmatic phrenzy of Necessitarianism. "He studied Edwards on Free Will with such ardour," says one of the most intimate friends of his college-days, "that he seemed to regard nothing else, and scarcely talk of anything else, and one was almost afraid of his mind losing its balance." Anon there came the reading of Mirabaud's "System of Nature," and for a time, from the influence of that work, a cold wind of philosophic Atheism swept through the very mind that had lately been in such a rapture of natural Theism, and, in lieu of a Universe filled with God, he had incessantly before him the other alternative of an eternity of matter and motion obeying a law of Evolution. Nor were the politics of the day absent from his thoughts. As the Revolution in France and the war with France passed on from stage to stage, and especially after there began to flash upon the world the new power of the young Bonaparte, of these things also was note taken, in the same passionate way, by the young St. Andrews student. He would burst out about them with a vehemence of feeling utterly disproportioned to any concern which he, or even Fifeshire as a whole, could

be supposed to have in them. It is still recollected that, when it came to be young Chalmers's turn to pray publicly in the Divinity Hall, the people of St. Andrews used to flock in to hear the solemn allusions to contemporary events, and, above all, the harrowing descriptions of the horrors of war, which he was sure to bring in.

The rule in the Kirk of Scotland then was that no student of divinity should receive the licence from his Presbytery, which made him a probationer or preacher, till he had attained the age of twenty-one. But exceptions were occasionally made; and, on the plea that Chalmers was "a lad of pregnant parts," an exception was made in his case. He was licensed by the Presbytery of St. Andrews, on the 31st of July, 1799, when he was nineteen years and four months, old. He seems to have been in no hurry, however, to avail himself of his privilege, for he did not preach his first sermon till a month afterwards, and then, of all places of the world, in the English town of Wigan, which came conveniently for his purpose in the course of a visit he paid to his eldest brother then settled in Liverpool. Nay, for about two years he preached as little as could well be. The truth is, he was decidedly indifferent to the prospects of the clerical career, and was fascinated rather by the chance of obtaining in the course of a few years a mathematical or other professorship in one of the Scottish Universities. In his ambition for such a post he had naturally thought first of some teachership in St. Andrews as a likely stepping-stone to it; but, hearing of some such vacant teachership in Edinburgh, he determined to go there. He did not get what he wanted; but, with the idea of farther qualifying himself for the professorship he saw looming in the future, he spent two sessions in Edinburgh, attending, among other classes at the University, those of Playfair (mathematics), Robison (natural philosophy), Hope (chemistry), and Dugald Stewart (moral philosophy). Without dwelling on the intellectual results for Chalmers of these two sessions passed

among new men, and in a society different from that of St. Andrews, suffice it to say that he found less satisfaction in Stewart than he had expected to find, and, on the whole, thought he got more of his money's worth out of the other three. With Playfair he kept up or extended his mathematics—rising now, as I believe, into that transcendent admiration for Sir Isaac Newton which was thenceforward a permanent portion of his intellect, insomuch that, to his latest days, whenever he would refer to what he considered Nature's supremest product in the way of human genius, Shakespeare wisely skedaddled for the moment, knowing what was coming, and we had from him, for the fiftieth time, an ever-fresh rhapsody about "our own Sir Isaac." Without thinking very highly of the chemical professor, Hope, he found him a useful teacher; and he plunged, while attending him, into such a passion for chemistry on his own account, that that science remained thenceforth a rival with mathematics for his affections. But Robison was his favourite. To the end of his life he used to quote with enthusiasm certain doctrines and philosophical distinctions which he had first learnt from Robison; and, in counting up the academic teachers to whom he had been most indebted, he gave Robison the second place—Brown of St. Andrews retaining the first, and Hunter of the same University ranking as third.

And so we arrive at the year 1801-2. It was the time, on the great clock of the world's affairs, when Bonaparte was First Consul in France, and was securing the supremacy for his life, and when, in Britain, Pitt was to Addington what London is to Paddington, but Addington was temporary minister for all that. Well, going back in imagination to that year—a long flight back beyond the point when I had first anything personally to do with the world—and hovering, as shrewdly as I can, in the spirit of a historic hawk, over that part of our island, now better known to me than most others, where the Firth of

Forth divides so beautifully with its flashing waters the county of Fife from that of Edinburgh, what do I see that interests me so particularly? I see, coming and going between the two counties, now for a time resident in one of them, and now for a time in the other, a large-headed young Scotchman who, as it were, belongs to both, though his brain and build tell most emphatically of Fifeshire. He is one-and-twenty years of age. He is a licentiate of the Scottish Kirk—one who, according as the chances of a presentation to a living by some patron may direct, may be called upon, at any moment, to settle as a minister in any one of Scotland's thousand parishes, from the Shetlands, far off amid the northern surges, to the Tweed and its pastoral uplands dotted with sheep; or who, patronage at home failing altogether, may have to go into semi-exile in England, and serve as the minister of some little Scottish congregation keeping up their Presbyterian Zion in the midst of the Babylonians. Meanwhile, as far as I can see, ministerial work is little in his thoughts, and his hankering is after a mathematical or other Scottish professorship. Is he likely to obtain such a thing? It is difficult to say. Those were the days, indeed, in which, for some deep cosmical or telluric reason yet unexplained by history, it was the young men that were everywhere in request for the work of the world in all its varieties—in which it did not seem preternatural that one should be Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer of Britain at the age of twenty-three, or conqueror of Italy and hero of France at the age of twenty-seven; and in which, if you did not get through your life's work before you were forty-five, you were a remarkably slow coach, or mere luggage-van, among your contemporaries. Appointments of very young men to professorships in the Scottish Universities had for a good many years been common enough. But men's suffrages did not then, when youth was in so much favour with the world, any more than now, when it is so

much less in favour, fix intuitively on the right objects. What, then, of the chances of our Fifeshire Grostête, going and coming in the ferry between Fifeshire and Edinburgh, and looking alternately to the Universities on the two sides of the Firth for the vacancy for which he might offer himself? Was he of sufficient public mark to be thought of for such an appointment by the social big-wigs, even if one such should be going? We know what impression he had made on all who had come into intimate relations with him—how, more especially, among his college companions there had been for some years a fame of “Mad Tam Chalmers” as the most extraordinary young wild elephant of a fellow ever seen about St. Andrews. The probability, however, is, that any general vote of the Fifeshire and Edinburgh people concerning him would have expressed itself at best in some such half-jocose phrase as that of the old clergyman who had pleaded for his being licensed by the Presbytery though under the proper age—that he was “a lad of pregnant parts.” He might come to be something if all went well! The fools! All Scotland is waiting for that young fellow. The very material on which his mind is to act, the very clay which his hands are to work with and mould, is that aggregate society of Scotland, with its million-and-a-half of souls, over which his thoughts are wandering so dreamily. Personify that Scotland—imagine her in the totality of her thousand parishes, from those far Shetlands to this quiet Tweed-side, as one living being or form; and here—here in the ferry-boat between Edinburgh and Fifeshire—is the youth who ere long will have his hands twined and knotted in the hair of the huge creature’s instincts, and will be holding and throwing her with the strength of a Milo! Here is one who is to be for Scotland, ere she is done with him, another and one of the greatest in that series of her “national men,” the over-topping functionaries-in-chief of the successive periods of her history, whom she is so fond of reckoning up one by one in their chronological order

—men of a class for the appearance and recognition of which Scotland, by reason of her smaller bulk, and her easier submission on that account to one central influence, if not also by reason of the stronger Celtic touch in her temperament, has always (be it a virtue or a defect) been more apt than England. Though they did not know this then—I mean his fellow-passengers in the frequent ferry-boat on the Firth, and the idlers who watched him land and disembark on either pier—how plain it is to us after the fact! But what I maintain is something more than this. I maintain that, though Scotland had still to wait a good while before she became acquainted with Chalmers or took notice of him—though, as it happened, he was not one of those who were in their right places of power in very early youth, and it was ten or twelve years before the flashes* which revealed him were seen over any considerable area—yet even then, in the year 1801–2, his “potentiality,” as Johnson would have said, was almost complete. All that Chalmers was ever to be structurally he already was, I believe, at the age of twenty-one, with but one important exception—the very exception immensely important, as it turned out, but about which few would then have cared much, if there are very many that would care a jot now. Accordingly, as I am to leave him for a time at this point, let me conclude, for the present, with one or two additional remarks concerning him, which may have the effect of carving the rude bust I have been setting before the reader into a nearer likeness to the exact reality.

In spite of much effort of late among our critics, we have not yet succeeded in making the notion of mere degrees of ability arranged on an ascending scale supersede, for practical purposes, our old habit of distinguishing certain men from their fellows, and placing them in an order by themselves, under the name of “men of genius.” Now, if ever there was a man respecting whom there could have been no doubt that he was to be referred to this order, if it were to be retained at all—nay, if ever there was

a man an hour's observation of whom would have infallibly suggested to any one the necessity, on practical grounds, of not giving up too hastily such an established aid to our classification of human beings—it was Dr. Chalmers. From the very first we see him marked out from those around him—and not only from the general crowd of those around him, but even from the ablest of them, and those of more culture than himself—by the possession of that all-rousing something in the constitution which we call “genius.” A hundred definitions, I should suppose, have been given of “genius,” and I daresay it would be possible to add as many more—each having a certain explanatory value in relation to some instance of the power, or form of its manifestation, that may be more immediately thought of. For my own part, if I were to propose a definition which I think would be distinct enough to be of use, and yet general enough to permit all varieties, whether of the rushing or of the quiescent sort, to be deduced from it, I would ask whether we might not define genius as consisting in an unusual or abnormal degree of endowment in the two extreme conceptions, fundamental ideas, or essential forms of thought, of our race which metaphysicians call Space and Time. Whether, with one school of metaphysicians, we regard Space and Time as simply those highest attained generalizations of the human mind in which all other thoughts end and swoon, or, with another, we regard them as belonging to the very structure of the mind as a sentient faculty, and as being the forms under which, by the necessities of our nature, we must apprehend and imagine things, the effect is, for our present view, much the same. Equally, according to either theory, where we have the notions of Space and Time strongest, or most intensely active, we have Humanity at its uttermost—while, if we adopt the latter theory, we may actually say, in the terms of that theory, that Humanity consists in thinking in Space and Time, and that the individuals in whom these constituents

of the race are most developed, and habitually in the highest state of tension, are the *most* human. If space and time here permitted, I should not despair of bringing this notion out of the region of abstract statement and uncouth metaphysical jargon, and being able to bowl it, like a little ball of popularly-intelligible fact, through a whole thicket of exemplifications, making it gather radiance as it ran. With particular passages from great poets or other writers for my instances—say from Shakespeare or Goethe, to begin with—I should be able to show, I think, how much of what we recognise as the “genius” in these passages, and so perhaps to suggest how much of that distinctive power of these writers which we speak of generally as their “genius,” might be resolved into unusual endowment or excitability in the Space-and-Time feeling. Wonder, Ideality, the tendency at all times to the elemental and the general in one's contemplations of Nature and of Life—these and other habits or qualities of mind which we associate with genius and by which we sometimes vaguely define it, might all be identified with strength in the Space-and-Time feeling, or shown to be forms of it. But for the present I shall be satisfied if, without going the whole length of the notion that strength in the Space-and-Time feeling *is* genius, and that in all varieties of genius this is the common element, the reader should have a conception of unusual strength of equipment in this feeling as a possibility among men, and should see how it may be one kind or cause of genius. Such, at all events, it is. There *are* men who are distinguished from their fellows by the great extent to which they can think out in space or forward and backward in time, by the energy with which this vast organic beat of man's consciousness in the two kinds of Infinity transacts itself, and by the habitual delight which they have in rooting their conceptions of all things in a double sentiment of the astronomically and chronologically boundless. And these men are in all ways the

powerful of the earth. From those perpetual expansions of their imaginations out into the illimitable till the numberless suns and worlds of space are, as it were, wheeling in a containing transparency which they know to be the sphere of their own spirits, they are recontracted to our own little orb and their cares in it with a violence proportioned to the rebound. From those strivings of theirs to ascend the stream of time, beyond all geologic age, if perchance they may touch the hem of a still receding eternity, they return, ever baffled, but bringing with them all the condensed passion of their hopeless effort, to man's life and the passing moment. Now, Chalmers all through his life possessed this transcendent constitution of spirit more than most of his contemporaries, and whoever had observed him at the age of twenty-one would already have discerned it in him, and would have recognised in it his indubitable cousinship to all the great. Those large habits of imagination which astronomy and geology may be supposed chiefly to cultivate, he had from the first, and almost by nature. Especially in the feeling of Space was he more than ordinarily endowed. Say that every mind is represented by the extent of the physical or astronomical sphere to which it is in the habit of swelling out its contemplations, and I do not believe that there was in all Fifeshire and Edinburgh, in the year 1801-2, another mind which was the centre of a sphere of starry space so vast as that in which young Chalmers's dwelt, and which he carried with him as he moved. Watch him in the ferry-boat where we left him. He is in one of his reveries. What is going on within that heavy overmassive head, and those cloudy, opaque eyes? A dream of the astronomical universe. And how large the diameter! First, as his vision sweeps in longitude, it is

“from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth.”

Again, as Nature had given to Chalmers a mind capable of great contemplations, so she had given him in a marked degree the *os magna soniturum*, the mouth formed for great utterances. Whether he knew it as yet or not, he was born to be an orator. It was not in his habitual fervour alone that this was apparent—in the blazing enthusiasm which he carried into everything; in the force and earnestness with which he felt his own meanings; in the deep fund of indignation from which every now and then there would be a surge that would bear him to the verge of phrenzy; or even in (what, I think, is the one infallible indication of a true orator) the reserve which he always had of rage beyond rage, and the power which he always had of becoming more and more able, more and more intellectually inventive, as he became more and more excited. In all the minor indications resulting from these and belonging to them the orator was proclaimed. The style which he had formed for himself, and which, as I have said, remained Chalmers's to the last, was a style for the ear rather than for the eye. There was the rhythm and cadence of the spoken style, the sense of impulse upon a living resistance, the structure of the sentence for face-to-face utterance before an assembly. And, as the thoughts were big, there was a certain bigness and unwieldiness in the expression. Though he had pithy and racy Saxon or Scottish words in abundance at command, there was a tendency, when he wrote, to the polysyllabic and the Latin, and especially to words ending in *ation*, or otherwise containing the sound *sh*. There was the roll and ringing emphasis of the voice in the act of delivery, the grip of each syllable as it came, the balanced to-and-fro movement of the body, the nervous rush to the face, and, at least, by way of gesture, the frequently uplifted arm. What was the strangest peculiarity of all, however—the incapacitating peculiarity, as it might have seemed—was the provincial rudeness of the pronunciation. The question that would have been asked

by any Englishman, on first hearing him, would have been, how this mouth, "formed for great utterances," would ever be able to manage them in that extraordinary Fifeshire dialect. He pronounced "Adam," "Aidam," "Parish," "Pairish," "Pope of Rome," "Popp of Romm," "issue of which," "issly of whuch." By no chance did he pronounce any three words in any one sentence correctly according to the English standard; and for all his own countrymen out of Fifeshire he was equally a vocal wonder. It was impossible to cure him. All the pebbles on the beach of St. Andrews would never have brought the mouth and tongue of this young Demosthenes into conformity with the rules of Attic elocution. As it happened, it did not matter much. To his fellow Scots, when they came to hear him, the Fifeshire dialect was as good as any other of the provincial dialects of which they had their choice, and racier than most; and, when his audiences came to be English as well, there was no thought of the dialect after the stunning astonishment of the first few sentences.

In the third place, I note in Chalmers, from the first, the possession, in a very large degree, of a quality which I do not think will ever be found wanting in any really first-rate men, though it may assume different forms according to the other qualities with which it is associated—a quality which, coining a monstrous word for my purpose, I will venture to call *propositionalness*. It is, in the main, identical with that passion for intellectual generalization which we often speak of as particularly visible in the French mind. It shows itself in a habit of gathering up one's meanings or conclusions on all sorts of subjects into definite propositions or verbal formulæ, which thenceforth are carried about with one, and serve as one's intellectual bank-notes. This craving after intellectual comprehensiveness and definiteness, this tendency of the thoughts always to coagulate into phrases and verbal formulæ which are then used as enunciations, was a notable characteristic of Chalmers from his youth upwards; and, as his at-

tachment to his generalizations was unusually strong, and, whenever he had elaborated one, he made it go as far as possible by incessant repetition, it so happened that, by the end of his life, his mind had almost become an apparatus of a certain number of ideas of which it would have been easy to take an inventory. He positively could not speak unless he had some distinct and massive proposition to expound which he had been ruminating and shaping. One result of this mental habit was that he was very liable to be taken aback if called upon on a sudden for an opinion on a new matter. On such occasions his mind seemed to be in that state which the Scotch call *through-ither*; he seemed to be ransacking the near part of his mind for a proposition that would answer at once the new demand, and, not finding any, to be in some confusion while the message was flying back that was to bring his reserved forces to the front. Give him an hour or two, however, or even twenty minutes, and he would have made his arrangements, and would have so organized his thoughts for the emergency that, at the end of that time, you found him quite ready, with a new proposition or two regularly on march. This quality of *propositionalness*, which was to me one of the most interesting studies in Chalmers in his later days, I am able to detect, among other things, in the earliest specimens of his writing that remain.

What was Chalmers's outfit or stock of propositions at the age of twenty-one? We will not answer that question at present, save by a word or two of general significance. In Theology he was a Moderate—with a high natural Theism of his own, which, with some help from Butler's "Analogy," had survived the shock of Mirabaud's reasonings; and with such an estimate of Christianity as, in the prevailing opinion of the Scottish Kirk, then honestly befitted her parish-ministers and licentiates. With the Evangelical, High-flying, or, in English phrase, Methodist minority among the Scottish clergy of the time he had no

sympathy ; and this was one of the differences between Thomas and his pious father in the Anstruther household. In politics he had, I think, come out of the Revolutionary fever, and was, in a way of his own—unless Burke was his model—patriotic and conservative. He had a large stock of notions derived from the mathematical, mechanical, and chemical sciences, and an extraordinary power of transferring them, or suggestions from them, into moral subjects. His opinion of the Scottish Philosophy of Reid, as it had been unfolded to him by the expositions of Dugald Stewart, was that it contained a needless multiplication of first principles ; and, on the whole, notwithstanding his ever-active ideality and

his enthusiastic temperament, he desired farther analysis, and had an inclination to the philosophy which resolves all into experience and a disinclination to the philosophy of necessary beliefs. Finally, he had just betaken himself, with his usual vehement ardour, to the study of Political Economy. Adam Smith, I suppose, he had read before he was twenty—the “Wealth of Nations” being the native property of Fifeshire. Malthus on Population he read, he told me, in the year 1800. The book had such an effect upon him that he clutched its main principle at once as an axiom for statesmen and philanthropists, and never all his life parted with it, or would allow disbelief in it or inattention to it to be anything short of idiocy.

PALINGENESIS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened
 To the incessant sobbing of the sea
 In caverns under me,
 And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
 Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
 Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;
 For round about me all the sunny capes
 Seemed peopled with the shapes
 Of those whom I had known in days departed,
 Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
 On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
 Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
 Stood lonely as before ;
 And the wild roses of the promontory
 Around me shuddered in the wind and shed
 Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
 Of all things their primordial form exists,
 And cunning alchemists
 Could re-create the rose with all its members
 From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
 Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me! what wonder-working, occult science
 Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
 The rose of youth restore?
 What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
 To time and change, and for a single hour
 Renew this phantom-flower?

“Oh, give me back,” I cried, “the vanished splendors,
 The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
 When the swift stream of life
 Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
 The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
 Into the unknown deep!”

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
 Like some old prophet wailing; and it said,
 “Alas! thy youth is dead!
 It breathes no more; its heart has no pulsation;
 In the dark places with the dead of old
 It lies for ever cold!”

Then said I, “From its consecrated cerements
 I will not drag this sacred dust again,
 Only to give me pain;
 But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
 Go on my way, like one who looks before,
 And turns to weep no more.”

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
 Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
 Of sunsets burning low;
 Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
 Light up the spacious avenues between
 This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
 What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
 What bowers of rest divine;
 To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
 What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
 The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
 Those pages of the mystic book which hold
 The story still untold,
 But without rash conjecture or suggestion
 Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
 Until “The End” I read.

IN HER TEENS.¹

If "the boy is father of the man," the girl is likewise mother to the woman; and the woman—oh, solemn thought, laden with awful responsibility to each tiny maiden-child that coos and crows at us from her innocent cradle!—the woman is the mother of us all. Far deeper and higher than the advocates of woman's rights are aware of, lies the truth, that women are the heart of the world. From a gynocracy, or even a self-existent, self-protecting, and self-dependent rule, heaven save us, and all other Christian communities! but the fact remains, that on the women of a nation does its virtue, strength, nobility, and even its vitality, rest. Sparta recognised this in a rough barbaric way;—Judea, too, when through successive ages every daughter of Abraham was brought up to long for offspring, in the hope that of her might be born the Messiah, the promised Seed. All history, carefully examined, would, we believe, exemplify the same truth—that the rise and fall of nations is mainly dependent on the condition of their women—the mothers, sisters, daughters, wives—who, consciously or unconsciously, mould, and will mould for ever, the natures, habits, and lives of the men to whom they belong. Nay, even in modern times, in looking around upon divers foreign countries—but stay, we will not judge our neighbours, we will only judge ourselves.

If things be so, if the influence of women is so great, so inevitable, either for good or for evil, does it not behove us, who live in a generation where so many strange conflicts are waging on the surface of society, so many new elements stirring and seething underneath it—does it not behove us, I say, to look a little more closely after our "girls?"

It is rather difficult now-a-days to find

a "girl" at all. They are, every one of them, "young ladies;" made up of hoop and flounce, hat and feather, plaits of magnificent (bought) hair, and heaps of artificial flowers. There is a painful uniformity, too, in them and their doings—their walking, talking, singing, dancing, seem all after the same pattern, done to order according to the same infallible rule—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" An original natural "girl," who has grown up after her own fashion, and never heard of Mrs. Grundy, is a creature so rare, that when we find her, at any age from twelve to twenty, we are prone to fall right over head and ears in love with her, carry her off, and marry her immediately. And we hardly wonder that so many of these vapid, commonplace, well-dressed, well-mannered young ladies remain unmarried, or rush into the opposite extreme of frantic independence, and try to create an impossible Utopia, of which the chief characteristic seems to be that of the heaven of Crazy Jane in the ballad—

"With not a man to meet us there."

Which is most harmful, this foolish aping of men's manners, habits, and costumes, or the frivolous laziness, the worse than womanish inanity, which wastes a whole precious lifetime over the set of its hoops, the fashion of its bonnets, or the gossip of its morning callers, let wiser heads than the present writer's decide. Between the two opposite evils, most welcome is anything, or anybody, that indicates in the smallest degree what a girl really is and ought to be; thus giving us some hope for the women that are to come, the mothers of the next generation.

Thanks, therefore, to "Lucy Fletcher"—whether that name be real or assumed—for a little unpretentious book of verses, entitled "Thoughts from a Girl's Life." Let her speak for herself, in a Preface which, for straightforward

¹ Thoughts from a Girl's Life. By Lucy Fletcher. Macmillan and Co.

simplicity and dignified modesty, is itself almost a poem.

"These verses are the true expression of the thoughts and feelings of a girl's life, and as such they are given specially to other girls.

"I will not apologize too much for their want of poetical merit; nevertheless it is with a full consciousness of their immaturity that I send them forth. But though the deepening life of years to come may teach a fuller and a higher tone, yet I feel that the thoughts and utterances of to-day may be best fitted to reach and to help those who stand on the level from which these were written.

"I do not, of course, imply that every word in these verses is true as regards my own life; in poetry less than in any other form of expression, would that be possible; many of the incidents are idealized, and some of the feelings known more by sympathy than by personal experience.

"I send my little book with its own message to those who will care to hear it; I shall be most glad and thankful if it is able in any degree to sympathise with, to help, or to cheer those hearts to whom from my own I speak."

A girl's book—only a girl. Now, ordinarily a youthful poetess is a very unpleasant character. The less a girl writes the better—that is, publishes: almost all girls write, and nothing will stop them. Nor is there any actual harm in their mild verses and elaborate love-stories—the temporary outburst of fancy or feeling that will soon settle down into its proper channel, and find a safe outlet in the realities of domestic life. But there is harm in encouraging in the smallest degree that exaggerated sentimentality which wears out emotion in expression, converting all life into a perpetual *pose plastique*, or a romantic drama of which she, the individual, is the would-be heroine. And worse still is that *cacoethes scribendi*, that frantic craving for literary reputation, which lures a girl from her natural duties, her safe shut-up home life, to join the band

of writing women—of which the very highest, noblest, and most successful feel, that to them, as women, what has been gained is at best a poor equivalent for what has been lost.

In one sense the kindest wish that a reader can wish to "Lucy Fletcher," is that this her first book may also be her last; and yet it is a good book to have written, good and true, and valuable too—as truth always is.

"A girl's life." What a mysterious thing that is! None who have reached the stand-point whence they can fairly and dispassionately look back on theirs, but must feel awed at remembering all it was, and all it promised to be—its infinite hopes, its boundless aspirations, its dauntless energies, its seemingly unlimited capacity for both joy and pain. All these things may have calmed down now: the troubled chaos has long settled into a perfect—and yet how imperfect!—world: but the mature woman, of whatever age or fortunes, can hardly look without keenest sympathy and trembling pity on those who have yet to go through it all. For, let poets talk as they will of that charming time in which a girl is

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood sweet,"

the years between twelve and twenty are, to most, a season anything but pleasant; a crisis in which the whole heart and brain are full of tumult, when all life looks strange and bewildering—delirious with exquisite unrealities,—and agonized with griefs equally chimerical and unnatural. Therefore, every influence caught, and every impression given during these years, is a matter of most vital moment. Most girls' characters are stamped for life by the associations they form, and the circumstances by which they are surrounded, during their teens. They may change and grow—thank heaven all good men and women have never done growing!—but the primary mould is rarely recast; however worn or defaced, it retains the original image and superscription still.

Therefore, however long she may live to modify or expand them, Lucy Fletcher is never likely to think much different from these "Thoughts," which but echo those of hundreds of the "other girls" to whom her preface refers.

"THOUGHTS.

"My thoughts, in silence and alone,
Fronted the mystery unknown,
The meaning of our life;
The curse upon its poverty,
The wealth that brings satiety,
Dull peace, and barren strife.

Base aims achieved, high aims that fail,
Evil that doth o'er good prevail,
Good lost that might have been;
The narrow path we dare to tread,
With all the infinite outspread,
And all that could be, seen.

The unsolved problems that we touch
At every word, not pondered much,
Because they lie so near;
The path unknown that we must tread,
The awful mystery of the dead,
That round life's wondrous sphere.

The light behind the veil unseen,
Our only clue what once hath been,—
Dark seems life's mystery;
I cannot know, I dare not guess;
The greater is not in the less,
Nor God's high will in me.

O Thou, the Infinite, Allwise,
Solve Thou for me these mysteries,
Or teach me wiser thought;
I cannot see, but Thou art light;
I err, but Thou canst guide aright,—
By Thee I would be taught.

Incomprehensible Thy love,
All flights of our weak thought above;
So too Thy life is high.
Make Thou our life a part of Thine,
Till in its unity divine,
To Thee we live and die.

Content to go where Thou dost choose,
To be what Thou dost need to use,
To follow or be still,
And learn the infinite content
Of one whose yielded heart is bent,
Unto Thy loving will."

This poem, which without striking original merit, is exceeding complete, gives a fair idea of the whole book. There we find a clear, broad, pellucid picture of a girl's life—a loving, simple, thoughtful English girl, with a keen eye for natural beauty, a strong sense of

religion, a sound brain, conscience, and heart. All are as yet undeveloped; and yet there is no immaturity; the life is complete so far as it goes, and so is the book likewise. It has none of the daring originalities and imperfectnesses from which one can predict actual genius; no precocity of passion, no remarkable creative power. All is fresh and pure and still as a dewy meadow in the grey dawn of a midsummer morning. Take for instance these two pictures.

"A BUNCH OF HEATHER.

"I gathered purple heather upon the hill-side
bare,
The while the bees unsettled buzzed round
me in the air,
The finest on the moorlands, all that both
hands could hold;
I bound it with the grasses which grow upon
the wold.

That sunny day of summer, the talk and
merry speech,
The wonders we discovered, the seat beneath
the beach,
Even the wood-birds singing, the light and
shade which fell,
All, as I thought, forgotten, I now re-
member well.

For, on this very morning, I found the
bunch again,
The flowers are browned and falling, scarce
more than stems remain,
I cut the grass that held them, and when
unloosed I found,
That all these bygone memories were with
the heather bound."

"MAY TIME.

"It is a pleasant spot, the wind
Is hushed to silence, while behind
The screen of leaves which interlace,
In cool, sweet silence round the place,
Murmurs of far-off brook and bird,
(Scarce noticed, and yet clearly heard,)
Seem fitting voices to express
My spirit's dreamy happiness.

The dusty road is far away;
Forgotten is each weary day;
The sweet leaves shade the distant view;
Yet fairer seems the tender blue
That glimmers downward, while to me
Even the future's mystery,
Hid by the present, seems more dear,
And I can feel nor doubt, nor fear.

Sometimes God sends this deepest rest;
Sometimes our spirits thus are blest
With perfect passionate content,
Wherein all love with trust is blent.

Sweet time, sweet thoughts, pass not away,
Or, if the sun forget my day,
May I remember how it shone,
And know it shaded, but not gone."

Nothing very wonderful here; nothing "to haunt, to startle, and waylay;" and yet how sweet it is! How completely it gives the portrait of the "girl"—a country girl—no town life could have produced such; with her eyes beaming thoughtfully from under her broad hat, and her busy, browned hands full of flowers. Not in the least sentimental or self-conscious, and yet in herself a perfect living poem—the best poem a man can read—a tender-hearted, high-thoughted maiden. A little dreamy, perhaps, but with dreams so innocent, pure, and true, that they strengthen rather than weaken her for the realities that are coming. Much she may have to suffer—nay, inevitably will—but we feel that she will suffer nobly, patiently, religiously, even thus:—

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

"I come, dear Lord, like a tired child, to creep
Unto Thy feet, and there awhile to sleep,
Weary, though not with a long busy day,
But with the morning's sunshine and with play,
And with some tears that fell, although the while
They scarce were deep enough to drown a smile.

There is no need of words for mine to tell
My heart to Thee; Thou needest not to spell,
As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears,
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears;
Thou knowest all, knowest far more than I,
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
On sobbing children, seeing all the while
How soon will pass away the endless grief,
How soon will come the gladness and relief;
But if Thou smilest, yet Thy sympathy
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less Thy love doth understand,
And not the less, with tender pitying hand,
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face
Doth cherish to a smile in Thine embrace,
Until the pain is gone, and Thou dost say,
'Go now, my child, and work for Me to-day.'

Hardly even dear old George Herbert could have taken a quainter, tenderer fancy, or worked it out with more delicate completeness. Indeed, one of the best qualities in our young rhymer—she would hardly wish to appropriate prematurely the high name of poet—is the care with which she finishes everything. The chief blots upon her pages are horrible cockney rhymes, such as "born" and "dawn," and—oh, shame!—"bore" and "saw," with a few grammatical and even etymological errors, such as "thrawl" for thrall, which a more watchful press-revision of a girl's first book would easily have avoided. But her rhythm is smooth and musical; her power of expression clear; her style terse and Saxon; she neither overloads with imagery nor cumbers with unnecessary adjectives. Nor is she imitative, as are almost all young writers—the mere reflection of others whom they have read. Whatever her readings may have been—and a young girl can hardly read too much, imbibing other people's wisdom instead of prematurely forcing out her own—Miss Fletcher has fused them all in the alembic of her clear sensible brain, so that her verses come out with no perceptible flavour of Tennyson, the Brownings, or any other favourite idol who has influenced strongly the youthful minds of the age.

Another characteristic—which, among a certain set, will raise the book at once, as a gift-book, to the level of Cowper, Mrs. Hemans, and Martin Farquhar Tupper—there is not one word of love—that is, the passion of love—in it from beginning to end. Not a single outburst of rapture or despair;—not a sonnet or a song which the most precise of Mrs. Ellises need hesitate at laying before the Daughters of England;—who will think about such things in spite of Mrs. Ellis. But even with this peculiarity—which we name simply as a peculiarity, neither a merit nor the reverse—this book is true to itself. It comes, as it purports to come, out of a girl's life, the atmosphere of which is still cool and sweet and calm as that grey midsummer morning. Only to-

wards its end do we catch a few arrowy rays struck upward by the unrisen sun—the sun of all human life—of which the Creator of all ordained, “Let there be light,” and there was light.

Of Lucy Fletcher's career in the world of letters, we venture no prophecy whatever. Nothing in her book forbids future greatness, and nothing absolutely indicates it. On the whole, her graceful completeness rather implies that appreciative talent which observes more than it creates, and which is just under, not over, the mysterious line which marks the boundary between talent and genius. But of this, time only can decide. Whether she ever writes another book or not, this book is one which it is good for her to have written, and (stranger still) good to have published. For it is a true book—a real book, aiming at nothing higher than it achieves. It can harm and offend none; it will please and benefit very many. There is nothing morbid in it—nothing forced or factitious. Fantastic melancholy, egotistic introversion, metaphysical or melo-dramatic plumbing of the black depths of human crime and woe, are altogether foreign to this Lucy Fletcher. Hers is a healthy, happy

nature, and her book is a healthy, happy book. As she says herself,—

“SINGING.

“I sing my heart out for the gladness in it,
As less a poet than a happy bird,
Singing, because I must sing, as the linnet,
Unthinking by what ears my song is
heard;

While evermore the love which doth begin
it,

To fuller gladness by the song is stirred.

The secret of the song, the love which ever,
Within, without, enfoldeth me in rest,
Love sings my song first, and my one en-
deavour

Is but to learn the notes she chaunteth
best;

’Tis not my song I sing, ah! never, never,
But love’s, who lulls me gently on her
breast.

So sing I, being moved thereto unwitting
Aught but dear love, the sun of my heart’s
spring,

And seeking only to find words befitting

The music vibrating on every string;
No poet I among earth’s crown’d ones
sitting,

I love, and I am loved, and therefore
sing.”

And long may she go on singing,
unless her own contented heart teaches
her a better song than all—silence.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was for about six weeks altogether that the Mistress of Ramore remained Sir Thomas Frankland's guest. For half of that time Lauderdale, too, tall, and gaunt, and grim, strode daily over the threshold of Wodensbourne. He never broke bread, as he himself expressed it, nor made the slightest claim upon the hospitality of the stranger's house. On the contrary, he declined steadily every advance of friendship that was made to him with a curious Scotch pride, extremely natural to him, but odd to contemplate from the point of view at

which the Franklands stood. They asked him to dinner or to lunch as they would have asked any other stranger who happened to come in their way; but Lauderdale was far too self-conscious to accept such overtures. He had come uninvited, an undesired, perhaps unwelcome, visitor; but not for the world would the philosopher have taken advantage of his position, as Colin's friend, to procure himself the comfort of a meal. Not if he had been starving would he have shared Colin's dinner or accepted the meat offered him at the luxurious table below. “Na, na! I came without asking,” said Lauder-

dale; "when they bid me to their feasts it's no for your sake, callant, or for my sake, but for their own sakes—for good breeding, and good manners, and not to be uncivil. To force a dinner out of civility is every bit as shabby an action as to steal it. I'm no the man to sorn on Sir Thomas for short time or long." And, in pursuance of this whimsical idea of independence, Lauderdale went back every evening along the dark country lanes to the little room he had rented in the village, and subdued his reluctant Scotch appetite to the messes of bacon and beans he found there—which was as severe a test of friendship as could have been imposed upon him. He was not accustomed to fare very sumptuously at home; but the fare of an English cottager is, if more costly, at least as distasteful to an untravelled Scotch appetite as the native porridge and broth of a Scotch peasant could be to his neighbour over the Tweed. The greasy meal filled Lauderdale with disgust, but it did not change his resolution. He lived like a Spartan on the bread which he could eat, and came back daily to his faithful tendance of the young companion who now represented to him almost all that he loved in the world. Colin grew better during these weeks. The air of home which his mother brought with her, the familiar discussions and philosophies with which Lauderdale filled the weary time, gave him a connecting link once more with the old life. And the new life again rose before Colin, fresh, and solemn, and glorious. Painfully and sharply he had been delivered from his delusions—those innocent delusions which were virtues. He began to see that, if indeed there ever was a woman in the world for whom it was worth a man's while to sacrifice his existence and individuality, Miss Matty, of all women, was not she. And after this divergence out of his true path, after this cloud that had come over him, and which looked as though it might swallow him up, it is not to be described how beautiful his own young life looked to Colin, when it seemed to himself that he was

coming back to it, and was about to enter once more upon his natural career.

"I wonder how Macdonald will get on at Baliol," he said; "of course he'll get the scholarship. It's no use regretting what cannot be helped; but when a man takes the wrong turning once in his life, do you think he can get into the right road again?" said Colin. He had scarcely spoken the words when a smile gradually stealing over his face, faint and soft like the rising of the moon, intimated to his companions that he had already answered himself. Not only so, but that the elasticity of his youth had delivered Colin from all heavier apprehensions. He was not afraid of the wrong turning he had taken. He was but playing with the question in a kind of tender wantonness. Neither his health nor his lost opportunity gave him much trouble. The tide of life had risen in his heart, and again everything seemed possible; and, such being the case, he trifled pleasantly with the dead doubts which existed no longer. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," Colin said to himself, smiling over it; and the two people who were looking at him, whose hearts and whose eyes were studying every change in his face, saw that a new era had begun, and did not know whether to exchange looks of gratulation or to betake themselves to the silence and darkness to shed tears of despair over the false hope.

"When a callant goes a step astray, you mean," said Lauderdale, with a harshness in his voice which sounded contemptuous to Colin—"goes out of his way a step to gather a flower or the like,—a man that takes a wrong turn is altogether a false eemage. Everything in this world is awfu' mysterious," said the philosopher. "I'm no clear in my mind about that wrong turning. According to some theories there's no such thing in existence. 'All things work together for good.' I would like to know what was in Paul's head when he wrote down that. No to enter into the question of inspiration, the opinion of a man like him is aye worth having;

but it's an awfu' mysterious saying to me."

"Eh, but it's true," said the Mistress; "you're no to throw ony of your doubts upon Providence. I'll no say but what it's a hard struggle whiles; but, if God doesna ken best, if He's not the wisest and the kindest, I would rather, for my part, come to an end without ony more ado about it. I'm no wanting to live either in earth or heaven if there's ony doubts about Him."

"That's aye the way with women," said Lauderdale, reflectively. "They've nae patience for a philosophical question. But the practical argument is no doubt awfu' powerful, and I can say nothing against it. I'm greatly of the same way o' thinking myself. Life's no worth having on less terms, but at the same time—"

"I was speaking only of the Baliol Scholarship," said Colin, with a momentary pettishness; "you are more abstruse than ever, Lauderdale. If there should happen to be another vacancy next year, do you think I've injured myself by neglecting this one? I never felt more disposed for work," said the young man, raising himself out of his chair. It said a great deal for his returning strength that the two anxious spectators allowed him to get up and walk to the window without offering any assistance. The evening was just falling, and Colin looked out upon a grey landscape of leafless trees and misty flats, over which the shadows gathered. He came back again with a little exclamation of impatience. "I hate these dull levels," said the restless invalid; "the earth and the skies are silent here, and have nothing to say. Mother, why do we not go home?" He stood before her for a moment in the twilight, looking, in his diminished bulk and apparently increased height, like a shadow of what he was. Then he threw himself back in his chair with an impatience partly assumed to conceal the weakness of which he was painfully sensible. "Let us go to-morrow," said Colin, closing his eyes. He was in the state of weakness which feels every contradic-

tion an injury, and already had been more ruffled in spirit than he cared to acknowledge, by the diversion of the talk from his own individual concerns to a general question so large and so serious. He lay back in his chair, with his eyes closed, and those clouds of brown hair of which his mother was so proud hanging heavily over the forehead which, when it was visible, looked so pale and worn out of its glory of youth. The colour of day had all gone out of the whispering, solemn twilight; and, when the Mistress looked at the face before her, pale, with all its outlines rigid in the grey light, and its eyes closed, it was not wonderful that a shiver went through her heart.

"That was just what I had to speak about, Colin, my man," said Mrs. Campbell, nerving herself for the task before her. "I see no reason myself against it, for I've aye had a great confidence in native air; but your grand doctor that was brought down from London—"

"Do not say anything more. I shall not stay here, mother; it is impossible. I am throwing away my life," cried Colin, hastily, not waiting to hear her out, "Anybody can teach this boy. As for the Franklands, I have done enough for them. They have no right to detain me. We will go to-morrow," the young man repeated with the petulance of his weakness; to which Mrs. Campbell did not know how to reply.

"But, Colin, my man," said the Mistress, after a pause of perplexity, "it's no *that* I'm meaning. Spring's aye sweet, and its sweet aboon a' in your ain place, when ye ken every corner to look for a primrose in. I said that to the doctor, Colin, but he wasna of my opinion. A' that was in his mind was the east wind (no that there's much o' that in our countryside, but those English canna tell one air from another) and the soft weather, and I couldna say but what it was whiles damp," said the candid woman; "and the short and the long is, that he said you were to gang south and no north. I'm no meaning *him*. If it wasna for your health's sake, which keeps folk anxious, it would sound

ower grand to be possible," she continued, with a wistful smile, "and awfu' proud I would be to think of my laddie in Italy—"

"In Italy!" said Colin, with a cry of excitement and surprise; and then they both stopped short, and he looked in his mother's eyes, which would not meet his, and which he could see, hard as she struggled to keep them unseen, were wet and shining with tears. "People are sent to Italy to die," said the young man. "I suppose that is what the doctor thinks, and that is your opinion, my poor mother? and Lauderdale thinks so? Don't say No. No, I can see it in your eyes."

"Oh, Colin, dinna say that! dinna break my heart!" cried the Mistress. "I'm telling you every word the doctor said. He said it would be better for you in the future—for your strength, and for getting free of danger in the many hard winters—dour Scotch winters, frost, and snow, and stormy weather, and you your duty to mind night and day." She made a little pause to get her breath, and smiled upon Colin, and went on hastily, lest she should break down before all was said. "In the mony hard winters that you have to look forward to—the lang life that's to come—"

"Lauderdale," said Colin, out of the darkness, "do you hear her saying what she thinks is deception and falsehood. My mother is obliged to tell me the doctor's lie; but it stumbles on her lips. That is not how she would speak of herself. She would say—"

"Callant, hold your peace," said Lauderdale. His voice was so harsh and strange, that it jarred in the air, and he rose up with a sudden movement, rising like a tower into the twilight, through which the pleasant reflections from the fire sparkled and played as lightly as if the talk had been all of pleasure. "Be silent, sir," cried Colin's friend. "How dare you say to me that any word but truth can come out of the Mistress's lips? How dare ye—" But here Lauderdale himself came to a sudden pause. He went to the window,

as Colin had done, and then came quickly back again. "Because we're a wee concerned and anxious about him, he thinks he may say what he likes," said the philosopher, with a strange, short laugh. "It's the way with such callants. They're kings, and give the laws to us that ken better. You may say what you like, Colin, but you must not name anything that's no true with your mother's name."

It is strange to feel that you are going to die. It is stranger still to see your friends profoundly conscious of the awful news they have to convey, painfully making light of it, and trying to look as if they meant nothing. Colin perceived the signification of his mother's pathetic smiles, of his friend's impatience, of the vigilant watch they kept upon him. He saw that, if perhaps her love kept a desperate spark of hope alight in the Mistress's heart, it *was* desperate, and she put no confidence in it. All this he perceived, with the rapid and sudden perception which comes at such a crisis. Perhaps for a moment the blood went back upon his heart with a suffocating sense of danger, against which he could make no stand, and of an inevitable approaching fate which he could not avoid or flee from. The next minute he laughed aloud. The sound of his laughter was strange and terrible to his companions. The Mistress took her boy's hand and caressed it, and spoke to him in the soothing words of his childhood. "Colin, my man—Colin, my bonnie man," said the mother whose heart was breaking. She thought his laugh sounded like defiance of God, defiance of the approaching doom; and such a fear was worse even than the dread of losing him. She kept his reluctant fingers in hers, holding him fast to the faith and the resignation of his home. As for Lauderdale, he went away out of sight, struggling with a hard sob which all his strength could not restrain; and it was in the silence of this moment that Colin's laugh, more faintly, more softly, with a playful sound that went to his heart, echoed again into the room.

"Don't hold me, mother," he said;

"I could not run away from you if I would. You think I don't take my discovery as I ought to do? If it is true," said Colin, grasping his mother's hand, "you will have time enough to be miserable about me after; let us be happy as long as we can. But I don't think it is true. I have died and come alive again. I am not going to die any more just now," said Colin, with a smile which was more than his mother could bear; and his eyes so fixed upon her, that her efforts to swallow the climbing sorrow in her throat were such as consumed her strength. But even then it was of him and not herself that she thought. "I wasna meaning, I wasna saying," she tried to articulate in her broken voice; and then at intervals, "A' can be borne—a' can be borne—that doesna go against the will of God. Oh Colin, my ain laddie! we maun a' die; but we must not rebel against Him," cried the Mistress: A little more, and even she, though long-enduring as love could make her, must have reached the limits of her strength; but Colin, strangely enough, was no way disposed for solemnity, nor for seriousness. He was at the height of the rebound, and disposed to carry his nurses with him to that smiling mountain-top from which death and sorrow had dispersed like so many mists and clouds:

"Come to the window, and look out," said Colin; "take my arm, mother; it feels natural to have you on my arm. Look here—there are neither hills nor waters, but there are always stars about. I don't mean to be discouraged," said the young man. He had to lean against the window to support himself; but, all the same, he supported her, keeping fast hold of the hand on his arm. "I don't mean to be discouraged," said Colin; "not to let you be discouraged. I have been in the valley of the shadow of death, but I have come out again. It does not matter to me what the doctor says, or what Lauderdale says, or any other of my natural enemies. You and I, mother, know better," he said; "I am not going to die." The two stood at the window, looking up to the faint stars,

two faces cast in the same mould—one distraught with a struggling of hope against knowledge, against experience; the other radiant with a smile of youth. "I am not quite able to walk over the Alps, at present," said Colin, leading the Mistress back to her chair; "but, for all that, let us go to Italy since the doctor says so. And, Lauderdale, come out of the dark, and light the candles, and don't talk any more nonsense. We are going to have a consultation about the ways and means. I don't know how it is to be done," said Colin, gaily, "since we have not a penny, nor has anybody belonging to us; but still, since you say so, mother, and the doctor, and Lauderdale—"

The Mistress, all trembling and agitated, rose at this moment to help Lauderdale, who had come forward without saying anything, to do the patient's bidding, "You'll no be angry?" said Mrs. Campbell, under her breath; "it's a' his spirits; he means nothing but love and kindness." Lauderdale met her eye with a countenance almost as much disturbed as her own.

"Me angry?" said Colin's friend; "he might have my head for a football, if that would please him." The words were said in an undertone which sounded like a suppressed growl; and as such Colin took the little clandestine exchange of confidence.

"Is he grumbling, mother?" said the object of their cares. "Never mind; he likes to grumble. Now come to the fire, both of you, and talk. They are oracles, these great doctors; they tell you what you are to do without telling you how to do it. Must I go to Italy in a balloon!" said Colin. "After all, if it were possible, it would be worth being ill for," said the young man, with a sudden illumination in his eyes. He took the management of affairs into his own hands for the evening, and pointed out to them where they were to sit with the despotism of an invalid. "Now we look comfortable," said Colin, "and are prepared to listen to suggestions. Lauderdale, your mind is speculative; do you begin."

It was thus that Colin defeated the gathering dread and anguish which, even in the face of his apparent recovery, closed more and more darkly round him; and, as what he did and said did not arise from any set purpose or conscious intention, but was the mere expression of instinctive feeling, it had a certain inevitable effect upon his auditors, who brightened up, in spite of themselves and their convictions, under his influence. When Colin laughed, instead of feeling inclined to sob or groan over him, even *Lauderdale*, after a while, cleared up too into a wistful smile, and, as for the *Mistress*, her boy's confidence came to her like a special revelation. She saw it was not assumed, and her heart rose. "When a young creature's appointed to be taken, the Lord gives him warning," she said in secret; "but my Colin has nae message in himself," and her tender soul was charmed by the visionary consolation. It was under the influence of the same exhilaration that *Lauderdale* spoke.

"I've given up my situation," he said. "No but what it was a very honourable situation, and no badly remunerated, but a man tires of anything that's aye the same day by day. I've been working hard a' my life; and it's in the nature of man to be craving. I'm going to *Eetaly* for my own hand," said *Lauderdale*; "no on your account, callant. I've had enough of the prose, and now's the time for a bit poetry. No that I undertake to write verses, like you. If he has not me to take care of him, he'll flee into print," said the philosopher, reflectively. "It would be a terrible shock to me to see our first prizeman, the most distinguished student, as the Principal himself said, coming out in a book with lines to *Eetaly*, and verses about vineyards and oranges. That kind of thing is a' very well for the callants at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, but there's something more expected from one of us," said *Lauderdale*. "I'm going to *Eetaly*, as I tell you, callant, as long as there's a glimmer of something like youth left in me, to get a bit poetry into my life.

You and me will take our knapsacks on our backs and go off together. I have a trifle in the bank—a hundred pounds, or maybe mair; I couldn't say as to a shilling or twa. If I'm speculative, as you say, I'm no without a turn for the practical;" he continued with some pride; "and everything's awfu' cheap when you know how to manage. This curate callant—he has no a great deal of sense, nor ony philosophical judgment, that I can see; and, as for theology, he doesna understand what it means; but he does not seem to me to be deficient in other organs," said the impartial observer, "such as the heart, for example; and he's been about the world, and understands about inns and things. Every living creature has its use in this life. I wouldna say he was good for very much in the way of direct teaching from the pulpit, but he's been awfu' instructive to me."

"And you mean me to save my life at your cost?" said Colin. "This is what I have come to—at your cost or at my father's, or by somebody's charity? No; I'll go home and sit in an easy-chair, like poor *Hugh Carlyle*; and, mother, you'll take care—."

When the sick man's fitful spirits thus yielded again his mother was near to soothe him with a better courage. Again she held his hands, and said, "Colin, my man—Colin, my bonnie man," with the voice of his childhood. "You'll come back hale and strong to pay a'budy back the trouble," said the *Mistress*, while *Lauderdale* proceeded unmoved, without seeming to hear what *Colin* said.

"They're a mystery to me, those English priests," said the meditative Scotchman. "They're not to call ignorant, in the general sense, but they're awfu' simple in their ways. To think of a man in possession of his faculties reading a verse or maybe a chapter out of the Bible, which is very near as mysterious as life itself to the like of me, and then discoursing about the Church and the lessons appointed for this day or that. It's a grand tether, that *Prayer-book*, though. Yon kind of callant, so long

as he keeps by that, he's safe in a kind of a way, but he knows nothing about what's doing outside his printed walls, and, when he hears suddenly a' the stir that's in the world, he loses his head altogether, and takes to 'Essays and Reviews,' and that description of literature. But he's awful instructive, as I was saying, in the article of inns and steam-boats. Not to say that he's a grand Italian scholar, as far as I can understand, and reads Dante in the original. It's a wonderful thought to realize the like of that innocent reading Dante. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, with a sudden glow in his eyes, "will take the poets by the hand for once in our lives. What you were saying about cost was a wonderful sensible saying for yours. When the siller's done we'll work our way home; it's a pity you have no voice to speak of, and I canna play the—guitar is't they call it?" said the philosopher, with a quaint grimace. He was contemptuous of the lighter arts, as was natural to his race and habits, and once more Colin's laugh sounded gaily through the room which, for many weeks, had known little laughter. They discussed the whole matter, half playfully, half seriously, as they sat over the fire, growing eager about it as they went on. Lauderdale's hundred pounds "or more" was the careful hoarding of years. He had saved it as poor Scotchmen are reported to save, by minute economies, unsuspected by richer men. But he was ready to spend his little fortune with the composure of a millionaire. "And myself after it, if that would make it more effectual," he said to himself, as he went back in the darkness to his little lodging in the village. Let it not be supposed, however, that any idea of self-sacrifice was in the mind of Lauderdale. On the contrary, he contemplated this one possible magnificence of his life with a glow of sweet satisfaction and delight. He was willing to expend it all upon Colin, if not to save him, at least to please him. That was *his* pleasure, the highest gratification of which he was capable in the circum-

stances. He made his plans with the liberality of a prince, without thinking twice about the matter, though it was all the wealth he had in the world which he was about to lavish freely for Colin's sake.

"I don't mean to take Lauderdale's money, but we'll arrange it somehow," said Colin; "and then for the hard winters you speak of, mother, and the labour night and day." He sent her away with a smile; but, when he had closed the door of his own apartment, which now at length he was well enough to have to himself without the attendance of any nurse, the light went out of the young man's face. After they were both gone, he sat down and began to think; things did not look so serene, so certain, so infallible when he was alone. He began to think, What if after all the doctor might be right? What if it were death and not life that was written against his name? The thought brought a little thrill to Colin's heart, and then he set himself to contemplate the possibility. His faith was shadowy in details, like that of most people; his ideas about heaven had shifted and grown confused from the first vague vision of beatitude, the crowns, and palms, and celestial harps of childhood. What was that other existence into which, in the fulness of his youth, he might be transported ere he was aware? *Then* at least must be the solution of all the difficulties that crazed the minds of men; *then* at least, nearer to God, there must be increase of faculty, elevation of soul. Colin looked it in the face, and the Unknown did not appal him; but through the silence he seemed already to hear the cry of anguish which would go up from one homely house under the unanswering skies. It had been his home all his life: what would it be to him in the event of that change, which was death, but not destruction? Must he look down from afar off, from some cold, cruel distance, upon the sorrow of his friends, himself being happy beyond reach, bearing no share in the burden? Or might he, according to a still harder imagination, be with

them, beside them, but unable by word or look, by breath or touch, to lift aside even for a moment the awful veil, transparent to him, but to them heavy and dark as night, which drops between the living and the dead? It was when his thoughts came to this point that Colin withdrew, faint and sick at heart, from the hopeless inquiry. He went to his rest, saying his prayers as he said them at his mother's knee, for Jesus' sake. Heaven and Earth swam in confused visions round the brain which was dizzy with the encounter of things too mysterious, too dark to be fathomed. The only thing in Earth or Heaven of which there seemed to be any certainty was the sole Existence which united both, in whose name Colin said his prayers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS MATTY FRANKLAND all this time had not been without her trials. They were trials as unlike Colin's as possible, but not without some weight and poignancy of their own, such as might naturally belong to the secondary heart-aches of a woman who was far from being destitute either of sense and feeling, and yet was at the same time a little woman of the world. In the first place, she was greatly aggravated that Harry, who on the whole seemed to be her fate, an inevitable necessity, should allow himself to be picked out of a canal at the hazard of another man's life. Harry was, on the whole, a very good fellow, and was not apt to fall into an inferior place among his equals, or show himself less manful, courageous, or fortunate than other people. But it wounded Matty's pride intensely to think that she might have to marry a man whose life had been twice saved, all the more as it was not a fault with which he could be reasonably upbraided. And, then being a woman, it was impossible for her to refrain from a little natural involuntary hero-worship of the other; who was not only the hero of these adventures, but her own chivalrous adorer to boot—perhaps the only man in the world who had suffered his

life to be seriously affected by her influence. Not only so; but at bottom Miss Matty was fond of Colin, and looked upon him with an affectionate, caressing regard, which was not love, but might very easily bear the aspect of love by moments, especially when its object was in a position of special interest. Between these two sentiments the young lady was kept in a state of harass and worry, disadvantageous both to her looks and her temper—a consciousness of which re-acted in its turn upon her feelings. She put it all down to Harry's score when, looking in her glass, she found herself paler than usual. "I wonder how he could be such an ass," she said to herself at such periods, with a form of expression unsuitable for a boudoir; and then her heart would melt towards his rival. There were some moments when she felt, or imagined she felt, the thralldom of society, and uttered to herself sighs and sneers, half false and half true, about the "gilded chains," &c. which bound her to make her appearance at Sir Thomas's dinner-party, and to take an active part in the ball. All this conflict of sentiment was conscious, which made matters worse: for all the time Matty was never quite clear of the idea that she was a humbug, and even in her truest impulse of feeling kept perpetually finding herself out. If Colin had been able to appear down-stairs, her position would have been more and more embarrassing: as it was, she saw, as clearly as any one, that the intercourse which she had hitherto kept up with the tutor must absolutely come to an end now, when he had a claim so much stronger and more urgent upon the gratitude of the family. And, the more closely she perceived this, the more did Matty grudge the necessity of throwing aside the most graceful of all her playthings. Things might have gone on in the old way for long enough but for this most unnecessary and perplexing accident, which was entirely Harry's fault. Now she dared not any longer play with Colin's devotion, and yet was very reluctant to give up the young worshipper, who amused and in-

terested and affected her more than any other in her train. With this in her mind, Miss Matty, as may be supposed, was a little fitful in her spirits, and felt herself, on the whole, an injured woman. The ordinary homage of the drawing-room felt stale and unprofitable after Colin's poetic worship; and the wooing of Harry, who felt he had a right to her, and conducted himself accordingly, made the contrast all the more distinct. And in her heart, deep down beyond all impulses of vanity, there lay a woman's pity for the sufferer, a woman's grateful but remorseful admiration for the man who had given in exchange for all her false coin a most unquestionable heart. Matty did not suspect the change that had come over Colin's sentiments; perhaps she could not by any effort of her understanding have realized the silent revolution which these few weeks had worked in his mind. She would have been humbled, wounded, perhaps angry, had she known of his disenchantment. But, in her ignorance, a certain yearning was in the young lady's mind. She was not reconciled to give him up; she wanted to see him again—even, so mingled were her sentiments, to try her power upon him again, though it could only be to give him pain. Altogether, the business was complicated to an incredible extent in the mind of Matty, and she had not an idea of the simple manner in which Colin had cut the knot and escaped out of all its entanglements. When the accident was discussed down-stairs the remarks of the general company were insufferable to the girl who knew more about Colin than any one else did; and the sharpness of her criticism upon their jocular remarks confounded even Lady Frankland, whose powers of observation were not rapid. "My dear, you seem to be losing your temper," said the astonished aunt; and the idea gave Lady Frankland a little trouble. "A woman who loses her temper will never do for Harry," she said in confidence to Sir Thomas. "And, poor fellow, he is very ready to take offence since this unfortunate accident. I am sure I am quite ready to acknow-

ledge how much we owe to Mr. Campbell; but it is very odd that nothing has ever happened to Harry except in his company," said the aggrieved mother. Sir Thomas, for his part, was more reasonable.

"A very lucky thing for Harry," said the baronet. "Nobody else would have gone into that canal after him. I can't conceive how Harry could be such a confounded ass," Sir Thomas added, with a mortified air. "But as for Campbell, poor fellow, anything that I can do for him—. By Jove, Mary, if he were to die I should never forgive myself." On the whole, it will be seen that the agitations occasioned by Colin were not confined to his own chamber. As for Harry, he kept silence on the subject, but did not the less feel the inferior position in which his misfortune had left him. He was grateful so far, that, if he could have persuaded Colin to accept any recompense, or done him any overwhelming favour, he would have gladly given that evidence of thankfulness. But, after the first shock of horror with which he heard of the tutor's danger, it is certain that the mortification of feeling that his life had been saved at the risk of another man's life produced in young Frankland anything but a friendly sentiment. To accept so vast an obligation requires an amount of generosity of which Harry was not capable. The two young men were, indeed, placed in this singular relationship to each other, without the existence of a spark of sympathy between them. Not only was the mind of the saved in a sore and resentful, rather than a grateful and affectionate, state; but even the other, from whom more magnanimity might have been expected, had absolutely no pleasure in thinking that he had saved the life of a fellow-creature. That sweet satisfaction and approval of conscience which is said to attend acts of benevolence did not make itself felt in the bosom of Colin. He was rather irritated than pleased by the consciousness of having preserved Harry Frankland from a watery grave, as the apothecary said. The entire

household was possessed by sensations utterly unlike those which it ought to have felt when, on the day succeeding his consultation with Lauderdale, Colin for the first time came down stairs. There were still some people in the house giving full occupation to Lady Frankland's hours of hospitality, and Matty's of entertainment; but both the ladies heard in a minute or two after his appearance that Mr. Campbell had been seen going into the library. "Perhaps it would be best if you were to go and speak to him, Matty," said Lady Frankland. "There is no occasion for being too enthusiastic; but you may say that I am very much occupied, or I would have come myself to welcome him. Say anything that is proper, my dear, and I will try and induce Harry to go and shake hands, and make his acknowledgments. Men have such a horror of making a fuss," said the perplexed mother. As for Matty, she went upon her errand with eagerness and a little agitation. Colin was in the library, seated at the table beside Sir Thomas, when she went in. The light was shining full upon him, and it did not subdue the beatings of Matty's contradictory little heart to see how changed he was, and out of caves how deep the eyes looked which had taken new meanings unintelligible to her. She had been, in her secret heart, a little proud of understanding Colin's eyes; and it was humiliating to see the new significations which had been acquired during his sickness, and to which she had no clue. Sir Thomas was speaking when she came in; so Matty said nothing, but came and stood by him for a moment, and gave her hand to Colin. When their eyes met, they were both moved, though they were not in love with each other; and then Matty drew a chair to the other side of the table, and looked remorsefully, pitifully, tenderly, on the man whom she supposed her lover. She was surprised that he did not seek her eye, or show himself alive to all her movements, as he used to do; and at that moment, for the first time, it occurred to Matty to wonder whether the abso-

lute possession of Colin's heart might not be worth a sacrifice. She was tired of Harry, and, to tell the truth, of most other people just then. And the sight of this youth—who was younger than she was, who was so much more ignorant and less experienced than she, and who had not an idea in his head about settlements and establishments, but entertained visions of an impossible life, with incomprehensible aims and meanings in it,—had a wonderfully sudden effect upon her. For that instant Matty was violently tempted,—that is to say, she took it into her consideration as actually a question worth thinking of, whether it might not be practicable to accept Colin's devotion, and push him on in the world, and make something of him. She entertained the idea all the more, strangely enough, because she saw none of the old pleadings in Colin's eyes.

"I hope you will never doubt our gratitude, Campbell," said Sir Thomas. "I understand that the doctor has said you must not remain in this climate. Of course you must spend the spring in Nice, or somewhere. It's charming scenery thereabouts. You'll get better directly you get into the air. And in summer, you know, there's no place so good as England—you must come back here. As for expenses, you shall have a travelling allowance over your salary. Don't say anything; money can never repay—"

"As long as I was Charley's tutor," said Colin, "money was natural. Pardon me—I can't help the change of circumstances,—there is no money bond between us now—only kindness," said the young man, with an effort. "You have all been very good to me since I fell ill. I come to thank you, and to say I must give up—"

"Yes, yes," said Sir Thomas; "but you can't imagine that I will let you suffer for your exertions on my son's behalf, and for the regard you have shown to my family?"

"I wish you would understand," said Colin, with vexation. "I have explained to Lady Frankland more than once. It may seem rude to say so, but

there was no regard for your family involved in that act, at least. I was the only one of the party who saw that your son had gone down. I had no wish to go down after him—I can't say I had any impulse, even; but I had seen him, and I should have felt like his murderer if I had not attempted to save him. I am aware it is an ungracious thing to say, but I cannot accept praise which I don't deserve," said Colin, his weakness bringing a hot sudden colour over his face; and then he stopped short, and looked at Sir Thomas, who was perplexed by this interruption, and did not quite know how to shape his reply.

"Well, well," said the baronet; "I don't exactly understand you, and I daresay you don't understand yourself. Most people that are capable of doing a brave action give queer explanations of it. That's what you mean, I suppose. No fellow that's worth anything pretends to fine motives, and so forth. You did it because you could not help it. But that does not interfere with my gratitude. When you are ready to go, you will find a credit opened for you at my bankers, and we must see about letters of introduction and all that; and I advise you, if you're going to Italy, to begin the language at once if you don't know it. Miss Matty used to chatter enough for six when we were there. I daresay she'd like nothing better than to teach you," said Sir Thomas. He was so much relieved by the possibility of turning over his difficult visitor upon Matty, that he forgot the disadvantages of such a proposal. He got up, delighted to escape and to avoid any further remonstrance, and held out his hand to Colin. "Delighted to see you downstairs again," said the baronet; "and I hope you'll bring your friend to dinner with you to-night. Good-bye just now; I have, unfortunately, an engagement—"

"Good-bye," said Colin. "I will write to you all about it." And so the good-hearted Squire went away, thinking everything was settled. After that it was very strange for the two who had been so much together to find them-

selves again in the same room, and alone. As for Colin, he did not well know what to say. Almost the last time he had been by Matty's side without any witnesses was the time when he concluded that it was only his life which he was throwing away for her sake. Since that time, what a wonderful change had passed over him! The idea that he had thought her smile, the glance of her eyes, worth such a costly sacrifice, annoyed Colin. But still her presence sent a little thrill through him when they were left alone together. And, as for Miss Matty, there was some anxiety in her eyes as she looked at him. What did he mean? was he taking a desperate resolution to declare his sentiments? or what other reason could there be for his unusual silence? for it never occurred to her to attribute it to its true cause.

"My uncle thinks you have consented to his plan," said Matty; "but I suppose I know what your face means better than he does. Why are you so hard upon us, I wonder? I know well enough that Harry and you never took to each other; but you used to like the rest of us—or, at least, I thought so," said the little siren. She gave one of her pretty glances at him under her eyelashes, and Colin looked at her across the table candidly, without any disguise. Alas! he had seen her throw that same glance at various other persons, while he stood in the corner of the drawing-room observing everything; and the familiar artillery this time had no effect.

"I have the greatest respect for everybody at Wodensbourne," said Colin; "you did me only justice in thinking so. You have all been very good to me."

"I did not say anything about respect," said Miss Matty, with pouting lips. "We used to be friends, or, at least, I thought so. I never imagined we were to break off into respect so suddenly. I am sure I wish Harry had been a hundred miles away when he came to disturb us all," said the disarmed enchantress. She saw affairs were in the most critical state, and her

words were so far true that she could have expressed her feelings best at the moment by an honest fit of crying. As this was impracticable, Miss Matty tried less urgent measures. "We have caused you nothing but suffering and vexation," said the young lady, dropping her voice and fixing her eyes upon the pattern of the table-cover, which she began to trace with her finger. "I do not wonder that we have become disagreeable to you. But you should not condemn the innocent with the guilty," said Miss Matty, looking suddenly up into his eyes. A touch of agitation, the slightest possible, gave interest to the face on which Colin was looking; and perhaps all the time he had known her she had never so nearly approached being beautiful; as certainly, all the time, she had never so narrowly escaped being true. If things had been with Colin as they once were, the probability is that, moved by her emotion, the whole story of his love would have poured forth at this emergency; and, had it done so, there is a possibility that Matty, carried away by the impulse of the moment, might have awoke next morning the affianced wife of the farmer's son of Ramore. Providence, however, was kinder to the pair. Colin sat on the other side of the table, and perceived that she was putting her little delicate probe into his wound. He saw all the asides and stage directions, and looked at her with a curious, vicarious sense of shame.

Colin, indeed, in his new enlightenment, was hard upon Matty. He thought it was all because she could not give up her power over the victim, whom she intended only to torture, that she had thus taken the trouble to re-open the ended intercourse. He could no more have believed that at this moment, while he was looking at her, such a thing was possible as that Matty might have accepted his love, and pledged her life to him, than he would have believed the wildest nonsense that ever was written in a fairy tale. So the moments passed, while the ignorant mortal sat on the opposite side of the table—which was a very fortunate thing

for both parties. Nevertheless, it was with a certain sense of contempt for him, as, after all, only an ordinary blind male creature, unconscious of his opportunities, mingled with a thrill of excitement, on her own part, natural to a woman who has just escaped a great danger, that Miss Matty listened to what Colin had to say.

"There is neither guilty nor innocent that I know of," said Colin; "you have all been very kind to me. It is very good of you to take the pains to understand me. I don't mean to take advantage of Sir Thomas Frankland's kindness; but I am not such a churl as to fling it back in his teeth as if it was pride alone that made me refuse it. It is not pride alone," said Colin, growing red, "but a sense of justice; for what I have done has been done by accident. I will write and explain to Sir Thomas what I mean."

"Write and explain?" said Matty. "You have twice said you would write. Do you mean that you are going away?"

"As soon as it is possible," said Colin; and then he perceived that he was speaking with rude distinctness. "Indeed, I have been taking advantage of your kindness too long. I have been a useless member of the household for six weeks at least. Yes, I must go away."

"You speak very calmly," said Matty. She was a little flushed, and there were tears in her eyes. If they had been real tears she would have hidden them carefully, but as they were only half real she had no objection to let Colin see that she was concealing them. "You are very composed about it, Mr. Campbell. One would think you were going away from a place distasteful to you; or, at least, which you were totally indifferent about. I daresay that is all very right and proper; but I have a good memory, and it appears rather strange to me."

It was altogether a trying situation for Colin. If she had been able to seduce him into a little recrimination she would have succeeded in dragging the reluctant captive back again into

his toils ; which, having by this time entirely recovered her senses, was all Miss Matty wanted. Her downcast, tearful eyes, the faltering in her voice, were wonderfully powerful weapons, which the young man was unable to combat by means of mere indifference. Colin, however, being a man of impulses, was never to be calculated on beforehand for any particular line of conduct ; and, on the present occasion, he entirely overleaped Miss Matty's bounds.

"Yes, it is strange," said Colin. "Perhaps nothing but the sight of death, who has been staring into my eyes for some time, could have shown me the true state of affairs. I have uttered a great deal of nonsense since I came to Wodensbourne, and you have listened to it, Miss Frankland ; and, perhaps, rather enjoyed seeing my tortures and my delights. But nothing could come of that ; and when death hangs on behind everything but love flies before him," said Colin. "It was pleasant sport while it lasted ; but everything, except love, comes to an end."

"Except love," said Miss Matty. She was terribly piqued and mortified on the surface, and a little humbled and sorrowful within. She had a sense, too, that, for one moment, at the beginning of this interview, she had almost been capable of that sentiment which Colin exalted so highly : and that, consequently, he did her injustice in speaking of it as something with which she had nothing to do. "I remember hearing you talk of *that* sometimes in the midst of what you call nonsense now. If you did not understand yourself, you can't expect that I should have understood you," she went on. To tell the truth, Miss Matty was very near crying. She had experienced the usual injustice of human affairs, and been punished for her vanity just at the moment when she was inclined to do better ; and her heart cried out against such cruel usage. This time, however, she kept her tears quite in subjection and did not show them, but only repeated, "You could not expect that I should understand you, if you did not understand yourself."

"No ; that is true at least," said Colin, with eyes that strayed beyond her, and had gone off in other regions unknown to Matty. This which had piqued her even at the height of their alliance gave her an excuse for her anger now.

"And when you go off into sentiment I never understand you," said the young lady. I will leave *l'incomodo*, as the Italians say. That shall be your first lesson in the language which my uncle says I am to teach you," said the baffled little witch ; and she went away with a glance half-spiteful, half-wistful, which had more effect upon Colin than a world of words. He got up to open the door for her, weak as he was, and took her hand and kissed it as she went away. Then Colin took himself laboriously upstairs, having done his day's work. And so unreasonable was the young man, that Matty's last glance filled his heart with gentler thoughts of the world in general, though he was not in love any longer. "I was not such a fool after all," he said to himself ; which was a great consolation. As for Matty, she cried heartily when she got to her room, and felt as if she had lost something. Nor did she recover until about luncheon, when some people came to call, and it was her duty to be entertaining, and relieve Lady Frankland. "I hope you said everything that was proper to Mr. Campbell, my dear," said the lady of the house when lunch was over. And so that chapter came to an end.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER this interview, it was strange to meet again the little committee upstairs, and resume the consideration of ways and means, which Sir Thomas would have settled so summarily. Colin could not help thinking of the difference with a little amusement. He was young enough to be able to dismiss entirely the grave thoughts of the previous night, feeling in his elastic, youthful mind, as he did, something of the fresh influence of the morning, or at least—for Colin had found out that

the wind was easterly, a thing totally indifferent to him in old times,—of the sentiment of the morning, which, so long as heart and courage are unbroken, renews the thoughts and hopes. Money was a necessary evil, to Colin's thinking. So long as there happened to be enough of it for necessary purposes, he was capable of laughing at the contrast between his own utter impecuniosity and the wealth which was only important for its immediate uses. Though he was Scotch, and of a careful, money-making race, this was as yet the aspect which money bore to the young man. He laughed as he leaned back in his easy chair.

"What Lauderdale makes up by working for years, and what we can't make up by any amount of working, Sir Thomas does with a scrape of his pen," said Colin. "Down-stairs they need to take little thought about these matters, and up here a great deal of thought serves to very little purpose. On the whole, it seems to me that it would be very good for our tempers and for our minds in general if we all had plenty of money," said the young philosopher, still laughing. He was tolerably indifferent on the subject, and able to take it easily. While he spoke, his eye lighted on his mother's face, who was not regarding the matter by any means so lightly. Mrs. Campbell on the contrary was suffering under one of the greatest minor trials of a woman. She thought her son's life depended on this going to Italy, and to procure the means for it there was nothing on earth his mother would not have done. She would have undertaken joyfully the rudest and hardest labour that ever was undertaken by man. She would have put her hands, which indeed were not unaccustomed to work, to any kind of toil; but with this eager longing in her heart she knew at the same time that it was quite impossible for her to do anything by which she could earn those sacred and precious coins on which her boy's life depended. While Colin spoke, his mother was making painful calculations what she could save and spare, at least,

if she could not earn. Colin stopped short when he looked at her; he could not laugh any longer. What was to him a matter of amused speculation was to her life or death.

"There canna but be inequalities in this world," said the Mistress, her tender brows still puckered with their baffling calculations. "I'm no envious of ony grandeur, nor of taking my ease, nor of the pleasures of this life. We're awfu' happy at hame in our sma' way when a's weel with the bairns; but its for their sakes, to get them a' that's good for them! Money's precious when it means health and life," said Mrs. Campbell with a sigh; "and its awfu' hard upon a woman when she can do nothing for her ain, and them in need."

"I've known it hard upon a man," said Lauderdale; "there's little difference when it comes to that. But a hundred pounds," he continued, with a delightful consciousness of power and magnificence, "is not a bad sum to begin upon; before that's done, there will be time to think of more. It's none of your business, callant, that I can see. If you'll no come with me, you must even stay behind. I've set my heart on a holiday. A man has little good of his existence when he does nothing but earn and eat and eat and earn again as I've been doing. I would like to take the play a while, and feel that I'm living."

When the Mistress saw how Lauderdale stretched his long limbs on his chair, and how Colin's face brightened with the look, half sympathetic, half provocative, which usually marked the beginning of a long discussion, she went to the other end of the room for her work. It was Colin's linen which his mother was putting in order, and she was rather glad to withdraw to the other side of the room, and retire within that refuge of needlework, which is a kind of sanctuary for a woman, and in which she could pursue undisturbed her own thoughts. After a while, though these discussions were much in Mrs. Campbell's way, and she was not disinclined in general to take

part in them, she lost the thread of the conversation. The voices came to her in a kind of murmur, now and then chiming in with a chance word or two with the current of her own reflections. The atmosphere which surrounded the convalescent had never felt so hopeful as to-day, and the heart of the mother swelled with a sense of restoration, a trust in God's mercy which recently had been dull and faint within her. Restoration, recovery, deliverance—Nature grows humble, tender, and sweet under these influences of heaven. The Mistress's heart melted within her, repenting of all the hard thoughts she had been thinking, of all the complaints she had uttered. "It is good for me that I was afflicted," said the Psalmist, but it was not until his affliction was past that he could say so. Anguish and loss make no such confession. The heart, when it is breaking, has enough ado to refrain from accusing God of its misery, and it is only the inhumanity of human advisers that would adjure it to make spiritual merchandize out of the hopelessness of its pain.

Matters were going on thus in Colin's chamber, where he and his friend sat talking; and the mother at the other end of the room, carefully sewing on Colin's buttons, began to descend out of her heaven of thankfulness, and to be troubled with a pang of apprehension lest her husband should not see things in the same light as she did, but might, perhaps, demur to Colin's journey as an unwarrantable expense. People at Ramore did not seek such desperate remedies for failing health. Whenever a cherished one was ill, they were content to get "the best doctors," and do everything for him that household care and pains could do; but, failing that, the invalid succumbed into the easy chair, and, when domestic cherishing would serve the purpose no longer, into a submissive grave, without dreaming of those resources of the rich which might still have prolonged the fading life. Colin of Ramore was a kind father, but he was only a man, as the Mistress recollected, and apt to come to different con-

clusions from an anxious and trembling mother. Possibly he might think this great expense unnecessary, not to be thought of, an injustice to his other children; and this thought disturbed her reflections terribly, as she sat behind their backs examining Colin's wardrobe. At all events, present duty prompted her to make everything sound and comfortable, that he might be ready to encounter the journey without any difficulty on that score; and, absorbed in these mingled cares and labours, she was folding up carefully the garments she had done with, and laying them before her in a snowy heap upon the table, when the curate knocked softly at the door. It was rather an odd scene for the young clergyman, who grew more and more puzzled by his Scotch acquaintances the more he saw of them, not knowing how to account for their quaint mixture of homeliness and intelligence, nor whether to address them politely as equals, or familiarly as inferiors. Mrs. Campbell came forward, when he opened the door, with her cordial smile and looks as gracious as if she had been a duchess. "Come away, sir," said the farmer's wife; "we are aye real glad to see you," and then the Mistress stopped short, for Henry Frankland was behind the curate, and somehow the heir of Wodensbourne was not a favourite with Colin's mother. But her discontentment lasted but a moment. "I canna bid ye welcome, Mr. Frankland, to your own house," said the diplomatical woman; "but if it was mine I would say I was glad to see you." That was how she got over the difficulty: But she followed the two young men towards the fire, when Colin had risen from his easy chair. She could but judge according to her knowledge, like other people; and she was a little afraid that the man who had taken his love from him, who had hazarded health and, probably, his life, would find little favour in Colin's eyes; and to be anything but courteous to a man who came to pay her a visit, even had he been her greatest enemy, was repugnant to her barbaric-princely Scotch ideas. She followed accordingly, to be

at hand and put things straight, if they went wrong.

"Frankland was too late to see you to-day when you were down-stairs; so he thought he would come up with me," said the curate, giving this graceful version of the fact that, dragged by himself and pursued by Lady Frankland, Harry had most reluctantly ascended the stair. "I am very glad indeed to hear that you were down to-day. You are looking—ah—better already," said the kind young man. As for Harry Frankland, he came forward and offered his hand, putting down at the same time on the table a pile of books with which he was loaded.

"My cousin told me you wanted to learn Italian," said Harry; "so I brought you the books. It's a very easy language; though people talk great nonsense about its being musical. It is not a bit sweeter than English. If you only go to Nice, French will answer quite well." He sat down suddenly and uncomfortably as he delivered himself of this utterance; and Colin, for his part, took up the grammar, and looked at it as if he had no other interest under the sun.

"I don't agree with Frankland there," said the curate; "everything is melodious in Italy except the churches. I know you are a keen observer, and I am sure you will be struck with the fine spirit of devotion in the people; but the churches are the most impious edifices in existence," said the Anglian, with warmth—which was said, not because the curate was thinking of ecclesiastical art at the moment, but by way of making conversation, and conducting the interview between the saved man and his deliverer comfortably to an end.

"I think you said you had never been in Scotland?" said Lauderdale. "But we'll no enter into that question, though I would not say myself but there is a certain influence in the form of a building independent of what you may hear there,—which is one advantage you have over us in this half of the kingdom," said the critic, with an

emphasis which was lost upon the company. "I'm curious to see the workings of an irrational system where it has no limit. It's an awfu' interesting subject of inquiry, and there is little doubt in my mind that a real popular system must aye be more or less irrational."

"I beg your pardon," said the curate. "Of course there are many errors in the Church of Rome, but I don't see that such a word as irrational——"

"It's a very good word," said Lauderdale. "I'm not using it in a contemptuous sense. Man's an irrational being, take him at his best. I'm not saying if its above reason or below reason, but out of reason; which makes it none the worse to me. All religion's out of reason for that matter—which is a thing we never can be got to allow in Scotland. You understand it better in your Church," said the philosopher, with a keen glance—half sarcastic, half amused—at the astonished curate, who was taken by surprise, and did not know what to say.

During this time, however, Colin and Harry were eyeing each other over the Italian books. "You won't find it at all difficult," said young Frankland; "if you had been staying longer we might have helped you. I say—look here—I am much obliged to you," Harry added suddenly: "a fellow does not know what to say in such circumstances. I am horribly vexed to think of your being ill. I'd be very glad to do as much for you as you have done for me."

"Which is simply nothing at all," said Colin, hastily; and then he became conscious of the effort the other had made. "Thank you for saying as much. I wish you could, and then nobody would think any more about it," he said, laughing; and then they regarded each other for another half minute across the table while Lauderdale and the curate kept on talking heresy. Then Colin suddenly held out his hand.

"It seems my fate to go away without a grudge against anybody," said the young man; "which is hard enough when one has a certain right to a grievance. Good-bye. I daresay after this your path and mine will scarcely cross again."

“Good-bye,” said Harry Frankland, rising up—and he made a step or two to the door, but came back again, swallowing a lump in his throat. “Good-bye,” he repeated, holding out his hand another time. “I hope you’ll soon get well! God bless you, old fellow! I never knew you till now”—and so disappeared very suddenly, closing the door after him with a little unconscious violence. Colin lay back in his chair with a smile on his face. The two who were talking beside him had their ears intently open to this little bye-play, but they went on with their talk, and left the principal actors in this little drama alone.

“I wonder if I am going to die?” said Colin, softly, to himself; and then he caught the glance of terror, almost of anger, with which his mother stopped short and looked at him, with her lips apart, as if her breathing had stopped for the moment. “Mother, dear, I have no such intention,” said the young man; “only that I am leaving Wodensbourne with feelings so amicable and amiable to everybody that it looks alarming. Even Harry Frankland, you see—and this morning his cousin—”

“What about his cousin, Colin?” said the Mistress, with bated breath.

Upon which Colin laughed—not harshly or in mockery—softly, with a sound of tenderness, as if somewhere not far off there lay a certain fountain of tears.

“She is very pretty, mother,” he said, “very sweet, and kind, and charming. I daresay she will be a leader of fashion a few years hence, when she is married; and I shall have great pleasure in paying my respects to her when I go up from the Assembly in black silk stockings with a deputation to present an address to the Queen.”

Mrs. Campbell never heard any more of what had been or had not been between her son and the little siren whom she herself, in the bitterness of her heart, had taken upon herself to reprove; and this was how Colin, without, as he said, a grudge against anybody, concluded the episode of Wodensbourne.

Some time, however, elapsed before it

was possible for Colin and his companion to leave England. Colin of Ramore was, as his wife had imagined, slow to perceive the necessity for so expensive a proceeding. The father’s alarm by this time had come to a conclusion. The favourable bulletins which the Mistress had sent from time to time by way of calming the anxiety of the family, had appeared to the farmer the natural indications of a complete recovery; and so thought Archie, who was his father’s chief adviser in the absence of the mistress of the house.

“The wife’s gone crazy,” said big Colin. “She thinks this laddie of hers should be humoured and made of as if he was Sir Thomas Frankland’s son.” And the farmer treated with a little carelessness his wife’s assurances that a warmer climate was necessary for Colin.

“Naebody would ever have thought of such a thing had he been at hame when the accident happened,” said Archie; which was, indeed, very true; and the father and son, who were the money-makers of the family, thought the idea altogether fantastical. The matter came to be mentioned to the minister, who was, like everybody else on the Holy Loch, interested about Colin, and, as it happened, finally reached the ears of the same Professor who had urged him to compete for the Baliol scholarship. Now, it would be hard in this age of competitive examinations to say anything in praise of a university prize awarded by favour—not to say that the prizes in Scotch universities are so few as to make such patronage specially invidious. Matters are differently managed now-a-days, and it is to be hoped that pure merit always wins the tiny rewards which Scotch learning has at its disposal; but in Colin’s day the interest of a popular professor was worth something. The little conclave was again gathered round the fire in Colin’s room at Wodensbourne, reading, with mingled feelings, a letter from Ramore, when another communication from Glasgow was put into Colin’s hand. The farmer’s letter had been a little im-

patient, and showed a household disarranged and out of temper. One of the cows was ill, and the maid-servant of the period had not proved herself equal to the emergency. "I don't want to hurry you, or to make Colin move before he is able," wrote the head of the house; "but it appears to me that he would be far more likely to recover his health and strength at home." The Mistress had turned aside, apparently to look out at the window, from which was visible a white blast of rain sweeping over the dreary plain which surrounded Wodensbourne, though in reality it was to hide the gush of tears that had come to her eyes. Big Colin and his wife were what people call "a very united couple," and had kept the love of their youth wonderfully fresh in their hearts; but still there were times when the man was impatient and dull of understanding, and could not comprehend the woman, just as, perhaps, though Mrs. Campbell was not so clearly aware of that side of the question, there might be times when, on her side, the woman was equally a hindrance to the man. She looked out upon the sweeping rain, and thought of the "soft weather" on the Holy Loch, which had so depressing an effect upon herself, notwithstanding her sound health and many duties, and of the winds of March which were approaching, and of Colin's life,—the most precious thing on earth, because the most in peril. What was she to do, a poor woman who had nothing, who could earn nothing, who had only useless yearnings and cares of love to give her son?

While Mrs. Campbell was thus contemplating her impotence, and wringing her hands in secret over the adverse decision from home, Lauderdale was walking about the room in a state of high good-humour and content, radiant with the consciousness of that hundred pounds, "or maybe mair," with which it was to be his unshared, exclusive privilege to succour Colin. "I see no reason why we should wait longer. The Mistress is wanted at home, and the east winds are coming on; and, when our siller is spent

we'll make more," said the exultant philosopher. And it was at this moment of all others that the professor's letter was put into the invalid's hands. He read it in silence, while the Mistress remained at the window, concocting in her mind another appeal to her husband, and wondering in her tender heart how it was that men were so dull of comprehension and so hard to manage. "If Colin should turn ill again"—for she dared not even think the word she meant—"his father would never forgive himself," said the Mistress to herself; and, as for Lauderdale, he had returned to the contemplation of a Continental Bradshaw, which was all the literature of which at this crisis Colin's friend was capable. They were both surprised when Colin rose up, flushed and excited, with this letter which nobody had attached any importance to in his hands. "They have given me one of the Snell scholarships," said Colin without any preface, "to travel and complete my studies. It is a hundred pounds a year; and I think, as Lauderdale says, we can start tomorrow," said the young man, who in his weakness and excitement was moved almost to tears.

"Eh, Colin, the Lord bless them!" said the Mistress, sitting down suddenly in the nearest chair. She did not know who it was upon whom she was bestowing that benediction, which came from the depths of her heart; but she had to sit still after she had uttered it, blinded by two great tears that made even her son's face invisible, and with a trembling in her frame which rendered her incapable of any movement. She was inconsistent, like other human creatures. When she had attained to this sudden deliverance, and had thanked God for it, it instantly darted through her mind that her boy was going to leave her on a solemn and doubtful journey, now to be delayed no longer; and it was some time before she was able to get up and arrange for the last time the carefully-mended linen, which was all ready for him now. She packed it, shedding a few tears over it, and

saying prayers in her tender heart for her firstborn ; and God only knows the difficulty with which she preserved her smile and cheerful looks, and the sinking of her heart when all her arrangements were completed. Would he ever come back again to make her glad ? " You'll take awfu' care of my laddie ? " she said to Lauderdale, who, for his part, was not delighted with the Snell scholarship ; and that misanthrope answered, " Ay, I'll take care of him." That was all that passed between the two guardians, who knew, in their inmost hearts, that the object of their care might never come back again. All the household of Wodensbourne turned out to wish Colin a good journey next morning when he went away ; and the Mistress put down the old-fashioned veil when the express was gone which carried him to London, and went home again

humbly by the night-train. Fortunately there was in the same carriage with her a harassed young mother with little children, whose necessities speedily demanded the lifting-up of Mrs. Campbell's veil. And the day was clear on the Holy Loch, and all her native hills held out their arms to her, when the good woman reached her home. She was able to see the sick cows that afternoon, and her experience suggested a means of relieving the speechless creatures, which filled the house with admiration. " She may be a foolish woman about her bairns," said big Colin, who was half pleased and half angry to hear her story ; " but it's a different-looking house when the wife comes hame." And thus the natural sunshines came back again to the Mistress's eyes.

To be continued.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

ALL persons, I fancy, who have lived for a period in America must, at times, feel a sort of strange doubt as to whether their recollections are not creations of their own fancy. My life in the United States often seems to me, on looking back, like a stray chapter interleaved by mistake into the book of my existence. I have lived longer in other foreign countries, but in them I was always a stranger, and knew that I should remain so to the end. In the Northern States, I was, for the time, at home. I lived the life of the people amongst whom I was thrown. I learnt to know their family histories, the details of their household existence, the little cares and pleasures which make up the sum of daily life all the world over. For a time I was a sharer in this life, and then, with the sailing of the packet from the shores of the New World, the whole of this existence came to an abrupt close. So I often catch myself

thinking about some home far away in that distant country, and wondering whether it looks the same as when I saw it last ; and then, when the recollection comes that time has gone by, and that the children are growing up and have forgotten me, doubtless, long ago, the whole scene becomes so confused and hazy that I begin to doubt whether I have ever seen it or only have dreamed it. It is so hard to realize that if I returned I should not find things exactly as I left them : that, for instance, if I went back I should no longer find a welcome in the house of Hawthorne. Let me write of him as I knew him. Let me say a few words in recollection of a man of genius, whom it was my fortune to know somewhat intimately.

My acquaintance with Hawthorne was not one of long duration. I first shook hands with him one Sunday evening, at a Washington party, in the month of March, 1861. I shook hands with

him for the last time in parting at the door of his own house, at Concord, some three months later. Circumstances, however, rendered this acquaintance of a more intimate character than that which usually springs up from a chance letter of introduction; and I fancy that the knowledge I thus gained enabled me to understand something of the true nature of a man little understood in this country, and much misunderstood in his own. I need hardly say that the winter of 1862 was the first of the great civil war. McClellan was then in his glory as the young Napoleon; the grand army of the Potomac was just leaving its winter-quarters to commence what was regarded as a triumphal progress, and Washington was filled with travellers of all classes and all nations, gathered to witness the aspects of this vast struggle. Amongst others, Hawthorne had come there, in company with the late Mr. Ticknor, the well-known Boston publisher. It was at a reception of my kind friend, Mrs. E——, a lady whom every English visitor at Washington has cause to feel grateful to, that I met Hawthorne. I fancy that I had once seen him before in Rome. At any rate, his face seemed strangely familiar to me. He was utterly un-American in look—unlike, that is, the normal Yankee type, as we picture it to ourselves. As I write, I can see him now, with that grand, broad forehead, fringed scantily by the loose worn wavy hair, passing from black to grey, with the deep-sunk flashing eyes—sometimes bright, sometimes sad, and always “distract”-looking—as if they saw something beyond what common eyes could see, and with the soft feminine mouth, which, at its master’s bidding—or, rather, at the bidding of some thought over which its master had no control—could smile so wondrous pleasantly. It was not a weak face—far from it. A child, I think, might have cheated Hawthorne; but there were few men who could have cheated him without his knowing that he was being cheated. He was not English-looking except in as far as he

was not American. When you had once gazed at his face or heard him speak, the very idea that he ever could have gone a-head in any way, or ever talked bunkum of any kind seemed an absurdity in itself. How he ever came to have been born in that bustling New World became, from the first moment I knew him, an increasing mystery to me. If ever a man was out of his right element it was Hawthorne in America. He belonged, indeed, to that scattered Shandean family, who never are in their right places wherever they happen to be born—to that race of Hamlets, to whom the world is always out of joint anywhere. His keen poetic instinct taught him to appreciate the latent poetry lying hid dimly in the great present and the greater future of the country in which his lot was thrown; and, though keenly, almost morbidly, sensitive to the faults and absurdities of his countrymen, he appreciated their high sterling merit with that instinctive justice which was the most remarkable attribute of his mind. England itself suited him but little better than the States—more especially that part of England with which his travels had made him most familiar. To have been a happy man, he should, I think, have been born in some southern land, where life goes onwards without changing, where social problems are unknown, and what has been yesterday is to-day, and which will be to-morrow. Never was a man less fitted to buffet out the battle of life amidst our Anglo-Saxon race. He held his own, indeed, manfully, and kept his head above those waters in which so many men of genius have sunk. But the struggle was too much for him, and left him worn-out and weary. Had, however, the conditions of his life been more suited to his nature, he would, I suspect, have dreamed the long years away—and what he gained the world would have lost.

Before I met him for the first time, I was warned not to be surprised at his extreme shyness. The caution was not unneeded. There was something almost painful in the nervous timidity of his

manner when a stranger first addressed him. My impression was that he meant to say, The kindest thing you can do is not to speak to me at all; and so, after a few formal phrases, of which I can recall nothing, our conversation ended, and, as I thought, our acquaintance also. Circumstances, however, threw us gradually together. There were, at that time, in Washington, numerous expeditions to the different localities of the war, to which we both were invited. The list of my acquaintances was necessarily small, as I was a stranger; and it so happened that persons with whom I was most intimate were also old friends of Hawthorne. Moreover—I say this out of no personal feeling, but in order to illustrate the character of the man of whom I write—he felt himself more at his ease with me than with his own countrymen at that particular crisis. The American mind, being of our own nature, is not a many-sided one. It grasps one idea, or rather one side of an idea, and holds it with a sublime and implicit confidence in the justice of its views. That McClellan was a heaven-born general, that the army of the Potomac must take Richmond, that the rebellion was nearly crushed, that the rebels were, one and all, villains of the deepest dye, that the North was wholly and altogether in the right, and the South wholly and altogether in the wrong, were axioms held in Washington, during the spring of 1862, as confidently and as unhesitatingly as we held an analogous belief during our wars with the Great Napoleon. Now, it was impossible for a man like Hawthorne to be an enthusiastic partisan. When Goethe was attacked, because he took no part in the patriotic movement which led to the war of German independence, he replied, "I love my country, but I cannot hate the French." So Hawthorne, loving the North, but not hating the South, felt himself altogether out of harmony with the passion of the hour. If he spoke his own mind freely, he was thought by those around him to be wanting in attachment to his country. And therefore, seeing that, I—though sym-

pathizing with the cause which at least was his cause also—could not look upon it after the fashion of Americans, he seemed to take a pleasure in talking to me about his views. Many are the conversations that I have had with him, both about the war and about slavery. To make his position intelligible, let me repeat an anecdote which was told me by a very near friend of his and mine, who had heard it from President Pierce himself. Frank Pierce had been, and was to the day of Hawthorne's death, one of the oldest of his friends. At the time of the Presidential election of 1856, Hawthorne, for once, took part in politics, wrote a pamphlet in favour of his friend, and took a most unusual interest in his success. When the result of the nomination was known, and Pierce was president-elect, Hawthorne was among the first to come and wish him joy. He sat down in the room moodily and silently, as was his wont when anything troubled him; then, without speaking a word, he shook Pierce warmly by the hand, and at last remarked, "Ah, Frank, what a pity!" The moment the victory was won, that timid, hesitating mind saw the evils of the successful course—the advantages of the one which had not been followed. So it was always. Of two lines of action, he was perpetually in doubt which was the best; and so, between the two, he always inclined to letting things remain as they are. Nobody disliked slavery more cordially than he did; and yet the difficulty of what was to be done with the slaves weighed constantly upon his mind. He told me once, that, while he had been consul at Liverpool, a vessel arrived there with a number of negro sailors, who had been brought from slave-states and would, of course, be enslaved again on their return. He fancied that he ought to inform the men of the fact, but then he was stopped by the reflection—who was to provide for them if they became free; and, as he said, with a sigh, "while I was thinking the vessel sailed." So I recollect, on the old battle-field of Manassas, in which I strolled in company with Hawthorne, meeting a batch of runaway

slaves—weary, footsore, wretched, and helpless beyond conception; we gave them food and wine, some small sums of money, and got them a lift upon a train going Northwards; but not long afterwards, Hawthorne turned to me with the remark, "I am not sure we were doing right after all. How can those poor beings find food and shelter away from home?" Thus this ingrained and inherent doubt incapacitated him from following any course vigorously. He thought, on the whole, that Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison and the Abolitionists were in the right, but then he was never quite certain that they were not in the wrong after all; so that his advocacy of their cause was of a very uncertain character. He saw the best, to alter slightly the famous Horatian line, but he never could quite make up his mind whether he altogether approved of its wisdom, and therefore followed it but falteringly;

"Better to bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of,"

expressed the philosophy to which Hawthorne was thus borne imperceptibly. Unjustly, but yet not unreasonably, he was looked upon as a pro-slavery man, and suspected of Southern sympathies. In politics he was always halting between two opinions; or, rather, holding one opinion, he could never summon up his courage to adhere to it and it only. Moreover, if I am to speak the truth, the whole nature of Hawthorne shrank from the rough wear and tear inseparable from great popular movements of any kind. His keen observant intellect served to show him the weaknesses and vanities and vulgarities of the whole class of reformers. He recognised that their work was good; he admired the thoroughness he could not imitate; but somehow the details of popular agitation were strangely offensive to him. On one occasion I was present with Hawthorne at a great picnic, where the chief celebrities of the then new Republican Congress were assembled. Many of them were men who had come raw from the Western

States, with all the manners and customs of those half-civilized communities. There was a good deal of horse-play and rough joking and good-humoured vulgarity, sufficient to amuse, without annoying, any one who liked to observe eccentricity of character. But to Hawthorne the whole scene seemed inexpressively disagreeable and repulsive, and I shall never forget the expression of intense disgust with which he turned to me, after a leading senator had enlivened the day by telling a very broad story in front of a bar where we all were liquoring, and whispered, "How would *you* like to see the Lord Chancellor of England making a fool of himself in a pot-house?" And so this fastidiousness often, I think, obscured the usual accuracy of his judgment. The impression, for instance, made upon him by the personal manner and behaviour of President Lincoln was so inconsistent with his own ideas of dignity, that he longed, as I know, to describe him as he really appeared, and only failed to do so, in his "Sketches of the War," in consequence of the representations of his friends. Still, I can recall how, after he had been describing to me the impression left upon him by his visit to the White House, an eminently characteristic doubt crossed his mind as to whether he was not in the wrong. "Somehow," he said, "though why I could never discern, I have always observed that the popular instinct chooses the right man at the right time. But then," he added, "as you have seen Lincoln, I wish you could have seen Pierce too; you would have seen a real gentleman."

Thus, about the whole question of the war, Hawthorne's mind was, I think, always hovering between two views. He sympathised with the war in principle; but its inevitable accessories—the bloodshed, the bustle, and, above all perhaps, the bunkum which accompanied it—were to him absolutely hateful. Never was a man more strangely misplaced by fate than Hawthorne in that revolutionary war-time. His clear powerful intellect dragged him one way, and his

delicate sensitive taste the other. That he was not in harmony with the tone of his countrymen was to him a real trouble, and he envied keenly the undoubting faith in the justice of their cause, which was possessed by the brother men-of-letters among whom he lived. To any one who knew the man, the mere fact that Hawthorne should have been able to make up his mind to the righteousness and expediency of the war at all, is evidence of the strength of that popular passion which has driven the North into conflict with the South. It was curious to me at that time to see how universal this conviction of the justice of the war was amongst the American people. A man less like Hawthorne than his friend and companion Ticknor cannot well be conceived. A shrewd, kindly man of business, with little sentiment in his disposition, he valued, and was valued by, Hawthorne—exactly because each possessed the qualities in which the other was deficient. In a different way, and on different grounds, he was, perhaps, naturally more adverse to the war than even Hawthorne himself. Ticknor, as I knew him, always seemed to me a man who took life very pleasantly—eminently not a reformer; ready enough, after a kindly fashion, to think that everything was for the best in the best possible of worlds; and well inclined towards the Southerners, with whom he had had business and personal relations of old standing date. I remember, one night that I passed at his house, his telling me, as we sat alone upstairs smoking after the family were gone to bed, that often and often he could not get to sleep because he felt so wretched when he thought of the war then raging in the land he had known so peaceful and so prosperous. And yet he also had, as far as I could learn, no question whatever that the war he deplored so much was righteous and inevitable.

But I wish not to wander into politics. I am thinking now rather of the contrast between those two friends—one so shrewd, the other so simple—both so kind. Their relation was more like that of old school-boy friends than the

ordinary one of author and publisher. Ticknor was so proud of Hawthorne, and Hawthorne was so fond of Ticknor; and yet in a relationship of this kind there was absolutely no loss of dignity on either side. When I was in Boston, Hawthorne was going to write—or, rather, was thinking of writing—a novel, to be brought out in England simultaneously with its production in America; and it was arranged, at Hawthorne's request, that Ticknor was to accompany him over to England to make the arrangements for the sale of his copyright. I can recall now the plans we made for meeting and dining together in London, and how both the men, each after his own fashion, seemed to enjoy the prospect of coming over to the old country, which they loved so well. Here, in England, people accused Hawthorne, as I think, unfairly, for the criticisms contained in his last book upon our national habits and character. The abuse was exaggerated, after our wont; but I admit, freely, that there were things in the "Old Home" which I think its author would not have written if his mind had not been embittered by the harsh and unsparing attacks that, ever since the outbreak of the war, have been poured upon everything and everybody in the North. With all his sensitiveness, and all his refinement, and all his world-culture, Hawthorne was still a Yankee in heart. He saw the defects of his own countrymen only too clearly; he was willing enough to speak of them unsparingly; but, when others abused his country, then the native New England blood was roused within that thoughtful nature. Possibly, if my own country were in trouble, and on the very verge of ruin, I should not be able to take so lightly the few bitter half-truths which Hawthorne wrote about England and its people. Happily, we are strong enough not to feel sarcasm; and even if it were not so, I, for one, should find it difficult to have anything but the kindest memories of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The days that I spent in his house at Concord are recorded in my memory as among

the pleasantest of a wandering life. Most of the family happened to be away from home, so that our company was a very small one. It was in the first blush of the early summer, and the little New England village was at the height of its quiet beauty. The house itself, lying beyond the village, at the foot of a low hill, buried almost in trees, was a fitting home for the author of the "Scarlet Letter." In his own home, the shyness which often rendered it difficult to get on with him seemed to fall away. To me, at least, he was the most courteous and kindly of hosts; and I think, before the end of my visit, he had overcome the nervous doubt which always oppressed him, whether it was possible for anybody not to get bored in his company. As I write, I recall, one by one, all the incidents of that visit—the strolls in the pine wood above the house, where the leaves fluttered to and fro, and the wind sighed fitfully; the lounges on the hot summer afternoons, on the banks of the torpid Concord stream, watching the fish dart in and out underneath the rushes; the row upon the little lake, with the visits to the neighbours' houses, in that genial, kindly community; and, above all, the long talks at night, when everybody else was asleep, and when over the cigars and whisky Hawthorne would chat on in that low musical voice I found such a charm in listening to. He was not a brilliant talker; there are not many sayings of his I can recollect, worth repeating in themselves as disjointed fragments. It is difficult to analyse the charm of anything which pleases you; but if I were obliged to try to explain the attraction of Hawthorne's talk, I

should say it lay in the odd combination of clear, hard-headed sense and dreamy fancy. Cynical he was not; his mind was too large a one for anything small or mean; but he was tolerant of everything to a marvellous degree; catholic in all his judgments; sceptical because he saw any question from so many points of view. In truth, at the time I often fancied that Shakspeare's conversation in private life must have been akin to that I heard on those evenings spent in Hawthorne's study. On the last evening that I passed there I remember that our talk rambled, after many things, as men's talk often will, to the question of what was to happen to us when life is over. We were speaking of the spiritualist creed, that existence recommences, under another form, the moment after death. "Ah," said Hawthorne, half laughing, half seriously, "I hope there will be a break. A couple of thousand years or so of sleep is the least that I can do with before I begin life again."

These few words which I have written I have written frankly, knowing, or at any rate believing, that Hawthorne himself would prefer to be so written of. I think he knew and judged himself with the same measure as he judged others. I recollect, as we shook hands for the last time, at the door of his house, he said to me, in parting, "I am glad for once to have met an Englishman who can see there are two sides to every question." The compliment was undeserved enough, but I have sought to merit it in saying something of him who made it. And those who knew him best, and therefore loved him best, will not, I think, be angry with me for so doing.

THE LAST DAYS OF SÖNDERBORG.

My only object in the few following pages is to describe, as plainly as I can, what might be seen two months ago by two extremely peaceful persons, who thought a "vacation ramble" not ill-

directed towards the Island of Alsen, when the great Schleswig-Holstein question was putting itself into a very practical and intelligible form. The visit I am about to describe was an extremely

hurried one; and, as it turned out, we came in for no scenes of horrible carnage, such as are represented in pictures. But we had made up our minds, my companion and I, that a mere glimpse at a warlike corner of the world, and the spectacle of a shot or two, fired in what is usually called anger, would be, perhaps, interesting, and certainly instructive.

It may be as well at starting to make sure of the names of the places; and there was never a place in the world where nomenclature runs more riot than in Denmark. I have spoken of a visit to Alsen; but the phrase is a mere condescension to the weakness of the English public: "Den Sydlige Deel af Denmark"—the government map—is now before me; and the island is called not Alsen, but Als. I think, from one brief week's study of the Danish language and literature, but am not sure, that the termination usually assigned to the word must represent the masculine definite article, which forms in Danish the ending of every substantive with which it is used, and may possibly have attached itself to the real proper name by a German or English mistake. Again, is the peninsula from which the Prussian bombardment has been kept up, Braegerland, or Braagerland, or Broagerland, or Broeckerland? My map says Broager; and so let it be for the present. Similarly, let the forts be those of Dybbøl—the Danish *y* is pronounced like the German *ü*—and let the town be that of Sönderborg. The most important thing to be remembered in Danish names, it may be observed, is that the double *a* is sounded as a very broad "aw," almost approaching to "oa."

One evening, at the end of March, we started from Copenhagen westwards, by rail. I shall say nothing of a certain ambitious but unsuccessful attempt that we made to perform the journey in another manner, because that attempt resulted in a gloomy failure, and its history shall therefore be buried in oblivion. Mere details of journeys are generally uninteresting, and I shall only mention one or two incidents of our travel. The first of them was the

melody of the recruits. We went, I need hardly say, third-class, and thereby saw life; and, in the train, we began for the first time to perceive that Denmark was at war. The capital had been so quiet and decorous, almost sleepy, that the patriotic songs in the railway carriage, which lasted nearly three hours, had, to the last, almost a character of novelty. But the most remarkable thing was the airs they sang. We recognised (1) a popular London melody; (2) a drawing-room air, relating to a seafaring life; (3) "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign"—sung, rather rapidly, to words which of course we could not understand; (4) the refrain of "Villikens;" (5) "Den Tappere Landsoldat," the Danish patriotic song; (6) to our astonishment, part of the Hunter's Chorus in *Freischütz*, with something like the proper words, sung by several of the men together!

One more scene of travel I must tell. We were walking, with our knapsacks, in the Island of Funen, from Nyborg to Svenborg, at which place we expected to catch the steamer to Als. We started from Nyborg against a very high wind, and one of the coldest that I ever remember to have felt, and presently the snow came pelting in our faces as we marched over the dreary downs. The country is something like that of Royston—inland Cornwall, perhaps, might be more like—but with a dash of the Bedford Level about it. With sinews not entirely unaccustomed to English pedestrianism we struggled on for about ten miles, and then, wet through and half frozen, fairly gave in. We had come to the shelter of a little bit of a village, in which no inn of any kind appeared; and our knowledge of the Scandinavian dialects was then only of forty-eight hours' standing. We knocked at the door of the first cottage, and vainly endeavoured to make the inmates understand that we wanted either a hostelry or the parson's house. At last, in a moment of inspiration, and after frequent reference to our vocabulary, one of us hit upon the happy phrase, *jeg er sulten*, I am hungry! The simple pathos of

the appeal won its way to the hearts of the listeners. They took us in, gave us pancakes of bread and flour, odd sandwiches, gin, coffee, fire, and sympathy. In such a case the hero of a novel throws to the peasants a handful of gold pieces, and rides away. We did not do this, but we offered them in the most delicate way, *viâ* the baby, a dollar. They positively refused to touch it, and we started again. If any future traveller in Funen will stop at the village of Langaa, enter the first cottage on the right-hand side, and make the people in it a present of a diamond brooch or some other trifle, in memory of two famished English wayfarers, he will win our grateful thanks.

We reached Svenborg that day. It still snowed a good deal, with a high wind; but the beechwoods in the south of the island gave some protection against the latter. Next day, after seeing the hospitals, we started for the war. It is almost humiliating to think how little we deserved the interest that every one in these out-of-the-way places took in us. At the little tavern, for example, in which we passed that night, we held a perfect *levée* all the evening. What increased the interest at this particular place, was the following circumstance. We had all along told the people, in answer to constant inquiries, that we were *not* volunteers, and had managed to make them understand it. This evening, in the course of what can hardly be called conversation, one individual began to throw his arms about wildly, and at first quite unintelligibly. After some little time, the bright idea struck us, that it was his way, and a very odd one, of representing battle, and that he wished to know whether we were going to fight. Unfortunately, in trying to explain our position, I used the expression that we had come only "at seen," to see, to look on; but the result was remarkable. They took it into their heads that we were maritime, and something, probably, in the way of a force of midshipmen, come to the rescue, and we gave up the idea of trying to undeceive them. Hencefor-

ward, the hats we were wearing, and which they carefully examined, acquired a new significance. My ribbon was in reality the ribbon of an English cricket-club; but it will long be regarded by the inhabitants of one corner of Funen as the uniform of the coming British naval contingent.

The steamers used to convey passengers at first direct to Sönderborg; but, when the Prussians raised batteries at Broager, the roads became unsafe for shipping, and a fine harbour, called Hörup Har, was turned into a kind of Balaclava. In fact, the geographical arrangement of Sönderborg and Hörup is not unlike that of Sebastopol and Balaclava; and they are certainly remarkable alike in respect of the roads which connect them. The distance, however, is not quite so great; not more, perhaps, than five English miles. Towards the end of them, the traveller comes in sight of some windmills; and a stream of soldiers, returning for the night to the farm-houses where they are billeted, is the first sight of war. Then there is a row of what the unmilitary eye imagines to be cannon, and what proves to be water-barrels. Then comes a company or two on the march to Fredericia, and then the little town—rough, swarming, noisy, cold, and, oh, so dirty! Every inn, every house is full. The inhabitants seem to care but little for money, and cannot speak English. Unfortunate pedestrians who arrive in the evening have the most distinct prospect before them with regard to the coming night. They may, if they please, walk about all night. They may, if they prefer it, lie down on any dry stones that may offer. Or they may, if their tastes should so lead them, choose in preference the mud. The hardy Norseman may, perhaps, have cared little of yore what became of him in such circumstances; but, as we were unprovided with greatcoats and shawls, these alternatives appeared to ourselves, on the occasion of our entrance, dismal; and, by that luck which seems so fond of affronting the already unfortunate, the friend to whom we had brought

an introduction—that introduction on which we had built our hopes—was out. What language of mine can render adequate thanks to the all-benevolent Danish officer, who—completely a stranger to us—gave us shelter, brought us to supper with his mess, and, after much personal trouble, procured us, if not beds, at least a substitute for them? Before going to sleep we went down to the little quay by the bridge, and, as we reached it, Orion was striding over the batteries on Broager, and the bivouac-fires of Dybbøl were gleaming up to the calm and queenly Cassiopeia.

Nothing was being talked of, when we arrived at Sønderborg, but the attack of the previous day. No event had, as yet, happened in the war which had put such spirit into the Danish army,—nothing which so fully turned out a success for their side; but, to this day, the whole affair is unexplained. It was an attack, not, indeed, in force, though the reserve was all in readiness to act, but yet a distinct and positive attack on the works. The Prussians talk of it as a reconnaissance; but what general in ancient or modern times has ever thought it necessary to reconnoitre, with seven thousand men, at three o'clock on a moonless morning, a bit of ground—every inch of which he knew by heart already? The Danish commander speaks of it in a general order as an attempt to open parallels; but it would be rather odd conduct in the Prussian to begin to open parallels at two hundred yards from a battery, after spending a fortnight five hundred yards from the same battery without ever beginning a parallel where he was. It may have been an attempt at a surprise; it may, perhaps, have been a mere wish to appear to be doing something, a mere amusing of troops—and the Diet. At any rate, the attack was made at three in the morning, and by eight it was a victory for the Danes. Again and again the works were assaulted, and every time the assailants were gallantly repulsed. In the end,—men told us they heard the words,—some Prussian regiments refused to advance any more. Everything

was, accordingly, over by nine o'clock, and the troops returned to camp.

It lasted long enough, however, for one of our countrymen to win golden opinions from the army, by an act of gallantry. The result was extremely satisfactory to us, as we came in, after his departure, for no small share of the popularity which showered itself upon him. What were the precise details of the episode in question; whether, as has been said, and as we heard ourselves, a slight shade of humour, not enough to take anything from its real bravery, was thrown over the exploit by the circumstance of Mr. Herbert's shortsightedness, we are not able to pronounce; but perhaps in the next edition of his "*Danes in Camp*," Mr. Herbert will not mind informing the public whether he did or did not, in the hurry of the moment, at first try to bring the wrong man into cover. At any rate, the army formed a very distinct opinion on the merits of the act; and they say that the way the soldiers kept on shaking hands with him all day afterwards was a perfect treat to see.

What grand, patient fellows these Danish soldiers are! They are wonderfully big—almost every man one meets is above the average size of Englishmen, and the regiment of Guards might be sons of Thor or Odin for their size. They all seem so good-humoured too, and gentlemanly. There are a great number of men serving in the ranks who fill a very respectable place in society; tradesmen, farmers, some men of private means. Almost all can read and write. Lazy they certainly are—at least what we should call lazy. The first regiment that came up, at five o'clock on the morning of the 28th, crossed the bridge and marched to the front without ever breaking into the double. The soldiers that are digging at the earthworks go through their work as if a war was going to break out sometime in the next fifty years, and the Austrians might possibly come to attack the spot in the lives of their great-grandsons. They are surprisingly honest. Sønderborg is teeming with soldiers, and yet we never think of locking our doors or

even strapping up our knapsacks. They are never tipsy—they are never violent ; but they are certainly brave men, and, barring all dash and all military show —(for I believe my own gallant eighty-eighth Middlesex could form fours better than all the Danish army put together) —they are very fine soldiers. They are not the men to take a battery, but they are just the men to defend it ; and, to one looking at them as they lie in the trenches of an afternoon, muffled in their greatcoats and with their feet buried in straw, they seem as sturdy and comfortable as the little men packed up in a Noah's ark. Poor fellows ! they marched, an officer assured us, in the bitter snows of the February retreat, from the Dannewerk, more than 30 miles for two successive days, carrying knapsacks and rifles, and with little rest and no sleep between the two.

The Englishmen at Als are seven in number : two newspaper correspondents, three other and more permanent lookers-on, and ourselves. Besides these, there is one Italian and one Frenchman. Two more Frenchmen there ought to be ; but somehow the correspondents of the Paris papers do not seem to stick quite so closely to their work as the steady Englishmen. The colony forms, for purposes of dinner, what we dignify by the name of a club ; and the club dines every evening, sometimes with one or two Danish guests, in our bed-room. There is enough to eat at Sönderborg for the most part, though not quite as much meat as one would wish ; and the troops are excellently fed. What a curious language we talk ! English, French, bits of Danish for the waiters, bits of German when we can't express ourselves in Danish ! In such a place as this one's whole ideas about language get out of joint, and we find ourselves almost puzzled to tell what we have been talking. A good many of the officers, though by no means the majority, talk some English : rather more, perhaps, can express themselves in French. But, perhaps, the most curious conversation I ever had was with a village priest, who good-naturedly hurried after and made friends

with us as we walked along a road. It was carried on in a very remarkable and memorable pentaglott, the fifth language being Latin ; and I am bound to say that the Latin was the one which the excellent parson spoke worst of all. I shall never forget the amusing futility of his attempts to express "eighty-five" in all the languages, one after another. When he left us he gave us a cordial invitation to come and lunch with him. "Farvel," he said, "jentlemans ; wenn Sie venibunt, kom pour me voir, et essen, De skal be welcom ! Ecce domus meus ! Farvel !"

I think the thing that most surprises us here is, that everything is so exactly like what we expected. Whether it is the result of military novels, or of special correspondent's letters, I cannot say ; but every fresh scene that we come across seems as if we had somewhere come across it before. The primitive suppermess of the officers exactly reminds one of Charles O'Malley ; the big room at head-quarters, where the officers in uniform are filling up forms and looking over maps, is just what we feel it ought to be. A plan of Fredericia is on the table ; an officer of engineers is waiting to get some instructions ; as we go in to the little sideroom, for an audience, a naval captain comes out of it with an air of mysterious import. The scenes of the streets, the look of the soldiers, even the very talk that we hear, is just what we had fancied all along it must be. Unfortunately, we left the island half a day before the bombardment of Sönderborg began ; but I am convinced that, if we had been a few hours later in the room in which we spent our last evening, and had seen the shell which then burst in it, we should have declared with one consent that that was the very shell which had mentally been bursting in our room ever since, in earliest childhood, we first heard of the use of gunpowder. One thing only we missed—we saw nothing of the "pomp and circumstance of war." But yet we hardly expected to see any of it at Dybböl ; and I believe military men will be found to agree in saying, that the pomp and circumstance

of war are things which have their existence exclusively in times of peace.

It is time, perhaps, to say something about the actual Düppel works. But I should mention, at the outset, that both my companions and myself are, to this moment, profoundly ignorant of all military engineering; regard Vauban's First System much as we regard the Lunar Theorem; and know no more of the art of war than every effective British volunteer must know, who has been duly taught to place the hollow of the right heel against the lower band, and at the word one cut the left hand away. On the very last day of our sojourn we were wandering over the works, and having come to the end of a little space of open ground, were consulting how best to keep in view of the operations, and at the same time not be exposed to fire without some cover. "Here," exclaimed one of us—I do not say which, in order not to wound any susceptibilities—"Here, let us get across this ditch, and make for the corner." Ditch! gracious heavens! it was a *trench* we were at, and we were actually standing on—on whatever is the proper military expression to represent a ledge. It will probably be allowed that nothing which I can say can possibly constitute an authoritative opinion on the Danish defences. Still, as far as unlearned civilians could, we were not long in coming to an opinion, to express which at the time would have been but a poor return for the courtesy which we received at the head-quarters of General von Gerlach, and, indeed, from all those Danish officers and men with whom we were at any time brought into contact. Not one of the party of Englishmen at Sönderborg had any other opinion about the strength of the position than this:—that, whenever the Prussian army made up their minds to take it, they certainly could and would.

A person standing on the little hill on which the church of Sönderborg is built, and looking westwards, will see before him, on the opposite side of the "Sund," a hill gently sloping upwards from the water to the distance of about half a mile.

The centre of this hill is marked by the now famous Düppel windmill, on either side of which the ground falls away slowly to the north and south. On the south, it declines towards the low earth cliffs which fringe the Wemmingbund; the northern ridge is carried along, in a slight curve, towards the north-east, till it reaches the shore of the Sund. Along this ridge, as is well known, the Danish batteries are placed; not, indeed, in an even line—which would be, I believe, contrary to military science—but irregularly, one here and there projecting in front of the rest. Two of the projecting batteries, or bastions, are Numbers 2 and 6—the two which have been specially singled out by the Prussian engineers for bombardment. Number 2 is close to the left or south shore; Number 6 is nearly in front of the windmill. We will suppose ourselves taking a walk in Denmark, and starting from the picturesque town of Sönderborg, on an afternoon in the beginning of April, 1864. We cross one of the pontoon bridges, having previously shown to the sentry an order, signed and sealed, desiring him to allow two gentlemen, whose names are given, to inspect the works on Dybbøl. The Sund is about as wide at this place as the Thames at Richmond; though, at the very southernmost point, it narrows to about half the distance: higher up, again, it is two or three times as wide. A few houses stand on the further bank, and an unlucky half-built ship, which they are rapidly pulling to pieces now, to save the timber; it being clearly of no use to build a ship at a spot where it can neither get up nor down the straits. The bridges are guarded by a "tête de pont"—a big mound, that is, almost approaching the size of a small hill, fortified, and commanding the approach to the water. After crossing, we will turn to the left, and walk along the low cliffs. We are soon out of sight of town and batteries when once we have rounded the point, and are tracing the country path by the sea, through undulating fields and hedges; and we might spend the day here in utter oblivion of such things as shells and batteries, but that every

now and then a flash from one of the green hills on the Broager coast, half opposite, half in front of us, brings thirty shillings'-worth of powder and iron to the high ground on our right, and we speculate as we walk, from the sound of the explosion, against which of the batteries the hostile messenger has been aimed. It will not do to follow this pleasant country path too far without getting a cover on our left; and we have by this time launched ourselves into a mysterious system of trenches, earth-works, rifle-pits, which spreads like the meshes of a net over the whole ground. We walk along some of these, keeping them on our left or our front, and ready to jump down and crouch behind them when the flash of a gun is seen. At first, perhaps, we might be a little ashamed of doing so before we have actually come to the line of fire; but shells, after all, are wayward, and the wind may carry them a little untrue now and then. Here we pass farm-buildings and cottages, roofless and empty: a shell has disposed of the roof, and the flames have removed the furniture. And now we are come to the line of batteries, and may either visit one or two of them, or pass among them where we please. Shall we turn up from the sea and continue along the maze of trenches towards the mill? Here is a long trench running in the right direction. It is perhaps four feet deep, and the wall or rampart on the shell-ward side may be four more feet high, and three thick. The ground has once been corn-land: nothing is sown there now but a kind of seed that makes a hole where it lights, much as if a large coalscuttle-full of soil had been dug out, and that comes up again very soon indeed after being laid down. The bottom of the trench is laid thick with straw; and in the straw are standing or leaning—they seem planted as it were in a greenhouse—a row of Danish soldiers. Many of them are doing nothing at all; but some are playing cards, many are sucking their long China pipes, and a few are reading or writing letters. Their muskets lie beside them, or lean against the side of the trench to trip up passers-by.

Or shall we go into one of the batteries? Each is surrounded by a little dry moat, and is entered by a draw-bridge where the pass must again be shown to a sentinel. Every one is most civil, and they seem even glad to see us. Conversation with the men is naturally fragmentary; we manage to indicate that we are English, and that we are glad to hear that no one has been killed in the battery that morning. The officers, if they can talk any English or French, will take us to the best points of view, and talk in a friendly way, and point out the Prussian outposts in the distance. Battery Number 5 is one of the best for securing the view, and it is near to the most active part of the firing. A battery is—how interested old Crimean officers must be to know what is coming!—a battery at Dybböl is a court-yard, nearly filled by a block-house which is meant to be bomb-proof, and radiating in several directions into some four or five recesses like low fives-courts, in each of which one or two guns are placed. The floor of each of the fives-courts is considerably raised above that of what I have called the court-yard; their walls are of course enormously thick, and, on the side chiefly exposed to the enemy's fire, are about eight feet high. In Number 5 we enter one of the radiating courts, mount on a ledge of some kind, and before us is a glorious prospect. On the left, Broagerland across the sea. In front, even ground sloping away down towards woods and fields, in which and behind which the Prussians are hidden, and where we hear that they are just beginning their regular siege-works. The soil itself is cut up a little by shells, but otherwise, is purposely levelled, so as to give no cover to an attacking force. It seems trampled a good deal; and no wonder, for here was the thick of last Monday's fight. A little to the right is the famous Number 6, towards which so much of the enemy's kind attentions are directed. It looks less knocked about than we should expect from the constant fire. Before we have half finished our survey, we are hurriedly pulled by the sleeve. "Deck!" says a soldier, who is on the

look out; "Deck!" repeat those near him; the word goes round to "deck." He has seen a flash on the distant Broager cliffs, and the loud booming reaches us as we jump down. We gather behind the thick walls of our fives-court, and listen for the rushing of the shell. In a second or two the explosion is heard on the left, and we start up to see what it has hit. It was a well-aimed shot, and has fallen just short of Number 6: thirty-shillings' worth spent, and no damage done. Almost immediately, we are called down again; this time the explosion is some way behind us, and to our left: it has fallen in Number 2. Again we are up surveying the scene—wondering whether the enemy have begun their parallels yet behind yonder copse; speculating who there may be perched upon those quaint twin spires of Broager Church to look at us. This time there is a longer interval; and again we get under cover. There goes the sound of the firing, and here comes whizzing the shell—it is nearer to us this time—it is getting uncommonly near us. Perhaps we do draw breath a little, a very little, more easily when we have heard the explosion, and know that all is over. How it shook the ground that time! We get up to look out, and there, just outside our battery, a little patch of ground is still smoking, and the wind drives the smoke into our faces. So the time passes on. When we have seen enough, the men take us round the battery and show us their trophy. It is a Prussian shell which has failed to burst; the Danish soldiers got hold of it, took out the powder, and keep it in the battery, and they kick it about, and call it names, and tease it, and make its life a burden to it. We bid them good-bye; and it is not inglorious to trot rather quickly down the bit of open ground just outside the drawbridge till we are again in some degree of cover.

Here is the Dybböl windmill! Poor old thing, it grinds no corn now! It stood firmly till the first attack, though two shells passed through it, and one blew up the shed adjoining it. The

enemy did not seem to aim at it when we were there; it rather served them as a useful mark on a dark day.¹ The ground in front of the windmill is not satisfactory ground to walk over when there is much firing; the undulating slopes are too thickly pitted with those big black holes. We walk quickly over it, the fire being at the time rather slack, and pick up bits of shells that are lying about. But it is as well not to loiter too much, and we move down from a little mound on which we are walking. After we have gone some thirty or forty yards, there is the old sound again from Broager, and the rushing noise comes nearer us. We are down on our faces in a moment, as there is no cover to get behind; and in an instant we see the earth torn up violently at the crest of the mound we have just left, and an ugly, dark fragment or two flying high over our heads. We soon move quickly off, and the soldiers at the bottom of the slope ask us, laughingly, whether that last one didn't come rather near us.

With ordinary care, the danger in a walk round the works is extremely small; but it sometimes surprises us that in those chiefly persecuted batteries there should be so small a loss of life. In fact, with all their marvellous skill—and the accuracy of the Prussian firing is really remarkable—the enemy do very little harm. The course of the day is this—The gunners on Broagerland awake apparently about eight or nine, and just fire off a few shells before breakfast, to give them an appetite; then they leave off for half an hour. A casual artilleryman has a single shot every now and then, in a desultory way, for the sake of keeping up the interest; and by ten o'clock everyone is ready for work. For the most part, it may be roughly said that the Prussian batteries on the Broager shore, like the fountains in Trafalgar-square, and the civil service clerks of the conundrum, "play" from ten to four. It is for these hours, at all events, that the firing is most incessant; though during all the evening

¹ The windmill was finally knocked over on the 11th of March.

and night the dull, booming sound is heard every now and then, with an occasional burst at about two in the morning, in order to lead ill-regulated minds to the idea of a night attack. The Prussians always use percussion shells; the Danes prefer fuzes. The accuracy of the Prussian rifled artillery is beyond all question; of that of the Danes there was less opportunity of judging, but we were told that at short ranges they made very good practice. The fuze shells have the merit, at any rate, of being the most picturesque of the two, as it is only by them that are formed those elegant circlets of smoke which form so prominent a feature in the bombardment-pictures of all the illustrated journals.

The 10th battery of the Düppel works leads us down to the Als Sund. We walked along the Sund, or Sound, one day—of course on the eastern side—with a view of trying to catch a sight of certain pontoons, which it was rumoured that the enemy had built and was concealing in a thick wood, two or three miles higher up on the Schleswig shore. We heard long afterwards that the rumour was a true one, and that the night had relays been fixed for the first Prussian attack. It is a pleasant walk; and it is amusing to pass in turn opposite the trenches of No. 10—then the Danish outposts, and then the Prussian outposts, and then a few hundred yards beyond them. It is a good thing that the pickets do not take it into their heads to shoot one another across the water, as we are told they sometimes do in the American war, or it might be a more dangerous walk than it is. They keep up the barbarous practice, we heard, at Fredericia, and occasionally, under excitement, they are tempted into it at Dybbøl; the whole day after the battle of the 28th they kept on peppering one another behind the covers. But a practice so obviously to the disadvantage of both sides naturally dies away, and it is considered, by a tacit convention, to be rather ungentlemanly to pick off opponents in this cold-blooded fashion. Accordingly, the walk was quite a safe one:

we noted the booms thrown across the Sound to keep off torpedoes and infernal machines; we showed the pass, as we went along, to the sentries who challenged us; and we cut beechwood walking-sticks *in memoriam*. It is most strange, this country-walking with the sound of the cannon constantly coming over to our ears. One may sit there, on the edge of the low cliff, and watch the busy hive of men opposite, and, as the shells come down upon them, look out for the cloud of smoke, and guess at which of the batteries it has burst. We used constantly to speculate upon the possibility of crossing over this Sound into Schleswig, or trying to get through the blockade in a boat over to some part of the coast near Flensborg; but in the end we gave up the idea. There were two strong reasons against it. In the first place, it would be hardly an appropriate recompense for the kindness we had received from the Danish commander and army; and, in the second, the task would have been an extremely dangerous one. "You see," said a candid friend, to whom we broached our idea one day, "the Danes will certainly shoot you as you start, and the Prussians will certainly shoot you as you come in." So we agreed to abandon the project.

On the other side—the south side—of Sönderborg, the best view of Broager is, of course, to be had; and it was from here that most of the lookers-on watched what they could of the late attack. There lies, quietly enough, but always with her steam up, the gallant *Rolf Krake*, which did such good service that morning. The Prussian reserves were massed over towards the left, and the attack, which was made at first along the whole line, gradually collected itself on the left centre. The *Rolf*, as she is familiarly called, steamed straight up along the Dybbøl shore, advanced as far as she could, and put in shell and canister as the Prussians moved up to the front; occasionally administering a shot or two to hint the value of discretion to the reserve. But it was chiefly when the fight was over that the prettiest feat was

done. She crossed the head of the Wemmingbund, made for the opposite shore, and coasted along it till she came right under the guns of the Broager batteries. Let her but keep close in to the shore, and she was safe; the shot passed over her funnel. Close in she kept, and brushed by them one after another; then, when the mouth of the last gun was passed, she dashed away to the open sea. Fast as she went, cannon carried faster, and shot and shell poured in upon her now as quick as they could load the guns. The lookers-on at Sønderborg trembled; they leapt up and cheered her at the top of their voices, as though the *Rolf* could hear them. The shell kept falling before and behind, to right and left of her. "They played round her like dolphins," said a witness of the feat to me, next day; but only four or five shots hit her, as it turned out, and the gallant iron-clad came away but little damaged from the iron storm that fell about her.

Even in the holiday guise in which we have seen it—even without its worst features of horror—this war is a sad and shameful thing. I find it hard to think with any philosophical contentment of some Schmidt or Müller on Broagerland, who does not care two silver groschen for all Holstein and Schleswig put together (more especially if he be not a Schmidt or Müller, but a recruit from Posen or Croatia), firing day after day with intent to kill and slay poor Hansen or Petersen, in the trenches. He is a machine in the hands of politicians, I know; and political questions are difficult; but the result is, that honest brave human beings are killed and torn in pieces. The smaller hardships even are not to be despised. Here is a hut, rudely thatched, and strewn with straw: Hans Petersen in the cold nights reposes in moderate comfort. A missile comes down at him, on strictly political grounds, and burns his hut and his straw. Somehow, I feel as if I could not reconcile it to my own conscience to cause Hans Petersen, or any one of my fellow-creatures, to undergo this hardship in a Denmark spring, un-

less for some great and undoubted good to himself or somebody else. Close to the Church Battery there is a mound of earth piled up; I saw forty bodies laid beneath it, not a month ago, which but for the self-will of some diplomatist would have been now the bodies of strong and healthy men. A kind-looking Lutheran priest, in a white ruff, pronounced the blessing of heaven on soldiers who had fallen in defence of their country; but it must seem but a mockery at the best to the children who have no father now to feed them. One little scene of war it happens that I recollect with peculiar distinctness. It was in one of the hospitals that we went over; a soldier had been wounded by a bullet in the ancle, and erysipelas had set in. The swollen, discoloured limb was lying bare; the patient could bear not even a touch. It chanced that his bed was close to a folding-door, which opened into another ward. It was now shut; but through a minute crevice a slight current of air came through upon the wounded leg. I see now the face of that man as he entreated that a cloth might be put over this tiny chink, and his look of trembling anxiety lest the limb should be roughly touched while it was being done. The pain of a surgical operation is a thing of course; or rather it may even become a beautiful sight, when one remembers the good that the sufferer reaps as he suffers. But the look of that one victim of the great Schleswig-Holstein question is with me while I write; the pain of that little current of air through the chink is just one more needless item in the great catalogue of human suffering, one additional pang which might and which ought to have been saved.

We left Sønderborg a few hours before the bombardment of the town began. That act of cruel violence stands by itself. Of it the Prussian general alone is guilty. The Prussian journals have tried to make excuses for it; and the excuses break down hopelessly. Fifty quiet people, non-combatants, fathers of families, mothers, children, killed; hundreds, houseless. We read that, as the town

had been visited with shells before, the inhabitants might have expected the bombardment. I simply answer that not a person in the town did expect it, and that the Prussian general ought to have made sure before he fired a shot. We are told that the town was fortified, or virtually fortified. But it was not fortified in any other sense than that of having two batteries near and one in it; and it had not been treated, up to the 3d of April, with the exception of those four or five shells, as anything but an inhabited town. If the enemy thought it necessary to attack the batteries, he could have done so; but it seems to me beyond question that the attack was purposely made upon the town itself. The little spire of the town-hall must, as far as one can judge, have been taken as a mark. The town-hall itself was hit; the Holsteinsches Haus, where we spent our last evening, and which is now in ruins, and the post-office, which is also destroyed, are close by it; the big storehouse by the water is almost exactly in the line; all the most injured parts of the town are near and about it. And, granting even that it was necessary for strategic reasons to destroy a town of some five thousand inhabitants, was it contrary to strategic customs to send them previous notice?

By the time we left Als—and we stayed but a few days there—we were Danes all over. It was impossible to help the contagion. Friends have often since been good enough to ask our opinion on the merits of the Prussians and Danes. The only possible answer is that such a visit clearly disqualifies the traveller from forming anything worth calling an opinion at all. After a couple of days we found we had passed into the habit of talking of “our” works, and “the enemy’s” fire.

On the general questions at issue, indeed, neither of us is in any case competent to speak; and to balance the various degrees of disqualification of the rival houses, and settle the exact bearing of broken promises upon inconvenient treaties, may be difficult work even for international jurists. But one thing is certain. The Danes have been fighting at this spot, as bravely as ever Greeks or English fought, for homes and country. On the fatal 18th, the bravest and kindest spirit in all the Danish army was riding to the front, and fell, struck by a fragment of a shell. Some officers crowded round him to give assistance. “Leave me here;” he said, “my work is over; yours is just beginning.” They went on; and, as they left him, he raised himself for a moment on his side, called after them, “Well done!” and, as the words left his lips, MAJOR ROSEN fell back and died. “Your work is just beginning.” This to men, who for thirteen fearful days had endured, without shelter, as fierce a fire as ever was poured on the throats of a blazing circle of guns; to men whose simple duty, day after day, and night after night, had been to lie down at their posts and wait till their turn came to die! I know not what the future may have in store for the survivors; but the drama of Dybböl is played out. It will be henceforward a name associated with the indomitable courage of a peasant army, unhelped by military skill, unprotected by military defence. It will be a name to be revered by all who delight to see, interrupting the commonplace sentiments of life, and revealing what is hidden behind them, a glimpse of the old heroic virtues, latent but not departed from the world.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1864.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

EMMA'S WORK BEGINS TO BE CUT OUT FOR HER.

It was the next night after her parting with Erne in the churchyard that poor Emma's ministrations began.

It had been a weary day for her. She had tried hard to lose thought in work, but she had succeeded but poorly even in the midst of the bustle of preparation; and now, when she was sitting alone in the silent room, with Joe moping and brooding, with his head on his hands, before her—refusing to speak, refusing to go to bed—her trouble came on her stronger than ever; and, with a feeling nearly like despair, she recalled the happy happy hour she had passed with Erne in the churchyard only two days ago, and saw before her, in the person of poor Joe, brooding sullenly over the dying fire, her life's work—the hideous fate to which she had condemned herself in her fanaticism.

Erne and Jim had come in twice that day. They both looked very sad, and only spoke commonplaces to her. She saw that Erne had told Jim everything, and she trembled. But, Jim and she being left alone for one moment, Jim had come solemnly up and kissed her; and then she had suddenly cast her arms round his neck, and blessed him, in God's name, for not being angry with her. He had kissed her again sadly, and left her.

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And now the work was all done, and the children were in bed; and she would gladly have been in bed too, with Fred's balmy child's breath fanning her to sleep. But there was poor Joe brooding with his head in his hands.

At last he looked up. "Emma, my love," he said gently, "go to bed, dear. You are tired."

"To bed," she said, "my old Joe; why, it's only half-past nine. Here's ever so much to do to these old shirts of Jim's; burnt all into holes in the arms with the forge sparks, just like father's. And Martha, she's put the children to bed. I don't think I shall go to bed for another hour, bless you. Let's sit and talk."

"I wish I was in my grave," said Joe. "I wish I had killed myself when I fell off that ladder."

"Why, dear?" said Emma, looking at him earnestly.

"Because I am shipwrecked and lost. God has only allowed me to exist hitherto, because I developed the beautiful unselfish love of my brothers and sisters. Why, you all love me as well as if I was not the loathsome object I am."

"Joe, how dare you! I will not have it! You know you are not loathsome; and who knows better than yourself that your abilities are first-rate?"

"Ay! ay!" said Joe. "But a man with my hideous affliction don't get two such chances. I know. People like

looking on handsome and beautiful things, if they can. No man would have such an unhappy monster as I am near him, if he could have something in the shape of a human being. I don't blame them. I don't rebel against God. I only know that my career is over."

"Joe! Joe! what are you talking of? Why, Joe, you have a head like Lord Byron's. Who knows better than Erne Hillyar? You are the handsomest of the family, in spite of your poor dear back."

"I love you and Jim the better for flattering me; but my eyes are opened."

"Have you fallen in love with any one? Come, tell your own sister. Let her share your trouble, Joe."

"No, it's not that I was thinking of. I don't care for any woman but you. That Mrs. George Hillyar, Lady Hillyar, I should say—"

"Have you fallen in love with *her*, dear?" said Emma eagerly.

"Curse her! I hate her, the frivolous idiot. She gave me the bitterest insult I have ever had. When I first went there, I came suddenly on her in the library, and she ran away screaming, and locked herself in the nursery with the baby."

"I should like to knock her silly little head off her impudent little shoulders," said Emma with a bounce, stitching away at Jim's shirt, as if each click of the needle was a dig into poor Gerty's eyes. "But come, Joe, that ain't what's the matter. What's the matter is this. You thought you were going to be a great public man, and so on; and you've had a temporary disappointment. Only don't go and look me in the face, and tell me that your personal appearance is going to begin to trouble you at this time of day; because, if you do, I shan't believe you. And, as for Lady Hillyar, she may be a very good judge of blacks (among whom she has been brought up, and has apparently copied her manners); but she is none of white, or she wouldn't have married that most ill-looking gentleman, Sir George. I say, Joe, dear."

"Well, Em," said Joe, with something like a laugh.

"Is there any parliament in Cooksland now?" said Emma.

"Yes," said Joe, getting interested at once. "Yes, two Houses. Council, sixteen members, nominated by the Crown for life; Lower House or Assembly, thirty members, elected by universal suffrage of tax-payers. Property qualification, 300 acres under cultivation, or 2,000/.

"Then there you are. What is to hinder *you* from a career? Lord bless me! why, it seems to me that you have made a change for the better. Career indeed!" And so she went on for half an hour, getting from him the political statistics of the colony, and shaping out his political conduct, until she suddenly turned on him, and insisted on his talking no more, but going to bed; and she had her reward, for he kissed her, and went upstairs with a brighter look on his handsome face than had been there for weeks.

She had hardly seen him out of the room, and had come back with the intention of folding up Jim's shirt and going to bed, when she started, for there was a low knock at the door.

She listened. She heard Joe lumbering up to bed, and, while she held her breath, the knocking came again a little louder.

It was at the house door. She crossed the wide dark hall which lay between the sitting-room and that door, and laid her ear against it. As she did so the knocking was repeated more impatiently. She said in a low voice, very eagerly, "Reuben?"

A shrill whisper from the other side said, "Blow Reuben. I wish Reuben had six months in a cook's shop with a muzzle on, for this here night's work. Keeping a cove hanging about a crib as has been blow'd on, with the traps a lurking about in all directions. Is that Emma?"

"Yes," she said.

"I knowed it were," said the other party, in a triumphant tone. "Young woman, young woman, open that there door. I won't hurt you. I won't even so much as kiss you, without consent freely given, and all parties agreeable."

Emma, who had a pretty good notion of taking care of herself, and was as well able to do it as any lady of our editorial acquaintance, opened the door and looked out. Looking out was no good; but, hearing something make a click with its tongue about the level of her knees, she looked down, and saw below her a very small boy of the Jewish persuasion, with a curly head, apparently about nine years old, and certainly under four feet high.

Her first idea was that he was the son and heir of the little Jew gentleman described to her by Jim as having defended Reuben, who had been sent with the bill. She was quite mistaken; there was no connexion between the two, save a common relationship with Abraham. Considering it necessary to say something, and feeling it safer to confine herself to polite commonplaces, she said that she was very sorry indeed to say that her father was gone to bed; but that, if he would be so good as to look round in the morning, she would feel obliged to him.

The little Jew, who, if it had not been for his beautiful eyes, hair, and complexion, would have reminded you most forcibly of a baby pike, about two ounces in weight, turned his handsome little head on one side, and smiled on Emma amorously. Then he winked; then he took a letter from behind his back, and held it before his mouth while he coughed mysteriously; then he put the letter behind him once more, and waltzed, with amazing grace and activity, for full ten bars.

"You're a funny boy," said Emma. "If that letter is for me, you'd better take and hand it over. If it ain't, you'd best take and hook it; and so I don't deceive you; because I ain't going to be kep here all night with your acting. If I want to see monkeys I go to the Zello-gal. There is some pretty ones *there*."

The small Israelite was not in the least offended. "I'm an admirer of yourn," he said. "I've gone and fallen in love with you at first sight; that's about what I've took and done. I am enamoured of your person, I tell you.

You're a fine-built girl. You're crumby; I don't go to deny that; but there's not too much on it yet. Confine yourself to a vegetable diet, and take horse exercise regular, and you'll never be what any man of taste would call fat. Come, it's no use beating about the bush; I want a kiss for this 'ere letter."

"You little ape," said Emma. "Who do you think is going to kiss you?"

"Why, you are, unless I mistake," replied the boy. "Just one. Come on; you can't help yourself. I always were partial to your style of beauty ever since I growed up. Come, give it to us, unless I'm to come and take it."

At this point of the conference, Emma, with a rapid dexterity, which not only took the Jew child utterly by surprise, but which ever after was a source of astonishment and admiration to Emma herself and all her friends, made a dive at him, knocked his cap off, got her fingers in his hair, and took the letter from him before he had time to get his breath. She turned on the threshold flushed with victory, and said, "I'll kiss you, you little Judas! With pepper-my-Barney! Oh yes, with capsicums!"

She slammed the door in the pretty little rogue's face, and tore the letter open. She had guessed, as has possibly the reader, that it was from Reuben. It was this which made her so eager to get it. It was this which made her lose her temper at his nonsensical delay, and use for a minute or two language which, though most familiar to her ear, was utterly unfamiliar to her mouth.

The letter, given below, took about two minutes to read. In about two more she had caught down her bonnet and shawl, had blown out the candle, had silently opened the front door, had looked round, had slipped out and shut it after her, and then, keeping on the south side of Brown's Row, had crossed Church Street, and set herself to watch the Black Lion.

Meanwhile there is just time to read the letter.

"DEAREST EMMA—Although I have gone to the dogs utterly, and without any hope at all of getting away from

them any more, I should like to tell you, and for you to tell Jim, and for him to tell Master Erne and the kids, as they were all the same to me as ever, although I must never see nor speak to any of them never any more.

"I'm lost, old girl. Tell your father that I humbly pray his forgiveness for the sorrow I have brought on him. I know how wild he must be with me. He was a kind and good friend to me, and I wish I had been struck dead before I brought this trouble upon him.

"I've gone regularly to the devil now, old girl. Nothing can't save me now. I haint *done* nothing yet;—that's coming, to-night may be—or I shouldn't have the cheek to write to you. Kiss the kids all round for me, and tell 'em as poor Reuben's dead and gone, and will never see 'em any more. You'd better say, old girl, that he was drowned last Tuesday, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's, a-training, and lies buried in Putney Churchyard. Something of that sort will look ship-shape.

"Good-bye, old girl, for ever. Don't forget that there *were* such a chap; and that he was very fond of you all, though he was a nuisance.

"REUBEN."

CHAPTER XLII.

EMMA ASTONISHES A GOOD MANY PEOPLE :
THE MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY IN PARTICULAR.

EMMA saw the Jew-boy go into the public-house, and saw what went on there. He had no business in there; he did not call for anything; he merely went in as a polite attention to the company. There was a water-filter on the bar, the tap of which he set running on to the floor, and then stood and laughed at it. Upon this the barmaid ran out of the bar to box his ears, and he dodged her and ran *into* the bar, shutting the gate behind him, and contrived to finish a pint of ale before she could get at him; and, when she did, he lay down in a corner, and refused to move, or to do anything but use language calculated to

provoke a breach of the peace. She slapped him and she kicked him; but there he lay, all the company laughing at her, till at last the policeman made his appearance, and all *he* could do was to get hold of him by one leg, and drag him out on his back, with all his curls trailing in the sawdust, showing about as much care or life as a dead dog. There was nothing to do but to drag him outside, and let him lie on the pavement. When the policeman let go his leg, he managed to drop the heel of his boot with amazing force on to the policeman's toe; after which he lay for dead again.

"Whatever shall I do?" thought poor Emma. "If they lock him up, whatever shall I do?"

The landlord and the policeman stood looking at him. "Did *you* ever see such a little devil?" said the landlord.

"Never such a one as *he*. Shall I lock him up?"

"Lord bless you, no," said the landlord; "let the poor little monkey be. Good-night." And so the policeman departed round the corner.

Emma was very much relieved by this. They left the boy alone; and then, like a fox who has been shamming dead, he moved his head slightly. Then he raised it cautiously, and, seeing he was really alone, suddenly started up, gave a wild yell, and darted off like lightning up Church Street, at one minute in the road, in another on the pavement; and away started poor Emma after him, with as much chance of catching him as she would have had with a hare.

Fortunately for her quest, as she came into the King's Road she ran straight against the policeman, who said, with alarm and astonishment, "Miss Burton!"

"Yes. Don't delay me, for God's sake. Have you seen a little Jew boy running?"

"Lord, yes, miss," he answered, laughing. "He came flying round here like a mad dog; and, when he see me, he gave a screech that went right through your head, and cut in behind

they Oakley Square railings; and there he is now."

"Is he mad?" said Emma.

"No," said the policeman. "He's skylarking; that's what he's up to, after the manner of his nation."

"It's a very extraordinary and lunatic way of skylarking," said Emma. "I have got to follow him. Go home and wake Jim, and tell him where and how you saw me."

"Take care, miss, for God's sake."

"Yes, yes; see, there he comes creeping out. Go and tell Jim. I hope he won't run. Good-night."

The little Jew did not run. He began thinking what he would do next. He came to the conclusion that he would waltz, and he put his resolution into immediate execution, and waltzed up the King's Parade. But he did even this like some one possessed with evil spirits, who took every opportunity of getting the upper hand. Faster and more furious grew the boy's dancing each moment, more like the spin of a whirling Dervish, or the horrible dance in Vathek. The wildest Carmagnole dancer on the second of September would have confessed himself outdone in barbaric fury; and the few belated passengers turned and looked on with something like awe; and Emma began to fancy that she was being lured to her destruction by some fantastic devil.

The poor little man had been mewed up for weeks, and all the intense vivacity of his race was breaking out, and taking the form of these strange weird tricks—tricks which in, say a Teutonic child, would have been clear evidence of madness, but which were simply natural in a child of that wondrous, indestructible, unalterable race to which he belonged. A French girl would have been merely amused with them; but Emma, a thorough English girl, with the peculiarly English habit of judging all things in heaven and earth by the English standard, was frightened; and her fright took the thoroughly English form of obstinate anger, and nerved her to her task. "The little wretch; I will be even with him."

So she went on, eager and determined, with her eyes and her mind so concentrated on the strange little figure, that she never exactly knew where she went. The child lurked, and dodged, and ran, and dawdled, and shouted, and sang, till nothing which he could have done would have surprised her; and she found herself getting into a chronic state of expectation as to what he would do next.

Once again everything was nearly going wrong. The boy set off on one of his runs, and ran swiftly round a corner, and she ran round too, for fear of losing sight of him; and at the corner she met him coming back again, walking slowly, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. But he did not recognise her. He asked her how her uncle Benjamin was to-night, and told her that Bill had waited there for her till ten, but had gone off in the sulks, and was going to take her sister Sally to Hampton Court in a van, to feed the gold fish with peppermint lozenges; but he did not recognise her, and she was thankful for it.

At last, when and where she cannot tell, they came into more crowded streets; and here the young gentleman displayed a new form of vivacity, and began to play at a new game, infinitely more disconcerting than any of his other escapades. This game was trying to get run over. He would suddenly dart out into the street under the very hoofs of the fastest going cab-horse that he could see. If he could get the cabman to pull up, he would stand in the street and enter into a personal altercation with him, in which—he being a Jew, and the cabman, nominally at least, being a Christian—he always got the best of it. If the cab did not pull up, he dodged out of the way and tried another. This being an amusement which consumed a great deal of time, and the collection of no less than two crowds, from the second and largest of which he was walked out by a policeman in strict custody, poor Emma's heart failed her, and she began to weep bitterly.

But her "pluck" (a good word, though a vulgar one) never gave way. She determined to follow him to the station, see him in safe custody, and then confide the whole truth to the inspector, be the consequences what they might. It was lucky that there was no necessity for such a ruinous course of proceeding.

She was following close on the heels of the boy and the policeman, when she heard this dialogue :—

"I'm very sorry, sir. I was running after a young man as has owed me a joey ever since the last blessed Greenwich fair as ever dawned on this wicked world."

"Don't tell me: didn't I see you playing your antics all up the Cut, bobbing in and out among the horses, you young lunatic? I'll shake you." And he did; and the boy wept the wild, heart-rending tears of remorse, rather more naturally than nature.

"Look here. If I let you go, will you go home?"

"Strike me blind if I don't, sir. Come, I really will, you know. Honour. I've had my spree, and I want to get home. Do let me go. I shall catch it so owdacious if I ain't home soon. Come."

"There you are, then. Stow your games now. There, cut away, you monkey."

The boy played no more antics after this; he seemed to have been sobered by his last escape. He held so steadily homewards, that Emma, without any notion where she was, or where she was going, found herself opposite a low public-house, before which the boy paused.

He did not go in, but went to a door adjoining, and knocked with his knuckles. After a few minutes, the door was opened as far as the chain would allow it, and some one inside said, "Now then?"

"Nicnicabarlah," was what the boy answered.

Emma, listening eagerly, caught the word correctly, and repeated it two or three times to herself, after the boy had slipped in, and the door was shut behind

him. What a strange, wicked-sounding word! Could there be any unknown, nameless sin in repeating it? There were strange tales about these Jews, and this particular one was undoubtedly possessed by one devil at least, if not a dozen. A weird word, indeed!

So she thought about it now. But afterwards, in the Sabbath of her life, the word became very familiar and very dear to her, and represented a far different train of ideas. Now it was the name, the formula, of some unknown iniquity: hereafter, when she understood everything, she smiled to know that the wicked word was only the native name for a soaring, solitary, flame-worn crag—the last left turret in the ruin of a great volcano—in the far-off land of hope to which they were bound. One of the first and greatest wonders in the new land was to see Nicnicabarlah catch the sun, and blaze like a new and more beautiful star in the bosom of the morning.

That strange word, had she known all she did afterwards, would have told her that Somebody was in those parts; but now she knocked at the door in ignorance, and it being demanded of her "what the office was," she pronounced the horrid word in her desperation, at imminent risk, as she half believed, of raising the devil. The only present effect of it was that she was admitted into a pitch-dark passage, by something which Emma, using the only sense then available, concluded to be a young woman of untidy habits; as, indeed, it was.

"I want Reuben Burton, if you please," said Emma, in the dark, with the coolest self-possession.

"You're his young woman, ain't you?" said the untidy one.

"Emma said, 'Yes.'"

"Who give you the office?" said the untidy one.

"Who could it have been but one?"

"Of course, it was Ben," said the untidy one. "But don't tell on him, young woman. He'll be torn to pieces, if you do. And he ain't a bad 'un, ain't Ben."

Emma promised she wouldn't, and once more asked to see Reuben.

The untidy one led her through a very, very long passage, in pitch darkness, at the end of which she by no means reassured Emma by telling her that there were nine steps to go down, and that she had better mind her head! However, she went down in safety, and was shown into a rather comfortable, cellar-like room, with a brick floor, in which there were lights and a good fire, before which sat Master Ben, the insane young Jew child possessed of the seven devils, warming himself.

He turned and recognised her at once. For one instant there was a sudden *flash*—I mean an instantaneous expression (I can explain myself no better)—of angry astonishment on his handsome little face. Though it was gone directly, it was wonderfully visible, as passion is apt to be on Jewish faces. The moment after it had passed, he looked at her lazily, winked, and said,

“Don't make love to me before *her*”—jerking his thumb at the untidy one, who in the light was more untidy than Emma had even anticipated from what she gathered in the dark—“she's enamoured of me, she is. It ain't reciprocal though it may be flattering. I never give her no encouragement; so you can't blame me. It's one of those sort of things that a man of my personal appearance must put up with. I regret it, for the young woman's sake, but wash my hands of the consequences.”

The “young woman,” who was old enough to be his mother, and looked old enough to be his grandmother, laughed and departed, and Emma heard her bawling to some one, to know if Chelsea Bob was in the way.

The moment she was gone, the child Ben jumped on his feet, and, looking eagerly at Emma, said, “In God's name, how did you get here?”

“I followed you all the way,” said Emma, with calm composure. “I heard the word you gave, and, Lord forgive me! said it myself at the door. And here I am.”

“Young woman, you're mad! You

don't know where you are. I can't tell you. Quick! they'll be here in a moment. I will let you out. Quick!—it will be too late in one minute.”

“I'll never leave this house alive, without Reuben,” was Emma's quiet answer. And as she gave it, she was conscious that the bawling after “Chelsea Bob” had ceased almost as soon as it had begun, and there was a dead silence.

“Lord of Moses!” said little Ben, clutching wildly at his hair—“she'll drive me mad! Emma!—girl!—young woman!—will you be sane? I'll let you out, if you'll go. If you don't go this instant, you'll never go alive, I tell you. I like you. I like your face and your way, and I like Reuben, and came down all the way to Chelsea to-night for good will towards him. I'll get him out of this for you. I'll do anything for you, if you'll only clear. I shall be half-murdered for it, but I'll do it. You're among Levison's lot, I tell you. Coiners; you understand that. No one leaves here alive. You understand that. It will be too late directly.”

It was too late already, it appeared. Two men were in the room, and three women, including the untidy one, who might now, in comparison with the two others, have made good her claim to a rather exceptional neatness of attire and cleanliness of person. The battle began by one of the men striking poor little Ben with his whole strength on the side of his head, and sending him against the bars of the fireplace, from which he fell stunned and motionless. The girl who had let Emma in, went and picked him up, and kissed him, and held him in her arms like a child, scowling all the time savagely at Emma.

“You cowardly brute,” cried Emma, in full defiance, drawing herself up until she looked as big as her mother—“striking a child like that! I want my cousin Reuben. Reuben! Reuben!”

She said this so loud, that the man who had struck the child said quickly, “Collar her!” But she was on one side of the table and they on the other; and before they had time to get round, she

stopped them by saying, "I'll put a knife in the heart of any one that comes near me. Mind that! Reuben—Reuben! Help!"

The pause was only instantaneous. They saw that she had no knife, and rushed on her. But her cries had not been in vain. One of the men had just seized her, and was holding his hand over her mouth, when he received a staggering blow on his ear, which he remembered for a long while, about ten times harder than the one he had given to poor plucky little Ben; and a hoarse voice, belonging to the person who had given the blow, said, with perfect equanimity—

"What's up here? what's up? what's up? Hands off is manners. I won't have no girls fisted in this house."

One of the untidy young ladies was beginning to remark that she liked that, and that it was pleasing to find that they was to be overrode in their own crib by Chelsea roughs as was kept dark out of charity, when she was interrupted by Emma casting herself at the feet of the woman who had struck the blow, and crying out—

"Mrs. Bardolph!—help me! Dear Mrs. Bardolph, when I read the good words to you in your fever, you said you would never forget me. Help me now!"

And then that terrible woman, so hideous, so fierce, so reckless—the woman who had been steeped in infamy from her girlhood; the woman whose past was a catalogue of crimes, whose future seemed a hopeless hell; the woman who had never forgotten God, because she had never known Him; who had never repented, because evil had been her good from childhood; this savage, unsexed termagant now bent down over poor Emma, and said, in a voice of terror—"My God! it's Miss Burton! Emma Burton, I would sooner have been dead than see you here. Oh, I would sooner have been dead than seen this. Oh, Miss Burton! Miss Burton! what has brought you to this evil den?"

"I have come after my cousin Reuben. I have come to save him. He is inno-

cent, for he told me so, and he never deceived me. Mrs. Bardolph, you must die some day; don't die with this sin on your mind. Don't lend your help to ruin an innocent young man, who never harmed you. Let me see him, and I will persuade him to come away with me, and we will bless your name as long as we live."

Mrs. Bardolph, *née* Tearsheet, turned to one who stood beside her, and said, "Come, you know what I told you. Decide. Let him go." And Emma turned, too, and for the first time saw her cousin Samuel.

She did not know him. She did not even guess who this strange, long-nosed man, with the satanic eye-brows, and his mouth close up under his nose, could be. She only saw that he was the most remarkable-looking person present, and, though he looked like a great scoundrel, yet still there was a certain air of refinement about him; so she turned to him—

"Come, sir. You are an old man. Your account will soon be rendered. You have power here; you will not use it against this poor young man's soul. I see you are yielding, by your eyes," she went on, taking his hand. "Dear sir, you must have had a son of your own once; for his sake help me to save my cousin."

"If you take away your cousin, Emma, you take away my son, and leave me all alone."

She knew who he was now.

"Cousin! Cousin Samuel, come with him. It is never too late. Cousin, there is time yet to lead a good life in a new country, with Reuben by your side. Let us three leave here to-night together, cousin, and set our backs for ever to all this evil and this forgetfulness of God. Come, cousin."

"I can never go, my poor child," said the convict. "And, even if I let Reuben go (for he'd stay by me through everything), I lose my only son for ever."

"Not for ever. Why for ever? Raise yourself to his level, and don't seek to drag him down to yours. There is good

in your heart yet, cousin ; for your hand trembles as I speak. Hah ! I have conquered. Oh, thank God ! I have conquered !”

So she had. Samuel Burton drew her arm through his, and led her away, while the others stood silent. Emma saw she had been right in appealing to him. He was evidently a man of authority. There was little doubt, from the deference which was shown him by the others, that he was by far the greatest rogue in the house.

He led her upstairs, through a different way from that by which she had come in, and she found herself in a parlour, one side of which was of glass, beyond which was evidently the bar, for she heard the drinkers talking ; and in this parlour there was no one but Reuben, fast asleep on a settle.

“Go up and speak to him,” said Samuel, in a whisper.

Emma went up and shook him by the shoulder. “Reuben, dear,” she said, “get up and come home. Jim and Joe’s a sitting up waiting for you ; and father, he wants to see you before he goes to bed. Look sharp.”

Reuben rose up, and looked at her sleepily. “Why, Emma, old girl,” he said, “I thought I was at the Cross Keys ! So I am, by gad ! How did you come here ?”

“I came after you. Look sharp.”

Reuben looked again in wonder, and saw Samuel Burton. “Father,” he said, “am I to go back there ?”

“Yes, Reuben. Go back with her—go back, and don’t come here any more.”

“Are you coming ?” said Reuben.

“Not I, my boy. We must part for the present. Go with her. Say good-bye to me, and go.”

“Why ? I don’t want to desert you, father. Emma ain’t the girl to advise a man to pitch his own father overboard ; more particularly, as in the present case, on the top of a strong ebb tide, with the wind west, and a deal more land water coming down after the late rains, or else I’m no waterman. Emma ain’t here to-night to tell me to cut the only rope that holds my own father to the hope of

better things : not if she’s the young woman I take her for, she ain’t.”

And so well did poor Reuben put his case, that Emma, for a moment, thought she wasn’t. But Samuel Burton came in on the right side, with one of those facile lies which had grown from long practice to be far more easy to him than the truth.

“I tell you, boy, that you must go with her. Your presence here endangers both of us. She has tracked you here to-night, and the traps are not far off, as your sense will tell you. There are not two safe minutes left to say good-bye—”

Here Emma, with an instinct of good breeding which would have done honour to any lady in the land, went outside the door, and left them alone together. And outside the door she found the Bardolph, *née* Tearsheet, who said, “Well, Miss’ Burton, I have served you well to-night.”

And Emma said, “God, bless you for it—nobly.”

“I suppose you wouldn’t make no amends for it ? I suppose you wouldn’t do nothing in return as I asked you ?”

“I will do anything. God, who has saved one who is very dear to me, from ruin, to-night, is my witness, Mrs. Bardolph.”

“Well, when you’re a saying of your prayers, which you says them constant, as you give me to understand when I had the fever, and wanted me to do it also—when you says ’em, take and say one for me. ‘Lord !’ says you, ‘I don’t uphold her in nothink as she’s done, but it wasn’t *all* her fault’—There, there’s your sweetheart. You’d best go. Let me send out that little devil, Ben, to see if the traps is clear. Ben ! Ben !”

Ben, although he had been, a very short time before, brutally knocked on to the top of the kitchen fire, and had lain stunned for some time, was up to the mark, and appeared, with the indomitable pluck of his nation, ready for action. He was very pale and ill, but he winked at Emma, and hoped, in a weak voice, that her young man wasn’t jealous, for the girls was always a running after him. Having done his patrol, he came

back and reported an entire absence of the executive arm, whether in the uniform of their country, or disguised in the habiliments of private citizens. And then, Emma having caught him up and kissed him a dozen times, the two cousins departed.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EMMA GIVES THE KEY TO THE LANDLORD.

"MY dear Gerty," said Sir George, looking up from his dinner at his wife, "I expect an old acquaintance of yours here this evening."

"And who is that, my dear?—an Australian?"

"No; it is only young Burton, the waterman. I think you used to like him."

"Indeed, I like him very much."

"I am very glad to hear that, Gerty, my love; for I was thinking of providing for him, as an under-keeper at Stanlake, if you didn't object."

"I object, George! I am very fond of him, indeed. He puts me in mind of a merry young man (a hand, I regret to say) that my father had—Billy Dargan."

"Do you mean Dargan who was hung for piracy?"

"The very same. How clever of you to know that, for he was hung before your time!"

"Good heavens, Gerty! Do you mean to say that poor Reuben puts you in mind of that fellow?"

"To a most extraordinary degree," said Gerty, looking up; and then, seeing she was somehow making a terrible mistake, adding, "I mean in his way of tying his handkerchief. And there is also an indescribable style about his legs, a kind of hornpipy expression about them, which forcibly recalls poor Dargan's legs to my mind at this moment."

"I was afraid you meant that they were alike in expression of face."

"Oh, good gracious, how ridiculous!" said Gerty, who *had* meant it, nevertheless. "The idea! Fancy poor Reuben

cutting a skipper's throat, and throwing the crew overboard, and practising at them with a rifle! What can make you think of such wicked things, you ridiculous old stupid?"

"You'll be kind to him then, Gerty, old girl?"

"Indeed, I will, Georgy. I'll be kind to anything or anybody that *you like*. I'll be most affectionate to him, I assure you. Lor! My word! I wonder what Aggy is at now."

"Fast asleep in bed, dear. Nine hours' difference in time, you know."

"Yes; that's very curious. It quite reminds me of Joshua putting back the dial of Ahaz—I mean Ahasuerus. What a goose I must be! though I don't believe you know the difference, you dear old heathen. I say, George."

"Yes, Gerty."

"When are we going back to Cooks land, dear?"

"To Cooksland?"

"Yes, dear. Lesbia and Phelim O'Ryan are going back next month. It would be rather nice to go with them, wouldn't it?"

George, the baronet, with ten thousand a year, had not much notion of going back there at all, as you may suppose. But he did not wish to break the fact to Gerty suddenly. Gerty, in good humour, was a very pleasant companion; but a lachrymose and low-spirited Gerty was, as he knew by experience, enough to drive far less irritable men than he out of their senses. Her infinite silliness sat most prettily on her when she was cheerful and happy; but her silliness, when superadded to chronic, whimpering, low spirits, was unendurable. And, moreover, he had acquired a certain sort of respect for Gerty. Silly as she was, she had played her cards well enough to make his father destroy the obnoxious will. He could not deny, he thought, that all their present prosperity was owing to her. Luck had prevented his father making a new will, but Gerty's beauty and childishness had most undoubtedly been the cause of his destroying the old one. He gave that sort of

respect to Gerty which is generally accorded to fortunate legatees—the respect and admiration, in short, which we are most of us prepared to pay to luck. So he temporized.

“My love,” he said, “you know that the colony is not healthy for very young children. You must know that.”

She was obliged to confess that it was very notorious.

“We must wait until baby is stronger—we must, indeed. Just think of poor Professor Brown’s children—not one left in two years.”

She acquiesced with a sigh. “You know best, dear. But, oh! George, this dreadful winter! Think of the cold!”

“We will go to Italy, dear. You will never regret Australia there. Halloa, here comes Reuben. Let us have him in.”

And so poor Reuben was had in. He looked a good deal older and more sobered than when we first knew him at Stanlake, but not in other respects altered—changed in degree, but not in quality—a little low-spirited under recent events, but not at all disinclined to be as slangy and merry as ever as soon as the sun should shine.

“Jim told me you wanted to speak to me, sir.”

“Quite right. I want to know what you are thinking of doing. I wish to help you.”

“I’m a-going to Australia, sir, with my cousins. They have been very kind, sir. Whether it was their natural kindness, or whether it was my cousin Emma who influenced them, or partly both, I don’t know; but after all the sorrow, and trouble, and disgrace I have caused them, they took me back again, as if nothing had happened. Any one would have thought that I had always been an honour to them, and that I had just done ’em some great kindness. The old man, he says—‘Reuben, my boy, I’m glad to see you home again. It’s a poor place and will be a poorer, my old chap, he says; but, such as it is, you’re welcome to it.’ And so I am going to Australia with them.”

“But have you got any money to go with?”

“No, sir,” said Reuben. “They are going to take me, and I am to make it good afterwards.”

“But you would not go if you were offered a good situation in England?”

“I’d rather not go,” said Reuben. “But I am doubtful how they would take it.”

“George,” said Gerty, suddenly and eagerly, “order the carriage for me, and let me go to these people and represent the matter to them. I will make it all right for you. Let me go.”

George felt sincerely obliged to his wife for her readiness to anticipate his wishes; but it was not that which made Gerty so eager about the matter. No; these people, these Burtons, had suddenly become sacred and important people in her eyes. For were they not going to that sunny happy land where she was born; would they not soon see, with the actual eyes of the flesh, and not in dreams, as she did, that dear old home of hers, which, she began to feel, she herself would never, never, see again?

She drove hurriedly to Chelsea, and the coachman soon found the place for her. She was nearly too late. The great house was empty and the rooms all desolate: but the door was not yet shut, the neighbours told her, and there was some one in the house still; so Gerty, not a bit frightened, after knocking once or twice at the door, went in, and entered the great room on the lower floor, where the family were accustomed to live.

All deserted, melancholy, cold, and dead, the room was no more a room now than is the corpse you put into the coffin your friend. Life, motion, and sound were gone from it, and there was no expression in it, save the blank stare of death. The old walls which, when partly covered with furniture, used to laugh and wink from fifty projections in the firelight, now stared down, four cold, bare, white expanses, on little Gerty standing in the middle of the room, all in black. She had never happened to see a dismantled home before, and her gentle little soul was saddened by it; and she yearned

to be with those that were gone, in the happy land far away.

She noticed the empty open cupboards ; nails upon the wall ; the marks where a few pictures had hung ; and the few things which were left lying about. They were very few, only such things as were deemed unworthy of removal—a scrap of carpet with holes in it, or more correctly, some holes, with a little carpet round them ; a hearth-broom, which reminded her, she said afterwards, of Lieutenant Tomkins of the Black Police, for it had shaved off its beard and whiskers, and only wore a slight moustache ; a bandbox, which had been fighting, and got its head broken ; and a dog of Fred's with his bellows broken off. The foolish little woman felt sorry for these things. She thought they must feel very lonely at being left behind, and went so far as to take pity on Fred's dog, and hire it for the service of Baby. And, when she had done this, knowing that there were people in the house somewhere, she, as adventurous a little body, in warm weather, as you would easily find, determined to go up stairs,—and up she went ; and in course of time she came to the vast room on the first floor, so often described by the young blacksmith in these pages, and peeped in.

It was all bare, empty, and dismantled. There was nothing in it. But two people stood together in one of the many windows which looked westward ; and they stood so still and silent, and looked so strange and small in the midst of the majestic desolation, that Gerty stood still too, and was afraid to speak.

They were a young man and a young woman, and the young woman said, "You hardly did right in coming back this afternoon, when you knew I was all alone. Did you now?"

"I don't know, and I don't care, Emma. I knew that yours was to be the last footstep which crossed the threshold and left the dear old house to darkness and solitude, and I determined to be with you. Loving you so madly as I do, every board in these

rooms which you have walked on is sacred to me by the mere tread of your footstep. So I determined to see the last of the house with you, who are the cause of my loving it, and who get dearer to me day by day and hour by hour."

"Erne! Erne! don't drive me mad. You have no right to talk to me like this."

"I have. You gave it once. Do you think you can recall it? Never! I have the right to talk to you like this until you can look me in the face and tell me that you do not love me. And when will that be, hey?"

"Never," she answered, "as you well know. Are you determined, cruelly, to make me undergo my full punishment for two days' indiscretion?"

"Yes; there is no escape but one. I am determined."

"And so am I," said Emma, wearily. "It is time to go, is it not? Are you going to persist in your mad refusal of your share of the property?"

"Let him give it me then. I will never ask him for it," replied Erne.

"What insanity!" she repeated. "When Mr. Compton tells you that your share of the personal property would be nearly enough to keep you in England."

"I will never ask for it."

"You mean that you will follow me, and bring yourself to my level."

By this time Gerty had fully satisfied herself that she was eavesdropping, and, hearing her husband's name mentioned, felt it high time to say, Ahem! Whereupon the couple in the window turned ; and Erne, and she recognised one another, and, Erne running to her, she fairly threw her arms round his neck, and hugged him.

"My dear Erne, to find you here! You never did, you know. And your pretty sweetheart, too; you must give me a kiss, dear Emma; do you remember the day I nearly fainted in church, and you put your arm round me? My dear, you are the very person I wanted. Sir George sent me here to say that he is willing to provide handsomely for

Reuben, if you won't be offended at his staying behind. Reuben wants your father to have it explained to him that he is not ungrateful, but the contrary. You'll undertake to square matters, won't you? What were you and Erne quarrelling about just now? I want you to tell me; because, in return for your making the peace between Reuben and your father, I will set matters all right between Erne and you. Come, now, tell me?"

Erne said that it was only an outbreak of violence on Emma's part.

"Oh! that is nothing. George is like that sometimes. Are you two married?"

Erne said "No. Not yet."

"If I was in your place, I should send down to the township for the parson, and get tied up right away. That will be the real peppermint, you'll find; because, you see, dear, now that your father and all your brothers and sisters are gone, you'll find it lonely."

"I am going with them, ma'am," said poor Emma.

"Oh dear! I hope you have not broken with Erne. My sweetest girl, he loves the ground you walk on. Oh my good gracious goodness me! why, he never used to talk to one about anything else. I never was so sorry; I'd sooner that the garden was a-fire; I'd sooner that all the sheep were adrift in the Mallee; I'd sooner that the Honey-suckle dam was mopped up as dry as Sturt Street. I'd sooner—"

"Gerty, dear," said Erne, arresting her in her Homeric catalogue of the evils which come on those who have fallen under the anger of the gods (in Australia), and taking her aside, "Nothing is broken off. I am going to Cooksland too."

Gerty, having been suddenly shunted off one line of rails, while at full speed, and being very much astonished, put on all her breaks, and stopped; which gave Erne time to go on.

"My dearest sister, you can be of most inestimable service to us. I could not get at you (you know why, dear), and it seems a special Providence, my having

met you here. What I want done is this: go home and write letters to your sister and brother-in-law, introducing me and the Burtons. Say all that you can about us. Do the best you can, and send these letters to this address. Above all, dear Gerty, do this. Now, I am very much in earnest, dear, and I am sure you will do as I ask you. Tell George every particular about this interview, and what I have asked you to do, before you put pen to paper. Will you promise me this?"

Yes, she would promise it, if need were; but, didn't Erne think, that under the circumstances, eh? And James could do so much for them, too. And if George were to forbid her to write?

Erne said, "He will give you leave, Gerty. I'll bet you a pair of gloves he does. George is justly and righteously angry with me just now, but he'll forgive me some day: when I am worthy of his forgiveness. When I have made my fortune, Gerty, I will come and kneel at his feet. He would suspect me now I am poor. Now, good-bye."

Those three came out of the old house into the summer sunshine, and Emma came last, and then turned and locked the door. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, son of the blacksmith at Putney, first opened that hospitable old door, and now Emma Burton, daughter of the blacksmith at Chelsea, locked it up for ever.

When mighty America was only a small irregular line on the chart of the world, that pile of brick and stone was built up; and we, poor worms of a day, have seen it stand there, and have weaved a child's fancies about it. I, who write, remember well that, on my return home, after a long residence in the most fire-new of all sucking empires, constructed with the highest improvements—gas, universal suffrage, telegraphs, religious toleration, and all—it was a great wonder to me, living in a house which had actually been built nearly sixty years. I remember that, at first, the date of every building I saw, and the reflections as to what had happened since that building was put up, had an

intense interest for me. A Londoner passes Westminster Abbey every day in the week, and it is Westminster Abbey to him, and there is a cab-stand at the corner: but, if you want to know what veneration for antiquity means, you must go to an American or to an Australian to find out: you must follow Mr. and Mrs. Nalder, through Westminster Abbey—taking care they don't see you, or they will immediately vilipend the whole affair, for the honour of old Chicago.

So Emma, preparing for her flight from the country of impertinent sparrows, to the country of still more impertinent parrakeets, locked the door, and ended the history of Church Place as a home. Hereafter, during the short space that the old house stood, no lover lingered about the door in the summer twilight, for the chance of one more sweet whisper; no children played about the door-step, or sent the echoes of their voices ringing through the lofty rooms; no blushing fluttering bride passed in to her happiness; and no coffin was ever carried forth, save one.

CHAPTER XLIV.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: OUR VOYAGE,
WITH A LONG DESCRIPTION OF SOME
QUEER FISH THAT WE SAW.

I KNOW that my love for Erne Hillyar was, at first, only one of those boy friendships which I suppose all boys have had; which after a time fade away, and then flow strong again for another object; or, if there be no new object, simply wear out into a kind of half-jealous regret. "He don't care for me as he used," you say mournfully; no, but how much do you care for him, my good friend? Would you go into the next street to meet him, if it would prevent your going ten miles to get ten minutes with Mary? I think not. These boy passions die out to a certain limit, and to a certain limit only; for there is always a tenderness left for the old boy after all. Tom must always have reserved for him the inestimable

and delicious privilege of being bored to death with the catalogue of Mary's perfections, until he mentally howls at the mention of that dear creature's name; and Tom must be your best man at the wedding if procurable, because the renewal of the old *tendresse* on that particular occasion is something sentimentally good and graceful, even if it is the finish and end of the whole business—for which result there is no possible reason.

But my friendship for Erne was not of this kind altogether, for it grew and developed. Martha never came between him and me for a moment. I fell in love with Martha—well, principally, I believe, because I fell in love with her. Come, sir, what made you fall in love with your wife? Don't know? No more do I know why I fell in love with my wife, unless it was her spraining her ankle on the slide by Clerkenwell Prison, and having no one to take her home. But, having once fallen in love with her, I began to find out, by degrees, what a noble, excellent little body she was; and so my love for her grew and grew, and I would not like to swear (though I should not like her to know it) that it has reached its full development yet. And yet, the more I loved Martha, the more my friendship for Erne became part of myself. For, having inherited from my mother the trick of living, save on special emergencies, in the future, or in the past, or anywhere but in the present, I had gradually built up for myself a palace of fancy, quite as beautiful as you could expect from a mere blacksmith's lad, in which palace Martha and I were to live for ever in comfort by the products of my trade, and in which also Erne and Emma were to take up their abode with us, and live on—say manna or quails: details are contemptible. I fancy, if my recollection serves me, that part of the scheme was that Martha and I were to have four children, two boys and two girls, exceedingly beautiful and good; and that, when we had arrived at this point, we were to stop—which we haven't. I think also, at one time, after having

seen a certain picture, that I intended to have another and a fifth child, who was to die beautifully in infancy, and to do something absolutely tremendous, in a sentimental point of view, on its death-bed. I don't know how long this last fancy—thank God, only a fancy—endured; but I do know that this dear martyr was the only one of my five children for whom I sketched out any future whatever. The other four were to remain children, ranging in age from two years to seven, until Martha and I, grey-headed in the character of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, were borne together (having died the same day—a matter of detail easily arranged on a future opportunity) into the churchyard of the late ingenious Mr. Gray's "Elegy," followed by a sorrowing population.

Erne and Emma had become so necessary a part of this day-dream, and this day-dream moreover had become such a very necessary part of myself, that I was more distressed than you can well conceive at the estrangement between them. The more so, because I did not for one moment share Erne's hope of any alteration taking place in Emma's resolution. Whether I judged on this matter from reason or from instinct I hardly know; whichever it was, my conclusion was the same. I had a profound faith in a certain quiet determination which I saw now in Emma's face, and which in my moments of irritation—an irritation, however, which I never outwardly showed—I called obstinacy.

I had my sanguine moods, however. There was a gentle, tender, and yet unobtrusive assiduity about Erne's attentions to her, which gave me great hopes. No woman, I thought, could resist that sort of thing long, particularly a woman who loved him as she loved him. Alas! though I knew it not, it was her very love for him which gave her the strength to resist him. When my mother told me what she had said, "He must rise, and I should only drag him down," I lost hope again. That motive, superadded to her devotion to poor Joe, made my day-dream fade away once more.

Now, being in a certain line of busi-

ness myself, I made the remarkable discovery, which has been confirmed by later experience on my own part, and by comparison of notes with eminent travellers from all quarters of the globe, that there is no such a place for courting as aboard ship. Even suppose that the ship completed her voyage on a perfectly even keel, without any motion whatever—even in that extreme case you would have the great advantage of constant intercourse. But then she don't; but, on the contrary, rolls, dives and leaps like a mad thing, three quarters of her time, and by this means actually, as well as metaphorically, so throws young people together—gives rise to such a necessity for small attentions—that it's wonder to me sometimes—when in one of my mother's moods, why, on the arrival of the ship into port, all the unmarried couples on board don't pair off, and go straight off to church to get married.¹

One day of one long voyage comes before me particularly clearly. And yet, as I write, I cannot say that all the little circumstances which I tell took place on that day or on several; for at sea Time is naught, but his mechanical and earthly eidola, latitude and longitude, take his place. I can't tell you in what month this day (or these days, it may be) fell; but it was in the trades, though whether N.E. or S.E. I cannot at this period undertake to remember. Yes, it was in the trades.

For all space was filled with a divine grey-blue effulgence, which has, to my wandering fancy, always seemed to be the trade-wind itself—the only visible wind I know of. It was not too hot nor too cold, nor too bright nor too dull; and the ship was going fast, and heeling over enough to make everything you leant against more pleasant than a rocking-chair—going with a gentle heaving motion, for which it would be absurd to hunt up a simile, because there is nothing so wonderfully delightful wherewith to compare it. There were clouds, slow sailing clouds, but they

¹ I beg to call the Hon. J. Burton's attention to the fact that they almost always do.

were of frosted silver; and there was open sky, but of the very faintest blue, save immediately overhead, where the delicate needle of a top-gallant mast swept across it in a shortened arc, and where it was a faint purple. There were sounds—one a gentle universal rush, that of the wind itself, filling space; and others, supplementary voices, the low gentle lapping of the waves upon the ship's side, and the sleepy gurgling and hissing of many eddies around her. All things seemed going one way with some settled kindly purpose. The clouds seemed to be leading the wind, and the wind to be steadily following the clouds, while the purple waves, a joyous busy crowd, seemed to be hurrying on after both of them, to some unknown trysting-place. Yes, I know we were in the trades.¹

Martha was sitting on the top of some spare spars under the lee bulwark, and I was sitting beside her, but on a lower level, and a little more forward, so that I had to lean backwards whenever I wanted to look in her face. And this was a very nice arrangement, because I generally found that she was looking at me, and I caught the soft, quiet gaze of her deep calm love, before it broke into the gentle smile that—Hallo here, hallo! this will never do. I mean that it was a very good place to sit in, because it was in the shade under one of the boats, and we could quietly watch every one else, and make our comments upon them. No one ever took the trouble to watch us. Every one knew that we were keeping company. We were rather favourites in the ship from being a quiet pair of bodies, but were otherwise uninteresting.

By the mainmast was my father, in close confabulation with "Damper." Now, although "Damper" is only a nickname, and a rather low one, yet you are not to suppose that the gentleman who owns it is at all a low person. He,

as he stands there against the mainmast, with his square brown face and grizzled hair, against my father's square brown face and grizzled hair, is a most resplendent and magnificent gentleman. His clothes are the richest and best-made that London can give him; the watch and chain he wears in and over his white waistcoat cost more than a hundred guineas; he has been five-and-twenty years in Australia, and is worth very nearly half a million of money; his style and titles before the world are the Honourable Elijah Dawson, M.L.C., of no less than seven places, colonial estates of his, with names apparently made up by a committee of all the lunatics in Bedlam at full moon. Yet this man is disrespectfully called "Damper" (which is a low colonialism, a common name for a working bullock), behind his back, by the whole ship's company; and I—I, the blacksmith's lad—have that man under my thumb and in my power to that extent that, whenever I take the liberty of being in company with him, he addresses the principal part of the conversation deferentially to me. I don't know that I ever should have the heart to denounce the low-lived villain; but it is pleasant to hold a man who wears a hundred-guinea watch, as it were, in the hollow of your hand.

The truth is that I found this low fellow out quite accidentally. One day, going on board the ship when she was in the docks, I, who had already heard what a great man he was, was struck not only with his magnificent appearance, but also with the practical knowledge he showed, connected with some rather delicate machinery, a small case of which had been broken open by careless men. I was surprised to hear him tell his servant carefully to lubricate the articles with Rangoon oil before they were re-packed, to keep the salt air from them; and there was something grand and strange in finding that so splendid a person could be up in such details as these, or should take the trouble to attend to them. But, half an hour after, I found the low-lived impostor out. Going into a blacksmith's forge in the Commercial

¹ Mr. Henry Burton begs to state that the whole of the above paragraph is copied *verbatim* from his logbook. The passage as it stands may be found at p. 58 of his "Miscellanies in Verse and Prose." Bleet. Palmerston: 1858.

Road, there I found him. His coat and waistcoat were off; his hundred-guinea watch was laid on the bench among the tools; his head was bare; his shirt-sleeves were turned up to his elbows; and he was engaged in welding two pieces of iron together, one of the smiths assisting him, with a rapidity and dexterity in the use of his hammer which proved at once the disgraceful fact. This legislator, this responsible adviser of his sovereign's representative, this millionaire aristocrat, this fellow who only the week before had disported himself in the presence of royalty at St. James's with breeches and silk stockings on his impostor's legs and silver buckles in his low-lived shoes—this man was not only a blacksmith, but an uncommon good one.

I don't think I ever felt so proud of the old British empire before. I wished the Queen could have seen him, and I daresay she would have been as pleased as I was. But the Honourable Elijah Dawson did not see it in this light at all. Every one who had ever heard his name, from her Majesty downwards, knew that this great Australian millionaire had been a blacksmith, and he knew they knew it; it was the crowning point of his honour; and yet the honest fellow was most amusingly ashamed of it. When I found him in the shop, he put on his coat and waistcoat, and took me by the arm, pushing me before him into a neighbouring public-house. He then made me swallow a glass of strong waters before he said anything.

"I see you aboard the ship to-day."

"Yes, sir."

"You're a smith yourself, ar'n't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't say nothing about what you see me doing on. I'm a friend of yours. Don't say nothing of it aboard ship. There's Pollifex and Morton aboard, and I should never hear the last on it. It was that Morton as christened me 'Damper'; and see how that's stuck. Hold your tongue, my boy, and I'm a friend of yours, remember."

And so he was, a most generous and kind one. We had hardly got to sea

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before he found my father out. The two men, so much of an age, and so much alike, conceived a strong liking for one another, which, as you may guess, was of immense benefit to us.

Whom else do Martha and I see, from our lair under the boat? Why, Pollifex and Morton, of whom our friend, Elijah Dawson, stands so much in dread. They have come down into the waist to smoke their cigars, and are leaning against the capstan. Let us, with the assistance of my brothers Joe and Henry, have a look at these two typical men; it is really worth the time.

The Honourable Abiram Pollifex—"Accommodation Pollifex," "Footrot Pollifex," "Chimpansee Pollifex," as he is indifferently called by his friends and enemies—is only a new comer in Cooksland, having migrated thither from the older, and better-known Australian colony of Endractsland, where, for a considerable number of years, he filled the post (Harry says that is not good English, but I am head of the family, and will use what English I choose) of Colonial Secretary. His great political object, consistently, and somewhat skilfully pursued through sixteen years, precisely corresponded with that of Sir Robert Walpole, as described by Mr. Carlyle, "To keep things going, and to keep himself, Robert Walpole, on the top of them."

I am not sure that the historical parallel between these two great statesmen need stop at the mere statement of their political motives. There is a certain similarity in the means they used to attain their end. They both bribed as hard as they could, and both did as little as possible in the way of legislation. With regard to bribery, Walpole was decidedly the greatest man, save in intention; but, with regard to "*laissez aller*," Pollifex beat him hollow.

Pollifex—a long, lean, lantern-jawed Devonshire squireen, known through all the old West country for his *bonhomme*, his amazing powers of dry humour, and wonderfully remarkable personal appearance—assumed the place of prime minister in Endractsland, somewhere in the

dark and prehistoric ages (say as long ago as 1820), because there didn't happen to be any one else. He was one of the best secretaries they ever had. To say that he governed the colony wisely and well would be to talk nonsense, because he never governed it at all, but shewed his great shrewdness in letting it develop itself. When he took the reins, the landscape was still lit up with the lurid glare of the convict hell, from the dark night of which the little community had barely emerged. When he dropped them, the tide of free emigration had set strongly in; and he himself saw that the dawn had begun, and that the time of free institutions was at hand—that, with some restrictions, a rather liberal suffrage could be conceded to the new non-convict emigrants who had poured in in such numbers, and to such of the convicts as had so far practically shown their reformation as to have homesteads of 180 acres. Then the old Tory took himself quietly out of the gap, and let the waters run in. He had no objection to looking on, and seeing it done, but he would have no hand in it. *He*, at all events, was no Tory who would bid for power by bringing in a measure of Reform.

I have said that he did nothing; and in a legislative point of view he *had* done nothing; and yet he had done that same nothing in such a wonderfully shrewd and dexterous way that in the end it amounted to a very great something. No less than five governors—all of them good gentlemen, but each and all of them absolutely ignorant of the temper of the colonists and the wants of the colony—had been sent over to him; and he, by his tact, had prevented every one of these new brooms from sweeping too clean, until they saw where to sweep: nay, very often succeeded in persuading them not to sweep at all, but to let the dust be blown away by the free winds of heaven; and this was something. Again, his own wealth had grown enormously, as wealth will grow in Australia; his sheep and cattle multiplied under his superintendents; and so his interests got identi-

fied with the squatters. Thus he had the power, as one of the greatest of them, to stand between them and the *doctrinaires* and retired military officers who were in those times sent out as governors. He bribed shamefully in the creation of places for the sons of turbulent colonists; but he always kept a clear balance-sheet; and, as for his own hands, they were as clean as snow; he was a poorer man by many thousands from his long retention of office. A man of higher aspirations, and less practical shrewdness, would not have done the work half so well. On the emergence of the colony from the Sodom-and-Gomorrah state of things incidental on a convict community, into such a noble kingdom as Endractsland now is, there is a certain amount of dirty work which some one must do. James Oxtou found a virgin soil, and brought over a free population. *His* work was as clean as his own shirt-front, and he did it well. Abiram Pollifex found Bedlam and Newgate boiling up together, and had to watch the pot. All honour to him that he did the dirty work as cleanly as he did.

Now let us take a glance at the handsome brown-faced, gentlemanly looking dandy, with a carefully trimmed moustache, who stands beside him. He is a very different sort of person; infinitely more of a "representative" man than Chimpanzee Pollifex, from the simple fact that he is by no means an uncommon article—nay, more, is one of the commonest articles going—though developed, as far as he is capable of development, by exceptional circumstances; a young English gentleman of good family, with a public-school education. When we were over in England for the Exhibition of 1862, we hired a carriage and went for a drive in the park; and there, if we saw one Charles Morton, we saw five hundred. Charles Mortons were standing against the rails in long rows, like penguins—each one most wonderfully like the other; all cast nearly in the same mould by Nature, and, if not, every trifling peculiarity of outward look polished away by in-

exorable custom ; all dressed alike, with their beards and moustaches so exactly in the same pattern that it became ludicrous ; men whom those who don't know them sneer at as mere flaneurs, but whose suppressed volcanic energy shows itself, to those who care to observe, in that singularly insane and dangerous amusement, fox-hunting—all men with whom falsehood, cowardice, and dishonour are simply nameless impossibilities. We know them better than we did, since the darkening hours of Sebastopol and Delhi, and it was only their own faults that such as I did not know them better before. The halo of glory which was thrown round the heads of these dandies, by their magnificent valour from 1854 to 1859, has done the body of them an infinite deal of harm. We can trust you, and will follow you in war, gentlemen ; but in peace, cannot you manage to amalgamate a little more with the middle and lower classes ? Are the old class-distinctions to go on for ever, and leave you dandies, the very men we are ready to take by the hand and make friends of, in a minority, as regards the whole nation, of 99 to 1 ? Can't we see a little more of you, gentlemen, just at this time, when there is no great political difficulty between your class and ours ; if it were only for the reason that no one out of Bedlam supposes that things are always to go on with the same oily smoothness as they are doing just now. I think we understand you, gentlemen. I wish you would take your gloves off sometimes. You have been more courteous to us since the Reform Bill ; but certain ill-conditioned blackguards among us say that it is only the courtesy which is engendered of fear, and but ill replaces the old condescending *bonhomme* which we shared with your pointers and your grooms. Douglas Jerrold is dead, and buried at Kensal Green ; and there happens to be no one alive at present who is able or cares to overstate the case of the poor against the rich with quite so much cleverness as he. But at any dark hour another man of similar abilities might come forth and make

terrible mischief between us again. You can be earnest and hearty enough about anything of which you see the necessity. Can no one persuade you that the most necessary thing just now is an amalgamation of classes ? You could never get together a *Jeunesse Dorée* without our assistance, and yet you treat us like *sans-culottes*.

Charles Morton was at Eton, and, while there, I do not doubt displayed the qualities hereditary in his family—truth, honour, and manliness. Another quality, also hereditary in his family, he got but scant opportunity of displaying at Eton—I allude to the accomplishment of horsemanship ; but, when he got to St. Paul's College, Oxford, he made up for lost time. From this time forward he seemed to forget that he had any legs. Boating, cricket, football, everything was neglected utterly. He got on horseback and stayed there ; and henceforth the history of the man's life is the history of his horses.

Hunting at Oxford, as I gather from the highest attainable authority, costs just five pounds a day if you send on ; and you can hunt five days a week. By a rough calculation, then, Charley must have spent near five hundred pounds in the hunting season. Besides this, he liked to be dressed like a gentleman. Besides this, again, he was fond of seeing his friends, and his friends were rather a fast and noisy lot, as Greatbatch's bill clearly proved. "Why, Charley, my boy," said his father, "you seem not only to have drunk the punch, but to have swallowed the bowls afterwards." All of which would certainly cost four hundred a year more. Thus we have brought Charley up to nine hundred a year, without mentioning any other items of extravagance ; whereas his allowance was strictly limited to 350*l*. It became necessary for Master Charley to leave the University.

The governor had just had in a few little bills from Charley's elder brother Jim, in the 140th Dragoons ; and so he had heard enough of the army just then. Law and physic were denied to Charley from incapacity and idleness ; and, as

there did not seem to be any reasonable hope of fitting Charley, with his habits, for a cure of souls at a less expense than some five thousand pounds, it was considered that, taking risks into consideration, the Church would barely pay the interest on the money. Therefore there was nothing to do but for him to go to Australia.

The discovery of that vast continent which we call Australia is an important era in the history of the world. For it opened, in the first place, a career for young gentlemen possessed of every virtue, save those of continence, sobriety, and industry, who didn't choose to walk and couldn't afford to ride; and, viewed from this point, its discovery ranks next in importance after the invention of soda-water—a sort of way of escaping cheaply from the consequences of debauchery for a time. But not only did the new country turn out to be the most wonderfully scentless cesspool for a vast quantity of nameless rubbish, convicted and unconvicted; but it gave an opening also for really honest, upright fellows like Charles Morton, with no more faults than the best of us, except the very great one of being educated in such a way that no possible career is open to them. What is a fellow to do if his father chooses to play his game of whist with fourteen cards, and if he happens to be the fourteenth?

The very qualities which made Charles a most expensive and useless, though highly ornamental, piece of furniture at home, caused him to be a most useful and valuable commercial partner among the Bucolic, almost in those times Nomadic, aristocracy of the new land. The same spirit that took Charley's Norman ancestors to Jerusalem took Charley to the Conamine. Charles Morton is our very greatest pioneer. Neither Gil Maclean (brother of Colonel Maclean — "Red" Maclean, as he is generally called) nor Corny Kelly, the most popular man in the colony with men and women, can compare with Charley as a pioneer. The two Celts are as brave as he, but they both fail in the point of temper. Both the

Highlander and the Irishman are too hot with the blacks, and embroil themselves with them. Charles Morton has Charles Sturt's beautiful patient temper. Like him, he can walk quietly among the wretched savages, and, with fifty spears aimed quivering at his heart, and ready to fly at any moment, can sit quietly down and begin to laugh, and laugh on until they begin to laugh too. His two noble friends, Maclean and Kelly, can't do this. Their Celt blood is too pure: in convivial moments they chaff Charley with having a cross of Saxon in him; and, if they knew the truth, they would hug themselves on their sagacity.

These qualities of Charles Morton have been so highly appreciated that he is at this moment the most important partner in the "North-West Company;" of which company, consisting of eight wealthy men, James Oxton is the most active manager. Charles Morton married, as we know from former passages of this book, Lady Hillyar's elder sister, and so is James Oxton's brother-in-law. I suppose that, as this thriftless horse-riding dandy stands there on the deck, talking to Abiram Pollifex, he is worth from fifty to sixty thousand pounds.

There sits my mother on the deck, too, with the children lying about on her skirts, or propping themselves up against her, as if she were a piece of furniture. My mother's mind has returned to its old peaceful lethargic state once more. On the occasion of Fred's casting himself down the skylight on to the top of the second-cabin dinner-table, she remarked that it was cheering to know that all the houses in Australia were of one storey, and that the great trouble of her life would soon be over. And, taking care of poor Joe, who is very ailing and weak, low in mind and body, and needs all her care (and will need more of it yet, I see, with a falling countenance), there sits Emma in the sunshine working, and Erne has just come and leant over her, and is speaking to her. I wonder what he is saying. Some commonplace; for she only smiles, and then goes wearily on with her work.

Such were the new acquaintances with whom we began our new life in the new land. How long we have gossiped about them, these odd people and their histories! so long, that we have been four months on the restless sea, and now there is a different scent in the air. Ha! here is the first messenger from the shore. A fly—a blue-bottle fly; for he buzzes, and is difficult to catch, and bangs his idiotic head against the glass; in all respects a blue-bottle, save, oh wonderful fact! that he is brown. Yes, he is the first instance of those parallel types, reproduced in different colours, and with trifling differences—so small as to barely constitute a fresh species—and the origin of which is such a deep deep wonder and mystery to me to this day. Tell me, O Darwin, shall we know on this side of the grave why or how the *Adiantum Nigrum* and *Asplenium capillis Veneris*, have reproduced themselves, or, to be more correct, have produced ghosts and fetches of themselves at the antipodes? I have seen icebergs and cyclones, and many things; but I never was so lost in puzzled wonder as I was that afternoon when I found *Asplenium viride* growing in abundance on the volcanic boulders, at the foot of Mirngish. It was Sunday afternoon, and I went home and thought about it, and I am thinking about it still.¹

But see; a new morn arises, and flushes a crimson and purple light, in long streamers, aloft to the zenith; and we are sailing slowly along under high-piled forest capes, more strange, more majestic, and more infinitely melancholy than anything we have seen in our strangest dreams. What is this awful, dim, mysterious land, so solemn and so desolate? This is Australia.

CHAPTER XLV.

GERTY IN SOCIETY.

THOSE whom one has asked say that it is easy enough for any one with either

¹ Australian *Asplenium Viride* cannot be distinguished; no more can Australian *Woodsia Hyperborea*.

brains, or money, or manners, to see a great deal of society in London—to be, in fact, in the room with the very greatest people in the land, to be presented to them, and speak to them—and yet not to be in society at all, in one sense of the word. If this is so, as there is no disputing, we should say that, if ever people were in this predicament, those two people were George and Gerty. The season after his father's death, George went to London, refurnished the house in Grosvenor Square, filled the balconies with flowers, had new carriages, horses, and servants, made every preparation for spending double his income, and then sat down to wait for society to come and be hospitably entertained with the best of everything which money could buy.

Society had quite enough to eat and drink elsewhere. It wanted to know first who this Sir George Hillyar was—which was easily found out from the Tory whip, and from Burke. Next it wanted to know who his wife was; and it discovered that she was a mulatto woman (alas, poor Gerty!), or something of that kind. And, lastly, there was a most general and persistent inquiry whether you did not remember some very queer story about this Sir George Hillyar; and the answer to this was, among the oldsters, that there *was* something deuced queer, and that no one seemed to remember the fact.

But, of course, they were by no means without acquaintances. Old Sir George had been too highly respected for that, though he had utterly withdrawn himself from the world. So by degrees they began to creep into society. The world found that George was a gentleman, with a scornful, silent, proud, and somewhat pirate-like air about him, which was decidedly attractive. As for Gerty, the world stood and gazed on her with speechless wonder. After Easter, to hear this wonderful Lady Hillyar talk was one of the things one must do. Her wonderful incomprehensible babble was so utterly puzzling that the very boldest wits were afraid to draw her out for the amusement of any company, however select. No one knew

whether she was in earnest or not, and her slang was such a very strange one. Besides, what she would say next was a thing which no one dared to predict, and was too great a risk to be rashly ventured on, even by the very boldest. A few women made her out and began to like her; and her wonderful beauty could not have failed to win many in the long-run; still, during their first and last season in London, this was the sort of thing which used to be heard in doorways, and on the landings of stairs.

"That's a devilish pretty little woman in white."

"What, Lady Georgina Rumbold?"

"Lord, no. The little woman in white calico, next but one to her. The woman who is all over Cape jessamine. Is she going to dance with the sweeps? Who is she?"

"That? That is Lady Hillyar," says No. 2.

"What, the little woman who swears?"

"She don't swear," says No. 2. "I wish she would; there would be some chance of finding out what she was talking about."

"I heard that she was a mulatto woman," says No. 1, "and swore like a trooper."

"She is not a mulatto woman," says No. 3. "She is a French Creole heiress from New Orleans. Her husband is the original of Roland Cashel, in Lever's last novel. He married her out there, while he was in the slave trade; and now his governor's dead, and he has come into twenty thousand a year."

"You are not quite right, any of you," says No. 4, who has just come up. "In the first place, Sir George Hillyar's income is not, to my certain knowledge, more than three thousand—the bulk of the property having been left to his brother Erne, who is living at Susa with Polly Burton, the rope-dancer from Vauxhall. And, in the next place, when he had to fly the country, he went to Botany Bay, and there married the pretty little doll of a thing sitting there at this moment, the daughter of

a convict, who had been transported for—

"For ratting before his master, I suppose, my lord," said Sir George Hillyar, just looking over his shoulder at the unhappy Peelite, and then passing quietly on into the crowd.

But, in spite of George's almost insolent *insouciance*, and Gerty's amazing volubility in describing her equally amazing experiences, this couple, queer though they were pronounced, were getting on. Kind old Lady Ascot fell in love with Gerty, and asked her and her husband to Ranford. The Dowager Lady Hainault, seeing that her old enemy had taken up this little idiot, came across to see if she could get a "rise" out of Gerty. Gerty rewarded Lady Ascot's kindness by telling old Lady Hainault, before a select audience, that she didn't care a hang for a hand's going on the burst for a spell, provided he warn't saucy in his drink. Her hopeless silliness, now that she was removed from the influence of those two thoroughbred ladies, Mrs. Oxton and Mrs. Morton, was certainly very aggravating. It was foolish in Mrs. Oxton to trust her out of her sight.

Things went on thus for no less than two years. Gerty, having no idea but that she was as much sought after as any one else, and that she was so on account of her social qualities actively, was perfectly contented and happy. She found out, of course, that certain houses were more difficult to get into than others; so, if she was asked to a party at Cheshire House, she would be ravished, and write a long account of it to James and Aggy, and would read this, with the greatest delight, in the *Palmerston Sentinel*, six months after it was sent to her by her sister:—
"We understand that our late reigning beauty, Lady Hillyar, who, as Miss Gertrude Neville, astonished our colony by showing us that there was one being in the world more beautiful than Mrs. Buckley of Garoopna, has fluttered the dovescotes of the British aristocracy most considerably, by her *début* at Cheshire House. It is possible that, if anything

can bring the present Government to its senses about their hellish design of continuing transportation to these unhappy islands, that purpose may be accomplished by the contemplation of, &c. &c. &c." On the other hand, if she was not asked, she would console herself by telling baby that the Duchess was a nasty odious old thing, and that her wig was the colour of tussac grass in January. Sometimes she would have a yearning for her old Australian home, which would hold her for a day or two—during which time she would be very low and tearful, and would keep out of George's way. But, after having poured all her sorrows and vain regrets into baby's ear, she would become cheerful once more, and the fit would pass off. What she would have done without this precious baby to talk to I dread to think. Her mind would have gone, I suspect. She is not the first woman who has been saved from madness by a baby.

By the time that Baby, just now called Kittlekins, short for its real name, George (George—Georgy-porgy,—Porgy—Poggy—Pug—Pussy; Kitty Kittles—Kittlekins; by what process of derivation his later and more permanent name of Bumbles was evolved, I confess myself at a loss to explain) just when Bumbles was getting old enough to join in the conversation, and to advise and assist his mother from his large experience, something occurred which altered their mode of life entirely, and quite shipwrecked poor little Gerty's chance of happiness for a very long while.

Mr. Nalder accepted a rather important diplomatic appointment in the American Embassy in London. As the revenues of this office, with economy, would very nearly pay for Mrs. Nalder's bonnets,¹ Nalder determined to devote a considerable proportion of his handsome private income to what he called "hanging out," and took a house in Grosvenor Place, two doors from the George Hillyars. They were, of course,

¹ I wish the Americans would teach us the secret of getting the men they do for the money they give.

received everywhere in virtue of their diplomatic rank, and people began to get very fond of them, as such worthy people deserved. Meanwhile their intimacy with the George Hillyars was renewed with tenfold warmth. Mrs. Nalder thought, from their parting two years or more ago, that all was forgotten and forgiven between them, and so treated them both with affectionate *empressement*. Gerty, the silly little thing, began to get jealous of Mrs. Nalder once more, and to watch and spy about.

Of course, she would not believe that George had anything to do with it. He behaved *nobly*, according to Gerty; it was that dreadful and *most dangerous* woman who would not leave him alone. And so she made up the old old jealous woman's story over again, in a way which, considering it had not the slightest foundation in fact, did her infinite credit.

In the midst of it all, when her suspicions were at their highest, they went down for a few days to Stanlake, and the Nalders came with them. Gerty, to throw Mrs. Nalder off her guard, was excessively gay and cheerful; so the visit went off capitally. But, the morning that the Nalders were to leave, George, having opened one of his letters at the breakfast-table, asked to be excused, and hurriedly left the room. He just re-appeared to see the Nalders into their carriage, and then he looked so wan, and so wild, and so horribly guilty, that Gerty saw it all. That woman had proposed to him in that letter to go off with her!

Her silliness would have been hardly worth dwelling on, if it had not led to a certain course of action. She said to herself, "I will save him. I will get that letter from him and read it, and then tell him I know all and throw myself on his breast." We shall see how she succeeded.

George was very often very late up to bed; to-night he was later than usual. "Could he be *gone*?" thought Gerty. She hastily rose, and, wrapping herself in her dressing-gown, she went swiftly and silently downstairs. Though her beau-

tiful little ivory feet were bare upon the cold polished oak staircase, she heeded not, but, passing on from patch to patch of bright moonlight, paused breathless at the library door, and listened.

The little woman wanted neither for cunning of a sort, nor for courage of a sort. A girl, whose first lesson was that her life and honour were in her own keeping, and that on occasions it might become necessary for her to shoot a man down with no more hesitation than would be felt in killing a beetle, might be supposed to have imbibed some small portion of these faculties. She therefore calculated her chances quite coolly.

George was there, talking to himself. If his back were towards her, the noise he made might enable her to open the door without being heard. If he saw

her, why then she had merely come to coax him upstairs. She opened the door stealthily and passed in, quite unnoticed. George was sitting before the *escritoire*—the same one in which his father's will had been kept. He had a revolver beside him, and was reading a letter—a very long letter of many sheets—the letter of that morning—and every now and then uttering a fierce oath or exclamation.

She slid behind a curtain and watched. She wanted to know where he would put the letter. She was undetermined how to act, and was beginning to think whether it would not be better to open the door suddenly, and come laughing in, as if by accident, when——

To be continued.

RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

BY CAPTAIN W. W. KNOLLYS.

In a country where the conscription is unknown, work generally plentiful, and wages comparatively high, the cost of recruiting must necessarily be great. By recruiting we mean catching the man, inducing him to enlist, causing him to be examined by a doctor, and bringing him to the regiment, or *depôt*, in which he is to serve. Once he has arrived, has received his bounty, and been provided with a free kit, recruiting, as far as he is concerned, ceases. Now, in this proceeding there are two points to be considered. The first is, how to spend as little money as possible on the raw material; the second, how to get raw material of the most useful description, and of such a quality that the country may subsequently be put to the least possible expense, through sickness and misconduct, on its behalf. We will examine the question of preliminary cost first. For this purpose let us turn to the army estimates for 1863-64. There we find it stated that the cost of recruiting for the military year which expired on

the first of April last—a time, be it remembered, of profound peace—will be 119,185*l*. This sum is to be distributed in the payment of the allowances and salary of the recruiting staff, the levy money for recruits, travelling allowances of the recruits and the non-commissioned officers who convey them to the *depôt* battalions, medical attendance on recruiting parties and recruits, salary and allowances to general agent of recruiting service, and the bounty to men re-engaging in the colonies, the cost of free kits to recruits and men re-engaging, and the bounty to men re-engaging in England. To this must be added, the pay and lodging allowances of the non-commissioned officers of regimental recruiting parties,—who act under the orders of the recruiting staff, and are, while so employed, lost to their respective regiments,—and the expenses of billeting the recruits before they are forwarded to the head-quarters of the recruiting district, as well as the pay of the recruits themselves. We have no means of estimating the

amount of these additional items, but it is large; and added to the 119,185*l.* above-mentioned, makes a considerable aggregate. Now this raw material, obtained at so heavy a price, cannot be manufactured into efficient soldiers, at the earliest, under six months for the infantry, and twelve months for the artillery and cavalry—during all which time the money expended on them may be considered as being sunk, and might, without any impropriety, be also added to the cost of recruiting. In this paper, however, we are dealing simply with the question of the provision of the raw material, and not the process by which it is manufactured into a useful article. What we have here to do is to inquire if the cost of mere recruiting can be reduced without injury to the public service. To pursue our investigation properly, we must first examine how the present system is carried on.

The whole of the United Kingdom is at present divided into nine recruiting districts, to each of which are attached an inspecting field officer, an adjutant, a paymaster, some clerks, and staff non-commissioned officers. Any regiment which requires recruits obtains permission to send out one, two, or more sergeants for the purpose of getting them. We will suppose Sergeant Kite, of the 153rd, to be detached to Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire, his regiment being at the time stationed at Inverness. His first step is to place in his cap a cockade, with long streamers attached, both composed of four or five different bright-coloured ribbons. This is to announce his object. He then finds out the market-days and the most frequented public-houses and thoroughfares. On market-days he goes about among the countrymen who have come into the town; and, on other occasions, he visits the different public-houses, and parades up and down the High Street. If he sees a likely-looking young fellow, he contrives to enter into conversation with him, and, after discoursing on different topics, gradually, and, as it were, accidentally, begins to descant on the pleasures and advantages of a soldier's life. If Chawbacon shows any inclination

to listen, he tells him, in an off-hand sort of way, that his regiment wants a few good-looking lads like himself, and that he would be sure to get on, and the colonel would make him a sergeant like himself. Perhaps Chawbacon bites. Sergeant Kite then says, "Come, my lad, you can't do better than serve Her Majesty; you will live like a gentleman, and have scarcely anything to do." If the yokel yields, Sergeant Kite says, "Are you married? Have you ever been marked with the letter D? (the mark of a man having been convicted as a deserter) Or do you belong to the militia?" If these questions are satisfactorily answered in the negative, Sergeant Kite then proceeds, "Are you free, able, and willing to serve Her Majesty the Queen for ten years?" On his giving an answer in the affirmative a shilling is slipped into his hand, and he is told that he is enlisted. A shilling is the coin generally used; but any current coin of the realm is sufficient, according to law. Should, however, Chawbacon not seem in a hurry to surrender his liberty, Sergeant Kite proceeds to talk the matter over quietly. All the sergeant's eloquence, and powers of imagination and exaggeration are now employed to persuade the coy rustic, who at length, allured by his brilliant description of the charms of a military life, in which a man "is treated like a gentleman, and has nothing to do except a little drill now and then," and enticed by the showy uniform, which he is told will make all the girls in love with him, succumbs. Formerly it was a common practice to make a man drunk, and, while he was stupefied with drink, get him to "take the shilling," as it is technically called. This is, however, now seldom done, for the good reason that the magistrate, on the recruit being brought before him to be sworn in, asks him if he has any objection to make to the mode in which he was enlisted. If he urges some valid reason—such, for instance, that he was drunk at the time—the enlistment is considered null and void. A man enlisted when drunk generally turns out a bad soldier, being always sulky and disgusted at the

idea of having been taken in. The best soldiers are, as might be expected, either those who have been enlisted after a little persuasion, or those who have offered themselves. The causes which induce men to enter the army are various. They may for the most part be classified under the following heads: women—that is to say, a quarrel with a sweetheart or wife;¹ a poaching or other scrape; a family quarrel; a distaste for regular work; want of employment—the most frequent cause of all; and, in some instances, a love for an adventurous life.

The recruit having been caught, the next step is to take him before a surgeon and have him examined. In some cases he is put to a very severe test; but, when the medical officer happens to be a civilian, or if recruits are urgently wanted, he passes very easily. Having passed the doctor, he is taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. This must not be done sooner than twenty-four hours, or later than four days, after his enlistment, Sundays not included; and he has then an opportunity of freeing himself by paying smart, *i.e.* twenty shillings. The recruit having been attested, the sergeant is entitled to sixteen shillings bringing-money, out of which he has to pay one shilling to the magistrate's clerk. Immediately after the attestation has taken place, Sergeant Kite writes to acquaint the staff-adjutant at Glasgow—which is the head-quarters of the recruiting district—with the fact. Generally speaking, he is told to retain the recruit till some three or four more have been enlisted, when the whole batch is sent off by coach and railway to Inverness, and from thence to Glasgow by canal. Till that occurs, the recruit is lodged in billets, and receives pay as a soldier. During this interval of waiting, the sergeant has hard work to prevent desertion—which, in spite of all his efforts, not unfrequently takes place. High bounties, also, though they doubtless attract an increased number of recruits, yet are the cause of much

desertion in the early stage of a soldier's career. A man enlists into one corps, and gets the bounty; he then deserts immediately, and enters another regiment in a distant part of the country; from this he probably again deserts, thus a third time pocketing the bounty. This is with some a regular trade, and a few years ago was carried to such an extent, that it could only be repressed by making it a rule that desertion should invariably be punished by flogging.¹ On arrival at Glasgow, the recruit is again examined by the staff-surgeon, and finally approved by the inspecting field officer, who, however, sometimes finds it necessary to reject recruits, notwithstanding their previous medical inspection. From Glasgow he is despatched, in charge of a sergeant, by canal to Inverness, where he is handed over to his regiment to be licked into shape.

We will enumerate the moneys expended on the recruit here taken as an example:—

The fares of the recruit and the conducting-sergeant from Dornoch to Invergordon, by coach, and from Invergordon, by railway, to Inverness	<i>s. d.</i> 2 6 each.
The fares of the recruit and the conducting-sergeant from Inverness to Glasgow, by canal . . .	12 6 „
The fares of the recruit and the conducting-sergeant from Glasgow back to Inverness, by canal . . .	12 6 „
Fare of conducting-sergeant back to Dornoch	2 6
Total	<u>£2 17 6</u>

Now, nearly the whole of this expenditure might be saved, and yet recruiting might be carried on more efficiently than at present. This could be effected by the abolition of the recruiting staff—which measure would necessarily, also, carry with it the cessation of a very considerable portion of the travelling expenses. It stands to reason that the person most interested in getting as good and as many recruits as possible, is the colonel of a regiment. He has the best means of ascertaining the most favourable localities, by inquiring from

¹ A man who is known to be married is never accepted as a recruit, but many falsely deny they are so.

¹ The order has now been abrogated by the classification of soldiers.

non-commissioned officers and men, natives of the different districts, and by comparing the results of former experiments. He would exercise a direct control over the recruiting-sergeants; and any slackness, or attempt to palm off inferior recruits when better are to be had, could be at once detected, and promptly remedied by the recall of the offender. Having only two or three sergeants to see after, his superintendence would be much closer than that of the inspecting field officer, whose object is, to a certain extent, identical with that of the sergeants, namely, the obtaining of a large number of recruits just able to pass the medical inspection.

When a regiment is nearly complete in its numbers, and merely wants some ten or a dozen recruits, the colonel would take care that only fine, strong men, of excellent character and respectable antecedents, were enlisted. The inspecting field officer does not take that trouble; his business is merely to get a certain quantity of raw material equal to the lowest standard. Under any circumstances, the colonel and the regimental surgeon would be very careful that a man was thoroughly fit for the duties of a soldier before they passed him, and the former could at once check any expense to the country caused by men being sent in by the recruiting-sergeant who eventually turn out to be disqualified for service. In connexion with the introduction of this system, it might prove advantageous to establish a real connexion between each regiment and a certain district. Such a connexion does at present exist on paper by means of the titles given to different corps—such as the 15th, or East Riding regiment; the 38th, or 1st Staffordshire regiment; the 52d, or Oxfordshire Light Infantry; the 78th Highlanders, or Ross-shire Buffs; the 86th, or Royal County Down regiment. Practically, this connexion begins and ends with the Army List, and it is possible that the Oxfordshire regiment may be full of Yorkshiremen, and the 78th Highlanders of Irishmen. If it were determined that each regiment, or its depôt when the regiment

was abroad, should, as a rule, be quartered in the district from whence it takes its name, not only would *esprit-de-corps* be much promoted and recruiting facilitated, but desertion would be rendered much more difficult. That the first would result is obvious; that the second would be the case cannot be doubted, when we remember how many men get transferred from one corps to another, for the sake of serving with a brother, and how recruits come in flocks and clusters. Moreover, the soldier would not feel that he was to undergo such a thorough separation from home as at present. As to the difficulties which would be added to desertion, they would be very considerable. Information would be so easy to get, a man's traces could be followed up with such facility, that, in addition to all other penalties and annoyances, a deserter would be compelled, by fear of apprehension, to banish himself from his native place. Moreover, disgrace or misconduct of a soldier would be so widely circulated in his district, that the publicity might be looked on as a very powerful deterring agent.

It is plain that a purely regimental system of recruiting would not be less effective than the one at present existing. It would, moreover, effect a considerable saving to the country. Let us enumerate the items which might be struck out of the estimates:—

The pay and allowances of recruiting staff and clerks for recruiting service	£23,241
Rent of recruiting offices	14,555
Travelling expenses of recruiting staff	164
Postage and miscellaneous expenses, such, we imagine, as stationery, firing, &c. now amounting to 457l. might be reduced to 200l., saving .	257
Marching and travelling allowances, and cost of conveyance of recruits, now amounting to 9,000l., might be reduced by at least half, saving .	4,500
Salary of general agent for recruiting services, allowance for clerks, offices, &c.	1,350
Total saving	44,067
The present estimated expenses	119,185
Cost under proposed system .	£75,118

By this means, 44,067. would be saved by the country, not only without injury to the recruiting service, but with a positive gain in efficiency.

The only objection which could be urged against the alteration would be, that occasionally, particular corps being in great want of men, while the demand of the others is comparatively small, recourse is had to general recruiting. That is to say, the first regiment being in a hurry to complete its numbers, the recruiting sergeants of the second, third, and fourth regiments, which corps are either full, or only a little under their strength, receive orders to enlist for the first regiment until further orders. Now the only object of these non-commissioned officers is to get as many recruits as possible, for the sake of the bringing-money. Consequently, some recruits are sent in who only just pass the recruiting doctor and inspecting field officer, and would often be rejected by the more fastidious commanding officer, if it were in his power to do so. The question arises as to who, in case the recruiting staff were done away with, would decide between the conflicting interests—that of the colonel, anxious to receive only the best men, and that of the recruiting sergeant of another corps, free from his control, and covetous of bringing-money. The answer to this is, that general recruiting is not often required, and, when it is, the nearest colonel of a regiment, adjutant of militia, or inspecting staff officer of pensioners, might be empowered to approve men so enlisted. The labour would be so distributed as to give very little trouble to any one of those officers, who would be perfectly competent and impartial.

A few words now about the best style of recruit. Those from large cities are the most intelligent and the best educated; but they are, on the other hand, the most weakly. Brought up generally to unhealthy or sedentary trades, and passing their childhood in the impure, close atmosphere which pervades the poorer quarters of large towns, their constitutions soon fail under the hardships of a military life. Scrofula and

consumption are their inheritance, and the first campaign develops the lurking seeds. Moreover, accustomed to work more with their fingers and heads than their arms or legs, they are unequal to the sudden extraordinary demands on their physical strength, which so often occur in active service. Their superior intelligence and education are, it is true, recommendations; but, on the other hand, such recruits are usually the most discontented, insubordinate, and quarrelsome men in a regiment. Is there a "lawyer" in a company? Depend upon it he comes from London, Manchester, Glasgow, or some other large town. Habits of low dissipation, too, are more ingrained in the city recruit than in his rustic comrade. The latter may, and does, acquire these, but they are not so habitual with him as with the former. Unfortunately, the very class from which the worst recruits are derived is also that which furnishes the greatest number. Machine-makers, weavers, tailors, and factory operatives are to be met with in numbers throughout the service. The reason is clear. These descriptions of artisans are precisely those whose normal employments are most fluctuating and uncertain. Even of them we get the worst; for the best workmen are, whatever be the state of trade, always certain of employment, and consequently have no inducement to enlist. Domestic servants form another bad description of recruit. No good servant can get a place; only the offscourings of the class enlist. The best men in the service are farm-labourers, gardeners, gamekeepers, and poachers. Hardy, strong, with muscles kept in constant exercise, living in a pure, healthy atmosphere, accustomed to scanty and coarse food, they compose a most excellent raw material. As regards gamekeepers and poachers, skill in the use of fire-arms, courage, promptitude, quick sight and hearing, decision, and an eye for country, together with habits of combination, render such men invaluable as light infantry. The gamekeeper, certainly, is not the best of his class, or he would not forsake an attractive occupation for

the sake of entering the army; still, his previous life is an excellent training. In the case of both gamekeeper and poacher, there is certainly this disadvantage—that, though physically admirably adapted for a soldier's life, they are generally too full of cunning and artifices to be ever thoroughly trustworthy. This objection, however, applies still more to a man taken from a town. The very best recruit of all is the farm-labourer. The reader will be astonished to hear how limited is that portion of our population from which the ranks of the army are generally filled. An ingenious officer of engineers, a few years ago, made a calculation, which showed that, deducting all those possessed of a competence, or unwilling, from education and habits, to enter the army, there remain in Great Britain and Ireland only 450,000 single men, of the proper age, height, and girth of chest, not disqualified by blemish or disease, in the various classes who supply the country with soldiers. As in diseases there are tides and periods, so there are seasons of abundant and slack recruiting. Nor do these seem to be always governed by any distinct laws. As a rule, when work is slack and the weather cold, the recruiting sergeant is most successful; yet occasionally the reverse is the case, and from no assignable cause. Ordinarily, the best time is from after harvest till spring; but this season has been known to pass away without any but the most scanty results, and the haymaking time to witness a perfect influx of men. Again, it would be imagined that, by raising the standard, recruiting would be sensibly checked. Doubtless such would generally be the case; yet it is not always so. A sergeant told the writer that, on one occasion, when the standard of recruits for his regiment was suddenly raised one inch, he got more recruits than he had received for some time before. Sometimes gentlemen enlist. These are, for the most part, among the very worst soldiers in a regiment. They are dirty, drunken, dissipated, discontented, and insubordinate. The fishing and seafaring

inhabitants of our coasts seldom care to "take the shilling;" and, when they do, they are, from going about without shoes and stockings, almost always too flat-footed to pass the doctor's inspection.

The chief objections the recruiting sergeant meets with on the part of those he is endeavouring to enlist are flogging and the various stoppages a soldier undergoes. The first is now so hedged in by exceptions that no good man need fear the lash; while the second is also a good deal disposed of by the grant of a free kit and a bounty of 1*l.* instead of a bounty of 3*l.* out of which the recruit had to provide his kit. The amount paid by Government is the same in both cases; but to a dull head it seemed a gross injustice that he should first be given 3*l.* and then be obliged to surrender some of it for the purchase of shirts and other articles which he could not do without. This seeming injustice does not now exist. Several other items also, which used formerly to be paid for by the soldier, are now defrayed by the country.

In conclusion, we would say a few words about the system of inducements now offered, in the way of increased pay, &c. to obtain a better class of recruits. After 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, and 28 years' good conduct—under some circumstances of exemplary behaviour even earlier—a man gets respectively, 1*d.* 2*d.* 3*d.* 4*d.* 5*d.* and 6*d.* a day extra pay. Now 1*d.* or 2*d.* extra makes but a slight addition to a private soldier's income, while that sum placed in the regimental savings bank up to the end of ten years, and after that the capital and interest alone allowed to accumulate, would, at the expiration of twenty-one years' service, represent a comfortable increase to the private's pension of one shilling a day. This shilling is made up of 8*d.* a day pension, and a 1*d.* pension for each of the four first good-conduct badges. Now nothing would prove so strong an inducement to a respectable man to enlist as the prospect of receiving at his discharge an annuity requiring but slight earnings to make up a decent livelihood.

Another great inducement to enlist

would be found in a better provision than is now made for married men. It is considered fair to expect a soldier to wait until the expiration of ten years' service before marrying. When, however, that time has arrived, more ought to be done for him by Government than at present. It may be urged that married soldiers are a nuisance and encumbrance to a regiment, and that Government should not encourage the evil. But the question is, firstly, whether we can prevent soldiers obeying, like other men, the natural affections; and, secondly, whether marriage is not, after all, less costly than the terrible amount of disease caused by profligacy—which, as official statistics show us, withers up our army morally as well as physically. Both expense and inefficiency is the result of the present widely-prevailing debauchery, and to no slight extent. Marriage would diminish the evil, and would render the service more popular, and the soldier more amenable to discipline.

The question, however, still remains, Will the House of Commons sanction any further increase of military expenditure? To that, we think, there is but one answer—a negative. But we are certain that the country would only be too glad to see the condition of the married soldier improved, so far as it could be done without expense. The means are simple and obvious—so simple, so obvious, that it is a marvel that they have never occurred to the authorities before. Let a range of married quarters be erected outside—but close to—all barracks; and let them be rented out to married soldiers at just such a rate as would protect the Government from loss. This rent would be much less than what the soldier now pays; and the accommodation received in return would be far better. Each quarter might consist of two, three, or four rooms, and should be provided with such bulky articles of furniture as it would be difficult and expensive for the soldier to carry about—for instance, bedsteads, tables, chests of drawers, chairs, and washing-stands. Whenever

there is sufficient accommodation in barracks, the regulated number of married soldiers should be allowed the option of availing themselves of it if they chose, free of cost, as at present. When, however, the barracks are so full as only to contain space for the unmarried men, free quarters in the married building outside should be given, instead of the fourpence a day lodging-money as at present. Any well-conducted married soldier, also—not on the strength of the number entitled to free quarters—should be permitted to rent these rooms from Government at a certain fixed rate. It might be objected that perhaps they would not avail themselves of the privilege. The answer to this is, that if the rent asked by Government were less, and the accommodation better, than elsewhere, men would only be too eager to profit by the boon. Moreover, a little justifiable pressure might fairly be employed. It should be established that no soldier who did not rent the Government rooms should be allowed to sleep out of barracks—a boon now often granted to well-behaved men; or to be out of the mess—that is, to dine, &c. with his family instead of contributing to and sharing the messing of his comrades. The wives of the objectors might also be refused permission to enter the barrack-yard for the purpose of seeing their husbands. The writer of this article is unable to state with exactness what the lowest rent would be that Government could afford to charge for the proposed rooms, but he is convinced that it would be less than that now paid by the soldier for very miserable and unwholesome accommodation. As much as five or six shillings a month for unfurnished lodgings is now given for one or, perhaps, two small rooms, in which the man, his wife, and often five children sleep, eat, and live. Furnished lodgings cost about four or five shillings a week. At present, when a regiment comes into a town, it is often very difficult for the married soldiers to obtain rooms at all; and a great deal of the furniture must either be carried about at very great ex-

pense, or fresh purchases must be made on the spot at high rates. By having fixed furniture a great saving would accrue to the soldier, who now is obliged to spend a good deal of money for the transport of his furniture, or else to sell it, and buy fresh whenever he moves from one place to another. The advantages of this method would be, that the soldier would be lodged with much more regard to comfort, decency, and health than at present, at less cost to the individual, and without a farthing of additional expense to the country. Were there a provision of decent, comfortable, and healthy lodgings for the married men, soldiers would be able to induce women of a respectable class to become their wives—women able to contribute towards their own livelihoods, and who would, by rendering their homes attractive, and by their wholesome influence, greatly tend to raise the moral condition of their husbands. At present, soldiers can seldom persuade any but the most helpless and the least respectable females to marry them. Such unions naturally do little to improve the soldier, while the increased expenses are not eked out by any profitable exertions on the part of the woman. We have known a case where a soldier denied himself proper food for the sake of his family, thereby seriously impairing his strength and, consequently, efficiency. In nine cases out of ten the woman is unfitted for any other employment than a little plain needlework and washing—the latter not over-well performed. If she is married without leave, she obtains no advantages from her connexion with the regiment. If, on the other hand, she is married with leave, what benefit does she obtain? The sixth of the company's washing—equal to, say, seven shillings a week, out of which she must provide her own soap, &c.—and either accommodation in barracks, or, when these are too full, fourpence a day lodging-money. Now, the grant of accommodation in barracks is a very doubtful boon—so doubtful, indeed, that no modest woman would marry a soldier if she

knew what she would have to put up with in that particular. Things are certainly better managed than formerly, when ten or twelve couples ate, drank, and slept in one room without other partition than a curtain. In those days a married pair often lodged in a room occupied by fifteen or twenty single men. Now, as we have said, matters are improved; but yet we have little cause to boast. Five or six couples, sometimes more, with their children, occupy one room, in which the wives remain, even when they lie in. It is needless to enlarge on the indecency, discomfort, and demoralizing effects of such an arrangement; they are patent to all. Moreover the married rooms open on to the same stairs as those occupied by single soldiers, and the ears of a modest woman must be continually offended by blasphemous, and indecent expressions. The writer of this article heard a sergeant say, but a few days ago, that, though there was a chance of losing his lodging allowance, yet nothing would induce his wife to come into barracks. This is the feeling of all respectable soldiers' wives; and, if their number is small, it can be attributed but to two causes—either that a modest woman will not, under present circumstances, marry a soldier; or that a modest woman becomes contaminated by residence in barracks. Again, consider the children. Soldiers are particularly fond of, and kind to, children; but this only increases the evil. No one can fancy that most soldiers are good examples or desirable mentors to the young; yet a mother, let her be ever so careful, cannot protect them from such association. Thus they learn every sort of evil habit and bad language, the effects of which are seldom, if ever, eradicated. It is well known that a lad brought up in a barrack-yard rarely turns out well.

It may be a question with some whether the country ought to encourage or recognise marriage in the army; but there is no doubt that, if it does, it is bound to take care that the accommodation it affords married soldiers should be such as not to deter women of

modest dispositions and of a respectable class from taking advantage of it. A good wife, able to contribute towards gaining a living for herself and her children, would, by raising the moral condition of the soldier, and rendering him more obedient to discipline, prove an immense boon, as well to the individual as to the army, while also tending to render the service more attractive; but a bad or indifferent wife is the greatest curse to both the soldier and the interests of the army. It is true that the country sets

apart a certain sum annually for the purpose of erecting married quarters;¹ but the amount so allotted is so small that years will be required before they can be completed. In the meantime a vast influence for good is being neglected, and a state of things perpetuated which is unworthy of a Christian country.

¹ Some have been erected at Chatham; but the accommodation is miserably small, being only one room to each family.

THE ABBOT OF INNISFALLEN: A KILLARNEY LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

I.

The Abbot of Innisfallen

Awoke ere dawn of day;
Under the dewy green leaves
He went him forth to pray.

The lake around his island

Lay smooth and dark and deep,
And wrapt in a misty stillness
The mountains were all asleep.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac,

When the dawn was dim and gray;
The prayers of his holy office
He faithfully 'gan say.

Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac,

When the dawn was waxing red;
And for his sins' forgiveness
A solemn prayer he said.

Low kneel'd that holy Abbot,

When the dawn was waxing clear;
And he pray'd with loving-kindness
For his convent-brethren dear.

Low kneel'd that blessed Abbot,

When the dawn was waxing bright;
He pray'd a great prayer for Ireland,
He pray'd with all his might.

Low kneel'd that good old Father,

While the sun began to dart;
He pray'd a prayer for all mankind,
He pray'd it from his heart.

II.

The Abbot of Innisfallen

Arose upon his feet;
He heard a small bird singing,
And O but it sung sweet!

He heard a white bird singing well

Within a holly-tree;
A song so sweet and happy
Never before heard he.

It sung upon a hazel,

It sung upon a thorn;
He had never heard such music
Since the hour that he was born.

It sung upon a sycamore,

It sung upon a briar;
To follow the song and hearken
This Abbot could never tire,

Till at last he well bethought him;

He might no longer stay;
So he bless'd that little white singing-
bird,
And gladly went his way.

III.

But, when he came to his Abbey-walls,
He found a wondrous change;
He saw no friendly faces there,
For every face was strange.

The strange men spoke unto him ;
 And he heard from all and each
 The foreign tongue of the Sassenach,
 Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest monk came forward,
 In Irish tongue spake he :
 "Thou wearest the Holy Augustine's
 dress,
 And who hath given it to thee ?"

"I wear the Holy Augustine's dress,
 And Cormac is my name ;
 The Abbot of this good Abbey
 By the grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray, at the break of
 day ;
 And when my prayers were said,
 I hearken'd awhile to a little bird,
 That sung above my head."

The monks to him made answer,
 "Two hundred years are gone o'er,
 Since our Abbot Cormac went through
 the gate,
 And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot ;
 And twenty have passed away.
 The stranger is lord of Ireland ;
 We live in an evil day."

IV.

"Now give me absolution ;
 For my time is come," said he.
 And they gave him absolution,
 As speedily as might be.

Then close outside the window,
 The sweetest song they heard
 That ever yet since the world began
 Was utter'd by any bird.

The monks look'd out and saw the bird ;
 Its feathers were snowy white ;
 And quickly came unto it
 Another bird as bright.

Those two birds they sang together ;
 And the two their white wings spread ;
 They flew aloft and they vanish'd ;—
 But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blessed body
 Where lake and greensward meet ;
 A carven cross above his head,
 And a holly-bush at his feet ;

Where spreads the beautiful water
 To gay or cloudy skies,
 And the purple peaks of Killarney
 From ancient woods arise."

WHATELY, NEWMAN, AND "PHENAKISM."

JUST as the controversy between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman had, in a manner, burnt itself out, here is another hot coal thrown among its embers from the newly published extracts of the late Archbishop Whately's commonplace book. It appears from those extracts that the suggestion of secondary regard for truth, the resentment of which has been the cause, or at least the occasion, of Dr. Newman's remarkable "Apology," had originally occurred, and found expression, a good score of years before the recent controversy.

Miss E. J. Whately has much to answer for as editress in having chaperoned into print the short essay on "Phenakism,"

in her father's "Miscellaneous Remains." This evidently personal notice in the little volume so entitled is not dated, as most of its fellow-fragments are in that volume. But it stands between two others, the first of which is dated June, 1843, and the second January, 1844, and bears internal evidence of having been written between those dates—that is to say, just when Dr. Newman began to hang out signals of secession. We will commence by citing the passage to which we are here alluding, for the benefit of such of our readers as have not yet acquainted themselves with the interesting and characteristic little volume from which we extract it.

"Many men are surprised at the recent *retractions* of the censures of Romanism, while I was only surprised at the boldness with which they were put forward.

"But as for the insincerity itself, that was avowed. My only wonder was, that any one should wonder at it, so plainly had I perceived the cloven foot long before. Besides my knowledge of the *sudden* change which had taken place in the doctrines taught by the leaders from what they had formerly held, and besides that the very tone of many of the Tracts is to me that of a man not in earnest—besides this, they avowed, both in the Tracts and other works, and in conversation and in action, the double doctrine, even more plainly than one could have supposed any one would have done. In addition to all this, 'The Elucidation of Hampden's Bampton Lectures' was such a deliberate misrepresentation, that I should have felt I deserved to be deceived if I trusted to anything afterwards from that quarter. Others, however, there seem to have been, who are not deficient generally in sagacity, and who do not think pious frauds justifiable, but who really did not perceive the disingenuousness and double-dealing—to me so palpable—till the other day. Better late than never! But they should come forward and declare their abhorrence of it. If they do not, or if they profess great veneration, and, on the whole, approbation and gratitude, *towards those who have cast aside all regard for truth*, do they not lie open to the suspicion, that, at least, they regard Phenakism as a peccadillo, or a fault excusable in very eminent men, when for a pious purpose?"

Here the mere English reader may not improbably exclaim, "What on earth is *Phenakism*?" If he will turn to "Liddell and Scott's Lexicon," he will find its Greek original, *φένακισμός*, was a word made use of by Demosthenes and Aristophanes to signify "cheatery, quackery, imposition," and was derived from *φέναι*, "a cheat, quack, impostor." According to the same authority, the word was sometimes used with a play on *φοινίξ*, *phœnix*—as though your *phœnix* were sometimes apt to be a bit of a *phenax*. The propriety of the not obscure application of such a term by a man like Whately to a man like Newman—men who should have respected each other for what each had respectable—will not bear a moment's scrutiny. It might not be an unnatural insertion in the archiepiscopal common-place book of 1843, but we are rather surprised to find it published to the world in 1864. If Archbishop Whately had

had Dr. Newman's "Apologia" before him, he certainly would not have permitted himself such a coarse aspersion: he might have found abundance in Dr. Newman's confessions which it would have been impossible for him to feel respect for intellectually; but he would assuredly have employed no such word as that above-cited to fix a moral stigma on his religious changes.

It was not, indeed, in the nature of things, as Dr. Newman says very truly in his "Apologia" (Part III.), that two men so totally different in intellectual and moral temperament as Whately and himself should have got on long together. Whately was in character pre-eminently individual, self-dependent, and, in the Greek sense, self-sufficient—pre-eminently ratiocinative in habit of mind, accustomed to arrive at his mental conclusions by reasoning processes, and to expect of others that they should do the same, and act on them, or show why they altered them. He was conscious, and reports his consciousness in a fragment on "Influence" in the volume before us, that his power of acting on others was entirely confined to the sphere of dry reason.

"I myself never had, in the strict sense of the word, any influence at all with any one. Whenever I have induced any one to think or act in any way, it has always been by some *intelligible* process; either by his seeing the force of the reasons given, or (which is not at all less of a logical process) by his thinking that I was to be trusted for knowledge or judgment on such and such points, on which he had good reason for so trusting me. I may, perhaps, have convinced some persons who have been themselves influential; but I have never had any *direct* influence; that is, I have never produced any effect that could not be *clearly accounted for*.

"I remember a very early occasion of the subject having been brought before my mind; a subject on which I have often reflected at various times since. When I was about thirteen, the boys at my school had a fancy for playing at soldiers, hoops being the representatives of horses; and they performed beautifully many of the evolutions of cavalry. The colonel of the regiment was a very stupid boy, and I don't think any one thought him otherwise; but they obeyed all his commands with readiness. I, who acted as major, had to instruct him, *in the presence of the boys*, what to do or

to say ; and, when he had had it beat into his dull brain, he repeated the very words they had heard me dictate to him, and all went on well. But, if either of us was absent, nothing could be done. When I was away, the boys were, indeed, as ready as ever to obey him ; but he was utterly at a loss to give a word of command. If he was absent, none of the boys would mind the word of command from my mouth, and all fell into confusion !"

Dr. Newman has placed on record a cordial and grateful acknowledgment of his obligations to Whately. He began by sitting at his feet, as a young and inexperienced student naturally would do, when noticed by a senior, whose superiority he felt in the intellectual acquirements which are the first objects of youthful admiration and respect. But he says truly, "His mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line." Whately's acuteness was exercised, so far as religious subjects were concerned, in reasoning himself and others into or out of positive belief in this or that point of popular persuasion ; Newman's subtlety in perpetual uneasy probing of the solidity of the Anglican ecclesiastical outworks of orthodox belief. He had from early youth, as he paints himself in his "Apologia," been susceptible and retentive of strong religious impressions ; and the whole intellectual labour of his life may be said to have been directed to fit these with a "warranted to wear" ecclesiastical theory. And he was eminently endowed with that mysterious attribute of personal influence, in which Whately, we have seen, felt and acknowledged himself deficient.

In a now forgotten pamphlet, entitled "A Narrative of Events connected with the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times,'" by Mr. Palmer, of Worcester College (not, as he takes care to inform his readers, "Anathema" Palmer—the name fixed on a "respected namesake" of his, from the anathemas he thought fit to launch *ex mero motu suo* at Protestantism), there are curious notices of the sort of saint or hero worship paid principally to Newman by an enthusiastic band of adherents during what may be termed his transition period

at Oxford. "We saw," says Mr. Palmer, "every little peculiarity of speech, or gait, or manner sedulously copied ; certain names even were heard with awe. Such things, however trivial or amusing in themselves, are, when regarded as indications of the spirit working within, worthy of deep attention. We beheld every peculiarity and novelty of doctrine—everything that was startling and perplexing to sober-minded men—instantly caught up, disseminated, erected into an article of Catholic faith by young and ardent spirits."

If we are to express our own feeling about Dr. Newman's demeanour at the final crisis of his long-continued waverings between England and Rome, while we find it as full of self-contradiction as Dr. Whately could find it, yet we cannot for a moment associate it with an idea of artifice or imposture. It seems to us to resemble nothing so much as the self-contradictions sometimes exhibited by persons of the gentler sex (and Dr. Newman is, in some respects, very feminine), when they really can't, for the life of them, make up their minds whether their "heart" tells them to marry. All sorts of protracted alternations between Yes and No may be made in most admired disorder ; yet nobody thinks of "Phenakism" as the word to describe the process. There are sometimes a good many dear friends taken into ladies' confidences on these occasions. A dear friend is begged at one moment, "to tell in private to any one he would," that the party concerned thought the great event *would*, in the end, come off. Dr. Pusey wisely declined to be made the channel of these presentiments. Next, another dear friend is told, "I am still where I was. I am not moving. Two things, however, seem plain—that every one is prepared for such an event ; next, that every one expects it of me. Few, indeed, who do not think it suitable, fewer still, who do not think it likely. However, I do not think it either suitable or likely." In the same communication, and almost in the next sentence : "The expression of

"opinion, and the latent and habitual feeling about me, which is on every side, and among all parties, *has great force*. I insist upon it, because I have a great dread of going by my own feelings, lest they should mislead me. By one's sense of duty one must go; but external facts support one in doing so."

Rather feminine, too, were the complaints that people *would* gossip about one's connubial intentions, at the very time one was taking all the pains possible to diffuse the suspicion of such intentions.

If Whately did not understand Newman, neither, we think, did Newman understand Whately. He took it into his head ("Apologia," Part III.) that Whately was jealous of his first divergencies from him, and attributed his leaving his (Whately's) *clientela* to a wish on Newman's part to be the head of a party himself. But it seems to us that there is quite reason enough given in the passage of the "Apologia," to which we are now referring, for what Dr. Newman calls "the formal breach between Dr. Whately and me:"—

"In the beginning of 1829, came the formal breach between Dr. Whately and me. Mr. Peel's attempted re-election was the occasion of it. I think, in 1828, or 1827, I had voted in the minority, when the Petition to Parliament against the Catholic Claims was brought into Convocation. *I did so mainly on the views suggested to me by the theory of the 'Letters of an Episcopalian'* [attributed to Whately]. Also, I disliked the bigoted 'two-bottle orthodox,' as they were invidiously called. I took part against Mr. Peel, on a simple academical, not at all an ecclesiastical or a political ground; and this I professed at the time. I considered that Mr. Peel had taken the University by surprise; that he had no right to call upon us to turn round on a sudden, and so expose ourselves to the imputation of time-serving, and that a great University ought not to be bullied even by a great Duke of Wellington. *Also, by this time I was under the influence of Keble and Froude; who, in addition to the reasons (!!!) I have given, disliked the Duke's change of policy, as dictated by Liberalism.*

"Whately was considerably annoyed at me, and he took a humorous revenge, of which he had given me due notice beforehand. As head of a house, he had duties of hospitality to men of all parties; he asked a set of the least intellectual men in Oxford to dinner, and men

most fond of port. He made me one of the party; placed me between Provost This and Principal That, and then asked me if I was proud of my friends. However, he had a serious meaning in his act; he saw, more clearly than I could do, that I was separating from his own friends for good and all."

Whately saw this, at all events—that Newman had been guilty of a wavering want of consistency, which his own independence in thought, and habit of action following from thought, rendered him least of all able to understand, or disposed to tolerate. Whately, it is true, had no respect for consistency, commonly so called. There is a very characteristic passage about it in the little volume of his "Remains" before us.

"As I would have no one censured for inconsistency (because, when there is ground for censure, some better reason for it may always be assigned), so I would have no one praised for consistency. If a man does not pay his debts this year, he is to be blamed, not because he paid them last year, but because he has not done now what he ought; and an honest man pays his debts this year, not because he paid them last year, but because it is right."

"So great is the popular admiration for consistency, that I do not wonder some act with a view to it; but I do wonder that any should be unwise enough to confess as much. It must always be a bad reason to give. If a principle or measure is right, *that* surely is reason enough for supporting it. If wrong, surely your being in the wrong yesterday is a bad reason for being in the wrong to-day."

We have dwelt at some length on this personal passage between Whately and Newman, because it seems to us very characteristic of both. The whole world to one (let alone a "great University," with its infinite littlenesses), would not have moved Whately from a conclusion arrived at on rational grounds. But, throughout his religious history, Newman appears always powerfully swayed by the last impression, or the last personal influence.

It must always be reckoned as amongst the curiosities of English religious history, that the so-called "Oxford movement" (first prompted by rage and terror at Papist emancipation, and subsequently stimulated to defend the "Church in danger" by the passing of the Reform Acts, and by the present Lord Derby's retrenchment of ten mitres from the Irish episco-

pate) should have been *changed at nurse* so speedily and completely in its whole scope and spirit as to have taken the direction of decided sympathy with all that was Romish in creed and practice, and decided antipathy to every Protestant legacy of the English Reformation. The truth is, two perfectly different sorts of men attempted to associate in this movement, and had no sooner started it than they found themselves hopelessly at variance as to the ends really in view. The rank and file of this sable phalanx was, of course, composed of the country parsons; but the men who stood forward as leaders were chiefly junior Fellows of Oxford colleges. These two sorts of men meant something perfectly different by the Church and its cause.

"What is a Church? 'A flock,' our vicar cries, 'Whom bishops govern, and whom priests advise;

Wherein are various states and due degrees,
The bench for honour, and the stall for ease;
That ease be mine, which, after all his cares,
The pious, peaceful prebendary shares.'"

The Church of the present—the Church which provided livings and held out prospects of prebends—that was the Church to the rescue of which from the Greys and Stanleys of those days—from the Bishop of London, the Birmingham Union, and the dragon-tail of O'Connell—the parsons rushed together, with all the alarmed alacrity of the Oxford Declarationists of our own day. It was some little time before they could realize the perplexing fact that their Oxford champions had their Church first to catch by a retrograde chase through the dim and dark annals of ecclesiastical history. We repeat our conviction, that there is no good ground whatever for imputing dishonesty to the Oxford Tractarians generally, or to Dr. Newman, as their leading spirit, in particular. We can see no better reason for ascribing dishonesty to John Henry Newman and his Oxford followers in the nineteenth century than to John and Charles Wesley and theirs in the eighteenth. The principle of religious enthusiasm and asceticism was common to both. In both cases the recluse life

of Oxford became the cradle of a movement not originally designed for a secession. In the earlier case, the Oxford Methodists could not satisfy themselves without infusing more religion into their Church; in the later case, the Oxford Tractarians could not satisfy themselves without building up more Church for their religion. The Wesleyan Methodists were driven, by the intolerance of everything like enthusiasm in the Established Church of England in their day, to set up a separate ecclesiastical establishment of their own, in which the new wine could be put in new bottles. The Newmanite Tractarians—after trying to make English Churchmen believe themselves entitled to hold all "Catholic"—which was soon construed into all Roman doctrine—found themselves at last, as they might have found themselves at first, in a false position, and those who had "the courage of their principles" transferred themselves to their own place.

It is easy to see how the stigma of duplicity and dishonesty should attach itself to this process of transition, especially considering the peculiarly subtle characteristics of Dr. Newman's mind and style, and the sympathetic influence exerted by his personal intercourse during the whole period while he was wavering between Rome and England—or, rather, flattering himself he could draw England towards Rome. Of course, if, during those years of transition, he was to be regarded as acting as the mere tool of an alien hierarchy, neither "Phenakism," nor any term more opprobrious, could have been misapplied to him. But it is impossible, we think, to read his "Apologia" and retain any such impression. We regard Dr. Newman somewhat in the light of a Methodist Romanized—no unparalleled metamorphosis in this nineteenth century. We hasten to say that we mean nothing injurious by this expression. It is suggested by Dr. Newman's own description of the "evangelical" sources of his early religious impressions. His riper years were employed, not in striving at stronger religious convictions (he was "con-

verted," as he says, at fifteen, and seems to have been satisfied with that conversion ever since), but in trying, as we have said, to fit his religion with a Church. We hope he has at last succeeded.

But, if Dr. Newman's subtle efforts at Anglican and Roman amalgamation, before his change, were provoking in the degree in which they could not but be provoking to minds of more robust and less subtle texture, like Whately's, his subsequent championship *à l'outrance* of the superstitious element in Roman popular belief can only be termed astonishing. No Roman Catholic born thinks it necessary to enter the lists against all assailants of all his Church's

lying legends. But Dr. Newman seems to find a positive pleasure in the logical *tour de force* of rendering credible the incredible, confusing all rational lines of demarcation between fact and figment, and fighting over again the lost battle of superstition. There is only one way, however, in which that battle could be fought with the faintest hope of victory. If modern criticism could be silenced, mediæval credulity might be revived. But there is the difficulty. Rome can silence her own ablest defenders—*e.g.* Dr. Döllinger—but not her assailants. She can refuse the assistance of modern science in her defence, but she cannot arrest its formidable force in attack by putting it in her "Index."

SOUTH-SLAVONIC CHURCHES—THE SERBIAN.

BETWEEN the Black Sea and the Adriatic in one direction, and the Danube and the frontier of ancient Greece in another, lies a region scarce one-third smaller than France. Its inhabitants—an almost homogeneous population of from ten to twelve millions—belong to the Iugo-Slavic, or South-Slavonic race. Classed according to their dialects of one language, this people is divided into two nearly equal parts—the Eastern, or Bulgarians; the Western, or Croato-Serbs. Of these, some seven hundred and eighty thousand are Mussulmans, over two million six hundred thousand are Catholics, and the rest belong to the Oriental Church. The Slavonic Mussulman says his prayers in Arabic, which he neither speaks nor comprehends; part of the Catholics pray in Latin, a "language not understood of the people;" some Bulgarian congregations are still constrained to attend services in Greek; but the bulk of the Iugo-Slavic nation is distinguished alike in the Eastern and Western Church by using, in its Scriptures and Liturgy, an ancient dialect of the Slavonic tongue. On this basis Iugo-Slavic patriots build hopes of future union. Believing that

identity of race and tongue is a foundation on which Christian and Mussulman may unite to form one nation, they see in community of ecclesiastical language a tie whereby Catholic and Orthodox may be linked in a National Church. Of course, as to the finishing stroke whereby union is to be achieved and declared, nothing can be settled as yet. The Catholics would advise recognition of the Pope's authority, on condition of autonomy, as accorded to the United Greeks. The Orthodox would have Church Government by a synod, as practised in Russia. But, postponing the final question, Catholics and Orthodox work to the same end; Croatians endeavour to substitute Slavonic for Latin throughout their parishes; Serbs and Bulgarians seek to expunge Greek and Russianisms from their liturgy. Rather than be Græcized, Bulgarian congregations place themselves under the Roman Pontiff; rather than be Latinized, Croatian priests have entered the Oriental Church. Each party has for its badge National Unity; each comprises the liberals of its denominations, and sees its enemies in Fanariotes and Jesuits. Both go about their business

noiselessly, and are solicitous rather to lay foundations deep and broad than to raise their structure above ground. Hence distant spectators see nothing. But those on the spot may satisfy themselves that labour is going on, forming part of that regenerating process of Slavonian life which is to change for the better the face of South-Eastern Europe.

There are three Iugo-Slavic Churches—the Serb and the Bulgarian, belonging to the Eastern Church; the Croatian, belonging to the Western Church.

To begin with the Serbs.

The Serbian division of the Eastern Church counts nearly three millions of members. It is at present divided under four administrations—the Patriarchate at Carlovic, in Austria; the Vladikate of Montenegro; the Church of the Principality; the communities in Turkey. The *first* represents the original Serbian Patriarchate of Ipek. The *second*, acknowledging no direct superior, sends its bishops for consecration either to Carlovic or Moscow. The *third* is governed by a synod, which elects its metropolitan and bishops. Like the state of which it forms part, it is autonomous, but pays an annual subsidy to the Patriarch of Constantinople, answering to the tribute of the Principality to the Sultan. The *fourth*, comprising the Orthodox congregations in the Serbian provinces of Turkey, is ruled in civil matters by Turkish officials, and in ecclesiastical by prelates of the Fanar.

The Serbian Church in the Principality and in Austria has theological schools at Belgrade, Carlovic, Carlstadt, Versec, and in Dalmatia. We do not here speak of normal schools and gymnasias, nor of the Academy in Belgrade, where religious instruction is also given. In the Serb provinces under Turkish rule there is not one printing press, nor a single higher school.

The Serb Church was once rich in monasteries, but these were burnt and sacked by the Turks; and, though in late years many have been restored, it is not on the ancient scale of splendour, for the present bent of the people is contrary to monastic life. Besides Hilindar

on Mount Athos, the most celebrated Serbian convents are in the Principality and in Stara Srbia, at Cetinje and Ostrog in Montenegro, and in the Frusca Gora, a hilly peninsula between the Danube and the Save. Here and there among these monasteries still remains a noble church, a "Zadusbina" ("work for the soul") of Serbian monarchs. In Free Serbia, the most beautiful are those of Studenica, Ravanica, and Manasia; in ancient Serbia, of Gracanica, Decani, and the ruins of Sapocani and Djurdjevi Stupovi. The best church architecture and frescoes date from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and yield fine specimens of Byzantine form, quickened by Italian spirit.

The language of the Serb Church is, as we have said, the ancient Slavonic, but specially a Serbized dialect of the same—for even the Church Slavonic has its dialects, modifications introduced by Russian, Serbian, and Bulgarian monks, when copying the Scriptures for their respective peoples. According to the Serbs, their version of the old Slavonic is the most systematic, that of the Russians least; for the Serb writers made their alterations on a rule and within an early date, while the Russian continued modifying to the sixteenth century. In early times the South-Slavonic nations were more civilized than the Russian, and their priests, invited to Northern sees, exercised on ecclesiastical literature an influence whereof traces are yet extant. But the situation was reversed when the Russians had shaken off the Tartar, and the Iugo-Slav fell under the Turk. For the last hundred years, most of the Church-books have been printed in Russia, and at the present hour, except in some remote districts of the Herzegovina, Russianized Slavonic is generally in use among Bulgarians and Serbs. The change met with no objection so long as the South-Slavonic MSS. and incunabula were all hidden or scattered, and while there were no Iugo-Slavic philologists to decipher them; but of late years Serb literati, averse to Panslavistic fusion, have exposed the

difference between Serb and Russian-Slavonic, and demand a restoration of services on the national model.

It need scarce be said that the Government of the Czar does not take kindly to this idea; and, while Tugo-Slavic patriots urge forward the publication of Serb MSS., Russia is correspondingly slow to give those in her possession to the light. Many Serb MSS. await resurrection in Russian libraries. Some found their way thither in the fourteenth century, when an Abbot of Decani became Archbishop of Kiev; many within the last century, in exchange for gilded modern Church-books. So long as the Academy of Belgrade lies within range of a Turkish fortress, the Serbs cannot aspire to be the guardians of their own literary treasures; hence they are but too dependent on the publication of those preserved in Russia and Austria.

Among the earliest written works extant in Serbized Slavonic, are two biographies of Nemanja, the sovereign who first united the various Serbian Zupas in one realm. These biographies were written in the thirteenth century, by his son Stephan, surnamed "First-crowned King," and Sava, first Metropolitan of Serbia. Then come the biographies of kings and metropolitans, written by Archbishop Danilo.

These oldest known specimens of Serbian authorship are far superior to all that follow, and so perfect in grammar, construction, and style, that it is impossible to take them for the first literary effort in the tongue. Burning heretical books is recorded among the acts of Nemanja; and as, prior to his adoption of the orthodox faith, all Serb peoples might be set down as heretics, it seems too likely that the flames of his zeal devoured the whole national literature.

A store of documents, chronologically arranged, has lately been published in the "*Monumenta Serbica*."¹ Among these are charters of monasteries dating from the twelfth century.

Further specimens of Serbized Sla-

¹ "*Monumenta Serbica*." Miklosic, Braumullar. Vienna, 1858.

vonie are the books called Serbliak, containing services for the national saints. Like St. Peter of Montenegro in our own day, the old Serb worthies were canonized immediately on death, the posthumous evidence of miracles being dispensed with by those who had been eye-witnesses of their deeds. Many of them were archbishops and kings; and the services written for their festivals were composed by the most exalted persons in the state. Thus, the service for St. Simeon Nemanja has for its author St. Sava; that of St. Sava, the metropolitan his successor; and the service for Czar Lazar is referred to the nun Euphemia, a widow of royal rank.

Besides MSS. the Serb Church has its incunabula and books printed between 1493 and 1635. One of the earliest typographies is that of Montenegro. Its types were not melted down into bullets before they had given forth some of the first books printed in Cyrillic characters.

Again, a Montenegrin noble, "Bozidar Vukovic, Vlastelin of Zeta," set up a printing press at his own expense in Venice—in acknowledgment of which service to civilization he was created Baron of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Charles V. A fine specimen of his typography is preserved in the Library of Belgrade—a *Miniaxon*, illuminated on parchment. Therein it is stated that the printer has established his press at Venice, in the hope of transferring it to his own country whenever the barbarous Moslem shall be thence expelled.¹

The testimony gathered from national archives agrees with that of foreign historians in its record of the origin of the Serbian Church, and as to the personality of its founder.

When the Emperor Heraclius invited tribes from White Serbia to pass the

¹ These words were penned in 1538 by one noble of Zeta, while his companions, forsaking every luxury of comparative civilization, undertook the defence of the Black Mountain. In 1862, when the few thousand warriors of Montenegro were combating the army of the Ottoman empire, a new printing press was set up at Cetinje.

Carpathians and the Danube, and people his provinces wasted by the Avars, it would appear that he invited them also to profess the religion of the Byzantine Empire. The Slavs of the Baltic, on whom Christianity was forced by Germans, preferred extermination to its acceptance; the Slavs of the Danube, with whom Christianity was left to choice, welcomed the planting of the Cross on their soil.

But, lying midway between Byzance and Rome, the ecclesiastical allegiance of the Serbs was for several centuries divided and capricious. Profiting by the confusion, a sect, styled heretical, gained among them numbers and strength. At length, the Oriental Church succeeded in making a proselyte of Nemanja—that energetic Grand Zupan who from his patrimonial government, at the foot of the Montenegrin mountains, gradually extended his sceptre over all Serb lands. Abjuring the heterogeneous quasi-Romanized ritual in favour at his father's court, Nemanja withdrew to the Rascian provinces, and caused himself to be re-baptized by Bishop Leontius. A little dark church near Novi Pasar is pointed out as the scene of the ceremony, and is still called by the country people the Holy Metropolitan Cathedral of Raska.

Grand Zupan Nemanja had three sons. The youngest of them, Rastko, was a boy of intelligence and piety, and from his earliest years desired to devote his life to God's service. One day some caloyeri from the Holy Mountain, on a journey to collect alms, made their appearance at the Serbian Dvor. With one of them, an aged monk, Rastko struck up great friendship. Evening after evening they sat together, relating and hearing descriptions of the Holy Mountain and still life of the monasteries. At last the young prince begged the monks to take him back to Mount Athos. When the caloyeri were about to depart, Rastko asked his father's permission to go on a hunting excursion. While in the mountains, he eluded his companions and joined the monks on their homeward way. Zupan Nemanja sent out companies in all directions to seek his son. One of these found

him in Mount Athos. In great joy they prepared to return, taking Rastko with them; nor would they consent to rest in the monastery more than a single night. But during that night Rastko took the vow; and, next morning, when the messengers came for him, he walked to meet them in his monk's frock, and bade them take back to his parents, instead of himself, his worldly garments. Learning what had become of their child, Nemanja and his consort at first bewailed his absence; but, as years passed on, and death drew near, they themselves resigned the crown for the cowl. Nemanja, under the name of Simeon, entered the same convent as his son. Now the Grand Zupan had ever been a mighty church-builder, and his Zadusbinas are to be found throughout Serb lands; but Sava suggested to him to build a monastery for Serbians on the Holy Mountain. Then Nemanja built the great convent Hilindar; and, ere he had finished it, says the old ballad, he "emptied two towers of gold." On his deathbed he left it in charge to his son, and Sava wrote the "Rules" with his own hand. Sava lived peacefully in Hilindar, until his brothers, Stephen and Vuk, having a quarrel, prayed him to come and make peace between them. He did so; and, bringing to Serbia the relics of his father, St. Simeon, deposited them in the white marble church of Studenica, and dwelt in the adjacent monastery as Hegumon.

All this while the bishops in the Serb lands were under the jurisdiction of the Byzantine Patriarch; but, in 1204, Constantinople was taken by the Latins, and the emperor and patriarch fled to Nicæa. The Pope of Rome now hoped to bring the Serbians under his dominion, and to this end employed promises and blandishments that were not without effect. Sava saw the danger, and the means of averting it. He went himself to Nicæa, and laid the case before emperor and patriarch. "If," said he, "the Serbian Church is to resist the encroachments of Rome, you must consent to declare it independent of Constantinople."—the very argument now urged on the Greek Patriarch by the Bulgarians. The Greek

prelates at Nicæa were wiser in their generation than their representatives at the Fanar. They felt the force of Sava's declaration; and, in 1221, the patriarch constituted him independent Archbishop of the Serbian Church. As such he was to appoint its bishops, and all future metropolitans were to be elected by their own clergy.

The first act of Archbishop Sava was to crown his eldest brother King. He then created twelve episcopal sees. 1. Zahumlje; 2. Ston (Stagno); 3. Dibr; 4. Budimlje; 5. Rascia; 6. Studenica; 7. Prizren; 8. Gracania; 9. Toplica; 10. Brancevo; 11. Moravica; 12. Beograd.

These bishoprics divided among them the lands now known as the Primoria (southern coast of Dalmatia), the Herzegovina, the Principality of Serbia, and that district, between the southern frontier of the Principality and Macedonia, which is called by its Christian inhabitants Stara (or Old) Serbia. The archiepiscopal seat was Zica, in the centre of Danubian Serbia; and there St. Sava built a church, which, subsequently ruined by the Turks, has been partially restored by the present bishop. Before his death, St. Sava retired from the archiepiscopate, and made a second pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On the way home, he spent his Christmas with the Bulgarian king at Trnova. Celebrating divine service on Epiphany, he caught cold, and within a few days died. The Serbian Church keeps his festival on the 14th (26th) January. The body of St. Sava was transported from Trnova to the Monastery of Milesevo in the Herzegovina. In consequence, the Serbs regarded this convent with peculiar reverence, and the Turks wreaked on it unusual vengeance. The body of the saint they carried to Belgrade, and burned it publicly on the Vracar. With the ashes of St. Sava, the Porte hoped to scatter those efforts for Serbian independence and progress of which he was honoured as the champion. Within sight of the spot on which this outrage was perpetrated now stands the stately Academy of Belgrade; and this year its great hall was opened by the Prince of Serbia on St. Sava's day.

After St. Sava came nine archbishops, of whom the last, Danilo, is known as the biographer of the kings and metropolitans of Serbia. He was succeeded by Ioannik, the first patriarch. In 1347, Stephan Dusan, the greatest Serbian ruler, took the title of Car (czar); and, in a great Sabor (parliament) at Skopia, the title of patriarch was bestowed on the Serbian metropolitan. As seat of the patriarchate was chosen Ipek, a town not far from the royal grad, Prizren.

Ioannik did not long survive his elevation; and, on his death, Dusan called together all the prelates of his czardom, at Seres, in order to elect a new patriarch. The assembly was attended by several Greeks from parts of the empire lately conquered; but the Serb clergy were so distrustful of their influence that they passed a resolution banishing all Greek prelates from the Serbian realm. In return, the Greek patriarch hurled an anathema, and, when Dusan remonstrated, answered him with reproaches for seizing provinces of the empire and arrogating to himself the imperial dignity. Serbian school-histories of the present day remark that the curse of the Œcumenical patriarch did not turn away the blessing of God, nor prevent the Serb patriarch chosen at Seres from enjoying a reign of thirty years.

But, in 1394, the Serb dominions having shrunk within their ethnographical limits, the Patriarch Calixtus being replaced by Theophilus, and the room of the stormy Dusan filled by the gentle and pious Lazar, a new attempt at reconciliation proved successful. Legates were sent from Constantinople to hold service in the cathedral of Prizren, and solemnly to dissolve the anathema.

Soon after the departure of these legates, the patriarch (Sava IV.) died, and Car Lazar, like Dusan, called an assembly of Serb bishops to appoint a successor to the vacant chair. We mention this as an evidence that the reconciliation with the Greek patriarch had in no way compromised the independence of the Serbian church.

In 1389, the fatal battle of Kossovo

replaced the ears of Serbia by despots tributary to the Turkish sultan. In 1459, even these vassal rulers were forced to cross the Danube; in 1485, the last Serbian freemen had entrenched themselves among the mountains of Zeta; but none of these changes affected the succession of the Ipek patriarchs, with whom the Porte concluded the same terms as with those of Bulgaria and of Constantinople.

It was not till 1646 that the Turks felt themselves able to break even this contract with the Serb Christians, and to carry off the Patriarch Gabriel Raic, and hang him at Broussa. Henceforth, the Serb prelates felt that the Mahometan yoke was no longer to be borne.

The Emperors of Germany were at this time making preparations for war with Turkey, and called on the Serbians to rise. Maxim, the successor of Gabriel, took active measures in the cause. At Adrianople he met George Brankovic, the last scion of the last despot, and solemnly consecrated him leader of the Serbs. On his return to Ipek, Maxim suddenly died, happy in not witnessing the wreck of his hopes. His task devolved on Arsenius Crnojevic, a scion of the princely Vlastela (nobles) of Zeta, who ever defied Mahometan rule. To him the Emperor of Germany proposed to induce his flock to cross the Danube, and settle on the ravaged lands in Hungary, promising that they should return to their ancient homes as soon as the Turks could be expelled.

Arsenius believed the imperial word, and himself headed the emigration with 37,000 families. These were the remnant of valour and wealth in Central Serbia; they left their land, not as colonists, but to aid the arms of the German emperor, at that time the rampart of Christendom. For generations they fought the Turk with their own weapons, at their own charges, and ransomed the north bank of the Danube with their blood. Need it be said that the House of Hapsburg rewarded them with broken faith and treachery—that it neither conquered back for them their own land, nor fulfilled the conditions

on which they settled within its realm? Meanwhile, the regions abandoned by these emigrants fell into the possession of Mussulmans, and the wild Arnaut of Upper Albania made his home on the plains of Metochia and Kossovo.

The Porte, fearful lest the whole Serb population should pass over to Austria, hastily presented a Greek monk to the patriarchal chair; but from this time forward the patriarchate at Ipek received but divided recognition from the Serbs. In 1737, the Emperor of Germany repeated his call to arms. Arsenius IV. (Iovanovic) attempted to lead another detachment of emigrants. But, this time, the Turkish government was aware of the plan. The leader was intercepted and thrown into prison, from which he owed his liberation to the pity of a Turkish woman. The greater part of the emigrants perished.

After this, the Porte went about to destroy the Serb patriarchate. First, two Greek monks were appointed, who gathered together its treasures and sold them; and, when a Serb gained the chair, the Turks took occasion of his first journey to seize him at Belgrade and carry him off to Stamboul. Once more a Greek monk, and then the Patriarchate of Ipek was abolished. The Serb congregations in Turkey were deprived of their autonomy, and placed directly under the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Perhaps there is nothing more deplorable in the history of the Greek Church than the use it made of this extended jurisdiction. Wisely applied, here was a means by which the resolute and strong-handed Serbian might have become content to find his spokesman in the eloquent and intelligent Greek; nobly used, here was a channel through which the learning and European relations of the Greek might help forward and civilize the Serb. That neither wisdom nor nobility dictated the acts of a patriarch of Constantinople—trembling under the Ottoman's paw, removable at his pleasure, dependent for position on bribes to his slaves—this may be understood and excused. But that, of his own proper movement, the head of the

Eastern Church should appoint to his Serb flocks Greek bishops, unacquainted with the Slavonic language; that those bishops should hold Greek service in churches founded by Serb kings; that despite should thus be thrown on all traditions of intercourse between Greeks and Serbs in the days of freedom, and the very tongue and name of Greek be rendered odious to his brother in captivity—surely this was unlike the sagacity of the wiliest of peoples. The result might be foreseen. Throughout the Slavonic provinces the Greek bishop became enrolled in the same category as the Turkish governors; and, when a million of Serbs secured to themselves autonomous administration, they placed their relation to the Œcumenical patriarch on the same footing as their vassalage to the Padishah.

Between 1765 and 1830, the Serbian Church has resolved itself into the four divisions already noticed. Of that in the autonomous Principality more than one account has already been published by English clergymen.

As for the patriarchate in Austria, it stands at present an empty chair. The last occupant was chosen in 1848, when the emperor had need of Serbian support. He defers sanctioning a fresh election until he shall need that support anew.

The orthodox Serb communities in Turkey number somewhere about a million and a half. Their condition is that of a flock whose blood is sucked by its shepherd. Throughout Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Stara Serbia, we found all the bishops Greeks. One only was present in his diocese, and he had but lately returned from Constantinople to squeeze from the wretched peasants that revenue which his compeers were staying in Constantinople to spend. In default of payment, the Turkish authorities are invoked to extort the bishop's dues; and the minor clergy, fleeced by their superiors, are constrained to sell every rite of the Church. One peasant affirmed that the corpse of his brother had been left lying in his house until he could raise what the priest asked

to bury it—two gold ducats paid in advance.

It need scarce be said that the interest of a Greek prelate in his Serb congregation does not extend to supporting its school; and, under all circumstances, it is marvellous that the people ever think of starting one. The orthodox communities of Bosnia and Stara Serbia—a thin population in a mountainous country—lack even those incitements to progress which penetrate to the numerous wealthy Bulgarians. But the idea of education, as of religion, is entwined for the Serbs with that of nationality. While the Slavonic and Albanian Mussulman is called *Turk*, and the Catholic *Latin*, the orthodox Christian retains his national name, and his faith is dear to him as *Srbska vera*. In like manner, he knows education is an attribute of his brethren who are free. The man who starts a Serb school in Turkey is always one who has been in the Principality. And be it remarked that the Stara Serbians, though fewer and poorer, are more zealous than the Bosniacs. In Bosnia, the Christian is the villein of a renegade aristocracy; in Stara Serbia his self-respect is fostered by the presence of monuments of his nation's empire, and he looks down on the arrogant Mussulman as, after all, nothing but a robber Arnaut.

We visited the schools in Sarajevo, Mostar, Vissoko, Travnik, Tuzla, Svornik, Novi Pasar, Pristina, Ipek, Djakova, and Prizren. Sarajevo, a town of 60,000 inhabitants, has the only school of any size; and it is but a normal school—a speaking contrast to Belgrade, which numbers but one-third of its population. Girls' schools are to be met with only in Sarajevo, Ipek, Mostar, and Prizren; and in the two latter the teacher is almost illiterate. In every instance they are due to the zeal of native women of the poorest class—women who, having accidentally learned to read from some clerical relative, never cease trying to provide instruction for their countryfolk. The Russian traveller and author, Hilferding, deserves the thanks of civilized beings for having induced the Empress

and other benevolent persons to send some help to these female schools. The Russian Government scarce troubles itself to encourage them; and this is perhaps fortunate, lest some British ambassador should make it his business to have them closed. As for the Serb Government of the Principality, it literally dares not let its left hand know when the right is spreading instruction beyond the frontier. Nevertheless, the school in Sarajevo was founded on a

donation from Serbia, and now and then some timely help is given. But the great benefit for the Serbs in Turkey is the printing of good and cheap school-books at Belgrade. Everywhere we found them in use. It is hard to see how Christians in Bosnia and Stara Serbia could provide instruction for their children, but for the books of geography, arithmetic, and reading which merchants smuggle across the frontier.

M. J.

THE DISTRIBUTION AND VALUE OF THE PRECIOUS METALS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

It seems to be still a matter of doubt with many, whether the new mines have actually diminished the purchasing power of gold, or have only contributed the additional currency required by the increase of the world's commodities and trade. Fortunately for those who care to pursue the inquiry, the very causes which, by their complexity and fluctuating character, make it vain to seek an exact measure of the effect of the new gold on prices, are in themselves subjects of great interest; for the history of prices is interwoven with the history of the progress and fortunes of mankind. Several writers on the gold question have drawn conclusions from the fall in the value of both the precious metals after the discovery of America;¹ but, without a careful comparison of the economical conditions of that epoch and the present, no sort of inference can be rationally made; and the comparison—one might say the contrast—abounds in instruction apart from the light it throws

on the monetary problem. The proper region of money is the region of industry, roads, navigation, and trade; and prices approach to equality as these are improved, as men become equally civilized, and as political disorders cease to interrupt human intercourse and prosperity. At this day, in the most civilized countries, the precious metals serve two masters—war and commerce; but in those least civilized they serve none. The currents from the mines may vibrate through a third of the habitable globe, but they have no conductors through more than half of Asia and South America, or through almost the whole of Africa. In the sixteenth century, the bulk of the people of Europe itself could seldom, if ever, have touched a coin from the mines of Mexico or Peru. There was no even distribution through Christendom of the treasure which the Spaniards tore from the New World; and on this and other accounts prices rose unequally in different places, and not at all in some. In the chief towns of Spain they seem to have risen even before the fifteenth century had closed; and in the Netherlands their ascent was much earlier than in England, where the state of the currency before 1560, and the drain consequent on its debasement, together with the foreign expenditure of

¹ Some have concluded that a similar fall should be looked for now; while others, adopting Adam Smith's opinion that the American mines produced no discernible effect upon prices in England before 1570, lean to the contrary inference that a long period must elapse before the metallic discoveries of this age can make any perceptible change in our markets.

the Government, both retarded and concealed the first symptoms of the falling value of the precious metals. During the first sixteen years after the mine of Potosi was opened,¹ although prices measured in base coin rose rapidly in England, they rose in no proportion to the increase of silver and gold in the world. There was, as it were, a hole in the English purse; and the ancient fine coin of the realm ran out into the foreigner's hands as fast as the new base coin was poured in (just as eagles and dollars have been driven from the American States by the issues of paper). Moreover, war with France and Scotland drew much money out of England, and most of the treasure netted upon trade was hoarded or made into plate. But with Elizabeth came peace with France and a reformation of the currency; silver flowed fast into the Royal Mint; old fine coin returned into the market; and prices, instead of falling in proportion to the improvement of the currency, continued to rise,² because the new issues exceeded the old, and the increase of commodities, great as it was, did not keep pace with the increase of money and men in the most prosperous parts of the country. One Englishman alone, however, down to 1581, seems to have connected the phenomenon of extraordinary dearness in the midst of extraordinary plenty, which was the common

complaint, with the mines of the New World.¹ With others it was a cry of class against class, for covetousness, extortion, extravagance, and luxury; and of all classes against the landlords for exorbitant rents and enclosures. The complaint against enclosures, that they fed sheep instead of men, was no new one; it had been a popular grievance for more than a century, and a subject of legislation before the discovery of America. A recent writer, nevertheless, supposes that at the period of Stafford's Dialogues, "the foreign demand springing from the increased supply of the precious metals fell principally upon wool. The price of wool accordingly rose more rapidly than that of other industrial products in England; the profits of sheep-farming outran the profits of other occupations, and the result was that extensive conversion of arable land into pasture which the interlocutors in the 'Dialogues' describe, and which was undoubtedly the proximate cause of the prevailing distress."² But the

¹ William Stafford, the author of the famous "Dialogues," published in 1531. Mr. Jevons is mistaken in supposing that Stafford overlooked the increase of the precious metals from America, and attributed the rise of prices entirely to the baseness of the currency before 1560. He says that, "With the alteration of the coin began the dearth" (i.e. dearness); and then, in answer to the question, "Why prices fall not back to the old rate now that coin hath been restored to its former purity?"—after observing that rents contracted under the old currency still continued—he says: "Another cause I conceive to be the great plenty of treasure which is walking in these parts of the world, far more than our forefathers have seen. Who doth not understand of the infinite sums of gold and silver which are gathered from the Indies and other countries, and so yearly transferred into these coasts!" &c. &c.—See *Harl. Misc.* vol. ix.

¹ In 1545. The increase of the precious metals before that year was not considerable.

² It has been argued that, if the currency had been mainly composed of base coin before 1560, prices must have fallen immediately upon its reform by Elizabeth, on account of the greater quantity of silver in each piece of the new money; and that the fact of their not having risen proves that much older and better coin was in circulation all along, forming the real standard of accounts. But the truth is that the old fine coins did not remain in circulation; if they had, prices would have been higher than they were during the base issues, because the total quantity of money current would have been greater. Prices depend on the quantity of money in proportion to commodities—not on its quality—whether it be made of metal or paper. Prices accordingly in England before 1560 rose in proportion to the increase of base money, and not in proportion to its baseness.

² "Political Economy as a Branch of General Education." By J. E. Cairnes, Esq. It is immaterial to the point in question above, but not to the monetary history of the period, to observe that unmanufactured wool was then far from being the chief export of England, and that the loom was then as now England's chief mine. But, had the price of wool been disproportionately high, and led to the growth of sheep in place of corn, the price of mutton should have been comparatively low, whereas its price, like that of beef, was extravagantly high in comparison with all former rates.

truth is, that corn was not, as this theory assumes, at once comparatively scarce and comparatively cheap; the real paradox is, that it was, like other articles of food, extraordinarily plentiful in the country, and extraordinarily dear in and near the capital and chief towns.¹ England had become rich both in money and in commodities, but not in roads and means of carriage; and wool had risen only with all other produce of the realm within reach of the chief markets. The gains of the wool-grower were not greater than those of the clothier, the hatter, the shoemaker, the blacksmith, the butcher, the baker, or the tillage farmer, in most places near the chief centres of increasing population and trade.² Before the New World was discovered, and down to the eve of Elizabeth's reign, the extension of pasture had caused much real distress. But, for a generation before the "Dialogues," tillage had increased and prospered; and the popular charge against the landlords had become an anachronism. Poverty and suffering, it is true, still existed

¹ "Albeit," says the historian of that age, "there be much more ground eared now almost in every place than hath been of late years, yet such a price continueth in each town and market that the artificer and poor labouring man is not able to reach unto it, but is driven to content himself with horse corn; I mean beans, peas, oats, tares, and lentils." — Harrison's *Description of Great Britain*. And again, "There are few towns in England that have not their weekly markets, whereby no occupier shall have occasion to travel far off with his commodities, except it be to seek for the highest prices, which commonly are near unto great cities." And the knight in the "Dialogues" says: "I say it is long of you husbandmen that we are forced to raise our rents, by reason we must buy so dear all things we have of you, as corn, cattle, goose, pig, chicken, butter, and eggs. Cannot you, neighbour, remember that I could in this town buy the best pig for fourpence, which now costeth twelvecpence. It is likewise in greater ware, as beef or mutton."

² One cause of corn being cheap in some places was that the gains of the farmer had stimulated agriculture and produced unusual abundance. Harrison accordingly says: "Certainly the soil is now grown to be much more fruitful than in times past. The cause is that our countrymen are grown to be much more painful and skilful through recompense of gain than hitherto they have been."

side by side with rapidly increasing wealth, but not through the scarcity of corn. Food of all sorts, though abundant in the country, was dear beyond precedent in and around the places where the population had multiplied fastest. The old feudal and ecclesiastical economy of society had broken up; monasteries and noble houses no longer maintained swarms of serfs, and paupers, and waiting and fighting-men; the nobility and gentry were deserting the country for the town; a long peace, while it had swelled the general numbers of the people, had extinguished the calling of the soldiers; and labourers seeking bread were gathering to the chief centres of employment and wealth. The dearness of provisions in and within reach of the markets where the competition of mouths was thus greatest, was caused not by a decrease of tillage, nor yet by the increase of money alone, but in part by the fact that the increasing supplies which were wanted were drawn at an extravagant cost of carriage from a few limited districts, pack-horses being the principal means of transport from the country to the town. For a similar reason food is now extravagantly dear at the mines of British Columbia, and not merely on account of the plenty of gold, for it is cheaper at San Francisco than in London. The price of meat was even more unequal than that of bread in town and country generally, because there were few roads by which cattle could be driven to market. Corn was, as it still is, more portable than fresh meat; but the means of carrying even corn were so scanty and costly that it was often at a famine price in one place and cheap in another not far off. Wool, again, was more portable than corn, and might be sent to market with profit from districts too remote to supply corn or fresh meat. These circumstances explain the inconsistency of statements in the "Dialogues" and other writings of that period, respecting the prices of corn and meat, and the numbers of the population. Cheapness and dearness, plenty and scarcity, of corn and other food, depopulation and rapidly

increasing numbers, really co-existed in the kingdom. There were places from which the husbandman and labourer had disappeared, and the beasts of the field grazed where their cottages had stood; and there were places where men were multiplying to the dismay of statesmen. There were places where corn was above the labourer's reach, and places where it had come little or not at all within the waves of the monetary revolution about all the chief centres of traffic. In every locality and with respect to every commodity, the range of prices was determined by the quantity of money circulating there on the one hand, and the quantity of commodities, or their cost in labour, on the other; and these proportions varied in different places, in different years, and with respect to different commodities. In the very year after Stafford's tract was published, "all the commodities of Greece, Syria, Egypt, and India were obtained by England much cheaper than formerly,"¹ by a direct trade with Turkey, which saved the charges of the Venetian carrier. Nor was the rise of corn or meal general throughout the country, for the cost of carriage cut off the remoter places altogether from the markets in which the new gold and silver abounded. Most writers, from Adam Smith downwards, have taken the price of corn in or near the principal markets of the most opulent and commercial countries as the measure of the effect of the mines in the sixteenth century, and have treated the fall in the value of money as general and uniform over Europe.² One recent inquirer,

however, has pertinently asked whether prices were really trebled or quadrupled (some economists have said more than decupled), even in all the chief cities of Europe? "And what was the extent in Muscovy and Poland, or in the Highlands of Scotland and the West of Ireland?"¹

The inquiry is important apart from the bare question of depreciation to which it refers, for the answer goes far to give a measure of the progress and civilization of the different districts of Europe. Two centuries and a quarter after the mine of Potosi had begun to affect the value of money, Arthur Young compiled a table of the comparative prices of provisions at different distances north of London. Within fifty miles of the capital he found the price of a pound of meat in several places fourpence—at greater distances, in several, only twopence. "The variations in the prices of butcher's meat," he observed, "are so regular, the fall so unbroken, that one cannot but attribute it to the distance, nor can any other satisfactory account be given of it." It was not, however, the mere difference of distance from London, which made prices so unequal; for in the southern counties Arthur Young himself found them more uniform. Distance both north and south operated on prices through the cost of carriage; and, when the distance was short, the result was the same as if it were great where access to good markets was hindered by the badness of the roads. There were both north and south of London lower prices than any tabled by Arthur Young. About the time of his tours, the price of mutton at Horsham, in Sussex, was only five farthings a pound,² or, allowing for the

¹ Macpherson's "Annals of Commerce," A.D. 1582.

² Mr. Jacob, for example, came to the conclusion that "in England and the other kingdoms of Europe, within the first century after the discovery of America, the quantity of the precious metals had increased nearly fivefold, and the prices of commodities had advanced nearly in the same proportion." Most subsequent writers have followed in Mr. Jacob's steps. It generally happens that, when a man gains the position of an authority on a question, all that he says is accepted in a lump, and his errors and oversights take rank with his best-established conclusions.

¹ Letter in the *Times*, by W. M. J., September 3, 1863.

² See Porter's "Progress of the Nation," Ed. 1851, p. 296. "The only means," says Mr. Porter, "of reaching the metropolis from Horsham was either by going on foot, or by riding on horseback. The roads were not at any time in such a state as to admit of sheep or cattle being driven to the London market, and for this reason the farmers were prevented from sending thither the produce of their

difference in the standards, little higher than what seems to have been a common price in England before the conquest of Peru.¹ In Scotland, again, down to the Union, there were, as Adam Smith relates, places where meat, if sold at all, was cheaper than bread made of oat-meal; and he speaks of a village in his own time, in which money was so scarce that nails were carried to the alehouse. At a later period, indeed, in many parts of the Highlands, men were their own butchers and brewers, and no money passed from the right hand to the left. In Ireland, in like manner, until the famine of 1846, there were districts in which not a coin from the American mines was in circulation; the labourer was hired with land or potatoes, and paid his rent in turn, and bought his clothes, with labour. Neither in the British Isles, nor in any continental country, was the money from the mines of the West spread over all localities and commodities alike. Much that was grown and manufactured in every State was both produced and consumed at home, gave money no occupation, and absorbed nothing of its power. Had every Englishman in the reign of Elizabeth bought and sold as he does now, the money which the Queen coined could not have raised prices through the kingdom as it actually did in the chief towns.² Nor did the new streams of silver penetrate into the remoter and more backward districts of the Continent.

land, the immediate neighbourhood being, in fact, their only market."

¹ In 1527 the pound weight of silver was coined into £2; and about that time the price of mutton seems to have been generally three-farthings a pound. At the period referred to above, the pound weight of silver was coined into £3.

² The English farmer, for example, in the 16th and 17th centuries was a man of many occupations, and a good economiser of the national currency. He was his own rope-maker, brewer, baker, and butcher; his flax was spun, his wool woven, and his clothes cut and sewn in his own house. "There were at that time," says Mr. Smiles, "no shops in the villages or smaller towns ('Lives of the Engineers'), so that there could be very little buying or selling, or passing of money through the country.

The trade of the Low Countries, then the distributors of the precious metals, with Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, and Poland, was almost entirely a barter of Oriental luxuries and Western manufactures for the raw produce of those countries. The price of the bulky merchandise of the north and east of Europe in Western markets was principally freight, which the Western merchant got; what balance there was for the remote producer was usually paid in kind. In Guicciardini's tables of the exports of the Netherlands to the countries named above, the precious metals are not named, and Raleigh, in the 17th century, lamented the small English trade with Russia, because "it was a cheap country, and the trade very gainful." Less than a hundred years ago, an English traveller found the price of a pound of meat at Novgorod three-halfpence; but it was much cheaper, or without a price, in the forest and the steppe, and is so in some such places still. Adam Smith, it is true, has asserted that, although Poland was in his time "as beggarly a country as before the discovery of America, yet the money price of corn had risen, and the value of money there as in other parts of Europe." But this opinion must have been founded on the price of a small part of the produce of Poland in foreign markets, for the chief part of the produce of the country was not sold for money at all. Down to our own time, the bulk of the people of Eastern Europe have lived for the most part on their own productions, or on a common stock; their few exchanges have commonly been performed in kind; what little money they have gotten from time to time has been hoarded and not circulated; and prices have not risen where there have been no prices at all. Nor did prices rise in all the secluded inland towns and villages of France, as they did in Paris, and near the ports of commerce with the Netherlands, England, and Spain. From the prices of corn in Paris, a French economist concludes that prices generally in France were twelve times higher in 1590 than in 1515,

owing to the American mines. But the true history of the Paris market itself cannot be learned from naked figures of the prices of a single commodity. The movements of the city and surrounding population, the harvests in the neighbourhood, and the means of carriage from a distance, political and military events, and many other circumstances besides the bare fact of the increase of silver in Europe, must be taken into account. Prices are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times, but they are often too concise for clear interpretation, and many leaves are missing. And the Paris prices of corn are so far from giving the average of prices generally throughout France, that, as we shall presently see, a great inequality of prices in different parts of the country continued down to the era of railways, and the contemporary influx of gold from the new mines; and the market of the capital exercised, until recent years, little or no influence upon the produce of the remoter rural districts.

Although, then, there is evidence of a great fall in the purchasing power of money in Europe in the 16th century, it was unequal in point of time and place; it was a partial and irregular depreciation, and one which cannot be measured with any approach to arithmetical precision. There were still, when it had reached its lowest point, millions of men, and the cattle on a thousand hills, fetching no more money than before; and the change would have been much less than it actually was at the centres of commerce, had the sums collected there been spread over all the people and produce of this quarter of the globe. The most of the money was expended in a few particular places—those most commercial and advanced—in which other causes besides the fertility of the new mines contributed to raise the price of the very commodity, corn, which has been commonly referred to as an accurate measure of the force of the metallic cause alone. Such rise of prices as really took place was almost confined to the neighbourhood of the chief seats of wealth and traffic; but there, certainly

within a few years from the first arrival of silver from Potosi, it was rapid, evident, and in respect of nearly all commodities, raw and manufactured, domestic and foreign. Is any such phenomenon discernible now in Europe, and in the chief towns of Europe in particular, after the lapse of a similar interval from the first discovery of mines of extraordinary fertility? The same economic laws still govern prices. Different countries, now as then, share unequally in the new treasure according to their produce, situation, and the balance of their trade; and its expenditure must have different effects in different markets and on different articles, according to the local supply of goods as well as money. Now, as then, it is a question not as to the total increase of the stock of gold and silver in the world at large, but as to the addition to, and the local distribution of the currency of each country, compared with the quantity forthcoming of each sort of commodity on which more money is spent than formerly. According as the supply of each sort of thing has increased as fast as, or not so fast as, or, on the contrary, faster than the increase of money expenditure upon it in each place, its price should evidently have remained stationary, risen, or, on the contrary, fallen there. In the 16th century the things on which the new money was poured out were not only comparatively few, but comparatively cheap, even in the dearest markets—so that a small sum made a large addition to their price. Sixpence more doubled the price of a pair of shoes in an English town at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign; another penny doubled the price of a chicken, and a shilling trebled that of a goose or a pig. In the four and forty years of her reign, Elizabeth coined little more than five millions of money, but that was nearly five times as much as was current before; and the things on which the additional money was laid out were, after all, but a scanty assortment. The modes of manufacture were little improved, and the greater supplies of raw produce required in the principal towns were carried to market

at increasing expense. The new money of this age, on the contrary, while very much greater in amount, has been spread over a far wider area, and a much larger stock of goods; and it found on its arrival a much higher level of prices in the principal markets than that which the silver from Potosi disturbed. The period of the new gold mines, moreover, is one in which several other new agencies have been at work, tending on the one hand to counteract to a great extent the effect of the circulation of more money in the markets previously dearest, and tending on the other (by contrast to what happened at the earlier epoch), to raise most considerably the price of the produce of some of the more remote and recently backward countries and districts. The bare question of the rise of prices is in itself, and so far as merely relates to the change in the value of money, of comparatively little importance. Its chief interest lies in the test the inquiry may elicit of the pace and direction of industrial and commercial advancement. For, in proportion to improvement in the processes of production and the means of importation, the monetary power of the mines is counteracted at the chief seats of industry and commerce by the contemporary increase of commodities—while, again, in proportion to the improvement of the methods of locomotion and the extension of trade, prices are brought nearer to equality over the world, and the more distant and undeveloped regions gain access at diminished expense to the markets where prices have been hitherto highest. Hence, by a seeming contradiction, it is a sign of great progress in commerce and the arts in the places farthest advanced in civilization, if the prices of commodities are found slowly advancing in the face of an uncommon abundance of money; while it is, on the contrary, usually a sign of the growing importance and economic elevation of the poorer and cheaper and hitherto backward localities, if prices are rising in them. By reason of their previous poverty and remoteness from good markets, and consequent cheap-

ness, the pecuniary value of the produce of the latter sort of places suddenly rises when they are brought into easy communication with the former; and the rise is a mark of improvement in their commercial position and command over distant markets and foreign commodities. The sort of produce in which undeveloped regions are naturally richest—the produce of nature—is the sort for which the population, capital, and skill of the wealthiest and most industrious communities have created the most urgent demand; and it is the sort which, in many cases, derives the greatest additional value from cheap and rapid modes of conveyance. The cheapest land-carriage, less than ninety years ago, of two hundred tons of goods from Edinburgh to London, would, we are told by Adam Smith, have required 100 men, 50 wagons, and 400 horses, for three weeks. A single engine, twenty trucks, and three men, would do it now in a day. All the ships of England, again, would not have sufficed, in Adam Smith's time, he tells us, to carry grain, to the value of 5,000,000*l.* from Portugal to England. In 1862, we imported grain to the value of nearly 38,000,000*l.*—most of it from a much greater distance. And the extension in the last fifteen years (the very period of the new gold) of the best means of land and water carriage to many distant and formerly neglected and valueless districts, has brought about, both in international trade, to a great extent, and in the home trade of many countries, the sort of change which Adam Smith perceived in the last century, to some extent, in the home trade of the United Kingdom—a change, however, which, even in the United Kingdom, has only very lately become anything like general and complete. “Good roads, canals, and navigable rivers,” said the philosopher, “by diminishing the expense “of carriage, put the more remote parts “of the country more nearly on a level “with the neighbourhood of the towns.” Railways and steam navigation have done more to equalize the conditions of sale through the world, since the

new mines were discovered, than all preceding improvements in the means of communication since the fall of the Roman Empire and the ruin of its roads.

Immediately after the Californian discoveries, a Russian economist predicted that, if a fall in the value of gold should ensue, England must be the first country to feel it;¹ and an English economist more recently argued that a greater rise of prices had, in fact, taken place in England than anywhere else, save in the gold countries themselves and the States of America.² Looking back, however, at the situation of England since the opening of the new mines, it is easy to see several agencies tending to counteract the effect upon prices here, some of which tended, on the contrary, to turn their chief effects upon prices abroad. Our vast importations of food and materials, through recent legislation, aided by steam, have, thanks to the gold mines, been easily paid for, but they have made foreigners the recipients of the bulk of the new treasure;³ and,

¹ M. De Tegoborski: "Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia."

² J. E. Cairnes, Esq.: *Dublin Statistical Journal*, 1859; *Fraser's Magazine*, 1859 and 1860; and letters to the *Economist* and *Times*, 1863.

³ Mr. Cairnes reasons that England, in consequence of the greater amount of its trade with the gold countries, must receive much more gold than other countries, and that the gold it receives must act more powerfully upon prices because of the activity of credit in the English system of circulation. But the comparative increase of the precious metals in England, or any other country, depends, as Mr. Mill has pointed out, not on the comparative amount of its trade with the mining regions alone, but on the comparative balance of its whole foreign trade and expenditure. The general course of international demand and transactions may be such that a country may even part with all, or more than all, the bullion it imports. Such, in fact, has been the situation of England in several years past. In the four years 1859—1862 the exports of specie exceeded the imports according to the returns, and there is reason to think the balance was more against England than appears by the official accounts. What bullion we got in those years went from us at once into foreigners' hands; and much of the money we get for our manufactures abroad is always in reality partly the price of

while tending to lower the price of the produce of our own soil, they have added to the price of the foreigners' produce sent to our market at diminished expense, owing both to the reduction of duties, and to cheaper and faster means of transportation. Agricultural produce was, therefore, less likely to rise in Great Britain than in many other regions; and the improvement in our manufactures generally surpassed the production of gold until the failure of cotton from America. About six-sevenths of the exports of Great Britain are manufactured commodities, and accordingly the productions of this country, which first felt the influence of the new money, generally fell instead of rising in price. Nine-tenths of our imports, on the contrary, are unmanufactured commodities, and the things which have really risen most in our markets are, consequently, to a large extent, foreign commodities; as to which it is important to notice that comparative tables of past and present prices in England do not measure the change in prices abroad. Even a low price of wheat, for example, to the buyer in London may be a high price to the grower in Poland or Spain; and the French peasant may be trebling the price of his eggs and his butter, when the Londoner pays little more for those articles than he did before French railways and free trade. In fact, the chief monetary phenomenon of this epoch is the rise of prices in remote places, put suddenly more nearly on a level with the neighbourhood of the great centres of commerce as regards the market for their produce. And the

the foreign materials of which they are made, and the articles of foreign production which the makers consume. Again, although speculative credit often raises prices for the moment above their natural level, representative credit, which merely saves the expense of coin, is only a substitute for it, and not an augmentation of the currency, and the prices it fixes are not higher than would prevail under a metallic system. Moreover, a given addition to prices here would make less change than in previously cheaper countries. And there have been, lastly, peculiar circumstances, pointed out in the text, tending to cheapen prices in the English market.

tables by which Mr. Jevons has attempted to measure the change in the value of money fail on this very account to exhibit the real extent of the change even in the United Kingdom itself, to which his researches have been confined. They give comparative prices in England of several sorts of country produce for some years before and since the opening of the gold mines; but they are the prices of the capital and chief towns, not of the remote places in the kingdom. Beef, mutton, veal, butter, eggs, and poultry, for example, have risen about twenty-five per cent. in the London market; but they have risen a hundred per cent. above their rates a few years ago in the inland parts of Ireland and Scotland on the new lines of railway. The common price of meat in the towns in the interior of Ireland before they were connected with the ports and the English market by railways, was from $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $4d.$ a pound; and now is it from $7d.$ to $8d.$ ¹ The rise of wages, again, in the agricultural districts of England falls far short of the rise from a much lower level in the rural districts of Ireland, suddenly brought into easy and cheap communication with both England and

¹ The rise in the price of meat, &c. in Ireland, as compared with the rates prior to the railways and the discoveries of gold, cannot be attributed to the decrease of live-stock in the last few years, for there has remained more stock than at the former period. The price is higher than it was four years ago, no doubt partly on account of the diminution of supply in these last years, for prices always depend on the supply of commodities as well as on that of money. But, compared with the prices of an earlier period, since the population of Ireland is much less, and its amount of stock greater now than then, it is clear that the rise is attributable to the improved means of exportation and the general abundance of money in the meat markets of the United Kingdom. It may be remarked here, that it is unreasonable to attribute (as has been done) the rise of meat in the United Kingdom to the mortality among cattle from disease (estimated at five per cent. per annum), for the increase in the quantity and quality of the stock of the country generally has, notwithstanding this loss, been enormous in the last fifteen years, without reference to importation from the Continent.

America. The complete revolution which has thus taken place in the scale of local prices in the United Kingdom itself renders all arithmetical measures of the change in the value of money, founded on the rates in a few particular markets, altogether fallacious. The truth is, that the change has been unequal in different years and different places, and in respect to different commodities. Measured in corn, the value of money in these islands is much greater now than it was during the Crimean War; measured in cotton, the value of money is much less than before the war in America. Speaking generally, however, the monetary movement of the sixteenth century has been reversed, and the rise of prices has been much greater in Ireland and the north of Scotland than in England, and greater in the remote parts of the country than in the capital. This contrast illustrates the general distinction already pointed out between the commercial and monetary phenomena of the former and the present metallic epochs. At the former period, the change in the worth of money was greatest in the country receiving its supplies directly from the mines, and next at or around the chief centres of commerce, such as Antwerp and London, and moreover, in what had been the dearest markets before, or the towns as compared with the country. Now, it will be found most conspicuous in many of the ruder and remoter localities, where prices were previously lowest.

Not one-tenth of the general produce of the mines of the world, since the new gold was discovered, has been finally allotted by the balance of trade to Great Britain, and some signs of the presence of the remainder might naturally be looked for in places having little or no direct dealings with the mining countries themselves. The new gold regions have, for example, added a much larger amount to the treasure of France than of England. From the returns of the French Custom-house, it would appear that bullion to the value of nearly 100,000,000*l.* had been added, by the

end of 1862, to the metallic stock of France; but the issues of gold coin from the French Mint since 1848 greatly exceed the declared imports of that metal. And we are not without evidence of perceptible effects of so vast an addition to the French currency upon the market of the country. In 1848, the French Government revised the official scale of prices, based upon a scale of 1827, and found that prices generally (inclusive of raw produce) had fallen in the interval. Since then, the current and the ancient money values of all commodities, imported and exported, have been set down year by year; and it appears from their comparison, that in 1852, a change took place. Prices, instead of falling, began to rise, and down to the end of 1861, ranged generally much above the old valuation, in spite of an enormous increase of importation and production. But these statistics, like those of Mr. Jevons for Great Britain, afford no real measure of the actual changes which the purchasing power of money has undergone throughout France; for, wherever railways have intersected the country, they have carried up prices to the metropolitan level; and the advance upon former rates has been much greater in France than in England, because of the previous inferiority of the former in the means of locomotion, and the more backward condition of the places farthest from the capital.¹ In France, as in England, there has been some controversy respecting the influence of the gold mines on prices; but there too writers on both sides have overlooked the effect of railways upon the distribution of the national currency and the prices of country productions. The writer on the Precious Metals, for example, in the "Dictionnaire Universel du Commerce," simply pronounces that provisions and raw materials are rapidly rising in price, but manufactures tending rather to fall. But in the article on Railways, in the same work, it is remarked that prices have risen enormously in the districts

they traverse, and that "one hears every day, in some place where people lived lately almost for nothing, that the passage of a railway has made every thing dear." The rise of prices in the provincial towns and rural districts forms the most prominent subject in most of the Reports of the British Consuls in France for several years past.¹ In each locality, special causes are commonly assigned by persons on the spot, for "the dearness of living;" but how is it that the same phenomenon presents itself in so many different localities—in the capital, the provincial town, and the agricultural district? How is it, if railways have raised wages, prices, and rents, that the rise has taken place at both ends of and along their lines? How is it, if labour and produce are rising in the country, because they are carried off to the town, that they are rising also in the town? And how could the prices

¹ Thus the Consul at Nantes, in his Report for 1862, observes: "The market prices of goods have been greatly increased by the railway communication between Nantes and Paris, while house-rent has risen to a price almost equal to Paris." The Consul at Bordeaux, in his Report for 1859, says: "For a while the hope was entertained that the establishment of railways would realize the problem of cheap living; but this has proved a fallacy, for the facility of transport and increased demands of the capital have created a drain in that direction. House-rent has within the last few years doubled, if not trebled." In his Report for 1862, the same Consul says: "With the exception of bread, the price of every commodity remains excessively high; and, though wages have risen in proportion, there does not appear to be any marked improvement in the state of the lower classes. It cannot be denied, however, that the progress of civilization has gradually created among them a tendency towards more expensive habits, and that what formerly were esteemed luxuries have now become indispensable wants." There are similar reports from the consuls at Havre and Marseilles. Nor is it only in the provincial towns that this monetary revolution has taken place. The cultivators of the soil, although they sell their produce at much elevated rates, complain bitterly of the increased cost of rural labour. The rise of house-rent in the towns is, no doubt, due in part to the concentration of the population; but this would not, if there were not more money in general circulation, raise wages and commodities both in town and country.

¹ See on this subject "Les Chemins de Fer en 1862 et 1863," par Eugène Flachet.

of things, for the most part increased greatly in quantity, have risen prodigiously throughout France, if there were no more money than formerly circulating through it? Many persons seem to imagine they have accounted for a rise of prices, without reference to the influx of money from the mines, when they have pointed out how the additional money has been actually laid out, and through whose hands it has most recently passed. Unless they see the miner himself, they will not believe that he is the prime agent in the matter, although it is commonly only being brought by other hands than his own, that his gold can raise prices at a distance. An interesting German writer has reproduced one of the popular theories of Elizabeth's reign—that luxury, ostentation, and expensive habits among all classes are the causes of the modern dearness of living, and not the abundance of money.¹ There cannot, however, be more money spent, if people have no more to spend than before. A mere change in the ideas and desires of society would add nothing to the number of pieces of money, and could not affect the sum-total of prices. If more money were spent upon houses, furniture, and show, less would remain, if pecuniary means were not increased, to be spent upon labour and food, and the substantial necessities of life; and, if the former became dearer, the latter would at the same time become cheaper. But, when people have really more money than formerly to spend, they naturally spend more than they formerly did, and their unaccustomed expenditure is considered excessive and extravagant. And, when an increase in the pecuniary incomes of large classes arises from, or accompanies, greater commercial activity and general progress, there commonly is a general taste for a better or more costly style of living than there was at a lower stage of society. There is always, it is true, much folly and vanity in human ex-

penditure; and masses of men do not become philosophers of a sudden because they are making more money, and their state is improving upon the whole. But their state *is* improving on the whole when their trade is increasing, and the value of their produce rising to a level with that of the most forward communities, and when the lowest classes are breaking the chains of barbarous custom, and furnishing life with better accommodation than servile and ignorant boors could appreciate. It is better to see German peasants building chimneys and embellishing their houses than burying their money; even if we find them copying their superiors in non-essentials and in finery, as well as in the plain requisites of civilization. The greater expense of ordinary life in North than South Germany has been cited as positive proof that the growing dearness of living on the Continent comes not from the plenty of money, but from the costlier habits of the people; and there may be much that is wasteful and silly in modern German fashion, as well as much that is uncleanly and unwholesome in what is called ancient German simplicity. But the chief reason why South Germany is comparatively cheap is that there is really less money in circulation: partly because it has more recently been opened up by railways, and still remains farther from the best markets of Europe; and partly because a greater proportion of the money actually gotten is hoarded,¹—which is a sign of comparative backwardness, and illustrates the connexion between progress and ascending prices noticed already. Wherever backwardness is changing into progress, and stagnation

¹ See the chapter headed "Der Geldpreis und die Sitte," in Riehl's "Culturstudien." A lucid abstract of the chapter is given in the *Cornhill Magazine* of May last.

¹ The following passage is taken from the *Revue Germanique* for October, 1863, in which it forms part of a translation from an article which appeared in 1857 in a German Quarterly. "La population des campagnes a été dans les huit dernières années comme une éponge qui s'est gorgée d'argent. Des statisticiens ont calculé que dans un seul canton à blé de l'Allemagne du sud, lequel ne compte que quelque milles carrés, on a thésaurisé dans le cours des dix dernières années au moins un million de florins d'argent comptant, qui n'est pas rentré dans le commerce."

into commercial activity, it will be found that cheapness is changing into dearness, and that something like English prices follow hard upon something like English prosperity. Thus the British consul at Bilbao reported lately: "The increased trade and prosperous condition of the country have drawn numbers of families to Bilbao. As a result of this the cost of living has risen enormously, and Bilbao, long one of the cheapest towns in Europe, has become a comparatively dear place."¹ To Spain, which in the sixteenth century robbed the treasures of the New World directly from their source, gold now comes by honest trade, and the miner is hidden behind the merchant. Unaccustomed streams of money are flowing, not only into the towns of Northern Spain, but through all the more fertile districts of the Peninsula near the new lines of railway. And the sums by which prices have been raised in Portugal and Spain could evidently not have been drawn from England and France without a corresponding fall of prices in those countries, had their coffers not been replenished from a new source. It is, too, in regions like the great corn-district of Medina del Campo, poor lately in money, but rich in the wealth of nature, that prices must rise fastest when they are brought into easy communication with the markets where money abounds, since the money is both attracted by their cheapness, and produces the more sensible change on account of it. It is in such places also that the unwonted abundance of such treasure, and the rise in the pecuniary value of the labour and produce of the people, are to be regarded with most satisfaction as signs of an extraordinary rise in the international and economical scale, and of

the obstacles being at length overcome which for centuries prevented them from contributing their natural resources and energies to advance the general prosperity and happiness of mankind. Thus the trade of the Swiss, shut out by their own mountains from the principal markets of Europe in the last century, now reaches to the farthest regions of gold; the merchant and the traveller pour the precious metals into their lap; and a country, not long ago scantily furnished with a base native currency, is now flowing with money from the mints of the wealthiest states. In the north and east of Europe we likewise find the range of prices indicating the course of local fortunes, and the share of remote places in the increased currency of the world depending on the improvement of their means of intercourse and trade with the more forward regions and their general progress. In Norway, which, with a population about half of that of London, is, in respect of its commercial marine, the fourth among maritime powers, the wages of seamen rose at a bound to the British level on the repeal of the navigation laws; and no sooner did Australian gold appear in Europe than the Norwegian currency swelled to an unprecedented balance, and prices rose to a pitch unknown before.¹ In Russia, a commodity which, a few years ago, was worth to the producer in the interior only a fourth of the sum it would sell for in the capital, may now be carried thither at comparatively trifling cost in fewer days than it might formerly have taken months to perform the journey; and the producer gains the difference. Such a burst of traffic ensued upon the new means of locomotion that the re-

¹ The Consul gives the following comparative table of prices in 1854 and 1860:—

	1854.		1860.	
	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
Houses and apartments	15 to 30	0 0	50 to 80	0 0
Beef (per lb.)		0 2½		0 4
Mutton "		0 0 2½		0 0 4½
Veal "		0 0 3½		0 0 8
Bread "		0 0 1		0 0 2
Potatoes (per stone)		0 2 0		0 3 7½
Eggs (per dozen)		0 0 3½		0 0 7½
Wine (two quarts)		0 0 7½		0 1 3½

¹ British Consul's Report for 1852-3. The Consul at Gottenberg, in Sweden, reports for 1855: "The year 1855 has been most prosperous. Notwithstanding that most articles are now admitted free of duty, provisions of every kind are excessively dear, many articles having within the last few years advanced to treble and in no instance to less than double in price. This may be attributed to the general prosperity and consequent increased consumption of better food among the working-classes."

ceipts of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway for the carriage of goods in 1859 are said to have equalled those of the best railways in England; and in the summer of the previous year 300 steamers plied the waters of the Volga, where only ten could be counted in 1853. This rapid growth of trade was accompanied, as the British Secretary of Legation reported, by a great improvement in the condition of the people, increased demand for labour, and higher wages, better food, and the exchange of the sheepskin for cloth. The exports of Riga, again, are of the very class which benefited most by the alterations in the English tariff, and which rose the most in the English market immediately after the influx of new gold began; and at Riga the same monetary revolution has ensued which Bilbao and other Western towns have experienced. In his report for 1859, the British Consul says:—"A fact which seems rather to weigh against Riga is the rapid increase of late years in the cost of living in this port. The necessaries of life have doubled in ten years; labour has risen in proportion."¹ It would, however, be an inference wide of the truth, that the whole Russian Empire exhibits similar indications of a rise towards the Western level. Great part of it is hardly better furnished with the paths of traffic than before the discovery of America; the carrier in many places leaves the cultivator little or no surplus; and the resources of a teeming soil and the industry of a most ingenious people are imprisoned and valueless. There is, in fact, still great inequality of prices, as of opportunities of progress, in different parts of Europe; but there is evidence, nevertheless, of the presence of a new money power in parts of every European country since the new gold first glittered in the market, and the Englishman has had, in his own quarter of the globe, many successful competitors for a share in the treasure, some of whom have been realizing prices much more above

the ancient level than those which have ruled in the wealthiest towns of this island. Different countries, different localities—by reason not only of the inequality of comparative progress, but also of the vicissitudes of the season and political affairs—have participated unequally from time to time in the general enlargement of the circulating medium of Europe. One prevailing tendency is, however, discernible in the commercial movement of this age—to reverse the monetary order of the 16th century, and to raise most, in relation to money, the produce of places where money was scarcest before. Is it so in Europe only? On the contrary, the most remarkable contrast between the former and the present epoch in the history of the precious metals lies in the sharp allotted to eastern countries, and the rise of Eastern industry and productions in international value, as measured by the universal standard of money. From 1500 to 1595, the Portuguese monopolised the maritime trade with the East Indies; and the cargoes of Asiatic merchandise which arrived in Europe, few and small in the first half of the century, declined in the latter half; nor does Mr. Jacob estimate at more than fourteen millions the entire amount of treasure which moved to Asia from the West in the first 108 years after America was discovered. In the last fourteen years, India alone has netted a balance of about a hundred and fifty millions. For upwards of two years the scale has been loaded in favour of India with money lost to the American States by the war—a fact which illustrates the connexion with the fortunes of nations of the movement of the precious metals. This influx into India began, however, with the increase of their quantity in the world,¹ following the general law of the period of the attraction of money to cheap and fertile places with which communication has

¹ A part of this rise is attributable to the depreciation of the paper rouble, but this was not considerable at the period referred to.

¹ The bullion imports of India in 1852-3 exceeded five millions sterling; in 1855-6 they rose nearly to eleven millions and a half; in the year 1856-7, the year before the mutiny, they reached 14,413,690*l*.

been improved, and in favour of which international trade must be redeemed. The money has flowed into India, it is true, not only in the immediate purchase of its commodities, but also in loans, public works, and investments of English capital—a fact, however, springing from the same general cause, and tending in the same direction. It is a fact of the same order with the gradual rise of the country to an economic level with the earlier elevated towns, which struck the sagacious mind of Adam Smith. “Everywhere,” he said, “the greatest improvements of the country have been owing to the overflowing of the stock originally accumulated in the towns.” The ruder and remoter regions are at length, if commerce be allowed its natural course, brought into neighbourhood and fellowship with the regions more advanced, and endowed with the same advantages, especially with that advantage to which the latter mainly owed their earlier progress, the advantage of a good commercial situation—which steam navigation, railways, and roads, are giving to many districts in India, rich in the food of mankind and the materials of industry, but until lately unable to dispose of their wealth, unless upon beggarly terms. There are some who view the accession of metallic treasure to such countries as a burden and loss to them—who maintain that the money exported to India, for example, abstracts a proportionate sum of commodities from the consumption of the natives, and then disappears in useless hoards or frivolous ornaments, adding little or nothing to its industrial spirit and power, or to the pecuniary value and command over foreign markets of its produce. As to the actual use of the new treasure in India, the truth is, that there, as in Egypt, and every Continental country in Europe, it has been both hoarded and circulated. Even in England there is always a considerable quantity of money lying temporarily idle in the purses of people too poor to keep bankers; and we shall see reason to believe that the amount of hoarding in India is by no means so great as some

English writers assume. Almost all the gold, however, or rather more than a third of the whole treasure lately imported into India, has certainly been either hoarded or made into ornaments. By reason of gold not being legal tender in India, the gold mines have added only indirectly to its currency—adding not gold but silver money. In the West, the new gold has taken the place of silver; the greater part of the silver set free has been finally carried to India, where it has a purchasing power which gold—a far more portable, convenient, and economical medium—has unfortunately been denied. Even the hoards and ornaments in India, however, are not to be regarded merely as waste. They are not only as legitimate pleasures and uses of wealth as many of the modes of expenditure common in the West, but they are also the private banks and insurance offices of the Indian natives.¹

¹ “The cultivator, if his plough-bullock dies, sells the bracelet which he had made up from his previous year’s savings to replace it. The shopkeeper acts in a similar way if he sees a sudden opportunity for an advantageous speculation. The mahajuns, or the large traders, pressed to meet their commercial engagements, have at once recourse to their precious stones, and either sell or pledge them to raise the money required.”—*The Drain of Silver to the East*, by W. U. Lees, Esq. P. 8.

It may not be considered out of place here to notice a misconception which seems to exist with respect to the effect on prices of the large portion of the annual supplies of silver and gold made in all countries, not into money, but into articles of use or ornament. Some writers treat this portion as having no effect at all on prices; others make calculations in which the whole additional stock of the precious metals from the new mines is counted as money. But, when the precious metals are converted into articles other than money, and sold and circulated as commodities, they tend not to raise, but to lower, the general level of prices, by absorbing a portion of the currency in their own circulation; for money cannot be in two places or doing two things at the same time, and the quantity engaged in buying plate, watches, ornaments, &c., is withdrawn from the market of other commodities. Hence the whole addition to the stock of the precious metals in England since the discovery of the new mines has not only not tended to raise prices, but a portion, and probably a very considerable portion, has really acted in the contrary direction, having been made into

The total coinage at the three Indian Mints, including an insignificant quantity of copper and gold, since the discovery of the gold mines, amounts to about a hundred millions of English money; and, in considering the effects of so great an addition to the coinage, it is material to observe that prices had generally been falling in India for more than five and twenty years previously. During that period the balance of treasure netted by India had not been large, owing to the slow development of its export trade, and the considerable remittances of specie to England. On the other hand the production of commodities increased from internal quiet, and the work to be done by the circulating medium of the country was multiplied not only by the increase of ordinary traffic, but also by the adoption under British rule of payments in money for taxes and other purposes, where payments in kind and barter had been customary before. The amount of the currency had in consequence become insufficient; the natives were often inconvenienced, and sometimes even ruined by its scarcity; and the labour and commodities of India were bought cheaper and cheaper by other countries. In fact, the price of labour and of many commodities was lower in India in 1845 than in England when the mine of Potosi was discovered three hundred years before, and we have seen how the previous cheapness of the English market contributed to the monetary revolution which followed the first considerable influx of silver from the New World.

But it would be an error to look

articles which added to the stock of commodities to be circulated. The consumption of gold and silver in the useful and ornamental arts in England, for watches, plate, jewellery, and decoration, must be very great. In Adam Smith's time the value consumed in the town of Birmingham in plating and gilding alone was estimated at more than 50,000*l.* ("Wealth of Nations," Book i. ch. ii.); and last year it was stated, in the Campden House case, that "a single artist had received from the proprietor of a single house no less a sum than 1,000*l.*, not for the work of gilding generally, but for the actual gold to be used in the process."—*Times*, Sept. 5, 1863.

for a rise of price in all commodities and localities alike in India, on the augmentation of its currency. The apparent effect of an expanded currency is sure in any country to be magnified in the case of some commodities, and diminished in the case of others, by extrinsic causes. The additional money is, in the first place, not laid out on all things or in all places equally—on some there may be no additional expenditure at all; and it raises more, or less, or not at all, the prices of the things on which it is expended, according to the supply forthcoming in each case to meet the increased pecuniary demand. Thus, for example, the paper price of different commodities at New York had risen above their level a year before in different degrees from 10 to 220 per cent.¹ In India prices have varied much in different places, and in different seasons, partly through the unequal distribution of the new money through the different localities, and partly on account of local inequalities in the supply not of money but of commodities. The defect of means of internal communication, more than any other circumstance, has contributed to cause great local inequalities in Indian prices in the last ten years.² It throws some

¹ See a table of prices of fifty-five commodities in the New York Market. *Economist*, March 28, 1863.

² The effect of the increase of money in India cannot be measured by the rates at which Indian products sell in the English market. Prices are very unequal in different parts of the East, and our imports may come from the cheapest places. Moreover, prices may be actually rising at the place of exportation, while falling at the place of importation, and the very cause of a fall at the latter may produce a rise at the former. Thus, the price of rice has been low of late years in the English market, because of large importations from the cheap Burmese provinces, where, however, the price has risen in consequence. For the same reason, together with the abundance of the crops on the spot, the price of rice has latterly been low in some districts of Bengal in which prices generally have been high. Thus, at Dacca, the price of rice was not higher in 1862 than in 1854; it was, however, 30 per cent. higher at Berhampore, and 100 per cent. higher at Cuttuck. The exports of India—coffee, cotton, grains, hemp, hides, indigo, jute, oils, opium, salt-

light upon the English prices in the 16th century to read that, in the North-West Provinces during the famine which followed the Mutiny, "while in one bazaar prices of 4 Rupees per maund might be ruling, in another not far off the price would be R. 1.8; yet no flow could take place from the full to the exhausted market, because roads were not in existence."¹ Before the Mutiny the prosperity of these provinces had steadily increased, and labour bore a price in them from 1854 to 1857 that it had never borne before. Then came destruction and famine; and, while the price of labour fell, that of food increased—just as, in the winter of 1836, food bore an enormous price at Antwerp and Brussels, not because the new mines were prolific—for the plenty of money

petre, seeds, shawls, silk, sugar, tea, wood, wool—have almost all risen greatly even in foreign markets. Nevertheless the prices in Mr. Jevons's tables of "*tea, sugar, rice, foreign spirits, spices, seeds,*" have been referred to by an able writer as confirming his conclusion that prices have risen less abroad, and especially in India, and Eastern and tropical countries generally, than in England. But English prices are not foreign prices. Of the commodities just named, *rice* has greatly risen in most parts of India; *tea* has risen considerably even in the English market, but much more in India; and *sugar* has risen in India (more than 100 per cent. in some places), but it has fallen in Europe for several years, owing to the enormous increase of the produce of Cuba and Porto Rico, and of beetroot sugar on the Continent. *Foreign spirits* (except brandy, which has much risen) have fallen in England in common with British spirits, by reason partly of the immense production of rum in the West Indies, and partly of diminished consumption in England and Ireland. *Spices* have been falling in the British market ever since the cessation of the Dutch monopoly, owing partly to the immense increase in the sources and amount of supply, partly to the extent of adulteration, and partly to the alteration in our tastes and customs of cookery, through which the demand has not increased with the supply. *Oil seeds* have risen enormously in India. *Opium* (to which the writer quoted has not referred) is the only Indian export of importance which has fallen in India itself; the causes of the fall being, first, a great increase of production since the Government raised the price to the cultivator, in order to drive rivals from the Chinese market, and, secondly, the late monetary crisis at Calcutta.

¹ Colonel Baird Smith's "Report."

had disappeared—but because the Spaniards had stopped cultivation.¹ In the adjoining provinces of Holland, on the contrary, prices at the same period were high, though every commodity abounded in the market, because American silver abounded there too; so likewise in India, while famine prices reigned in the North West, there were other provinces in which things were at once abundant and dear, because the harvest of money as well as of food had been rich; and the same may be said of the North West itself for two years past. During the famine years in the North West, the enormous rise in prices generally in the Lower Provinces of Bengal was not attributable exclusively to the operations of the Indian Mints; but in 1862 and 1863 plenty reigned all around, and yet prices ranged far above their level in 1854, with striking inequalities in the rise in different districts in different commodities, varying from above 300 per cent. to less than 20. Sugar, for example, was only 25 per cent. higher at Dacca in 1863, but at Patna and Dinapore it was 130 per cent. higher than in 1854. Rice is almost the only native product in any part of the lower provinces of Bengal which did not sell much higher in 1863 than before the drain of silver to the East, which the gold mines made possible; and the rare exception is accounted for not only by splendid crops upon the spot, but by the diversion of a part of the demand to the Burmese rice-grounds. Corn, in like manner, is as cheap in the London market now as it was a hundred years ago, because the supply of last year has outgrown the money demand. But rice sold in 1863 for double its ancient price in many parts of Madras, although cultivation had extended, and the two last harvests had been good, while the importations of food had increased, and its importation diminished. In the interior of Bombay such unprecedented prices have been latterly witnessed that the natives (who seem to be equally blamed whether they save or spend) have been

¹ Motley's "United Netherlands."

accused in an official Report of "playing" with their money like the Californian "gold-finders in the first days of the "diggings." In this novel profusion of expenditure, in the new comforts and luxuries with which the natives of India are filling their houses, in the new and more numerous exchanges which money performs in the interior of the country, and the larger sums necessary to perform them at rates enormously higher than formerly, we have the real account of much of the money supposed to have been hoarded because it has not found its way back to the bankers in the chief towns. The peasantry of the poorest districts in Ireland, in the late famine of 1847, were in like manner supposed to be hoarding the silver introduced by the Board of Works, because it did not return to the banks: the true explanation being that barter had ceased, and the coins which had disappeared were busy performing common exchanges, which had never been performed by money before. It is no slight advantage to the Indian natives to have their industry excited, and their traffic facilitated by the unwonted abundance of the currency, and it liberates the ryot from the cruel exactions of the money-lender. It raises the value of Indian commodities in the markets of the world, and the Hindoo is no longer forced to sell cheap and buy dear, in international trade.¹ It is in the rate of wages,

¹ The disadvantage to which a country is exposed in international trade from a lower range of prices than obtains in the countries with which it trades is well explained in the following answer of the Doctor to the Knight in the old "Dialogues" by Stafford, referred to in the early part of this article:—

"*Knight.*—Yea, but, sir, if the increase of treasure be partly the occasion of this continued dearth, then by likelihood in other our neighbours' nations, unto whom yearly is consigned great store of gold and silver, the prices of victuals and other wares in like sort be raised, according to the increase of their treasure.

"*Doctor.*—It is even so; and therefore, as I account it a matter hard to revoke all our English wares unto their old prices, so do I not take it to be either profitable or convenient to the realm, except one should wish that our commodities should be uttered cheap to

perhaps, that the most remarkable proof is afforded of the elevated rank of the Indian people in the scale of nations; for the comparative powers of production and purchase of different nations are measured by the average pecuniary earnings of labour in each. The rise of money-wages in England is seldom computed at so much as 20 per cent.; but the localities are now few in India where the labourer cannot earn more than twice the sum he could have done twelve years ago, and there are many in which he can earn more than three times as much. The railways, and new public works, and the emigration of Coolies to Ceylon, Mauritius, and the West Indies have, along with the European purchases of cotton, contributed largely to this result; but a fact is not explained away by showing how it has come to pass. The better market for the industry of the Hindoo, the expenditure of unprecedented sums upon it, and its extraordinary rise in price, are the very things spoken of. All the silver sent to the East could not add a rupee to the price of its produce and industry unless it were expended; the railways, public works, and the payments for cotton, are among the channels of expenditure; but the true sources of the money, though it be nearly all silver, are the new gold mines, for the silver could not have been spared from the West, had its place not been supplied by new gold.

There is, then, upon the whole, incontrovertible evidence of a great change in the value of the precious metals in the world, far more extensive than occurred in the 16th century, and upon a different ground-plan; but, like that earlier monetary revolution, it has been neither universal, nor equal where it has occurred. It has not been universal, for the Egyptian is almost the only African enriched; China has netted nothing on the balance of its trade for many years, and the cattle wandering in the pampas of La Plata soon leave the golden circle. Nor has it been strangers, and on the other side be dear unto us, which could not be without great impoverishment of the commonwealth."

equal, for the change has been greater in cheap markets than in dear. But the immense rise of prices in many of the former has been balanced by no corresponding fall in any of the latter markets, and a great diminution in the value of money on the whole is therefore clear, though to attempt to measure it with precision is vain, and to talk of it in terms of arithmetic is an abuse of figures. The only reasonable conclusion on the subject is, that money has for the present lost much of its purchasing power in the general world of trade—a conclusion by itself little to be desired. To load the exchanges of men—to alter the terms of agreement, and disappoint just expectations—to make landlords unwilling to grant leases, and all classes doubtful about contracts for time and thrifty investments—were a calamitous result of the enterprise and toils of the miners. And some evil of this kind has undoubtedly been done. The first consequence, too, of the discovery of the new mines was a diminution in the production of commodities. In 1851, half the male population of Victoria deserted their occupations for the diggings. In 1850, when the population of the colony was only 76,000, more than 52,000 acres were under cultivation. In 1854, when the population amounted to nearly 237,000, only 34,657 acres were cultivated. In 1860, this very colony imported from the rest of the world consumable commodities to the value of more than fifteen millions, and gave commodities in exchange to the value of only four millions and a quarter. British Columbia to this day has produced little but gold, and has levied a continual tribute upon the food, clothing, and implements of the rest of the world. Nevertheless, the good and the gain which have accompanied the evil and the loss are infinitely greater. The new gold has not only founded commercial nations of great promise round its sources, and enabled our own nation to work out (not only without a paralysing monetary drain, but with triumphant success), the problem of free trade, and to purchase in

most critical times the material of our manufactures; but it has assisted many backward communities to rise rapidly in the scale of civilization, and “wandered heaven-directed to the poor.” The rapid rise in the pecuniary value of the labour and produce of several such communities, of which evidence has been given, is not merely a sign and effect of their growing prosperity and elevated commercial position; it has also helped to conduce to their progress. The new money has obtained the immediate execution of great works such as a long line of ancient Egyptian tyrants could not have compelled;¹ it has been a stimulus to the cultivator’s industry and to the merchant’s activity; and it has substituted to a considerable extent a civilized medium of exchange for the barbarous and obstructive contrivance of barter.

So much the increase of the precious metals may be said to have accomplished. What more in their future increase they

¹ “An extraordinary revolution is rapidly proceeding in this country (Egypt). Europe has finally understood the immense future of Egypt, and is eager to develop her yet budding resources. Every steamer is pouring a new population and a golden stream on our shores; energy and capital are taking possession of the land, and urging it forward in the path of civilization and wealth. Not only are the cities of Alexandria and Cairo receiving so great an influx of inhabitants that, although whole quarters are rising on every side, house-room is still insufficient, and rents are always increasing; but the inland towns and villages are overrun, and factories with high chimneys and long lines of black smoke cut the sky of our flat landscape through the length and breadth of Lower Egypt. Gradually, but surely, the tide is creeping upwards, and will soon people the shores of the Thebaid. Englishmen, I am glad to say, are not behind in the race, and their numbers must always increase in a corresponding ratio to the amount of machinery employed. The effect of all this is telling on the natives. I lately heard that Halim Pacha, in conversing with his farm-labourers, had found the intellect of the lads who have grown up since the introduction of the new mechanical appliances was greatly in advance of that of the men who had reached manhood under the former primitive system of cultivation, when the ox was the all in all to the fellah, and when his mind had no stimulus and no cause for thought or inquiry.” —*Times*, March 28, 1864.

may accomplish it is not in the province of political economy to forecast. They may become a curse instead of a blessing; they may turn the reaping-hook into a sword, and become the sinews of war in Europe, when the sinews of war are exhausted in America. In Asia they may be buried out of the reach of the merchant by rebellion and anarchy, and prices may rise although money is scarce, because food is scarcer still. But, should both hemispheres be blessed with peace, their hoards as well as their mines may pour their contents into the lap of trade, and a new use may be found for all. The emancipation of the Russian serfs affords, in the payment of wages it involves, an example of the useful employment which the progress of civilization may provide for an increase of silver and gold in the world. The history of the last fifteen years bids us believe that, if the sword can be kept in its sheath, the precious metals will become less precious, chiefly in places where they are too precious at present; that prices will rise fastest where they are now lower than they

should be, or could be, if commerce had convenient pathways; and that commodities will finally be multiplied as pieces of money on the market. Given the fertility of the mines and the total quantity of money in circulation, prices in the aggregate must be lower through the world as a whole, in proportion to the general industry and skill of mankind, and the extent and facility of their trade; but in the same proportion they must also be nearer equality in different markets; and the rise of prices in cheap places to the level of the dearest is a sign of advancing civilization and prosperity. If prices were at a perfect equality in all places, it would prove that even distance as well as war had ceased to separate mankind. Although the literal attainment of a perfect monetary level is, therefore, manifestly impossible, the history of prices proves that, while many obstacles to human fellowship remain, more has been done since the new gold mines were discovered to make the world one neighbourhood in every sense of the word than was done in 300 years before.

LEONARD HORNER.

MR. LEONARD HORNER was born in Edinburgh, on the 17th of January, 1785. His father, Mr. John Horner, was a prosperous merchant and linen manufacturer in that city, and his mother, Joanna Baillie, of the Baillies of Dochfour, in Inverness-shire, was niece to the rector of Wootton, in Surrey, the former residence of the celebrated Evelyn. Mr. John Horner was a man of eminent abilities; he was, besides, an extensive reader, and possessed a remarkable memory. As he had seen much of the world, his fund of anecdote, and his power of relating a good story, made his society valued among the men of learning and brilliant conversation,

for whom Edinburgh was at that time celebrated. He was still more highly esteemed for his sterling qualities as a stout Whig, when Whiggism was everywhere at a discount (though nowhere so much as in his native city of Edinburgh), and for his great moral worth, his courage, integrity, and upright principles. Mrs. Horner was in all respects worthy of her husband; and the influence of her unusually noble character, her example of cheerful adherence to duty, and pious acquiescence in the will of God under every trial of life, assisted to form the characters of their children.

At the time of the birth of the third

and youngest son, Leonard, Mr. Horner resided in George's Square, a once fashionable and still respectable quarter of the city, with the Meadows, a pleasant walk for nursemaids and children, close at hand, and views of the Braid and Blackford hills as far as the Pentland range—a stretch of beautiful undulating country which, even to this day, has escaped the sacrilegious hand of the builder. In George's Square, or its neighbourhood, Brougham, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and other embryo statesmen and judges, were born or played; and here the nurses of Francis Horner and Henry Brougham carried their charges whilst they gossiped together. Leonard, a few years younger than his brother Francis, was sent at seven or eight years of age to a school where he did not escape the inhuman usage too commonly practised by schoolmasters in those days. As a punishment for having failed in a task, the child was made to sit with his back to a fire until he was sick, and once he was so severely beaten with the taws (a leathern strap, by which the master inflicted blows on the palm of the hand) that his arm was frightfully swollen. His father threatened the schoolmaster with prosecution, and, though he afterwards relented, he removed the boy at once from the school. At nine years old, Leonard was placed at the High School of Edinburgh, where his brother Francis had already begun to distinguish himself, and where Dr. Adam was the head-master. Leonard was a lively careless boy; and, whilst his sweet temper and engaging manners made him the delight of his home, and a favourite with all who came in contact with him, the grave disposition and steady diligence of his elder brother seemed to widen the distance between them more than their years or the real difference of their abilities justified. It was at this early period of his life that he first fell in with Sir Walter Scott, then a young lawyer, and already a celebrated poet. Sir Walter was limping along the Edinburgh streets one frosty morning of winter when the schoolboy was gaily tripping his way to

school. The poet slipped and fell; and the good little Samaritan, unconscious that he was performing a service to so distinguished a man of genius, helped the lame man to rise, and, following him into a wynd or alley, wiped the mud off his trousers with his pocket-handkerchief of six inches square.

A boyish passion for a sea-faring life was fostered by his companionship with the future Admirals Charles Napier and Deans Dundas; but, as he afterwards had a peculiar aversion for the sea, he never ceased to feel grateful to his father, who steadfastly opposed this inclination, on the ground that he had no command of interest in ministerial quarters, by which alone, at that time, promotion in the service could be obtained.

As the boy approached the upper forms in the High School, he asked and obtained his father's leave to escape Dr. Adam's elementary Greek and ancient geography. Upon quitting school altogether, his idle disposition was indulged by his being allowed to remain a year without any course of instruction whatsoever; and time was thus given for him to relinquish his desire for a naval life, without forcing him to turn to any other profession. This interval of leisure had the very unusual effect of arousing all his mental energies, producing a sense of shame at his own shortcomings, and ambition to recover lost ground. Thus a period of idleness, instead of fixing habits of self-indulgence, acted with him as an incentive to study. Something may be imputed to the example of his elder brother; but it was a proof of innate virtue as well as power in one so young, that, without a feeling of jealousy or envy, and without even the hope of attaining the level his brother had already reached, he could thus early commence, and pursue steadily and almost unaided throughout his life, the development of such talents and faculties as nature had bestowed on him. Of his own accord he attended the lectures on mathematics by Professor Playfair, and on moral philosophy by Dugald Stewart; and in November, 1802, he entered as

a student Dr. Hope's class of chemistry. In a short autobiography he left for his children he writes: "From that time began a new state of mind. I took an intense interest in the subject, bought apparatus, made experiments, and destroyed many of my mother's towels. I took a particular interest in mineralogy, began to make a collection of specimens, cultivated acquaintance with some fellow-students who had the same turn, and read Playfair's 'Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory,' of which I became a worshipper, having heard it well expounded by Dr. Hope. . . ." He continues, "I have spoken as yet only of my intellectual training; I must now say a word as to my moral training. I had the advantage of always hearing my father give expression to sentiments of honour and rectitude. My religious education my dear good mother took charge of in the best spirit of earnest liberal piety. Of the effect of her pious example and teaching I must record one anecdote: I was reading 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;' and, when I came to the fifteenth chapter of the first volume, my piety was so much shocked that I dashed the volume to the ground." The enthusiastic nature of the boy continued in the man to the latest hour of his life; but, though he never ceased to condemn and to regret the irreverent spirit in which Gibbon has treated a subject sacred alike to the orthodox and to all who respect an earnest and religious faith, he did not in later years the less acknowledge Gibbon's merits, and the debt of gratitude the world owes to this fearless champion of truth.

Mr. John Horner, finding that his wealth was increasing, was desirous that so lucrative a business should be continued; and, whilst his eldest son, Francis, after receiving every advantage education could bestow, was beginning life as a lawyer at the English bar, the younger, Leonard was selected as a partner in his father's business. Leonard was only nineteen years of age; and he therefore

accompanied his family to England, where his father proposed to carry on one branch of the business, leaving the manufacture in Edinburgh to be carried on by the elder partner, in whom Mr. Horner believed he might place entire confidence. Mr. Horner had just lost his second son by a fever, and the marriage of his eldest daughter to a West India merchant, resident in London, induced him to take a house at Frognal in the village of Hampstead, where his family continued to reside for several years.

At the age of one-and-twenty, Mr. Leonard Horner married Miss Lloyd, the daughter of a gentleman of landed property in Yorkshire, and settled in London. He was immediately received into the society of scientific and literary men of eminence, such as Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Parr, Mr. Hallam, Dr. Marcet, Sir Charles Bell, and others; added to whom were the political friends of his brother. Francis Horner was already regarded with respect in the House of Commons, where his remarkable powers of judgment gave greater weight to his opinion with men of all parties than could have been expected at his time of life. Meantime Mr. Leonard Horner continued his devotion to science. Dr. Hutton (the father of geology, as he has been called) had been intimate in the family of his grandfather Baillie; and his mother, Mrs. Horner, when a child, had been a favourite with the philosopher. Her son Leonard had therefore imbibed a respect for geology, whilst listening to the traditions of one of the greatest founders of the science; and his taste had been confirmed whilst reading Playfair's "Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory." The Geological Society of London was founded, in 1807, by Dr. Buckland, Mr. Arthur Aiken, Dr. John Bostock, Mr. Greenough, and Mr. Henry Warburton, who constituted the first Council; the following year Mr. Leonard Horner became a Fellow; and, from that time forth, he was one of the most active members. In 1811, when Secretary to the Society, he produced his paper on the Malvern Hills, which still maintains its reputation.

But a life so congenial to his tastes, surrounded by friends to whom he was warmly attached, was not destined to be of long continuance. The effect of Bonaparte's blockade, felt in every branch of commerce, and the decline in the linen trade, obliged Mr. Leonard Horner to return to Edinburgh in 1815, in order to give his personal attention to the business his father had established there. In 1817, the death of his brother Francis, whom he had accompanied to Italy on a journey for health, deprived him of his best friend and adviser, and crushed, at a blow, the ambitious hopes of their parents, justified by the early distinction of their eldest son, and by the prophecies of his future greatness which had met them on every side. Mr. Leonard Horner returned, almost broken-hearted, to Scotland, to resume his mercantile occupations. Another sorrow soon followed this first, in the death of his most intimate friend, Dr. John Gordon, an eminent young physician, who, like his countryman, Francis Horner, closed his career early in life. By the renewal of old friendships, and the addition of new, which the young ever gather around them, Mr. Horner was soon again in a circle of friends, composed of men who united frank and cordial warmth of character with talents which were rewarded by future eminence. Politics still ran high in Edinburgh; and it was only in the more hazy days of Whiggism that Jeffrey, Murray, Rutherford, and Cockburn, who were at this time marked men for their political opinions, were raised to the Bench. Lord Cockburn, in his "Life of Francis Jeffrey," thus alludes to Mr. Horner, when speaking of political meetings in Edinburgh:—"They were organised chiefly by the method and activity of Mr. Leonard Horner, the founder of our School of Arts, and, indirectly, of all these institutions—one of the most useful citizens that Edinburgh ever possessed. They gathered the aristocracy, in station and in character, of the Scotch Whig party; but derived still greater weight from the open accession of citizens who for many years had been taught

"to shrink from political interference
 "on this side as hurtful to their business. The meetings were always held, as nearly as could be, on the anniversary of the birthday of Charles James Fox." In 1825, Mr. Horner, as a representative of the mercantile interest in Edinburgh, whilst one of the most staunch supporters of the Liberal cause, was elected chairman of the dinner given in honour of Joseph Hume. His active sympathy with liberty was not, however, confined to his own country. He welcomed to his house all who had been driven into exile after the attempt and failure of revolution in Italy in 1820; and, as he had as early as 1805 studied the Italian language, he took advantage of this opportunity to improve his knowledge of its literature, whilst in frequent intercourse with men illustrious as authors and politicians—the Counts Ugoni, Arrivabene, Castiglioni, Signor Demarchi, &c.

In the spring of 1821 Mr. Horner first conceived the idea of founding in Edinburgh an institution for the instruction of mechanics in branches of science connected with their trades, following the example already set by Glasgow, in which a similar institution existed. He found ready help in his projects from those whom experience had convinced of the benefits that would accrue, as well as from some of the leading men in the Scotch metropolis; and in October of that year the School of Arts was formally opened by the Lord Provost. From that time forth Mr. Horner never ceased to take a warm and active interest in an institution which he justly regarded as peculiarly his own, and for which a few years before his death he founded an annual prize. He was shortly afterwards engaged, with Lord Cockburn and other friends, in drawing up the plan of a school for imparting a higher classical education than had hitherto been offered to the sons of gentlemen and of the middle classes in Edinburgh. In the memorials of his time, Lord Cockburn gives the following account of the scheme for the Academy:—"Leonard Horner and I

“ had often discussed the causes and the remedies of the decline of classical education in Scotland . . . So, one day, on the top of one of the Pentlands—emblematic of the solidity of our foundation, and of the extent of our prospects,—we two resolved to set about the establishment of a new school.” The Academy still flourishes; and in the very last year of his life Mr. Horner, the sole surviving founder, was interested in schemes for a reform in its original construction, which he hoped might still further increase its reputation. Within its walls have already been educated the present Bishop of London, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and others who have distinguished themselves. Whilst Mr. Horner was thus engaged in promoting the education of youth, it pleased God to deprive him of his only son—a misfortune which, however, never for a moment slackened the earnestness and zeal of his labours for advantages to others which he once fondly hoped would have been shared by his own child.

In 1827 Mr. Horner was invited to London to take the place of Warden in the London University. The office entailed much labour and vexation; and, after four years—in which time his health was seriously affected—he retired with his family to Bonn, on the Rhine, where, as usual, he took full advantage of his opportunities to increase his fund of knowledge. He made himself master of the German language whilst studying the geological features of the country, and formed a lasting friendship with some of the most eminent men of learning there—August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Professor Brandis, Professor Bethman Holweg, the late Minister Arndt, Mitscherlich, Goldfuss, and others. He returned to England in 1833; when he accepted the office of Inspector of Factories. In the spring he had been appointed, with several other gentlemen, Commissioner to inquire into the employment of children in the factories of Great Britain. Their first report was dated June, 1833; and

the Factory Act, founded upon it, was passed on the 29th August of that year. A gentleman who subsequently became one of Mr. Horner's coadjutors, writes of this Commission:—“It is noteworthy that a most laborious and exhaustive inquiry was made between the 19th April and the 25th June; that the information was collected and digested during those two months; and that in the course of two months more the factory operatives were reaping the benefit of the inquiries and recommendations of Mr. Horner and his colleagues.”

As Mr. Horner's duties as an Inspector of Factories lay at first in Scotland and Ireland, he returned to reside in Edinburgh, where he continued nearly three years. But he afterwards exchanged this district for that of Lancashire and the adjoining counties; when he brought his family to London—the duties of his office obliging him to divide his time between Lancashire and the metropolis. As he always had at heart the protection of the poorer and least influential classes, the measure he had to enforce met with his entire and hearty sympathy, as well as co-operation; and he spared no labour on his part to carry it into effect in the spirit rather than the letter of the law. As he was consulted in almost every difficult or dubious case, his task was frequently more than commonly harassing; and temper and judgment were required to fulfil it faithfully, without rendering the Act more obnoxious than was inevitable towards those whose interests it appeared to infringe. The writer already quoted observes that, “As an administrator of the Factory Act he always looked to the object of the Act, viz. to the protection of the women and children; and, in carrying out what he considered his duty under the law, he was firm and resolved, accepting with readiness any responsibility that devolved upon him.” He met with his reward in the increasing number of millowners and operatives who acknowledged the beneficial results of the Act, in the support it received from the more philanthropic or far-seeing of

the former, and in the grateful expressions of the working men. In 1840, Mr. Horner and three other gentlemen were appointed Commissioners to inquire into the employment of women and children whose labour was not under any restrictions; and the results of their inquiry was the Mines Inspection Act, passed in November, 1841, whereby the labour of females in mines was prohibited, and restrictions were placed upon the employment of boys. In 1845 the print-works were likewise placed under inspection.

Amidst these arduous labours Mr. Horner sought his chief recreation in turning at every spare moment to his favourite scientific pursuits, whilst continuing to cultivate his literary tastes. An early riser, regular and simple in his habits, his remarkable punctuality and method in the distribution of his time, enabled him to accomplish more than men who have greater leisure at their command. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Geological and Royal Societies, and was ever a supporter of such reforms as should help to maintain the vitality of these institutions, and widen their sphere of utility. He was, besides, ever anxious to bring forward, and aid to the utmost of his ability, every young man of talent, whose means and opportunities were small and few. He was twice elected President of the Geological Society, and maintained that position with dignity and honour, besides being chosen one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Society at the time that the Marquis of Northampton was President. It was during this period (1845—1847) that he was engaged in a project of reform in the statutes of the Royal Society with Mr. Grove, Dr. Sharpey, and several other distinguished men of science, Fellows of the Society, and, with himself, upon the Council. Mr. Horner, from the position he then occupied, and from his age, was better able to promote certain measures than the junior members of the Council whose opinions he shared. It was to his courage, perseverance, and firmness, united with

courtesy of manner, that much of the success of their good work may be attributed. The Royal Society was at that time considered by many of its members to be in danger of sinking into comparative insignificance, owing to certain flaws or weaknesses in its original construction. Among other defects, unlimited admission of persons to a dignity naturally coveted on account of its advantages, the manner in which candidates were supplied (the rules of the Society leaving a preponderance of power to the President and a few other permanent officers of the Council), were leading to a system of careless patronage which was converting what was once a distinction and honour into a trading speculation. The scheme of reform was strongly opposed by the President, the Marquis of Northampton; but, in spite of all the force that was brought to bear to defeat the reformers, and though these reformers were professional men, or, as in Mr. Horner's instance, had official duties which were never for one moment neglected, they carried the day after two years of struggle, as far, at least, as a limitation of the number of members for annual election to fifteen. The measure first took effect in 1847.

During this period of his life Mr. Horner was for several years engaged in editing the memoirs of his brother, Mr. Francis Horner—an occupation of peculiar interest to him, both from his attachment to the subject of the biography, and the associations with the past, awakened in sad but fondly-cherished memories with those who had been the early friends of both brothers. After two editions had been published in England, a third appeared in America; and in Scotland Messrs. Chambers republished the work in a cheaper form, for the benefit of the middle classes, to whom the name of Francis Horner was already familiar. Mr. Horner likewise translated a work on education in Holland, by Victor Cousin, to which he added preliminary observations by himself. In his few weeks of holiday in every year, he generally visited the Continent, and he

kept up his acquaintance with all that was passing in science and literature abroad. He seldom failed likewise to pay a short visit to Edinburgh, and he thus maintained his interest in his native city.

In February, 1851, Mr. Horner applied to the Recommendation Committee of the Royal Society, for a grant of fifty pounds, to enable him to prosecute a research he had already commenced in the Nile Valley, assisted by H.B.M. Consul, the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. His object was to procure geological evidence upon the periods of chronology immediately anterior to historical testimony. The deposits left by the annual inundations of the Nile are such as to allow of a chronometrical scale by which to determine with tolerable accuracy the time which has elapsed from the earliest historical period. Mr. Horner therefore considered that the same graduation might be applied, without violating probability, to determine the ante-historical period, as far as the composition of the deposit continued the same, below the point of departure already fixed upon as historical. He was supported in this view by the Egyptologists Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Lepsius; and, his request having been acceded to by the Royal Society, he proceeded with zeal in his inquiry. The work was liberally assisted by the Viceroy, whose attention had been called to the subject by Mr. Murray; and he caused shafts to be sunk for the purpose, near the Obelisk of Heliopolis, under the direction of Hekekyan Bey, one of the ablest engineer officers on his staff. The results of these observations, which were continued during four years, were given by Mr. Horner to the Royal Society in 1855.

After nearly thirty years of official life, Mr. Horner resigned the Inspectorship of Factories, in the hope of enjoying some years, not of rest, but of activity devoted wholly to his favourite pursuits in geology, to which he had hitherto been able to give only a partial attention, snatched from intervals of business. At seventy-five years of age,

he was aware that he could no longer follow up field-geology; but he resolved to arrange and classify the Museum of the Geological Society, so as to render it useful to the students. In 1861 he left England for Italy for the restoration of Mrs. Horner's health, and was thus able to fulfil the wish of forty-four years—to revisit the grave of his brother. He spent eight months in Florence, enjoying the society of the cultivated and distinguished Italians of that city; but, when on the eve of returning to his native country, he met with the crowning sorrow of his life in the loss of his wife, the companion of fifty-six years. The interest she had taken in a work in which he was then engaged—the translation from the Italian of the "Life of Savonarola," by Professor Villari of Pisa—appeared to give a fresh stimulus to his exertions; and, when published a few months later, it met with the approbation of his literary friends, as well as of the public. On his return to England he resumed his labours at the Museum of the Geological Society of London; which he visited with steady perseverance, day after day, whilst continuing his studies in Italian and English literature. In the summer of 1862 he revisited Edinburgh, where he received an ovation from his fellow-townsmen, the sons of friends and contemporaries who had gone before him, which gratified and touched him deeply.

The influence Mr. Horner had obtained, and the good he had effected, during his long life, must not be attributed solely to the wise and philanthropic objects he chose, nor to the courage and steadiness with which they were pursued. It was due still more to the love he inspired by his gentle and tender feelings, displayed towards the humblest being who approached him; to his genial sympathy with their joys and sorrows; and to the active aid he was ever ready to give, where he thought he could be of service. The consideration of self was ever last with him; and of him it might well be said that "out of the heart the mouth spake."

Ever since he quitted Florence, he had looked forward to returning thither in the spring of 1864, again to indulge the melancholy satisfaction of beholding a beloved grave; but it pleased God that it should be otherwise. He had fixed the day of his departure from England for the 15th of March; but, on the fifth day of that month, a cold,

followed by extreme weakness, closed his long and useful life at seventy-nine years of age. His funeral was strictly private, the attendance being confined to his family. His remains, followed by his daughters, sons-in-law, and grand-children, were laid in the cemetery at Woking, on the 12th of March, 1864.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXV.

COLIN and his guardian went on their way in a direction opposite to that in which the Mistress travelled sadly alone. They made all the haste possible out of the cold and boisterous weather, to get to sea; which was at once, according to all their hopes, to bring health to the invalid. Lauderdale, who carried his little fortune about him, had been at great pains in dispersing it over his person; so that, in case of falling among thieves—which, to a man venturing into foreign parts, seemed but too probable—he might, at least, have a chance of saving some portion of his store. But he was not prepared for the dire and dreadful malady which seized him unawares, and made him equally incapable of taking care of his money and of taking care of Colin. He could not even make out how many days he had lain helpless and useless in what was called the second cabin of the steamer—where the arrangements and the provisions were less luxurious than in the more expensive quarters. But Lauderdale was unconscious altogether of any possibility of comfort. He gave it up as a thing impossible. He fell into a state of utter scepticism as he lay in agonies of sea-sickness on the shelf which represented a bed. "Say nothing to me about getting there," he said, with as much indignation as he was capable of. "What

do you mean by *there*, callant. As for land, I'm far from sure that there's such a thing existing. If there is, we'll never get to it. It's an awful thing for a man in his senses to deliver himself up to this idiot of a sea, to be played with like a bairn's ball. It's very easy to laugh—if you had been standing on your head, like me, for twenty days in succession—"

"Only four days," said Colin, laughing, "and the gale is over. You'll be better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Lauderdale, with a contemptuous groan; "I've no faith in to-morrow. I'm no equal to reckoning time according to ordinary methods, and I'm no conscious of ever having existed in a more agreeable position. As for the chances of ever coming head uppermost again, I would not give sixpence for them. It's all very well for the like of you. Let me alone, callant; if this infernal machine of a ship would but go down without more ado, and leave a man in peace—that's the pleasantest thing I can think of. Don't speak to me about Italy. It's all a snare and delusion to get honest folk off firm ground. Let me get to the bottom in peace and quiet. Life's no worth having at such a price," sighed the sufferer; to whom his undutiful charge answered only by laughter and jibes, which, under the circumstances, were hard to bear.

"You are better now," said the heartless youth, "or you could not go into

the philosophy of the subject. To-morrow morning you'll eat a good breakfast, and—"

"Dinna insult my understanding," said Colin's victim. "Go away, and look out for your Italy or whatever you call it. A callant like you believes in everything. Go away and enjoy yourself. If you don't go peaceably, I'll put you out," cried the miserable man, lifting himself up from his pillow, and seizing a book which Colin had laid there, to throw at his tormentor. A sudden lurch, however, made an end of the discomfited philosopher. He fell back, groaning, as Colin escaped out of the little cabin. "It's quite intolerable, and I'll no put up with it any longer," said Lauderdale to himself. And he recalled, with a sense of injury, Colin's freedom from the overpowering malady under which he was himself suffering. "It's me that's ill, and no him," he thought, with surprise, and the thought prevailed even over sea-sickness. By-and-by it warmed with a delicious glow of hope and consolation the heart of the sufferer. "If it sets the callant right, I'm no heeding for myself," he said in his own mind, with renewed heroism. Perhaps it was because, as Colin said, Lauderdale was already beginning to be better that he was capable of such generosity. Certainly the ship lurched less and less as the evening went on, and the moonlight stole in at the port-hole and caressed the sufferer, widening his horizon a little before he was aware. He had begun to wonder whether Colin had his great-coat on before long, and fell asleep in that thought, and worked out his remaining spell of misery in gigantic efforts—continued all through the night—to get into Colin's coat, or to get Colin into his coat, he was not quite sure which. Meanwhile, the object of Lauderdale's cares was on deck, enjoying the moonlight, and all the excitement and novelty of his new life.

They had been four days at sea, and Colin, who had not been ill, had become acquainted with the aspect of all his fellow-passengers who were as good

sailors as himself. They were going to Leghorn, as the easiest way of reaching Italy; and there were several invalids on board, though none whose means made necessary a passage in the second cabin, of which Colin himself and Lauderdale were the sole occupants. Of the few groups on the quarter-deck who were able to face the gale, Colin had already distinguished one, a young man, a little older than himself, exceedingly pale and worn with illness, accompanied by a girl a year or two younger. The two were so like each other as to leave no doubt that they must be brother and sister, and so unlike as to call forth the compassionate observation of everybody who looked at them. The young lady's blooming face, delicately round and full, with the perfect outline of health and youth, had been paled at first by the struggle between incipient sea-sickness and the determination not to leave her brother; but by this time—at the cost of whatever private agonies—she had apparently surmounted the common weakness, and was throwing into fuller and fuller certainty, without knowing it, by the contrast of her own bloom, the sentence of death written on his face. When they were on deck, which was the only time that they were visible to Colin, she never left him—holding fast by his arm with an anxious tenacity; not receiving, but giving support, and watching him with incessant, breathless anxiety, as if afraid that he might suddenly drop away from her side. The brother, on his side, had those hollow eyes, set in wide pathetic niches, which are never to be mistaken by those who have once watched beloved eyes widening out into that terrible breadth and calm. He was as pale as if the warm blood of life had already been wrung out of him drop by drop; but, notwithstanding this aspect of death, he was still possessed by a kind of feverish activity, the remains of strength, and seemed less disturbed by the gale than any other passenger. He was on deck at all hours, holding conversations with such of the sailors as he could get at—talking to the captain, who seemed to

eschew his society, and to such of his fellow-travellers as were visible. What the subject of his talk might be, Colin from his point of observation could not tell; but there was no mistaking the evidences of natural eloquence and the eagerness of the speaker. "He ought to be a preacher by his looks," Colin said to himself, as he stood within the limits to which, as a second-class traveller, he was confined, and saw, at a little distance from him, the worn figure of the sick man, upon whose face the moonlight was shining. As usual, the sister was clinging to his arm and listening to him with a rapt countenance; not so much concerned about what he said, as absorbed in anxious investigation of his looks. It was one of the sailors at this time who formed the audience to whom the invalid was addressing himself—a man whom he had stopped in the midst of something he was doing, and who was listening with great evident embarrassment, anxious to escape, but more anxious still, like a good-hearted fellow as he was, not to disturb or irritate the suffering man. Colin drew a step nearer, feeling that the matter under discussion could be no private one, and the sound of the little advance he made caught the invalid's nervous ear. He turned round upon Colin before he could go back, and suddenly fixed him with those wonderful dying eyes. "I will see you again another time, my friend," he said to the released seaman, who hastened off with an evident sense of having escaped. When the stranger turned round he had to move back his companion, so that in the change of position she came to be exactly in front of Colin, so near that the two could not help seeing, could not help observing each other. The girl withdrew her eyes a minute from her brother to look at the new form thus presented to her. She did not look at Colin as a young woman usually looks at a young man. She was neither indifferent, nor did she attempt to seem so. She looked at him eagerly, with a question in her eyes. The question was a strange one to be addressed, even from the eyes, by one stranger to

another. It said as plain as words, "Are you a man to whom I can appeal—are you a man who will understand *him*? Shall I be able to trust you, and ask your help?" That and nothing else was in the wistful anxious look. If Colin's face had not been one which said "Yes" to all such questions, she would have turned away, and thought of him no more—as it was, she looked a second time with a touch of interest, a gleam of hope. The brother took no more apparent notice of her than if she had been a cloak on his arm, except that from time to time he put out his thin white hand to make sure that her hand was still there. He fixed his eyes on Colin with a kind of solemn steadfastness, which had a wonderful effect upon the young man, and said something hasty and brief, a most summary preface, about the beautiful night. "Are you ill?" he added, in the same hasty breathless way, as if impatient of wasting time on such preliminaries. "Are you going abroad for your health?"

Colin, who was surprised by the question, felt nearly disinclined to answer it—for in spite of himself it vexed him to think that anybody could read that necessity in his face. He said, "I think so," with a smile which was not quite spontaneous; "my friends at least have that meaning," he added more naturally a moment afterwards, with the intention of returning the question; but that possibility was taken rapidly out of his hands.

"Have you ever thought of death?" said the stranger. "Don't start—I am dying, or I would not ask you. When a man is dying he has privileges. Do you know that you are standing on the brink of a precipice? Have you ever thought of death?"

"Yes, a great deal," said Colin. It would be wrong to say that the question did not startle him; but, after the first strange shock of such an address, an impulse of response and sympathy filled his mind. It might have been difficult to get into acquaintance by means of the chit-chat of society, which requires a certain initiation; but such a grand

subject was common ground. He answered as very few of the people interrogated by the sick man did answer. He did not show either alarm or horror—he started slightly, it is true, but he answered without much hesitation,

“Yes, I have thought often of death,” said Colin. Though he was only a second-class passenger, this was a question which put all on an equality; and now it was not difficult to understand why the captain eschewed his troublesome question, and how the people looked embarrassed to whom he spoke.

“Ah, I am glad to hear such an answer,” said the stranger; “so few people can say so. You have found out, then, the true aim of life. Let us walk about, for it is cold, and I must not shorten my working-days by any devices of my own. My friend, you give me a little hope that, at last, I have found a brother in Christ.”

“I hope so,” said Colin, gravely. He was still more startled by the strain in which his new companion proceeded than by his first address; but a dying man *had* privileges. “I hope so,” Colin repeated; “one of many here.”

“Ah, no, not of many,” said the invalid; “if you can feel certain of being a child of God, it is what but few are permitted to do. My dear friend, it is not a subject to deceive ourselves upon. It is terribly important for you and me. Are you sure that you are fleeing from the wrath to come? Are you sure that you are prepared to meet your God?”

They had turned into the full moonlight, which streamed upon their faces. The ship was rushing along through a sea still agitated by the heavings of the past storm, and there was nothing moving on deck except some scattered seamen busy in their mysterious occupations. Colin was slow to answer the new question thus addressed to him. He was still very young; delicate, and reticent about all the secrets of his soul; not wearing his heart upon his sleeve even in particulars less intimate and momentous than this. “I am not afraid of my God,” he said, after a minute’s pause; “pardon me, I am not used to speak

much on such subjects. I cannot imagine that to meet God will be less than the greatest joy of which the soul is capable. He is the great Father. I am not afraid.”

“Oh, my friend!” said the eager stranger—his voice sounded in Colin’s ear like the voice of a desperate man in a lifeboat, calling to somebody who was drowning in a storm,—“don’t deceive yourself; don’t take up a sentimental view of such an important matter. There is no escape except through one way. The great object of our lives is to know how to die—and to die is despair, without Christ.”

“What is it to live without Him?” said Colin. “I think the great object of our lives is to live. Sometimes it is very hard work. And, when one sees what is going on in the world, one does not know how it is possible to keep living without Him,” said the young man, whose mind had taken a profound impression from the events of the last three months. “I don’t see any meaning in the world otherwise. So far we are agreed. Death, which interests you so much, will clear up all the rest.”

“Which interests me?” said his new friend; “if we were indeed rational creatures, would it not interest every one? Beyond every other subject, beyond every kind of ambition and occupation. Think what it is to go out of this life, with which we are familiar, to stand alone before God, to answer for the deeds done in the body.”

“Then, if you are so afraid of God,” said Colin, “what account do you make of Christ?”

A gleam of strange light went over the gaunt eager face. He put out his hand with his habitual movement, and put it upon his sister’s hand, which was clinging to his arm. “Alice, hush!” said the sick man; “don’t interrupt me. He speaks as if he knew what I mean; he speaks as if he too had something to do with it. I may be able to do him good or he me. I have not the pleasure of knowing your name,” he said, suddenly turning again to Colin with the strangest difference of manner. “Mine

is Meredith. My sister and I will be glad if you will come to our cabin. I should like to have a little conversation with you. Will you come?"

Could he have said No; but the word was stayed on his lips by a sudden look from the girl who had been drawn on along with them, without any apparent will of her own. It was only in her eyes that any indication of individual exertion on her part was visible. She did not speak, nor appear to think it necessary that she should second her brother's invitation; but she gave Colin a hasty look, conveying such an appeal as went to his heart. He did not understand it; if he had been asked to save a man's life the petition could not have been addressed to him more imploringly. His own inclination gave way instantly before the eager supplication of those eyes; not that he was charmed or attracted by her, for she was too much absorbed, and her existence too much wrapt up in that of her brother, to exercise any personal influence. A woman so pre-occupied had given up her privileges of woman. Accordingly, there was no embarrassment in the direct appeal she made. The vainest man in existence would not have imagined that she cared for his visit on her own account. Yet it was at her instance that Colin changed his original intention, and followed them down below to the cabin. His mind was sufficiently free to leave him at liberty to be interested in others, and his curiosity was already roused.

The pair did not look less interesting when Colin sat with them at the table below, in the little cabin, which did not seem big enough to hold anything else except the lamp. There, however, the sister exerted herself to make tea, for which she had all the materials. She boiled her little kettle over a spirit-lamp in a corner apart, and set everything before them with a silent rapidity very wonderful to Colin, who perceived at the same time that the sick man was impatient even of those soft and noiseless movements. He called to her to sit down two or three times before she

was ready, and visibly fumed over the slight commotion, gentle as it was. He had seated himself in a corner of the hard little sofa which occupied one side of the cabin, and where there already lay a pile of cushions for his comfort. His thoughts were fixed on eternity, as he said and believed; but his body was profoundly sensitive to all the little annoyances of time. The light tread of his sister's foot on the floor seemed to send a cruel vibration through him, and he glanced round at her with a momentary glance of anger, which called forth an answering sentiment in the mind of Colin, who was looking on.

"Forgive me, Arthur," said the girl, "I am so clumsy; I can't help it"—an apology which Arthur answered with a melancholy frown.

"It is not you who are clumsy; it is the Evil One who tempts me perpetually, even by your means," he said. "Tell me what your experience is," he continued, turning to Colin with more eagerness than ever; "I find some people who are embarrassed when I speak to them about the state of their souls; some who assent to everything I say, by way of getting done with it; some who are shocked and frightened, as if speaking of death would make them die the sooner. You alone have spoken to me like a man who knows something about the matter. Tell me how you have grown familiar with the subject—tell me what your experiences are."

Perhaps no request that could possibly have been made to him would have embarrassed him so much. He was interested and touched by the strange pair in whose company he found himself, and could not but regard with a pity, which had some fellow-feeling in it, the conscious state of life-in-death in which his questioner stood, who was not, at the same time, much older than himself, and still in what ought to be the flower of his youth. Though his own thoughts were of a very different complexion, Colin could not but be impressed by the aspect of the other youth, who was occupying the solemn

position from which he himself seemed to have escaped.

"Neither of us can have much experience one way or another," he said, feeling somehow his own limitations in the person of his new companion; "I have been near dying; that is all."

"Have been?" said Meredith. "Are you not—are not we all, near dying now? A gale more or less, a spark of fire, a wrong turn of the helm, and we are all in eternity! How can any reasonable creature be indifferent for a moment to such a terrible thought?"

"It would be terrible, indeed, if God had nothing to do with it," said Colin; "and, no doubt, death overcomes one when one looks at it far off. I don't think, however, that his face carries much terror when he is near. The only thing is the entire ignorance we are in. What it is; where it carries us; what is the extent of the separation it makes—all these questions are so hard to answer." Colin's eyes went away as he spoke; and his new friend, like Matty Frankland, was puzzled and irritated by the look which he could not follow. He broke in hastily, with a degree of passion totally unlike Colin's calm.

"You think of it as a speculative question," he said; "I think of it as a dreadful reality. You seem at leisure to consider when and how; but have you ever considered the dreadful alternative? Have you never imagined yourself one of the lost—in outer darkness—shut out—separated from all good—condemned to sink lower and lower? Have you ever contemplated the possibility—?"

"No," said Colin, rising; "I have never contemplated that possibility, and I have no wish to do so now. Let us postpone the discussion. Nothing anybody can say," the young man continued, holding out his hand to meet the feverish thin fingers which were stretched towards him, "can make me afraid of God."

"Not if you had to meet Him this night in judgment?" said the solemn voice of the young prophet, who would not lose a last opportunity. The words and the look sent a strange chill through

Colin's veins. His hand was held tight in the feverish hand of the sick man—the dark hollowed eyes were looking him through and through. Death himself, could he have taken shape and form, could scarcely have confronted life in a more solemn guise. "Not if you had to meet Him in judgment this night?"

"You put the case very strongly," said Colin, who grew a little pale in spite of himself. "But I answer, No—no. The Gospel has come for very little purpose if it leaves any of His children in fear of the Heavenly Father. No more to-night. You look tired, as you may well be, with all your exertions, and after this rough weather."

"The rough weather is nothing to me," said Meredith; "I must work while it is day—the night cometh in which no man can work."

"The night has come," said Colin, doing the best he could to smile; "the quiet human night, in which men do not attempt to work. Don't you think you should obey the natural ordinances as well as the spiritual? To-morrow we will meet, better qualified to discuss the question."

"To-morrow we may meet in eternity," said the dying man.

"Amen; the question will be clear then, and we shall have no need to discuss it," said Colin. This time he managed better to smile. "But, wherever we meet to-morrow, good-bye for to-night—good-bye. You know what the word means," said the young man. He smiled to himself now at the thoughts suggested to him by his own words. He too was pale, and had no great appearance of strength. If he himself felt the current of life flowing back into his veins, the world and even his friends were scarcely of his opinion. He looked but a little way farther off the solemn verge than his new acquaintance did, as he stood at the door of the little cabin, his face lit up with the vague, sweet, brightening of a smile, which was not called forth by anything external, but came out of the musings and memories of his own heart. Such

a smile could not be counterfeit. When he had turned towards the narrow stair which led to the deck, he felt a touch upon his arm, like the touch of a bird, it was so light and momentary. "Come again," said a voice in his ears, "come again." He knew it was the sister who spoke; but the voice did not sound in Colin's ears as the voice of a woman to a man. It was impersonal, disembodied, independent of all common restrictions. She had merged her identity altogether in that of her brother. All the light, all the warmth, all the human influence she had, she was pouring into him, like a lantern, bright only for the bearer, turning a dark side to the world. Colin's head throbbed and felt giddy when he emerged into the open air above, into the cold moonlight, to which the heaving of the sea gave a look of disturbance and agitation which almost reached the length of pain. There was nothing akin in that passionless light to the tumult of the great chafing ocean, the element most like humanity. True, it was not real storm, but only the long pantings of the vast bosom, after one of those anger-fits to which the giant is prone; but a fanciful spectator could not but link all kinds of imaginations to the night, and Colin was pre-eminently a fanciful spectator. It looked like the man storming, the woman watching with looks of powerless anguish; or like the world heaving and struggling, and some angel of heaven grieving and looking on. Colin lingered on the deck, though it was cold, and rest was needful. What could there be in the future existence more dark, more hopeless than the terrible enigmas which built up their dead walls around a man in this world, and passed interpretation. Even the darkest hell of poetic invention comprehended itself and knew why it was; but this life who comprehended, who could explain? The thought was very different from those with which Arthur Meredith resigned himself reluctantly to rest. He could not consent to sleep till he had written a page or two of the book which he meant to leave as a legacy to the world, and

which was to be called "A Voice from the Grave;" the poor young fellow had forgotten that God Himself was likely to take some pains about the world which had cost so much. After the "unspeakable gift" once for all, it appeared to young Meredith that the rest of the work was left on his shoulders, and on the shoulders of such as he; and, accordingly, he wore his dying strength out, addressing everybody in season and out of season, and working at "A Voice from the Grave." A strange voice it was—saying little that was consolatory; yet, in its way, true as everything is true in a certain limited sense which comes from the heart. The name of the Redeemer was named a great many times, but the spirit of it was as if no Redeemer had ever come. A world dark, confused, and full of judgments and punishments—a world in which men would not believe though one rose from the grave—was the world into which he looked, and for which he was working. His sister Alice, watching by his side, noting with keen anxiety every time the pen slipped from his fingers, every time it went vaguely over the paper in starts which told he had gone half to sleep over his work, sat with her intelligence unawakened, and her whole being slumbering, thinking of nothing but him. After all, Colin was not so fanciful when in his heart it occurred to him to connect these two with the appearance of the moon and the sea. They had opened the book of their life to him fortuitously, without any explanations, and he did not know what to make of it. When he descended to his own cabin and found Lauderdale fast asleep, the young man could not but give a little time to the consideration of this new scene which had opened in his life. It was natural to Colin's age and temperament to expect that something would come of such a strange accidental meeting; and so he lay and pondered it, looking out at the troubled moonlight on the water, till that disturbed guardian of the night had left her big troublesome charge to himself. The ship ploughed along its lonely road

with tolerable composure and quietness, for the first time since it set out, and permitted to some of its weary passengers unwonted comfort and sleep; but, as for Colin, a sense of having set out upon a new voyage came into his mind, he could not tell why.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I'M no saying if I'm well or ill," said Lauderdale; "I'm saying it's grand for you to leave your friends in a suffering condition, and go off and make up to other folks. It's well to be off with the old love. For my own part, however," said Colin's Mentor, "I'm no for having a great deal to do with women. They're awfu' doubtful creatures, you may take my word for it; some seem about as good as the angels—no that I have any personal acquaintance with the angels, but it's aye an intelligible metaphor—some just as far on the other side. Besides, it's a poor thing for a man to fritter away what little capability of a true feeling there may be in him. I've no fancy for the kind of friendships that are carried on after the manner of flirtations. For my part, I'm a believer in *love*," said the philosopher, with a sudden fervour of reproof which brought an unusual amount of colour to his face.

"You are absurd all the same," said Colin, laughing; "here is no question either of love, or flirtation, or even friendship. I know what you mean," he added with a slightly heightened colour; "you think that, having once imagined I admired Miss Frankland, I ought to have continued in the same mind all my life. You don't appreciate my good sense, Lauderdale; but, at all events, the young lady has nothing to do with my interest here."

"I was saying nothing about Miss Frankland," said Lauderdale; "I was making a confession of faith on my own part, which has naething to do with you that I can see. As for the young leddy, as you say, if it doesna begin with her, it's a' the more likely to end with her, according to my experience. To be sure, there's no great amount of time; but a

boat like this is provocative of intimacy. You're aye in the second cabin, which is a kind of safeguard; but, as for your good sense—"

"Don't associate that poor fellow's name with anything ridiculous," said Colin, "but come up on deck, like a reasonable man, and judge for yourself."

"Ay, ay," said Lauderdale, slowly; "I understand the kind of thing. I've seen it many a day myself. Partly youthfulness, that thinks the thing that is happening to itself more important than anything else in the world; partly a kind of self-regard; partly a wish to take compensation out of the world for what it is giving up. I'm no saying but there's something better at the bottom, but it's awfu' hard to separate the physical and the spiritual. I wouldna say but even you, your own self—but it took a different form with you," said Lauderdale, stopping short abruptly. Looking at Colin, and seeing that still there was not much bloom on his worn cheeks, it occurred to his careful guardian that it might be as well not to recall the distempered thoughts of the sick-room at Wodensbourne to the mind of his patient. "This is a different kind of constitution, I'm thinking," he went on, in some haste.

"I suppose you are right," said Colin; "it took a different form with me. A more undutiful, unbelieving form; for Meredith makes no question what it means, as I used to do."

"I'm no so clear of that," said Lauderdale. "It's seldom unbelief that asks a reason. I would not say, now I'm on my feet, but what there may be a place known among men by the name of Italy. Come, callant, and let me see if the skies are aught like what they are at home."

Everything was changed when Colin and his friend stood again on deck. The calm weather had restored to life the crowd of sea-sick passengers who, like Lauderdale, had, up to this moment, kept themselves and their miseries under cover below. The universal scepticism and doubt of ever being better had given way to a cheerful confidence. Every-

body believed—happy in his delusion—that for himself he had mastered the demon, and would be sea-sick no more. Among so many, it was not so easy to distinguish Meredith as Colin had expected; and he had time to discuss several matters with Lauderdale, showing a certain acrid feeling on his side of the question which surprised his interlocutor, before his new friends appeared. Colin had taken his second-class berth gladly enough, without thinking of any drawback; but, when he saw the limit clearly before his eyes, and perceived within reach, and indeed within hearing, the little “society” which he was not able to join, the fact of this momentary inferiority chafed him a little. Like most other people, he had a dislike to the second place—not that he cared about society, as he took pains to convince himself. But the truth was, that Colin did care for society, and, though too proud to confess such a thought, even to himself, secretly longed to join those new groups which were gradually growing into acquaintance before his eyes. When he saw the two figures approaching which had attracted him so strongly on the previous night, his heart gave a little jump, though his eyes were fixed in another direction. They were not only two curious human creatures whom it was hard to comprehend, but, at the same time, they represented the world to Colin, who was at this present moment shut out from intercourse with anybody but Lauderdale, whose manner of musing he knew by heart. He did not look round, but he heard the footsteps approaching, and would have been equally disappointed and irritated had they turned back. This danger, however, speedily terminated. Meredith came up hastily, drawing along with him, as usual, the sister who had not any being except in him, and laid his thin hand on Colin’s shoulder. The sunshine and the brightened skies did not change the strain of the young preacher’s thoughts. He laid his hand on Colin, pressing the young man’s shoulder with an emphatic touch. “We meet again in the land of living men, in the place

of hope,” he said, leading his sister with him as he turned. She clung to him so closely that they moved like one, without any apparent volition on her part; and even Colin’s salutation seemed to disturb her, as if it had been something unnecessary and unexpected. Her little hurried bow, her lips that just parted in an anxious momentary smile, had a certain surprise in them; and there was even a little impatience, as if she had said, “Answer *him*; why should you mind me?” in the turn of her head.

“Yes, we meet on a bright morning, which looks like life and hope,” said Colin, “and everybody seems disposed to enjoy it; even my friend here, who has been helpless since we started, has come to life at last.”

Thus directed, Meredith’s eager eyes turned to Lauderdale, upon whom they paused with their usual solemn inquiring look. “I hope he has come to life in a higher sense,” said the sick man, who thought it his duty to speak in season and out of season; “but for that true life, existence is only the payment of a terrible penalty. I hope, like you, he has thought on the great subject.”

When he stopped short, and looked straight in Lauderdale’s face, there was a wonderful silence over the little group. The dying prophet said nothing, but looked down, awful and abstracted, from the heights of death on which he was standing, to receive an answer, which Lauderdale was too much taken by surprise, and Colin too much alarmed for the result of the inquiry, to give.

“I’ve thought on an awful quantity of subjects,” said Lauderdale, after a moment; “a hundred or two more than ever have gone through your mind at your age; and I’m no averse to unfolding my experiences, as this callant will tell you,” he added, with a smile, which, however, was lost upon his questioner.

“Your experiences!” said Meredith. He put his thin arm eagerly, before any one was aware what he intended to do, through Lauderdale’s arm. “I frighten and horrify many,” said the invalid, not without a gleam of satisfaction; “but there are so few, so miserably few, with

whom it is possible to have true communion. Let me share your experiences—there must be instruction in them.”

The philosopher, thus seized, made a comical grimace, unseen by anybody but Colin; but the sick man was far too much in earnest to observe any reluctance on the part of his new acquaintance, and Lauderdale submitted to be swept on in the strange wind of haste and anxiety and eagerness which surrounded the dying youth, to whom a world lying in wickedness, and “I, I alone” left to maintain the knowledge of God among men, was the one great truth. There was not much room to move about upon the deck; and, as Meredith turned and went on, with his arm in Lauderdale’s, his sister, who was sharply turned round also by his movement, found it hard enough to maintain her position by his side. Though he was more attached to her than to any other living creature, it was not his habit, as it might have been in happier circumstances, to care for her comfort, or to concern himself about her personal convenience. He swept her along with him on the hampered deck, through passages which were barely wide enough for two, but through which she crushed herself as long as possible, catching her dress on all the comers, and losing her breath in the effort. As for Colin, he found himself left behind with a half-amazed, half-mortified sensation.

Not his the form, not his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly;

and though he was not truly open to Lauderdale’s jibe concerning flirtations, the very name of that agreeable but dangerous amusement had roused him into making the discovery that Meredith’s sister was very pretty, and that there was something extremely interesting in the rapt devotion to her brother which at first had prevented him from observing her. It seemed only natural that, when the sick man seized upon Lauderdale, the young lady should have fallen to Colin’s share; and he kept standing where they had left him, as has been described, half amused and half

mortified, thinking to himself that, after all, he was not an ogre, nor a person whom ladies in general are apt to avoid. After poor little Alice had hurt herself and torn her dress in two or three rapid turns through the limited space, she gave up her brother’s arm with a pained, surprised look, which went to Colin’s heart, and withdrew to the nearest bench, gathering up her torn dress in her hand, and still keeping her eyes upon him. What good she thought she could do by her watching it was difficult to tell, but it evidently was the entire occupation and object of her life. She scarcely turned her eyes upon Colin when he approached; and, as the eyes were like a fawn’s—brown, wistful, and appealing (whereas Miss Matty’s were blue, and addicted to laughter)—it is not to be wondered at that Colin, in whom his youth was dimly awakening, with all its happier susceptibilities, should feel a little pique at her neglect. The shadow of death had floated away from the young man’s horizon. He believed himself, whether truly or not, to have come to a new beginning of life. He had been dead, and was alive again; and the solemn interval of suffering, during which he questioned earth and heaven, had made the rebound all the sweeter, and restored with a freshness almost more delightful than the first the dews and blossoms to the new world. Thus he approached Alice Meredith, who had no attention to spare to him—not with any idea that he had fallen in love with her, or that love was likely, but only with that vague sense that Paradise still exists somewhere, not entirely out of reach, and that the sweet Eve, who alone can reveal it, might meet him unawares at any time of his dreary path, which is one of the sweetest privileges of youth. But he did not know what to say to the other youthful creature, who ought to have been as conscious of such possibilities as he. No thought was in *her* mind that she ever would be the Eve of any paradise; and the world to her was a confused and darkling universe, in which death lay lurking somewhere, she could not tell

how close at hand—death, not for herself, which would be sweet, but for one far dearer than herself. The more she felt the nearness of this adversary, the more she contradicted herself and would not believe it; and so darkness spread all round the beginning path of the poor girl, who was not much more than a child. She would not have understood the meaning of any pretty speeches had Colin been so far left to himself as to think of making them. As it was, she looked up for a moment wistfully as he sat down beside her. She thought in her mind that he would be a good friend for Arthur, and might cheer him; which was the chief thing she cared for in this world.

"Has your brother been long ill?" said Colin. It seemed the only subject on which the two could speak.

"Ill?" said Alice; "he is not very ill—he takes a great deal of exercise. You must have observed that; and his appetite is very good." The question roused her to contradict her own fears, and doing so out loud to another was more effectual somehow than anything she could say to herself. "The storm which made everybody else so ill had no effect upon Arthur," she went on, almost with a little irritation. "He is thin to be sure, but then many people are thin who are quite well; and I am sure you do not look very strong yourself."

"No," said Colin, who possessed the instinct rare among men of divining what his companion wished him to say; "my people had given me up a few weeks ago. I gave myself a poke somewhere in the lungs which very nearly made an end of me; but I mean to get better if I can," he said, with a smile which for the moment brought a doubtful look upon the girl's face.

"You don't think it wrong to talk like that," she said; "that was what made me wish so much you should come to see Arthur. Perhaps if he were more cheerful it would do him good. Not that he is very ill, you know, but still—We are going to Italy," she went on with a little abruptness, "to a place near

Rome—not to Rome itself, because I am a little afraid of that—but into the country. Are you going there?"

"I suppose so," said Colin; "it is the place in the world most interesting. Do you not think so? But everything will be new to me."

"If you were to come where we are going," said his companion with a composure which was wonderful to Colin, "you would find it cheaper, and you could see things almost as easily, and it would not be so hot when summer comes. I think it would do Arthur a great deal of good. "It is so hard to know what to do with a man," she went on, unconsciously yielding to that inexpressible influence of a sympathetic listener which few people can resist; "they cannot occupy themselves, you know, as we women can, and they get tired of *our* society. I have so longed to find some man who would understand him, and whom he could talk to," cried the poor girl, with tears in her eyes. She made a pause when she had said so much—not that it occurred to her that any one could misunderstand her, but because the tears were getting into her voice, which was a weakness not to be yielded to. "I don't know why I should cry," she added a minute after, with a faint smile; "it is talking about Italy I suppose; but you will like it when you get there."

"Yet you do not seem to like it," said Colin, with a little curiosity.

This time she made him no direct answer. Her eyes were following her brother and Lauderdale as they walked about the deck. "Is *he* nice?" she asked, with a little timidity, pointing at Lauderdale, and giving another hasty wistful look at Colin's face.

"I don't know if you would think so," said Colin; "he is very Scotch, and a little odd sometimes, but kinder and better, and more truly a friend than words can describe. He is tender and true," said the young man, with a little enthusiasm which woke up the palest ghost of an answering light in his young companion's face.

"Being Scotch is a recommendation

to me," she said; "the only person I ever loved, except Arthur, of course,—and those who are gone—was Scotch." After this quaint intimation, which woke in Colin's mind an incipient spark of the earliest stage of jealousy—not jealousy proper, but only a lively and contemptuous curiosity to know "who the fellow was"—she dropped back again into her habitual silence. When Colin tried to bring her back by ordinary remarks about the voyage and their destination, she answered him simply by "Yes," or "No." She was of one idea, incapable apparently of exerting her mind on any other subject. When they had been thus sitting silent for some time, she began again abruptly at the point where she had left off.

"If you were coming to the same place," she said—"Arthur can speak Italian very well, and I know it a little—we might be able to help you, and you would have very good air—pure air off the sea. If he had society he would soon be better." This was said softly to herself, and then she went on, drawn farther and farther by the sympathy which she felt in her listener. "There are only us two in the world."

"If I can do anything," said Colin, "as long as we are here at least; but there is no lack of society," he said; pointing to the groups on the quarter-deck, at which Alice Meredith shook her head.

"He frightens them," she said; "they prefer to go out of his way; they don't want to answer his questions. I don't know why he does it. When he was young he was fond of society, and went out a great deal, but he has changed so much of late," said the anxious sister, with a certain look of doubt and wonder on her face. She was not quite sure whether the change was an improvement. "I don't understand it very well myself," she went on, with a sigh; "perhaps I have not thought enough about it. And then he does not mind what I say to him—men never do; I suppose it is natural. But, if he had society, and you would talk and keep him from writing—"

"Does he write?" said Colin, with new interest. It was a bond of sympathy he had not expected to hear of; and here again the tears, in spite of all her exertions, got into Alice's voice.

"At night, when he ought to be sleeping," said the poor girl. "I don't mean to say he is very ill; but, oh! Mr. Campbell, is it not enough to make any man ill to sit up when he is so tired he cannot keep awake, writing that dreadful book? He is going to call it "A Voice from the Grave." I sometimes think he wants to break my heart; for what has the grave to do with it? He is rather delicate, but so are you. Most people are delicate," said poor Alice, "when they sit up at night, and don't take care of themselves. If you could only get him to give up that book, I would bless you all my life."

Such an appeal from sweet lips quivering with suppressed anguish, from beautiful eyes full of heavy tears, was not likely to be without effect; and, when Colin went to his own cabin in the evening, hearing but imperfectly the criticisms of Lauderdale on his new friend and his affairs, he was more and more impressed by the conviction that something must come of an encounter so singular and unexpected. The young man immediately set himself to wind new threads of fate about his feet, and, while he was doing so, thought with a little thrill of the wonderful way in which things came about, and the possible purposes of Providence in this new change. It aroused and excited him to see the new scenery coming into its place, and the ground preparing for another act of his life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHAT for?" said Lauderdale. "I'll no say but what it's an interesting study, if life was long enough to allow such indulgences; but—take you my word for it, callant—it's awfu' hard to see a life wearing out like that, drop by drop. It's not only that you might get to be fond of the poor lad himself, and miss him sae when he was gone,"

said the philosopher, who had not just then perfect command of himself; "but it raises awfu' questions, and you are not one of those that can take things as they come and ask no reason. What should you bind yourself for? I see a' that would happen as clear as day. You would go into a bit country place with him, only to watch him die; and, when he was gone, you would be left with the bit bonnie sister, two bairns together—and then—but you're no destitute of imagination," said Lauderdale, grimly; "and I leave you to figure that part of the business to yoursel'."

"This is foolish talk," said Colin. "The sister, except that I am very sorry for her, has nothing in the world to do with it. If we could manage as well beside them as anywhere else, one should be glad to be of some use to one's fellow-creatures. I am not afraid of anything that might happen," the young man added, with a slight additional colour. "As for responsibility, it is strange to hear you warning me against that—you who were willing to take upon yourself all the responsibility of travelling with me when you thought I was dying—"

"No such thing," said Lauderdale, hotly. "I'm fool enough, no doubt, but no such a fool as that. Callants of your age canna keep a medium. When you have a sore finger you take thoughts of dying; but I'm a man of some experience in this world. I'm travelling for my own pleasure and no for you, nor no man. As for this lad, I've seen the like before. He's no singular, though I've little doubt he thinks he is. It's awfu' hard work to stop short just when you've come to the brow of the hill, and see a' the fair prospect before you," said Colin's guardian, whose countenance was overcast and cloudy. "When the mind's no very strong, the like of that sets it off its balance. I've seen them that came out of the trial as calm as the angels of God," he went on, after a little pause, with a strain in his voice which showed unusual emotion; "and I have seen them that battled with Him that made them, to make Him render a

reason; and I have seen them that took it with a high hand, and turned into preachers like this one. 'A Voice from the Grave,' did she say? But you're a' babies that ken no better. How are the like of you to know that there's men like me—ay, and women more than men—that would give a' their living, and would not grudge life itself, no for a voice only, but for two or three words—for one word and no more." He put down his face in his hands for a moment as he spoke, though not to conceal tears; for Lauderdale's sorrows, whatever they might have been, were wrapped in the deadly stillness of that past grief with which no stranger intermeddles; and his young companion was watching him sorrowfully, sympathetically, but in ignorance, and with the timidity of youth, not knowing what to say.

"Him, and the like of him," said Lauderdale, going on more softly when he found that Colin made no reply, "their voice from the grave is like a Halloween ghost to frighten the unwary. Whisht, callant; I'm no laughing at the poor dying lad. There's nae laughing in my head one way or another; but it's so little you know. You never think, with your warnings and your terrors, of us that have sat by our graves for years, and been confounded by the awfu' silence. Why can they no speak nor we hear? You'll no tell me that Heaven and the presence of God can take the love out of a living soul. I wish you would not disturb my mind with your vain thoughts," he said, with a momentary fretfulness. "It's no a question I dare go into. If love's no everlasting, I've no desire to be everlasting myself; and, if I'm to be no more to them that belong to me hereafter than to those legions of strange angels, or a hail nation of other folk!—Whisht, callant! you're no to say such things to me."

Colin said nothing at all to interrupt this monologue. He let his friend wear himself out, pacing up and down the narrow little cabin, which it required but two of Lauderdale's strides to traverse from end to end. He had

known a chance word to produce similar results before, but had never been made acquainted with the real history of his friend's life. He waited now till this excitement was over, knowing by experience that it was the best way; and, after a while, Lauderdale calmed down and came back to his seat, and resumed the conversation where he had left it before his heart within him was roused to make brief utterance of its unknown burden.

"The short and the long of it is," said Lauderdale, "that you're making up your mind, by some process of your own—I'm no saying what it is—to give up our own plan and tack yourself on to a poor falling callant that has not above a month or two to live."

"How do you know he has not above a month or two to live?" said Colin. "You thought the same of me a few weeks ago. One hears of the climate working wonders; and, if he had some one by him to amuse and interest him, and keep him off that book, as—as Miss Meredith says—"

"Oh, ay, no doubt, no doubt," said Lauderdale, drily. "He has one nurse already bound to him body and soul, and, maybe, if he had another to undertake the spiritual department—! But you're no old enough, callant, to take him in hand, and you're no strong enough, and I cannot say, for my own part, that I see any special qualification for such an office in ye," said the merciless critic, looking at Colin in a seriously contemplative way, with his head a little on one side. After he had shown any deep emotion, Lauderdale, like a true Briton, despised himself, and made as great a leap as was practicable on the other side.

"No," said Colin, who was a little piqued in spite of himself; "I don't suppose I am good for much; and I never thought of being his nurse. It is out of the question to imagine that I could be for Meredith, or any other man, what you have been for me."

"I've kent ye longer than two days," said Colin's guardian, without showing any signs of propitiation, "which to be

sure makes a little difference. Those that are destined to come together need little time to make it up—I've aye been a believer, for my part, not only in love, but in friendship, at first sight."

"There's no question of either love or friendship," said Colin, with prompt irritation. "Surely one may feel pity, sympathy, fellow-feeling, with a man of one's own age without being misunderstood."

"I understand you an awfu' deal better than you understand yourself," said Lauderdale; "and, as I was saying, I am a great believer in first impressions. It's a mercenary kind of thing to be friends with a man for his good qualities—there's a kind of barter in it that goes against my instincts; but, when you take to a man for nae reason, but out of pure election and choice, that's real friendship—or love, as it might be," he went on, without pity, enjoying the heightened colour and air of embarrassment on Colin's face.

"You say all this to make me lose my temper," said Colin. "Don't let us say any more to-night; I will think it all over again, since you oppose it, and to-morrow—"

"Ay, to-morrow," said Lauderdale—"it's a bonnie rare world, and we'll no interfere with it. Good-night, callant; I'm no a man that can be quarrelled with if you tried ever so hard—to-morrow you'll take your own way."

Colin did not sleep till the night was far advanced. He lay awake, watching the moonlight, and pondering over this matter, which looked very important as he contemplated it. By thinking as meant, in his mind, as in most minds of his age, not any complicated course of reasoning, but a rapid framing of pictures on one side and the other. On one side he saw Meredith beguiled from his book, persuaded to moderate his words in season and out of season, and induced to take a little interest in ordinary human affairs, gradually recovering his health, and returning to a life which should no longer appear to him a near preparation for dying; and it cannot be denied that there did come into Colin's

mind a certain consciousness of grateful looks and sweet-voiced thanks attending this restoration, which made the pictures wonderfully pleasant. Then, on the other side, there was Lauderdale's sketch of the sudden possibilities filled in by Colin's imagination:—poor Meredith dying slowly, looking death in the face for long days and lonely nights, sorely wanting all the succour that human compassion could give him; and the forlorn and solitary mourner that would be left, so young and friendless, by the stranger's grave. Perhaps, on the whole, this suggestion of Lauderdale's decided the matter. The thought was too pitiful, too sad to be borne. She was nothing in the world to him; but she was a woman, and Colin thought indignantly of the unchristian cowardice which, for fear of responsibility, would desert a friendless creature exposed to such dangers. Notwithstanding, he was prudent, very prudent, as was natural. It was not Alice, but Arthur Meredith who was his friend. She had nothing to do with this decision whatever. If such a melancholy necessity should happen, Colin felt it was in him, respectfully, sympathetically, to take the poor girl home; and if, somehow, the word "home" suggested to him his mother, who that knew anything of the Mistress, could wonder at that thought? Thus he went on drawing the meshes closer about his feet, while the moonlight shone on the sea, and poor Meredith wrote his book, and Lauderdale, as sleepless as his charge, anxiously pondered the new state of affairs. At home that same moon suggested Colin to more minds than one in the peaceful country over which the March winds were blowing. Miss Matty thought of him, looking out over the Wodensbourne avenue, where the great trees stood stately in the moonlight streaming a glory on their heads. She was so late because she had been at a ball, where her cousin Harry had made himself highly disagreeable, and when, prompted by his sulky looks, she had carried a little flirtation a hair's-breadth too far—which was not a com-

fortable consciousness. Why she should think of Colin under such circumstances it would be hard to say; but the thoughts of a young woman at two o'clock in the morning are not expected to be logical. She thought of him with a shadow of the same feeling that made the Psalmist long for the wings of a dove; though, if Miss Matty had but known it, her reception—could she have made her escape to her former worshipper at that moment—would have been of a disappointing character. And about the same time the Mistress woke out of her quiet sleep, and saw the broad, white flood of light streaming through the little square window of the room in which Colin was born. Her fancy was busy enough about him night and day; and she fancied she could see, as clear as a picture, the ship speeding on, with perhaps its white wings spread over the glistening sea, and the moon stealing in at the cabin window, and caressing her boy, who was fast asleep, resting and gathering strength with new life breathing in upon him in every breath of favourable wind that crisped the sleeping sea. Such was the vision that came to the mind of the Mistress when she woke in the "dead of night," and saw the moonlight at her window. "God bless my Colin," she said to herself, as she closed her tender eyes; and in the meantime Colin, thinking nothing of his old love, and not very much of his home-life, was busily engaged in weaving for himself another tangle in the varied web of existence, although none of the people most interested in him—except Lauderdale, who saw a faint shadow of the future—had the least idea that this night at sea was of any moment in his life. He did not know it himself, though he was conscious of a certain thrill of pleasant excitement and youthful awe, half voluntary, half real. And so the new scene got arranged for this new act of the wonderful drama; and all the marvellous, delicate influences of Providence and will, poising and balancing each other, began to form and shape the further outlines of Colin's life.

To be continued.

TWILIGHT IN THE NORTH.

“UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.”

O THE long northern twilight between the day and the night,
When the heat and the weariness of the world are ended quite:
When the hills grow dim as dreams, and the crystal river seems
Like that River of Life from out the Throne where the blessed walk in white,

O the weird northern twilight, which is neither night nor day,
When the amber wake of the long-set sun still marks his western way:
And but one great golden star in the deep blue east afar
Warns of sleep, and dark, and midnight—of oblivion and decay.

O the calm northern twilight, when labour is all done,
And the birds in drowsy twitter have dropped silent one by one:
And nothing stirs or sighs in mountains, waters, skies,—
Earth sleeps—but her heart waketh, till the rising of the sun.

O the sweet, sweet twilight, just before the time of rest,
When the black clouds are driven away, and the stormy winds suppressed:
And the dead day smiles so bright, filling earth and heaven with light,—
You would think 'twas dawn come back again—but the light is in the west.

O the grand solemn twilight, spreading peace from pole to pole!—
Ere the rains sweep o'er the hill-sides, and the waters rise and roll,
In the lull and the calm, come, O angel with the palm—
In the still northern twilight, Azrael, take my soul.

A GOSSIP ABOUT LOCHFYNE AND HERRINGS.

BY J. G. BERTRAM.

THERE is only one fish, the Salmon, whose natural history has been thoroughly investigated, and whose rate of growth and breeding-power we can now calculate to a figure. But, although the opportunities for observation in the case of sea-breeding fish are more circumscribed than in the case of fresh-water fishes, we feel certain that an observant eye, with even moderate facilities for study and examination, would be able to map out the natural history of the Herring as completely as we have been able to solve the riddles connected with the growth and various transformations of the Salmon. Indeed a very excellent beginning has already been made. In consequence of serious disputes among

the fishermen of Lochfyne, a Royal Commission was appointed to obtain information on the different modes of fishing for herrings practised in that inland sea; and in the performance of this duty they have collected and made public much that is interesting about the natural and economic history of this well-known fish.

At one period the Herring was supposed—as, indeed, all other fish were supposed—to be migratory. It was thought that its head quarters were in some of the frozen seas that surround the North Pole, but that, banded in one stupendous “heer” or shoal, so vast in its magnitude as to be innumerable, it annually broke upon our coast for the double purpose

of propagating its kind, and affording us a liberal supply of wholesome food. This theory of migration has long been dispelled, and we now know, despite the babblement of late writers to the contrary, that the herring is as local a fish as the salmon or the cod. Again, the herring was thought to be so wonderfully capricious as to leave a coast or bay for the most trifling cause. The firing of guns, the burning of kelp, or the roar of a passing steamboat, has been thought sufficient to scare away the fish. The Swedes say that the frequent firing of the British ships in the neighbourhood of Gottenburg frightened the herrings away from that place; and, an Irish priest having signified his intention of taking up his tithe of fish, the animals became so disgusted that they at once left the part of the coast of Ireland inhabited by his "rivrinee." There are numerous other fanciful stories about the caprice of the herring, such as that they had been driven from the Baltic by the battle of Copenhagen.

We are now pretty well assured that the herring is not a migratory fish in the sense meant by the old theorists. In fact, the best proof of this fish being local to our own coasts is the circumstance of its being captured in our firths and bays all the year round. On the southern coast of Greenland the herring is a rare fish; and, according to Crantz, only a small variety is found on the northern shore, nor has it been observed in any number in the proper icy seas—as it would undoubtedly have been had it resorted thither in such innumerable quantities as was imagined by the naturalists of the last century. Another proof that the herring is local to the coasts of Britain lies in the fact of the different varieties brought to our own markets. As expert fishers know the salmon of particular rivers, so do some men know the different localities of our herring from merely glancing at the fish. A Lochfyne herring is totally different from one taken off the coast of Caithness, while the latter again differs from the herring taken by the Dunbar boats off

the Isle of May. Experienced fish-mongers know the different localities of the same kinds of fish as easily as a farmer will separate a Cheviot sheep from a Southdown. Thus, they can at once distinguish a Severn salmon from one taken in the Tweed or the Spey, and they can tell at a glance a Lochfyne *matie* from a Firth of Forth one. In fact, the herring never ventures far from the shore where it is taken, and its condition, when it is caught, is just an index of the feeding it has enjoyed in its particular locality. The superiority of the herring taken in our great land-locked 'salt-water lochs is undoubted. Whether or not it results from the depth and body of water, from more plentiful marine vegetation, or from the greater variety of land food likely to be washed into these inland seas, we cannot at present determine; but it is certain that the herrings of our western sea-lochs are infinitely superior to those captured in the more open sea. But on this part of the herring question we need scarcely waste any argument, as we know but of one writer who still persists in the old "theory" of migration. He is the same gentleman who has doubts about a grilse becoming a salmon!¹

Conceding, then, that this fish, like all others, is local, we find the chief points in its life and growth to be these:—
1st. The full fish come in from the deeper waters to deposit their spawn, and they do not live very far from the ground on which they perform this great function of their nature. 2d. After the herrings have spawned—and it is during the spawning time they are

¹ A recent work on the Herring, by Mr. Mitchell, a merchant of Leith, gives an elaborate account of the geographical distribution of that fish, as well as much interesting information about its food, growth, and commercial value. Mr. Mitchell "believes he has satisfactorily solved the hitherto disputed questions as to food, periodical visits, migration, &c.; he has also, for the first time, established the important fact that herrings visit our coasts twice in the year—that, in fact, there is a winter and summer herring periodically arriving on the different coasts; and already, from this knowledge, additional supplies have been obtained where no previous fishery existed."

caught—they very quickly take their departure from the shallow to the deep water. 3d. It is supposed to be the warmer temperature of the shore that incites the fish to spawn in comparatively shallow water; and it is chiefly on rock-bottomed or other hard ground that they prefer to deposit, as the spawn will not adhere to a soft surface. 4th. Mr. John Cleghorn, of Wick, a highly respected authority on the natural history of this animal, told us, many years ago, that there are different races of herring constantly coming to maturity at different seasons, and that the herrings of May are not quite the same as those caught in September; and, at all events, we find this fish in different stages of advancement at particular seasons of the year, and we feel pretty certain that the work of reproduction is going on in the herring world at all times and seasons.

The rate of growth of the herring, and the time at which it begins to reproduce itself, are not yet well understood. Indeed, it seems particularly difficult to fix the period at which this fish reaches the reproductive stage. We have had young herrings of all sizes in our possession, from those of an inch long upwards. The following are the measurements of a few specimens which were procured about the end of February, 1861, and not one of which had any appearance of either roe or milt, while some (the smaller fish) were strongly serrated in the abdominal line, and others, as they advanced in size, lost this distinguishing mark, and were only very slightly serrated. The largest of these fish—and they must all have been caught at one time—was eight inches long, nearly four inches in circumference at the thickest part of the body, and weighed a little over two ounces. The smallest of these herring-fry did not weigh a quarter of an ounce, and was not quite three and a half inches in length. One of them, again, that was six inches long, only weighed three-quarters of an ounce; whilst another of the same lot, four and a half inches long, weighed a quarter of an ounce exactly.

We do not propose at present to enter into the sprat controversy; but, if the sprat be the young of the herring, as we take leave to think it is, then the question of its growth and natural economy will become highly important.

No naturalist, or practical fisherman, has been able definitely to fix the time which a herring requires to pass from the embryonic to the adult condition. Some people say that the fish must have attained the age of seven years before it can yield milt or roe, whilst a period of three years has been also named as the very ultimate time of this event; but there are persons who think that the herring attains its reproductive power in eighteen months, and others who think that the fish grows to maturity in little more than half that time. If the average size of a herring may be set down as eleven and a half inches, individual fish *o. Clupea harengus* have been found measuring seventeen inches, and full fish have been taken only ten inches in length. When should the example, noted above as being eight inches long, reach its full growth? and how old was it at the time of its capture? And, again, were the fish—all taken out of the same boat, be it observed, and caught in the same shoal—all of one particular year's hatching? Is this the story of the parr over again, or is it the case that the fisherman had found a shoal of mixed herrings—some being of one year's spawning, some of another? We confess to being puzzled, and may again remind the reader that *our* largest fish had never spawned, and had not the faintest trace of milt or roe within it. Then, again, as to the time when herrings spawn, *we* have over and over again asserted, in other quarters, that they spawn in nearly every month of the year; and the Commissioners recently engaged in visiting the Lochfyne and other herring fisheries have arrived at the conclusion that the herring spawns at two seasons of the year, viz in the spring and in the autumn, each season of spawning extending over a month or two. This opinion quite coincides with

that of our friend Mr. John Cleghorn, of Wick, the author of the new views on the herring question which a few years ago startled all persons interested in the trade, but which help to render clear some of the many different points of herring-life hitherto but hazily understood. "It is not at all likely," say the Commissioners, "that the same fish spawn twice in the year; on the contrary, the spring and the autumn shoals are probably perfectly distinct; and, if the herring, according to the hypothesis advanced above, comes to maturity in a year, the shoals of each spawning season would be the fry of the twelvemonth before."

As to the food of this fine fish, the Report tells us that it "consists of crustacea, varying in size from microscopic dimensions to those of a shrimp, and of small fish, particularly sand-eels. While in the *matie* condition, they feed voraciously, and not unfrequently their stomachs are found immensely distended with crustacea and sand-eels, in a more or less digested condition."

We may state here that the herring is found under four different conditions. They are first seen in a state of *fry*, or *herring-sile*, the same in size generally as the sprat, and largely mixed with sprats—so much so, that some fishermen thought the serrated fish (sprats) were the females, and the other the males. In the next stage of the herring, it is called a *matie*; and, when in that condition it is a fine fat fish, with almost no milt or roe, and is supposed to be in its primest food-condition. After attaining the *matie* size, the herring is soon developed into the *full fish*, in which state it is most frequently captured, although it is then in the very stage of reproduction! A fish that has spawned is said to be *spent*, or *shotten*, and is of little value in a commercial sense. To spawn, the fish congregate in great masses, and "so intent are the fish on this great necessity of their existence that they are not easily driven from their spawning-ground; but, when once their object has been attained, and they have become spent fish, the

"shoal rapidly disappears—the universal, and very probable, opinion of fishermen being that they withdraw into deep water at no great distance from the coast."

Having in the meantime said enough about the natural history of the herring, we shall now proceed to relate how it is captured, and we cannot do better than lay the scene at Lochfyne. This noble salt-water loch, running up into Argyleshire for more than thirty miles, and narrowing to its northernmost point, near which is ducal Inverary, the capital of Argyleshire, is easily reached from Glasgow by the Clyde steamboats. We need not dilate on the picturesque scenery of the loch, or of the whole of that West-Highland region; suffice it to say that we do not think a *blasé* Londoner could do better than sojourn for a week or two about this autumn season on Lochfyne. There is an occasional abundance of excitement that would please even Sir Charles Coldstream himself; and the herring fishery is so great a lottery as to admit of as much betting as the Derby.

The capture of the herring is in itself an interesting sight. The fishery on Lochfyne is by no means the largest in Scotland; but, as it is pursued in two different ways—thereby, as we have said, giving rise to much quarrelling—it is especially interesting. The usual and legitimate way to capture the herring is to let down into the sea a great wall of netting—kept afloat by means of bladders, and *taut* by means of weights or sinkers—against which the herrings strike, and become enmeshed by the gills. This is called drift-net fishing. The apparatus of netting, in what is erroneously called *trawl*-fishing, (seine-fishing is the proper designation,) is used differently from what it is in drift-fishing, in which the nets joined together are "paid" over the side of the boat, and allowed to float with the tide till the fish strike against them. In *trawling* the one end of the net is held on shore whilst a slight boat rows out into the water, and, while depositing the net, describes as large a semicircle as the length of the netting will allow—

after which the drag rope is landed and both ends are then hauled in shoreward, so that the net becomes a bag containing the fish. This is as nearly as possible the mode pursued in taking pilchards off the coast of Cornwall; and it is curious to note that, while it is illegal to capture pilchards by means of a drift net, it has hitherto been illegal to take herrings by means of the seine! The drift-net men of Lochfyne are against trawling, because, in their opinion, it "hashes" the fish individually, and is a means of frightening and dispersing the shoals; also of capturing fry or immature herrings; likewise of disturbing the spawn. But the real reason of opposition being made to the *trawlers* was the good luck of the latter in taking so many herrings, and their consequent lowering of prices by suddenly throwing their heavy "takes" into the market. All these reasons are eloquently and logically denied by the seiners; and the Commissioners, who themselves instituted various experiments with a view of determining the question, arrived at the conclusion that the seine net was as good an instrument for the capture of herrings as the drift net. It would have been wonderful if any other decision had been arrived at, seeing that, if the size of mesh were kept the same to admit of the escape of the young fish, it is a matter of moonshine whether the nets be drawn in a circle or be spread out a mile long to intercept the progressing shoal.

Most of the fish taken in Lochfyne are sent to Glasgow for sale in a fresh state, but a portion are cured. As, however, we wish to exhibit the herring fishery to the reader on a larger scale than it can be seen on Lochfyne, where there are only some 500 boats, we shall carry him from the county of Argyle to the county of Caithness.

Taking our stand on the brae of Pulteneytown, we survey the largest herring fishery in the world. As the boats have just come in—that is, supposing we arrive on the brae about nine o'clock,—or are fast coming in, the process of landing and gutting

the fish is going on with great alacrity. Thousands upon thousands of empty barrels are waiting to be filled, and thousands of full barrels are lying ready to be shipped for the ports of Germany or Russia. The herring-fisher's "all round the clock" is much as follows:—About two in the afternoon he starts away to the drying-ground for his nets, which have been laid out to dry since his boat came in at an early hour in the morning. Having got these nicely stowed on board, and having taken in a keg of water and some bread, with *maybe* a little whisky, or, if he is a very temperate man, some coffee or tea, he manages to get out of the harbour about four o'clock on a fine August afternoon, a mite in the fleet of a thousand boats that are all sallying out with exactly the same object in view, viz. to secure a load of herrings. Turning to the right "The Old Man" is speedily passed, and some geologic phenomena of the coast as well; but the skipper has no eye at present for coast wonders, and heeds not these: it is fish he wants. After a long sail off the coast, and a tack out to the deep water, herrings are perceived. There is a heavy look about the waves which betokens something uncommon; the gulls have been screaming over head all day, and a porpoise or two have been floundering about; whilst more than one sportive "dog" has been taken on the deep-sea lines hung out of the boat by some of the crew. Now these signs indicate to our skipper that we are over the fish; and, peering about, he sees the wise men of the town taking up their position for the night, some already at rest even—sails down, mast struck, and nets out, and the crew asleep. Down come the sail and the mast, and away to the oars go two of the strongest of the boat's crew. The skipper sticks to the helm, whilst the others pay over the nets into the water—a work of some labour, and requiring no little skill to prevent entanglement with the trains of neighbouring boats. At length, after a good hour and a half's work, the nets are trailing in the sea, attached to the boat by a long rope—the course of the drift

marked by buoys, and the termination of the train defined by a large double bladder. A little bit of bread and a sip of whisky and water form the frugal supper of the crew; and then for a few hours they have such rest as they can snatch in the heaving boat, the sky overhead glittering with stars, and, all around, the sea populous with boats. Scarce a noise is to be heard but that of a few spies rowing round the fleet to ascertain, for their own guidance, by lifting a lug of the nets, who has got fish. At daybreak the whole fleet starts into renewed life; for the nets must be hauled on board and the fish be shaken out. There is no sight more beautiful than these same herring nets being hauled out of the phosphorescent water. The herrings come up out of the wavy deep in sheets of burning silver, changing alternately to golden yellow, and azure blue, as the rays of the rising sun throw light upon the mass. The mile of nets being got on board, and perhaps thirty crans of fish shaken out from them, the mast is once more rigged, the sail set, and, favoured by the fresh morning breeze, the boat pushes homeward, where the skipper, early as it is, will most likely be welcomed by his wife, or some of his family. They well know *his* boat afar off, even among the hundreds by which it is surrounded, and notice, by its height in the water, whether or not it is well fished. When the boat arrives at the quay the herrings have to be landed, delivered to the curer, and measured, and the nets have to be carried to the drying-ground. When the fisherman, after partaking of breakfast, ends his twenty-four hours in bed, in order to obtain a few hours of rest to refresh him for another spell at the same pursuit.

No fisherman, when he goes out, knows what amount of herrings he will come in with, or, indeed, whether he may come in at all, the storms being so frequent and violent. We have seen boats come in full and others empty, though they may have been fishing side by side the whole night. As to knowing the exact spot where to hit the shoal, it is not in the ken of the fishermen. No fisher-

man knows, except by signs of sea-birds and the minor monsters of the deep, that he is over or near the shoal. The more observant men know better than others who do not in any way study the habits of the fish; but with the great body of the herring fishers the hitting of the shoal is esteemed a matter of "luck." Here, for instance, is an account of the winnings of *one* boat on the Ballantrae fishing-ground for a period of nine years; it is from the books of a highly respectable old fisherman, whose every word might be trusted. It must be noted that this account is only for one particular fishing. It stood as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1848. Feb. 13th to March 3d	52	16	0
1849. " 14th " 3d	30	7	9
1850. (Bad weather—nothing done)	0	0	0
1851. Feb. 21st to March 8th.	38	4	0
1852. " " 1st.	37	14	0
1853. Owing "to bad" weather, the fishing took place only on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of March; nevertheless it yielded	35	10	0
1854. Feb. 14th to March	35	8	0
1855. " 14th only (1,200 fish obtained)	3	6	0
1856. Nil	0	0	0

"After this period, the herring did not return to the banks until 1862. The fishermen had lost his earlier books; but he was quite sure that, from 1830 to 1848, the average catch was as good as between 1848 and 1854. In fact, the fishing was at its height about 1846, while in one year his boat made 1157."

Ballantrae is on the west coast. On the east coast we have also a few figures denoting rare good luck in a recent season. We quote them from the *Northern Ensign* of Wick:—

Some fishermen have made a most successful season. Up to last accounts, George Murray, "Barron," fishing at Fraserburgh, remained "master of the situation," and was still plying his vocation, after having caught, since the 20th of May, considerably more than 760 crans! Of these no fewer than 570 were caught in seven weeks at Fraserburgh! At that station several other fishermen have nearly 400 crans; at Gardenstown five or six boats have upwards of that number; at Buckie one has upwards of

300; at Wick, Andrew Reid, with nearly 400 crans, stands at the top of the list, and a good many local crews, through the hoist which last week gave them, are treading fast on his heels. We are aware of eleven cases along the seaboard under reference, whose catch exceeds 300 crans, and whose entire season's capture may be estimated at upwards of 4,500^l.

On some evenings the whole Caithness fleet will not average half a cran of herrings to each boat; but on a night or two of each season the shoal will be so exactly hit by the majority of the boats as to raise the grand total of the season's catch by perhaps 20,000 barrels! Taking the statistics of the Wick fishing of 1862—and they are always given in full, and with great elaboration by the excellent local papers—we find that the highest quantity taken in any one night of season '62 was eighty-five crans, the average of the whole fleet on the same evening being nine crans. On eleven nights of the season the average per boat was only half a cran. On the night of the greatest take of the season only about a third of the boats were at sea, and the total catch was 9,200 crans, or an average of twenty-three crans per boat. The fishing of '62 extended from July 5th to September 23rd.¹ In fact, the herring-fishery is a lottery; one or two of the boat-owners make a few pounds every year, but a large number do not pay the expenses of the season. The Lochfyne men say that two-thirds of their loch are fish and the other third water. This was exemplified on a lucky night two years ago—a Sunday night too—when some of the Inverary boats were nearly swamped by their wealth of fish. One of them came in about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, literally heaped with herrings, the produce of only a portion of the nets, the majority of which had to be cut away. The great Maccallum More assisted this boat. His Grace had been out all night at the fishing in his own barge; and, seeing the distress of the overloaded boat, he at once went to lend the crew a hand, in order

¹ The official returns of the Fishery Board for 1863, which have just been issued, state the total quantity of herring cured in that year, under the superintendence of their officers, as 654,816½ barrels.

that they might get safe into the harbour with their valuable cargo. Never, we suppose, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had there been seen at Inverary so prolific a fishing.

By means of the railways immense quantities of freshly-caught herrings are at once conveyed inland, where they meet with a ready sale; but the greatest portion of the capture of each season, except at Dunbar or Lochfyne, falls to be cured by means of salt. It is quite a sight to see the boats arrive at the harbour of such a place as Pulteneytown, where the cure, with all its accessories, is carried on on a gigantic scale. The fish are carried ashore in large baskets, and thrown into the gutting troughs, where they are sprinkled with salt. By-and-by they are seized upon by a mob of furies, known locally as "gutters," but looking from their curious mode of dress—suits of rags generally—as nearly as possible like Macbeth's weird sisters. These women, who at other times are tidy and clean, many of them nice young "queans," put on for the occasion their very oldest clothes, and set to work with an alacrity that soon carries them through the work of the day; for it is a rule in the fishery that the supplies brought in each morning must be at once gutted. The women, being paid according to their work, are almost equal to any supply, and a gang of five of them can go through an immense amount of labour. After the herrings have been properly cured—and this is done in the sight of a Government officer—they are officially noted as of a particular quality by each barrel being branded. This process now costs a fee of fourpence for each barrel; formerly the operation was performed gratuitously so far as the curer was concerned.¹ The brand question has been productive of a great amount of controversy, there being many sensible persons who hold the brand to be useless, and a foe to all perfection of cure. We want, they say, free trade in herrings as in cotton or newspapers. Government

¹ The fees derived from the brand in 1863 amounted to a sum of 4,618^l. 16s.!

does not step in to brand cotton, or cheese, or hams, or any other kind of produce, and neither should it be necessary for the State to brand herrings; let each curer stand or fall through his own merit, and let the best man win in curing herrings as in making cheese. Others, again, think the brand indispensable, and say that without it our foreign customers would not purchase the herrings.

Are we exterminating the herring? This has come to be a most important question at the seats of our greatest fisheries. That fish is so prolific, say those interested in the fishery, that there is no chance of its being exterminated. "Give me a couple of breeding herrings," says one of them, "and in five or six years I will make the seas as thick as strabout with that fish!" There can be no doubt that the herring, like all other fish, is immensely prolific; but, from natural causes alone, and never taking into account the destructive power of man, millions upon millions of this fish are annually destroyed. There is only one fact in connexion with the capture of herrings that we should like to impress on all concerned in the food-wealth of the British seas; and that is that, with eight times the quantity of netting, we do not now take the same quantity of herrings that we took about a quarter-of-a-century ago. Nor with a cod-line of a thousand hooks can we take more than a few dozen cod fish, whilst in former years that number of hooks would ensure hundreds at each trial. About the time we have indicated a fisherman could carry his train of nets on his shoulder; now he requires a cart to take them to and from the bleach-fields; but, with this enormous increase of the destructive agency, does he capture more fish? We emphatically answer, No!

The Scottish herring fishery gives employment to a large number of people, and an immense capital is sunk in boats and the other apparatus of the capture. The way commerce is carried on in herrings is rather peculiar. It goes thus:—"Cockie," the son of "Shavie," or, in plainer language, John Cowie *tertius*, the son of John Cowie junior, of Buckie, is

thinking about taking a wife, and settling in the world. He has a few pounds saved up, the produce of his industry as a hired hand at the fishing, and of a speculation he made in "cutch," for net-dyeing; and his father has promised to give him a couple of ten-pound notes to help him to purchase a boat. But, as John is rather ambitious, and his sweetheart still more so, he finds he has not money for more than one boat and its train of nets; and it is a *sine qua non* of "Big Beardie" (that is the "nickname" of Alexander Reid), that his daughter, Mary Reid, John Cowie's, *alias* Cockie's, sweetheart, must have a husband with two boats at least! What is to be done in such a difficulty? Oh, the remedy is very simple; one of the curers of the district will, without doubt, advance money for another boat. This is a common practice, and adds a spirit of gambling to the other excitements of the fishery. The curer advances money on the faith of Cowie's boats fishing for him till the sum advanced be paid up—making, of course, a better bargain with John than he could with a free fisherman; and so Cowie *tertius* gets married, and becomes, let us hope, a successful fisherman. The usual way of conducting the business of the herring fishery is to make the bargain for the following season at the conclusion of the present one. An immediate bounty of ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds per boat is paid down, as well as a grant of allowances of various kinds—such as bleaching-ground fornets, dye-stuffs for ditto, and perhaps a few gallons of whisky as well; and, beside all these, a price for the green fish, at so much for every forty-five gallons, or "cran," as it is called. The quantity of herrings usually bargained for each season is 200 crans; but few of the boats take so many. The curer, of course, provides his salt, barrels, coopers, and gutters, and undergoes all the anxiety of the curing season; and in some seasons "the take" will be so bad that he will be a heavy loser, and have to carry forward to next year a heavy lot of barrels and a large quantity of salt. It will thus be seen that the herring fishery is a kind of lottery upon

which all the inhabitants of a town hang with fiercest anxiety, so that to get a boat from a wealthy curer is not difficult; and, if the newly-married pair we have described be very lucky, they may be free from their debt in a couple of years, and go on increasing in wealth till they have many boats, and sons of their own to aid them in becoming prosperous.

On the other hand, hundreds who hasten to be rich in this way suffer disappointment, and bitterly curse the day of their ambition. A bad season may engulf them still deeper in the books of the curer, or a sudden storm may wreck their boat and close up their industry for ever.

ENSIGN SHORT AT WIMBLEDON.

The Camp, Wimbledon;
Thursday, July 21, 1864.

DEAR JACK,—You will have seen all the details of the shooting and all the prize-lists in the newspapers; and the telegram I sent to our colonel will have told you and the rest what a credit I have been to our corps, and how fortunate it has been for you that I was chosen instead of Smiffles. He sometimes makes a good score, I allow; but it is all fluking; and at Wimbledon what you want is a good, steady, certain shot. Smiffles, I know, was angry that I was sent in; and he will, very probably, resign; but, though I was two points under him in our regimental competition, you know what that was owing to. I could have torn my eyes out when I found that I had fired those three shots at the 500 yards with the sight up to the 600 notch. At all events, the result proves that our colonel was right in reserving the nomination of a representative or two in his own hands. Had it depended on the men who won their places by competition, where would our corps have been now? Thumpy made a regular mull of it. Two misses at the 200, and nothing but a ricochet at the 600, and that with the last shot! So much for Thumpy! By Jove, you should have seen Thumpy's face all Friday evening last!

We have had delicious weather, but awfully hot. All our other fellows have put up in London somewhere, with friends or in hotels; but, as you know, I have camped it. I came down on

Monday afternoon last week, having spent the two previous days very pleasantly with my friends, the Blands. Miss Euphemia Bland, who was but a child when I saw her last, is now a grown-up young lady, very charming and very accomplished. She reads Italian a great deal, and talked to me much about an Italian called Danty, who has written a book about Purgatory. She thinks our uniform the prettiest volunteer uniform she has seen. She has been twice down here, with her mother. Well, as I was saying, I came here on Monday afternoon. As you come from the Putney station by the omnibus, it is the prettiest country imaginable—plenty of villas; one, which you can't see from the road, being Jenny Lind's; and you have the heath on your right hand, with a green wooded landscape beyond, Richmond-way. I was on the look-out for the camp. You first see a windmill, looking like a very large coffee-pot with a frill round its spout, and then a lot of bell-shaped white tents on both sides of it. To make a long story short, I got within the enclosure, and found my tent. It was by quite a favour and careful previous arrangement that I got one. My tent-comrade, Lieutenant Belcombe of the 51st Rutlands, is a delightful fellow; and I could not have happened better. Mrs. Bland took quite a fancy to him, and, both days that she has been here with Euphemia, walked with him the whole time, quite interested in his conversation.

The first night in camp I did not sleep a wink; nor, I believe, did Belcambe either. We turned in about half-past ten—Belcambe cutting a composite candle in two, and sticking one half of it, alight, in the lantern slung to our tent-pole. On one side of this tent-pole was his bed, and on the other mine—each on a narrow iron bedstead raised about a foot from the ground. There was a strip of carpet between; but all else of the floor was bare turf. In this corner or in that stood our portmanteaus; there were two wash-hand-stands and two framed looking-glasses; and two shallow circular baths completed the furnishing. It was queer, going to bed so nearly in the open air as within a bell-shaped thing of flapping canvas; but we managed it somehow. We chatted to each other from bed to bed till it was time to put out the candle, and even after that; and then we tried to sleep. There seemed no particular difficulty in it, and yet we could not succeed. How many times Belcambe turned, or what he was thinking about, I do not know; but I changed my position fifty times, and nothing exists that I did not think about. Fellows in the neighbouring tents were talking without the least regard to one's feelings. The pillow was rather hard; and one of my first discoveries was that the Government blankets were quite new, and that the tickets defining their price and quality to the salesman were still pinned to the corners of them. With little practical matters of this kind, and with my own thoughts about I know not what all (save that I know I was pulling an imaginary trigger for a great part of the time, and winning the silver medal of the Association in the first stage of the Queen's, with a score varying between $18+17+16=51$ and $19+18+17=54$), I was kept awake till daybreak glimmered in through the tent, and at last it was quite light. I lay thus for an hour or two, still vainly catching at a receding sleep, and now and then looking across at Belcambe, who had his eyes hypocritically shut.

At last I do think I had just got hold of the near end of a doze, when all was astir outside, there was a horrid bagpipe audible not far off, and I became aware that it was six o'clock. My first sight was Belcambe, ruefully contemplating a peculiarly large variety of black-beetle, which, with six ear-wigs, was scampering about in the metal bath he was about to use. How he disposed of them I did not inquire; as respects the black-beetle, I fear, murderously. You know how particular I am in the matter of my morning bath; and, indeed, this had been my chief perplexity when I determined to camp. I did not get on badly in the circumstances, though not so well as the Victorias. Some twenty or thirty of this crack corps were seen that morning, I am told—for I did not myself see them—disporting themselves early on the heath close by their camp, in perfectly white uniforms, with a hydropult playing upon them collectively. The system ought to have been general throughout the camp.

After such a sleepless beginning, I felt rather seedy all the first day; but, as the real shooting, as far as I was concerned, did not begin that day, it did not matter much. I sauntered about, met and made friends, and saw some beautiful shooting at the close of the competition for the Prince of Wales's prize. It went to a sturdy little Herefordshire man named Dodd; but a stalwart fair-haired Highlander, Mackenzie, who won the Alexandra prize last year, ran him very close. On subsequent nights I slept better; and, in such weather as we have had—barring that it has been a little too hot—nothing could be jollier than a camp-life after you have been used to it for a day or two. Talking of the weather, I am sure you would have thought yourself in India had you been here at Wimbledon—all the fellows going about with high white padded caps, or, at least, with white muslin in folds, with streamers behind, tied over their ordinary caps, to avoid sun-stroke. I contrived a thing of the kind which did very well. Bless you, anything is regulation here, and such guys as some

of the best fellows are you never saw. On the three days of the first stage for the Queen's I think you will say I did not do badly, though I did not quite come up to my imaginary scores of the first night in tent. By-the-bye, what awful bragging you hear about scores here—nothing but scores, scores, talked about in the railway-carriages, and wherever volunteers meet together in groups; each telling the most tremendous stories about what he has done, and no one believing the other, and yet the talk going on! And then the excuses for having made a miss, or having shot badly! I wonder fellows can go on at such a rate without being ashamed; but, though everybody laughs in his sleeve at his neighbour, no one seems wise enough to avoid the same fault himself. With the Whitworth which I won—and you know that this was the object of my ambition—I made, as you will have noticed, tolerably good practice for a shot unaccustomed to small bores. But for a provoking accident I believe I should have done much better—at least tied Wyatt, if not been one or two points above him; in either of which cases, not to speak of the 250*l.*, a corps that you wot of would have been able to boast of the champion shot of Britain for the year 1864-5. Would you believe it, I was so foolish as to take soda-water and brandy instead of seltzer and brandy that forenoon along with my ham-sandwich? Anything more imprudent I never heard of. Bitter beer is best, and will do either with a ham or a beef sandwich; but, if you take soda-water, then the sandwich must be of beef. A ham-sandwich will do no harm if you have seltzer with it; but I defy the finest shot in the world to do his best after a ham-sandwich along with soda. It stands to reason that he must be unsteadied. I wish you would take a quiet opportunity of explaining this to the colonel. He will see the force of it. After all, not having won the Queen's prize myself, I am pleased that Wyatt won it. According to all accounts, he is a most deserving Volunteer, as well as

a sure and excellent shot. He has three times won a rifle at Wimbledon.

I could go on for ever, telling you of all the fun we have had—of the small-bore matches, and the Enfield matches; of the personal appearances of the crack shots that one had heard of—many of them, by-the-bye, nowhere this year in the competition for the Queen's, and others, till now unheard of, in their places; of the great Lords and Commons match, and the international matches, and the queer lark of the owl-shooting; of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, &c. But you have seen all this in the newspapers. I must say, however, that the arrangements and management were most excellent. Lord and Lady Elcho were staying in the house attached to the windmill, so that Lord Elcho was always and everywhere at hand to represent the Association in chief. The squadding arrangements were under the charge of a Captain Page, who seems to have a wonderful faculty for administration of all sorts. I have heard it said of him that, when the throne of the kingdom of Greece was vacant, it would have probably been the making of the kingdom if Captain Page had been appointed to it.

Such jolly camp-meetings and camp-fires! Belcambe knows an officer of the London Scottish, who, like some other corps, have a little camp of their own detached from the general camp. It is on a pretty bit of the heath where it slopes like a hill-side and there are gorse bushes. We went there one evening after gun-fire. It was one of the days on which Mrs. Bland and Miss Euphemia chanced to be here; and they went with us. We first saw Scottish games, such as "putting the stone," "throwing the hammer," &c. One immensely tall fellow, in a kilt, threw the hammer a prodigious distance. Euphemia wanted me to try it after him; but, as that day a splinter or two of those bad copper caps had escaped the splash-pan and got into the little finger and the edge of the palm of my left hand, I had to beg to be excused. Then there was dancing—reels, the

Highland-fling, and the sword-dance. Then there was some of the oddest singing I ever heard. The chorus of one song, as far as I could understand the dialect, was something to this effect, "Come, give me your hand ; we are all brethren." And there was another song, describing Highland manners, which I am told is by a Professor Theodore Aytoun, and is entitled "The Phairshon." It amused me very much ; especially the chorus, which seemed consonant with the savage nature of that people. It began :—

"The Phairshon swore a feud
Against the clan Mac Tavish ;"

and, after telling of the fortunes of this "Phairshon" (equivalent, I understand, to Macpherson) in his expedition, and the sad fate that overtook him, it winds up somewhat as follows :—

"In this very way
Died the valiant Phairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.

Teucken, nyacken, nyow !
Teucken, nyacken, nyido !
Teucken, nyacken, nyow !
Teucken, nyacken, nyay !"

But the grandest scene was the camp-fire of the Victorias. O Jack ! you should have been there. Fancy a round ring of some two or three thousand persons, mostly volunteers, in rising rows ; a great fire in the middle, which was kept blazing by a large stout man in white, going about like Pluto, and throwing on heaps of dry furze ; splendid songs of all kinds, many of them about fighting the French, and licking them too ; and all the while cans of hot punch going round. In the dark, with the fire flickering red on the crowded ring of faces, it was a regular Pandemonium, and O, so happy, Jack ! There was one poetical chap near me who made a regular fine image of it. It was that, just as the great dark heath surrounded this cosy camp-fire, so at that moment the dark

sea was dashing round our island-home—the shores and cliffs all dark in the night-time, except where there are light-houses and preventive stations, you know—and that, if foreigners landed, wouldn't we break up our camp-fire and be off to pepper them ? I forget exactly how he made it out ; but I know I thought it very fine at the time. Then, besides poetical chaps, there are some very serious chaps here. One of them spoke of the whole Volunteer movement as a national presentiment of coming danger, and said that things were going on in such a way all the world over that sooner or later it would be found out that it had been so ; and he made an argument therefrom, that it is a shame we have not half a million Volunteers instead of a hundred and fifty thousand, and that all the young men of the country should be drilled as a matter of course. In general, I don't like serious chaps ; but I thought this one was about right ; and I am sure joining in the chorus of "Rule Britannia" or "God save the Queen" round a Wimbledon camp-fire does one a world of good.

Except for one dreadful accident which happened to-day—which I cannot bring myself to write about, it has so gloomed us all—everything has gone well. We are to have the Review on Saturday. The Blands are to be here in an open carriage ; and they are to take me back with them to town—which will be convenient for my prizes. They have asked me to stay a week with them ; so I daresay it will be August before I see you. Till then, adieu ! Remember me to Smiffles. Thumpy, I suppose, is back with you already, as I have not seen anything of him since his *ricochet*.

Ever, dear Jack,
Yours truly,

HERCULES SHORT,
Ensign, 100th —shire V.R.

To JOHN HODGES, Esq.,
Lieutenant, 100th —shire V.R.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

AFTER all that has been written about the Schleswig-Holstein question, how little is known about those whom that question chiefly concerns—the Schleswig-Holsteiners. There may be a vague recollection that, during the general turmoil of 1848, the German inhabitants of the Duchies rose against the Danes; that they fought bravely, and at last succumbed, not to the valour, but to the diplomacy of Denmark. But, after the Treaty of London in 1852 had disposed of them, as the Treaty of Vienna had disposed of other brave people, they sank below the horizon of European interests, never to rise again, it was fondly hoped, till the present generation had passed away.

Yet these Schleswig-Holsteiners have an interest of their own, quite apart from the political clouds that have lately gathered round their country. Ever since anything is known of the history of Northern Europe, we find Saxon races established as the inhabitants of that northern peninsula which was then called the *Cimbric Chersonese*. The first writer who ever mentions the name of Saxons is Ptolemy,¹ and he speaks of them as settled in what is now called Schleswig-Holstein.² At the time of Charlemagne the Saxon race is described

to us as consisting of three tribes—the *Ostfalai*, *Westfalai*, and *Angrarii*. The *Westphalians* were settled near the Rhine, the *Eastphalians* near the Elbe, and the intermediate country, washed by the Weser, was held by the *Angrarii*.³ The name of Westphalia is still in existence—that of Eastphalia has disappeared, but its memory survives in the English *sterling*. Eastphalian traders, the ancestors of the merchant princes of Hamburg, were known in England by the name of *Easterlings*, and, their money being of the purest quality, *Easterling*, shortened to *sterling*, became the general name of pure or sterling money. The name of the third tribe, the *Angrarii*, continued through the Middle Ages as the name of a people, and to the present day the Dukes of Anhalt call themselves Dukes of “*Sachsen, Engern, und Westphalen*.” But the name of the *Angrarii* was meant to fulfil another and more glorious destiny. The name *Angrarii* or *Angarii*⁴ is a corruption of the older name, *Angrivarii*, the famous German race mentioned by Tacitus as the neighbours of the *Cherusci*. These *Angrivarii* are in later documents called *Anglevarii*. The termination *varii*⁵ represents the same word which exists in A. S. as *ware*; for instance, in *Cant-ware*, inhabitants of Kent, or *Cant-ware*

¹ Ptol. ii. 11, ἐπὶ τὴν ἀρχαίαν τῆς Κιμβρικῆς Χερσονήσου Σάξονες.

² Grimm, *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, p. 609. Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus, do not mention the name of Saxons.

³ Grimm, l. c. 629.

⁴ See *Poeta Saxo*, anno 772, in Pertz, *Monum.* I. 228, line 36; Grimm, l. c. 629.

⁵ See Grimm, *Deutsche Sprache*, p. 781.

burh, Canterbury; *burh-ware*, inhabitants of a town. It is derived from *verian*, to defend, to hold, and may be connected with *wer*, a man. The same termination is found in *Ansiarii* or *Ampsiarii*; probably also in *Teutonarii* instead of *Teutoni*, *Chattuarii* instead of *Chatti*.

The principal seats of these *Angrarii* were, as we saw, between the Rhine and Elbe, but Tacitus¹ knows of *Anglii*, i.e. *Angrii*, east of the Elbe, and an offshoot of the same Saxon tribe is found very early in possession of that famous peninsula between the Schlei and the Bay of Flensburg on the eastern coast of Schleswig,² which by Latin writers was called *Anglia*, i.e. *Angria*. To derive the name of *Anglia* from the Latin *angulus*,³ corner, is about as good an etymology as the kind-hearted remark of St. Gregory, who interpreted the name of *Angli* by *angeli*. From that *Anglia*, the *Angli*, together with the *Saxons* and *Juts*, migrated to the British isles in the fifth century, and the name of the *Angli*, as that of the most numerous tribe, became in time the name of *Englaland*.⁴ In the Latin laws ascribed to King Edward the Confessor a curious supplement is found, which states "that the *Juts* (*Guti*) came formerly from the noble blood of the *Angli*, namely, from the state of *Engra*, and that the English came from the same blood. The *Juts*, therefore, like the *Angli* of Germany, should always be received in England as brothers, and as citizens of the realm, because the *Angli* of England and Germany had always intermarried, and had fought together against the Danes."⁵

¹ Germania, c. 40. Grimm, l. c. 604.

² Grimm, 641.

³ Beda, Hist. Eccl. I. 15. Porro de Anglis, hoc est, de illa patria quæ Angulus dicitur, &c.; Ethelwert, Chron. I. Porro Anglia vetus sita est inter Saxones et Giotos, habens oppidum capitale, quod sermone Saxonico *Sleswic* nuncupatur, secundum vero Danos, *Haithaby*.

⁴ Grimm, l. c. p. 630.

⁵ *Guti* vero similiter cum veniunt (in regnum Britannicæ) suscipi debent, et protegi in regno isto sicut conjurati fratres, sicut propinqui et proprii cives regni hujus. Exierunt enim quondam de nobili sanguine Anglorum, scilicet de *Engra* civitate, et Anglici de sanguine illorum, et semper efficiuntur populus unus et gens una. Ita constituit optimus Ina Rex

Like the *Angli* of *Anglia*, the principal tribes clustering round the base of the Cimbric peninsula, and known by the general name of *Northalbingi* or *Transalbiani*, also *Nordleudi*, were all offshoots of the Saxon stem. Adam of Bremen (2,15) divides them into *Tedmarsgoi*, *Holectæ*, and *Sturmarii*. In these it is easy to recognise the modern names of *Dithmarschen*, *Holtseten* or *Holsten*, and *Stormarn*; but it would require more space than we can afford, were we to enter into the arguments by which Grimm has endeavoured to identify the *Dithmarschen* with the *Teutoni*, the *Stormarn* with the *Cimbri*, and the *Holsten* with the *Harudes*. His arguments, if not convincing, are at least highly ingenious, and may be examined by those interested in these matters, in his "History of the German Language," pp. 633—640.

For many centuries the Saxon inhabitants of those regions have had to bear the brunt of the battle between the Scandinavian and the German races. From the days when the German Emperor Otho I. (died 973) hurled his swift spear from the northernmost promontory of Jutland into the German Ocean to mark the true frontier of his empire, to the day when Christian IX. put his unwilling pen to that Danish constitution which was to incorporate all the country north of the Eider with Denmark, they have had to share in all the triumphs and all the humiliations of that German race to which they are linked by the strong ties of a common blood and a common language.

Such constant trials and vicissitudes

Anglorum. . . Multi vero Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Anglorum Germanicæ, et quidam Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Scotorum; proceres vero Scotorum, et Scoti fere omnes ceperunt uxores suas de optimo genere et sanguine Anglorum Germanicæ, et ita fuerunt tunc temporis pro universum regnum Britannicæ duo in carne una. . . Universi prædicti semper postea pro communi utilitate coronæ regni in simul et in unum viriliter contra Danos et Norwegienses semper steterunt; et atrocissime unanimi voluntate contra inimicos pugnaverunt, et bella atrocissima in regno gesserunt. (Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen, ed. Schmid, p. 296.)

have told on the character of these German borderers, and have made them what they are, a hardy and determined, yet careful and cautious race. Their constant watchings and struggles against the slow encroachments or sudden inroads of an enemy more inveterate even than the Danes, viz. the sea, had imparted to them from the earliest times somewhat of that wariness and perseverance which we perceive in the national character of the Dutch and the Venetians. But the fresh breezes of the German Ocean and the Baltic kept their nerves well braced and their hearts buoyant, and for muscular development the arms of these sturdy ploughers of the sea and the land can vie with those of any of their neighbours on the isles or on the continent. *Holsten-treue, i.e. Holstein-truth*, is proverbial throughout Germany, and it has stood the test of long and fearful trials.

There is but one way of gaining an insight into the real character of a people, unless we can actually live among them for years; and that is to examine their language and literature. Now it is true that the language spoken in Schleswig-Holstein is not German—at least not in the ordinary sense of the word—and one may well understand how travellers who have picked up their German phrases from Ollendorf, and who, on the strength of this, try to enter into a conversation with Holstein peasants, should arrive at the conclusion that these peasants speak Danish, or at all events, that they do not speak German.

The Germans of Schleswig-Holstein are Saxons, and all true Saxons speak Low German, and Low German is more different from High German than English is from Highland Scotch. Low German, however, is not to be mistaken for vulgar German. It is the German which from time immemorial was spoken in the low countries and along the northern sea-coast of Germany, as opposed to the German of the high country, of Swabia, Thuringia, Bavaria, and Austria. These two dialects differ from each other like Doric and Ionic; neither can be considered as a corruption of the other; and,

however far back we trace these two branches of living speech, we never arrive at a point when they diverge from one common source. The Gothic of the fourth century, preserved in the translation of the Bible by Ulfilas, is to all intents and purposes Low German, only Low German in its most primitive form, and more primitive therefore in its grammatical framework than the earliest specimens of High German, which date only from the seventh or eighth century. This Gothic, which was spoken in the east of Germany, has become extinct. The Saxon, spoken in the north of Germany, continues its manifold existence to the present day in the Low German dialects, in Frisian, in Dutch, and in English. The rest of Germany was and is occupied by High German. In the West the ancient High German dialect of the Franks has been absorbed in French, while the German spoken from the earliest times in the centre and south of Germany has supplied the basis of what is now called the literary and classical language of Germany.

Although the literature of Germany is chiefly High German, there are a few literary compositions, both ancient and modern, in these different dialects, sufficient to enable scholars to distinguish at least nine distinct grammatical settlements; in the Low German branch, *Gothic, Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, and Dutch*; in the High German branch, *Thuringian, Frankish, Bavarian, and Alemannish*. Professor Weinhold is engaged at present in publishing separate grammars of six of these dialects, viz. of *Alemannish, Bavarian, Frankish, Thuringian, Saxon, and Frisian*: and, in his great German grammar Jacob Grimm has been able to treat these, together with the Scandinavian tongues, as so many varieties of one common, primitive type of Teutonic speech.

But although, in the early days of German life, the Low and High German dialects were on terms of perfect equality, Low German has fallen back in the race, while High German has pressed forward with doubled speed. High German has become the language of literature

and good society. It is taught in schools, preached in church, pleaded at the bar; and, even in places where ordinary conversation is still carried on in Low German, High German is clearly intended to be the language of the future. At the time of Charlemagne this was not so, and one of the earliest literary monuments of the German language, the *Heliand*, i.e. the Saviour, is written in Saxon or Low German. The Saxon emperors, however, did little for German literature, while the Swabian emperors were proud of being the patrons of art and poetry. The language spoken at their court being High German, the ascendancy of that dialect may be said to date from their days, though it was not secured till the time of the Reformation, when the translation of the Bible by Luther put a firm and lasting stamp on the literary speech of Germany.

But language, even though deprived of literary cultivation, does not easily die. Though at present people write the same language all over Germany, the towns and villages teem everywhere with dialects, both High and Low. In Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, the Free Towns, and in Schleswig-Holstein, the lower orders speak their own German, generally called *Platt Deutsch*, and in many parts of Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Ostfriesland, and Holstein, the higher ranks too cling in their every-day conversation to this more homely dialect. Children frequently speak two languages: High German at school, Low German at their games. The clergyman speaks High when he stands in the pulpit, but when he visits the poor he must address them in their own peculiar *Platt*. The lawyer pleads in the language of Schiller and Goethe; but, when he examines his witnesses, he has frequently to condescend to the vulgar tongue. That vulgar tongue is constantly receding from the towns; it is frightened away by railways—it is ashamed to show itself in parliament. But it is loved all the more by the people; it appeals to their hearts, and it comes back naturally to all who have ever talked it together in their youth.

It is the same with the local patois of High German. Even where at school the correct High German is taught and spoken, as in Bavaria and Austria, each town still keeps its own patois, and the people fall back on it as soon as they are among themselves. When Maria Theresa went to the Burgtheater to announce to the people of Vienna the birth of a son and heir, she did not address them in high-flown literary German. She bent forward from her box, and called out: *Hörts, der Leopold hot én Buebá* (Hear, Leopold has a boy). In German comedies, characters from Berlin, Leipzig, and Vienna, are constantly introduced speaking their own local dialects. In Bavaria, Styria, and the Tyrol, much of the poetry of the people is written in their patois, and in some parts of Germany sermons even, and other religious tracts, continue to be published in the local vernaculars.

There are here and there a few enthusiastic champions of dialects, particularly of Low German, who still cherish a hope that High German may be thrown back, and Low German restored to its rights and former dominion. Yet, whatever may be thought of the relative excellencies of High and Low German—and in several points, no doubt, Low German has the advantage of High German—yet, practically, the battle between the two is decided, and cannot now be renewed. The national language of Germany, whether in the South or the North, will always be the German of Luther, Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. This, however, is no reason why the dialects, whether of Low or High German, should be despised or banished. Dialects are everywhere the feeders of literary languages, and an attempt to destroy them, if it could succeed, would be like shutting up the tributaries of great rivers.

After these remarks it will be clear that, if people say that the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein do not speak German, there is some truth in such a statement—at least just enough of truth to conceal the truth. It might be said, with equal correctness, that the people

of Lancashire do not speak English. But, if from this a conclusion is to be drawn that the Schleswig-Holsteiners, speaking this miserable dialect, which is neither German nor Danish, might as well have been taught in Danish as in German, this is not quite correct, and would deceive few if it were adduced as an argument for introducing French instead of English in the national schools of Lancashire.

The Schleswig-Holsteiners have their own dialect, and cling to it as they cling to many things which, in other parts of Germany, have been discarded as old-fashioned and useless. *Oll Knust hölt Hus*, stale bread lasts longest, is one of their proverbs. But they read their Bible in High German; they write their newspapers in High German, and it is in High German that their children are taught, and their sermons preached in every town and in every village. It is but lately that Low German has been taken up again by Schleswig-Holstein poets, and some of their poems, though intended originally for their own people only, have been read with delight, even by those who had to spell them out with the help of a dictionary and a grammar. This kind of home-spun poetry is a sign of healthy national life. Like the songs of Burns, in Scotland, the poems of Klaus Groth and others, reveal to us, more than anything else, the real thoughts and feelings, the everyday cares and occupations of the people whom they represent, and to whose approval alone they appeal. But as Scotland, proud as she well may be of her Burns, has produced some of the best writers of English, Schleswig-Holstein, too; small as it is in comparison with Scotland, counts among its sons some illustrious names in German literature. Niebuhr, the great traveller, and Niebuhr, the great historian, were both Schleswig-Holsteiners, though during their lifetime that name had not yet assumed the political meaning in which it is now used. Karsten Niebuhr, the traveller, was a Hanoverian by birth; but, having early entered the Danish service, he was attached to a scientific

mission sent by King Frederiek V. to Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, in 1760. All the other members of that mission having died, it was left to Niebuhr, after his return in 1767, to publish the results of his own observations and of those of his companions. His "Description of Arabia," and his "Travels in Arabia and the adjoining Countries," though published nearly a hundred years ago, are still quoted with respect, and their accuracy has hardly ever been challenged. Niebuhr spent the rest of his life as a kind of collector and magistrate at Meldorf, a small town of between two and three thousand inhabitants, in Dithmarschen. He is described as a square and powerful man, who lived to a good old age, and who, even when he had lost his eyesight, used to delight his family and a large circle of friends, by telling them of the adventures in his oriental travels, of the starry nights of the desert, and of the bright moonlight of Egypt, where, riding on his camel, he could, from his saddle, recognise every plant that was growing on the ground. Nor were the listeners that gathered round him unworthy of the old traveller. Like many a small German town, Meldorf, the home of Niebuhr, had a society consisting of a few government officials, clergymen, and masters at the public school; most of them men of cultivated mind, and quite capable of appreciating a man of Niebuhr's powers. Even the peasants there were not the mere clods of other parts of Germany. They were a well-to-do race, and by no means illiterate. Their sons received at the Gymnasium of Meldorf a classical education, and they were able to mix with ease and freedom in the society of their betters. The most hospitable house at Meldorf was that of Boie, the High Sheriff of Dithmarschen. He had formerly, at Göttingen, been the life and soul of a circle of friends who have become famous in the history of German literature, under the name of "Hainbund." That "Hainbund" or Grove-Club, included Bürger, the author of *Lenore*; Voss, the translator of Homer; the Counts Stolberg, Hölty, and others. With Goethe,

too, Boie had been on terms of intimacy, and when, in after life, he settled down at Meldorf, many of his old friends, his brother-in-law Voss, Count Stolberg, Claudius, and others, came to see him and his illustrious townsman, Niebuhr. Many a seed was sown there, many small germs began to ripen in that remote town of Meldorf, which are yielding fruit at the present day, not in Germany only, but here in England. The sons of Boie, fired by the descriptions of the blind traveller, followed his example, and became distinguished as explorers and discoverers in natural history. Niebuhr's son, young Barthold, soon attracted the attention of all who came to see his father, particularly of Voss; and he was enabled, by their help and advice, to lay, in early youth, that foundation of solid learning which fitted him, in the intervals of his chequered life, to become the founder of a new era in the study of Ancient History. And how curious the threads which bind together the destinies of men! how marvellous the rays of light which, emanating from the most distant centres, cross each other in their onward course, and give their own peculiar colouring to characters apparently original and independent! We have read, of late, in the Confessions of a modern St. Augustine, how the last stroke that severed his connexion with the Church of England, was the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric. But for that event, Dr. Newman might now be a bishop, and his friends a strong party in the Church of England. Well, that Jerusalem Bishopric owes something to Meldorf. The young schoolboy of Meldorf was afterwards the private tutor and personal friend of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and he thus exercised an influence both on the political and the religious views of King Frederick William IV. He was likewise Prussian Ambassador at Rome, when Bunsen was there as a young scholar, struggling hard to maintain himself by private lessons. Niebuhr became the friend and patron of Bunsen, and Bunsen became his successor in the Prussian Embassy at Rome. It is well known that the Jerusalem

Bishopric was a long-cherished plan of the King of Prussia, Niebuhr's pupil, and that the Bill for the establishment of a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem was carried chiefly through the personal influence of Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr. Thus we see how all things are working together for good or for evil, though we little know of the grains of dust that are carried along from all quarters of the globe, to tell like infinitesimal weights in the scales that decide hereafter the judgment of individuals and the fate of nations.

If Holstein, and more particularly Ditmarschen, of which Meldorf had in former days been the capital, may claim some share in Niebuhr the historian—if he himself, as the readers of his history are well aware, is fond of explaining the social and political institutions of Rome by references to what he had seen or heard of the little republic of Ditmarschen—it is certainly a curious coincidence that the only worthy successor of Niebuhr, in the field of Roman history, *Theodor Mommsen*, is likewise a native of Schleswig. His history of Rome, though it did not produce so complete a revolution as the work of Niebuhr, stands higher as a work of art. It contains the results of Niebuhr's critical researches, sifted and carried on by a most careful and thoughtful disciple. It is, in many respects, a most remarkable work, particularly in Germany. The fact that it is readable, and has become a popular book, has excited the wrath of many critics, who evidently consider it below the dignity of a learned professor that he should digest his knowledge, and give to the world, not all and everything he has accumulated in his note-books, but only what he considers really important and worth knowing. The fact, again, that he does not load his pages with references and learned notes, has been treated like a *crimen læsæ majestatis*; and yet, with all the clamour and clatter that has been raised, few authors have had so little to alter or rectify in their later editions as Mommsen. To have produced two such scholars, his-

torians, and statesmen, as Niebuhr and Mommsen, would be an honour to any kingdom in Germany: how much more to the small duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, in which we have been told so often that nothing is spoken but Danish and some vulgar dialects of Low German.

Well, even those vulgar dialects of Low German, and the poems and novels that have been written in them by true Schleswig-Holsteiners, are well worth a moment's consideration. In looking at their language, an Englishman at once discovers a number of old acquaintances: words which he would look for in vain in Schiller or Goethe. We shall mention a few.

Black means black; in High German it would be *schwarz*. *De black* is the black horse; *black up wit* is black on white; *gif mek kil un blak*, give me quill and ink. *Blid* is *blithe*, instead of the High German *mild*. *Bottervogel*, or *botterhahn*, or *botterhex*, is *butterfly*, instead of *Schmetterling*. It is a common superstition in the North of Germany, that one ought to mark the first butterfly one sees in spring. A white one betokens mourning, a yellow one a christening, a variegated one a wedding. *Bregen* or *brehm* is used instead of the High German *Gehirn*; it is the English *brain*. People say of a very foolish person, that his brain is frozen, *de brehm is em verfrorn*. The peculiar English *but*, which has given so much trouble to grammarians and etymologists, exists in the Holstein *buten*, literally outside, the Dutch *buiten*, the Old Saxon *bi-atan*. *Buten* in German is a regular contraction; just as *binnen*, which means inside, within, during. *Heben* is the English heaven, while the common German name is *Himmel*. *Hückup* is a sigh, and no doubt the English *hicough*. *Düsig* is dizzly; *talkig* is talkative.

There are some curious words, which, though they have a Low German look, are not to be found in English or Anglo-Saxon. Thus *plitsch*, which is used in Holstein in the sense of clever, turns out to be a corruption of *politisch*, i. e.

political. *Krüdsch* means particular or over nice; it is a corruption of *Kritisch*, critical. *Katolsch* means angry, mad, and is a corruption of *catholic*, i. e. Roman Catholic. *Kränsch* means plucky, and stands for *courageux*. *Fränksch*, i. e. frankish, means strange; *flämsch*, i. e. flemish, means sulky, and is used to form superlatives; *polsch*, i. e. polish, means wild. *Forsch* means strong and strength, and comes from the French *force*. *Klür* is a corruption of *couleur*, and *Kunkelfusen* stands for confusion or fibs.

Some idiomatic and proverbial expressions, too, deserve to be noted. Instead of saying the sun has set, the Holsteiners, fond as they are of their beer, particularly in the evening after a hard day's work, say *de Sünn geiht to Beer*, the sun goes to beer. If you ask in the country how far it is to some town or village, a peasant will answer, 'n *Hunnblaff*, a dog's bark, if it is quite close; or 'n *Pip Toback*, a pipe of tobacco, meaning about half an hour. Of a conceited fellow they say, "*hê hört de Flëgn hosten*," he hears the flies coughing. If a man is full of great schemes, he is told "*In Gedanken jört de Bur ök in't Kutsch*," in thought the peasant, too, drives in a coach. A man who boasts is asked, "*Pracher! häst ök Lüs oder schuppst di man so?*" Braggart! have you really lice, or do you only thus scratch yourself?"

"*Holstein singt nicht*," Holstein does not sing, is a curious proverb, and, if it is meant to express the absence of popular poetry in that country, it would be easy to convict it of falsehood by a list of poets whose works, though unknown to fame beyond the limits of their own country, are cherished, and deservedly cherished, by their own countrymen. The best known among the Holstein poets is *Klaus Groth*, whose poems, published under the title of *Quickborn*, i. e. quick bourn, or living spring, show that there is a well of true poetical feeling in that country, and that its strains are all the more delicious and refreshing if they bubble up in the native accent of the country. Klaus Groth

was born in 1819. He was the son of a miller, and, though he was sent to school, he had frequently to work in the field in summer, and make himself generally useful. Like many Schleswig-Holsteiners, he showed a decided talent for mathematics; but, before he was sixteen, he had to earn his bread, and work as a clerk in the office of a local magistrate. His leisure hours were devoted to various studies; German, Danish, music, psychology, successively engaged his attention. In his nineteenth year he went to the seminary at Tondern to prepare himself to become a schoolmaster. There he studied Latin, French, Swedish; and, after three years, was appointed teacher at a girls' school. Though he had to give forty-three lessons a week, he found time to continue his own reading, and he acquired a knowledge of English, Dutch, Icelandic, and Italian. At last, however, his health gave way,

and in 1847 he was obliged to resign his place. During his illness his poetical talent, which he himself had never trusted, became a source of comfort to himself and to his friends, and the warm reception which greeted the first edition of his *Quickborn* made him what he was meant to be, the poet of Schleswig-Holstein.

His political poems are few; and, though a true Schleswig-Holsteiner at heart, he has always declined to fight with his pen when he could not fight with his sword. In the beginning of this year, however, he published "Five songs for singing and praying," which, though they fail to give an adequate idea of his power as a poet, may be of interest as showing the deep feelings of the people in their struggle for independence. The text will be easily intelligible with the help of a literal English translation.

DUTSCHE EHR AND DUTSCHE EER.—GERMAN HONOUR AND GERMAN EARTH.

I.

Frühling, 1848.

Dar keemn Soldaten æwer de Elf,
Hurah, hurah, na't Norn!
Se keemn so dicht as Wagg an Wagg,
Un as en Koppel vull Korn.

Gundag, Soldaten! wo kamt jü her?
Vun alle Bergen de Krüz un Quer,
Ut dütschen Landen na't dütsche Meer—
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

Wat liggt so eben as weert de See?
Wat schint so gel as Gold?
Dat is de Marschen er Saat un Staat,
Dat is de Holsten er Stoet.

Gundag jü Holsten op dütsche Eer!
Gundag jü Friesen ant dütsche Meer!
To leben un starben vær dütsche Ehr—
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

II.

Sommer, 1851.

Dat treckt so trurig æwer de Elf,
In Tritt un Schritt so swar—
De Swalw de wannert, de Hatbar treckt—
Se kamt wedder to tokum Jahr.

Ade, ade, du dütsches Heer!
"Ade, ade, du Holsten meer!
Ade op Hoffen un Wiederkehr!"
Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

I.

Spring, 1848.

There came soldiers across the Elbe,
Hurrah, hurrah, to the North!
They came as thick as wave on wave,
And like a field full of corn.

Good day, soldiers! whence do you come?
From all the hills on the right and left,
From German lands to the German sea—
Thus wanders and marches the host.

What lies so still as it were the sea?
What shines so yellow as gold?
The splendid fields of the Marshes they are,
The pride of the Holsten race.

Good day, ye Holsten, on German soil!
Good day, ye Friesians, on the German sea!
To live and to die for German honour—
Thus wanders and marches the host.

II.

Summer, 1851.

They march so sad across the Elbe,
So heavy, step by step—
The swallow wanders, the stork departs—
They come back in the year to come.

Adieu, adieu, thou German host!
"Adieu, adieu, thou Holsten sea!
Adieu, in hope, and to meet again!"
We mourn alone by the sea.

De Storch kumt wedder, de Swalw de singt
So fröhlich as all tovar—
Wann kumt de dütsche Adler un bringt
Di wedder, du dütsche Ehr ?

Wak op du Floth, wak op du Meer !
Wak op du Dunner, un weck de Eer !
Wi sitt op Hæpen un Wedderkehr—
Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

III.

Winter, 1863.

Dar kumt en Brusen as Værjahrswind,
Dat dræhnt as wær dat de Floth.—
Will't Fröhjahr kamen to Wihnztid ?
Hëlpt Gott uns süll'n inne Noth ?

Vun alle Bargen de Krüz un Quer
Dar is dat wedder dat dütsche Heer !
Dat gelt op Nu oder Nimmermehr !
So rett se, de dütsche Ehr !

Wi hört den Adler, he kumt, he kumt !
Noch eenmal hæpt wi un harrt !
Is't Friheit endlich, de he uns bringt ?
Is't Wahrheit, wat der ut ward ?

Sunst hõlp uns Himmel, nu geit' ni mehr !
Hõlp du, un bring uns den Herzog her !
Denn wüllt wi starben vær dütsche Ehr !
Denn begravt uns in dütsche Eer !

30 Dec. 1863.

The stork comes back, the swallow sings
As blithe as ever before—
When will the German eagle return,
And bring thee back, thou German honour !

Wake up thou flood, wake up thou sea !
Wake up thou thunder, and rouse the land !
We are sitting in hope to meet again—
We mourn alone by the sea.

III.

Winter, 1863.

There comes a blast like winter storm ;
It roars as it were the flood.—
Is the spring coming at Christmas-tide ?
Does God himself help us in our need ?

From all the hills on the right and left,
There again comes the German host !
Is it to be now or never !
Oh, save the German honour !

We hear the eagle, he comes, he comes !
Once more we hope and wait !
Is it freedom at last he brings to us ?
Is it truth what comes from thence ?

Else Heaven help us, now it goes no more !
Help thou, and bring us our Duke !
Then will we die for German honour !
Then bury us in German earth !

Dec. 30, 1863.

It is not, however, in war songs or political invective that the poetical genius of Klaus Groth shows to advantage. His proper sphere is the quiet idyll, a truthful and thoughtful description of nature, a reproduction of the simplest and deepest feelings of the human heart, and all this in the homely, honest, and heartfelt language of his own "Platt Deutsch." That the example of Burns has told on Groth—that the poetry of the Scotch poet has inspired and inspirited the poet of Schleswig-Holstein

—is not to be denied. But to imitate Burns and to imitate him successfully, is no mean achievement, and Groth would be the last man to disown his master. The poem "Min Jehann" might have been written by Burns. I shall give a free metrical translation of it, but should advise the reader to try to spell out the original, for much of its charm lies in its native form, and to turn Groth even into High German destroys his beauty as much as when Burns is translated into English.

MIN JEHANN.—MY JOHN.

Ik wull, wi wehrn noch kleen, Jehann,
Do wehr de Welt so grot !
We seten op den Steen, Jehann,
Weest noch ? by Nawers Soot.
An Heben seil de stille Maan,
Wi seegen, wa he leep,
Un snacken, wa de Himmel hoch,
Un wa de Soot wull deep.

Weest noch, wa still dat wehr, Jehann ?
Dar rõhr keen Blatt an Bocin.
So is dat nu ni mehr, Jehann,
As höchstens noch in Droom.

I wish we still were little, John,
The world was then so wide !
When on the stone by neighbour's bourn
We rested side by side.
We saw the moon in silver veiled
Sail silent through the sky,
Our thoughts were deeper than the
bourn,
And as the heavens high.

You know how still it was then, John ;
All nature seemed at rest ;
So is it now no longer, John,
Or in our dreams at best !

Och ne, wenn da de Scheeper sung—
Alleen—in't wide Feld—
Ni wahr, Jehann? dat wehr en Ton—
De eenzige op de Welt.

Mitänner inne Schummertind
Denn ward mi so to Mood,
Denn löppt mi't langs den Rüg so hitt,
As domals bi den Soot.
Den dreih ik mi so hasti um,
As wehr ik nich alleen—
Doch Allens, wat ik finn, Jehann,
Dat is—ik stah un ween.

The next poem is a little popular ballad, relating a tradition, very common on the northern coast of Germany, both east and west of the peninsula, of islands swallowed by the sea, their spires, pinnacles, and roofs being on certain days still visible, and their bells audible, below the waves. One of

Oh, when the shepherd boy then sang
Alone o'er all the plain,
Aye, John, you know, that was a sound
We ne'er shall hear again.

Sometimes now, John, the eventides
The self-same feelings bring,
My pulses beat as loud and strong
As then beside the spring.
And then I turn affrighted round,
Some stranger to descry—
But nothing can I see then, John—
I am alone and cry.

these islands were called *Büsen*, or *Old Büsum*, and is supposed to have been situated opposite the village now called *Büsen*, on the west coast of *Dithmarschen*. Strange to say, the inhabitants of that island, in spite of their tragic fate, are represented rather in a comical light, as the *Bœotians* of *Holstein*.

WAT SIK DAT VOLK VERTELLET.—WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL.

Ol Büsum.

Ol Büsen liggt int wille Haff,
De Floth de kehm un wöhl en Graff.
De Floth de kehm un spöhl un spöhl,
Bet se de Insel ünner wöhl.
Dar blev keen Steen, dar blev keen Pahl,
Dat Water schael dat all hendal,
Dar wehr keen Beest, dar wehr keen Hund,
De liegt nu all in depen Grund,
Un Allens, wat der lev un lach,
Dat deckt de See mit deepe Nach.
Mitänner in de holle Ebb
So süht man vunne Hüs' de Köpp,
Denn dukt de Thorn herut ut Sand,
As wehr't en Finger vun en Hand.
Denn hört man sach de Klocken kling',
Denn hört man sach de Kanter sing',
Denn geiht dat lisen dær de Luft :
"Begrabt den Leib in seine Gruft."

In the Baltic, too, similar traditions are current of sunken islands and towns buried in the sea, which are believed to be visible at certain times. The most famous tradition is that of the ancient town of *Vineta*—once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe—several times destroyed and built up again, till, in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a

Old Büsum.

Old Büsen sank into the waves ;
The sea has made full many graves ;
The flood came near and washed around,
Until the rock to dust was ground.
No stone remained, no belfry steep ;
They sank into the waters deep.
There was no beast, there was no hound ;
They all were carried to the ground.
And all that lived and laughed around
The sea now holds in gloom profound.
At times, when low the water falls,
The sailor sees the broken walls ;
The church tow'r peeps from out the sand,
Like to the finger of a hand.
Then hears one low the church bells ringing,
Then hears one low the sexton singing ;
A chant is carried by the gust :—
"Give earth to earth, and dust to dust."

flood. The ruins of *Vineta* are believed to be visible between the coast of *Pomerania* and the island of *Rügen*. This tradition has suggested one of *Wilhelm Müller's*—my father's—lyrical songs, published in his "*Stones and Shells from the island of Rügen*," 1825, of which I am able to give an excellent translation by *Mr. J. A. Froude*.

VINETA.—VINETA.

I.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingen Abendglocken dumpf und matt,
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

I.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far off evening-bells come sad and slow ;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

II.

In der Fluthen Schooss hinabgesunken
Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn,
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

III.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,
Nach derselben Stelle schiffte er immer,
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

IV.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt:
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

V.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

VI.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen,
Mich versenken in den Widerschein,
Und mir ist als ob mich Engel riefen
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

I wish I could add one of Klaus Groth's tales (*Vertells*, as he calls them), which give the most truthful description of all the minute details of life in Dithmarschen, and bring the peculiar character of the country and of its inhabitants vividly before the eyes of the reader. But, short as they are, even the shortest of them would fill more pages than could here be spared for Schleswig-Holstein. I shall, therefore, conclude this sketch with a tale which has no author—a simple tale from one of the local Holstein newspapers. It came to me in a heap of other papers, flysheets, pamphlets, and books, but it shone like a diamond in a heap of rubbish; and, as the tale of "The Old Woman of Schleswig-Holstein," it may help to give to many who have been unjust to the inhabitants of the Duchies some truer idea of the stuff there is in that staunch and sterling race to which England owes its language, its best blood, and its honoured name.

When the war against Denmark began again in the winter of 1863, offices were opened in the principal towns of Germany for collecting charitable con-

II.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

III.

And the Boatman who at twilight hour
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Evermore will haunt the charmed scene.

IV.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drowned wreck of love below.

V.

There a world in loveliness decaying
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

VI.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free,
Where I hear the angel-voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

tributions. At Hamburg, Messrs. L. and K. had set apart a large room for receiving lint, linen, and warm clothing, or small sums of money. One day, about Christmas, a poorly clad woman from the country stepped in and inquired, in the pure Holstein dialect, whether contributions were received here for Schleswig-Holstein. The clerk showed her to a table covered with linen rags and such like articles. But she turned away and pulled out an old leather purse, and, taking out pieces of money, began to count aloud on the counter: "One mark, two marks, three marks," till she had finished her ten marks. "That makes ten marks," she said, and shoved the little pile away. The clerk, who had watched the poor old woman while she was arranging her small copper and silver coins, asked her: "From whom does the money come?"

"From me," she said, and began counting again, "One mark, two marks, three marks." Thus she went on emptying her purse, till she had counted out ten small heaps of coin, of ten marks each. Then, counting each heap once over again, she said: "These are my hundred

marks for Schleswig Holstein; be so good as to send them to the soldiers."

While the old peasant woman was doing her sums, several persons had gathered round her; and, as she was leaving the shop, she was asked again in a tone of surprise from whom the money came.

"From me," she said; and, observing that she was closely scanned, she turned back, and, looking the man full in the face, she added, smiling: "It is all honest money; it won't hurt the good cause."

The clerk assured her that no one had doubted her honesty, but that she herself had, no doubt, often known want, and that it was hardly right to let her contribute so large a sum, probably the whole of her savings.

The old woman remained silent for a time, but, after she had quietly examined the faces of all present, she said: "Surely it concerns no one how I got the money. Many a thought passed through my heart while I was counting that money. You would not ask me to tell you all? But you are kind gentlemen, and you take much trouble for us poor people. So I'll tell you whence the money came. Yes, I have known want; food has been scarce with me many a day, and it will be so again, as I grow older. But our gracious Lord watches over us. He has helped me to bear the troubles which He sent. He will never forsake me. My husband has been dead this many and many a year. I had one only son; and my John was a fine stout fellow, and he worked hard, and he would not leave his old mother. He made my home snug and comfortable. Then came the war with the Danes. All his friends joined the army; but the only son of a widow, you know, is free. So he remained at home, and no one said to him, 'Come along with us,' for they knew that he was a brave boy, and that it broke his very heart to stay behind. I knew it all. I watched him when the people talked of the war, or when the schoolmaster brought the newspaper. Ah, how he turned pale and red, and how he looked away, and thought his old mother did not see it. But he

said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Gracious God, who could have thought that it was so hard to drive our oppressors out of the land? Then came the news from Fredericia! That was a dreadful night. We sat in silence opposite each other. We knew what was in our hearts, and we hardly dared to look at each other. Suddenly he rose and took my hand, and said, 'Mother!'—God be praised, I had strength in that moment—'John,' I said, 'our time has come; go in God's name. I know how thou lovest me, and what thou hast suffered. God knows what shall become of me if I am left quite alone, but our Lord Jesus Christ will forsake neither thee nor me.' John enlisted as a volunteer. The day of parting came. Ah, I am making a long story of it all! John stood before me in his new uniform. 'Mother,' he said, 'one request before we part—if it is to be—' 'John,' I said to him, 'I know what thou meanest—Oh, I shall weep, I shall weep very much when I am alone; but my time will come, and we shall meet again in the day of our Lord, John! and the land shall be free, John! the land shall be free!'"

Heavy tears stood in the poor old woman's eyes as she repeated her sad tale; but she soon collected herself, and continued: "I did not think then it would be so hard. The heart always hopes even against hope. But for all that"—and here the old woman drew herself up, and looked at us like a queen—"I have never regretted that I bade him go. Then came dreadful days; but the most dreadful of all was when we read that the Germans had betrayed the land, and that they had given up our land with all our dead to the Danes! Then I called on the Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, my God, how is that possible? Why lettest thou the wicked triumph and allowest the just to perish?' And I was told, that the Germans were sorry for what they had done, but that they could not help it. But that, gentlemen, I could never understand. We should never do wrong, nor allow wrong to be done. And, therefore, I thought, it

cannot always remain so ; our good Lord knows His own good time, and in His own good time He will come and deliver us. And I prayed every evening that our gracious Lord would permit me to see that day when the land should be free, and our dear dead should sleep no more in Danish soil. And, as I had no other son against that day, I saved every year what I could save, and on every Christmas Eve I placed it before me on a table, where, in former years, I had always placed a small present for my John, and I said in my heart, 'The war will come again, and the land will be free, and thou shalt sleep in a free grave, my only son, my John!' And now, gentlemen, the poor old woman has been told that the day has come, and that her prayer has been heard, and that the war will begin again ; and that is why she has brought her money, the money she saved for her son. Good

morning, gentlemen," she said, and was going quickly away.

But, before she had left the room, an old gentleman said, loud enough for her to hear, "Poor body ! I hope she may not be deceived."

"Ah," said the old woman, turning back, "I know what you mean ; I have been told all is not right yet. But have faith, men ! the wicked cannot prevail against the just ; man cannot prevail against the Lord. Hold to that, gentlemen ; hold fast together, gentlemen ! This very day I—begin to save up again."

Bless her, good old soul ! And, if Odin were still looking out of his window in the sky as of yore, when he granted victory to the women of the Lombards, might he not say even now :—

"When women are heroes,
What must the men be like ?
Theirs is the victory ;
No need of me."

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN ; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. CHALMERS—PART II: HIS MIDDLE LIFE.

FROM the year 1801-2—at which I left Chalmers, in the flush of his glorious youth, with some extraordinary future evidently before him, but its nature then undetermined—I overleap at once a period of twenty years. Alighting on his career again, about the year 1821-2, I find him then, in the full manhood of forty-two, in a position definite enough—the greatest pulpit-orator, beyond all comparison, in Scotland, and with a fame, on this and other grounds, which had gone over the whole of Britain. The place of his residence, astir from week to week with the immediate excitement of his oratory and proud of so far-famed and far-flashing a possession, was the city of Glasgow. In 1815, Chalmers, at the age of thirty-five, had, by the choice of the Town Council of Glasgow,

become minister of the Tron parish in that city, containing a population of about 11,000 souls ; and he remained in Glasgow till 1823, or eight years in all—for the first four (1815-1819) as minister of this Tron parish, and for the last four (1819-1823) as minister of a new parish, called St. John's, formed almost expressly on his account in the poorest part of the city, and containing a population of over 10,000 persons, mostly of the operative class. Within a few months after his arrival in Glasgow, the degree of D.D. had been conferred on him by the University of the city, so that from 1816 to his death he was known as Dr. Chalmers—the additional honours conferred upon him from time to time, such as the corresponding membership of the French Institute in 1834,

and the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1835, making no difference in his designation. I have chosen the year 1821-2, when he was in the middle of his incumbency in St. John's parish, and when Edward Irving was his assistant there, as the particular year in which to observe him ; but I shall range, in this paper, over the whole eight years of his Glasgow popularity.

Popularity ! yes, let me keep the word, and take the risk of whatever disagreeable associations it is apt to call up. For those eight years of his life he was thought of and spoken of as Dr. Chalmers, the famous popular preacher. That the reader may have an idea, however, of the exact nature of his reputation in this character, and of the altogether unusual respect accorded to him, not only by the city in which he dwelt, but by the most cultivated and critical opinion of the time, comparing him with the most eminent of his Scottish or even British contemporaries of all kinds whatsoever, I will quote from a witness not likely to be suspected of partiality or exaggeration in the case. In the year 1819, there was published, anonymously, by the late Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, then a young man of five-and-twenty, fresh from Oxford and his travels in Germany, and beginning his peculiar literary career in Edinburgh, a book in three volumes, called *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. It is a whimsical kind of description, with much satire intermingled, of Scotland and its notabilities of that day, in the guise of letters from a certain Peter Morris, of Peniarth Hall, Aberystwith, to his friend and fellow-Welshman, the Rev. David Williams. Among the persons described in it are Scott, Dugald Stewart, Jeffrey, Leslie, Playfair, and most of the other Edinburgh lions of five-and-thirty years ago. Rough portraits of some of them (after pen-and-ink sketches by Lockhart himself, as I suppose) are introduced to assist the text. But Peter makes a run to Glasgow ; and none of his descriptions of the Edinburgh men is half so enthusiastic as that which he thence sends to his correspondent of the famous Dr. Chalmers :—

“Yesterday, being Sunday, I threw myself into the midst of one of those overwhelming streams [of Glasgow people going to church], and allowed myself to float on its swelling waves to the church of the most celebrated preacher in this place, or rather, I should say, the most celebrated preacher of the day in the whole of Scotland—Dr. Chalmers. I had heard so much of this remarkable man in Edinburgh that my curiosity in regard to him had been wound up to a high pitch, even before I found myself in the midst of this population, to which his extraordinary character and genius furnish by far the greatest object of interest and attention. . . . I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance ; for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment did not reveal anything like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By-and-by, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutæ of his face pretty leisurely while he leant forward and read the words of the psalm—for that is always done in Scotland, not by the clerk, but by the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one ; but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large, half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheekbones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness that conveys any idea rather than that of dullness, but which contrasts, in a wonderful manner, with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is perhaps the most singular part of the whole visage ; and, indeed, it presents a mixture so very singular of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I have ever met with—being far wider across the eyebrows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's ; and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their extreme ends quite out of the usual line—a peculiarity which Spurzheim

had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical and calculating geniuses. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which, in the heads of most mathematical persons, is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever—immediately above this, in the forehead of Dr. Chalmers, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly in a style to which the heads of very few poets present anything comparable; while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I have never beheld equalled in any but the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples. . . . Never perhaps did the world possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first and the second and the third excellence of his oratory more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet, were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these, his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial—distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearers leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But, of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him, armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence and swaying all round him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawing key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence and from paragraph to paragraph while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. But then with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings. . . . I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style. But, most unquestionably, I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his. He does all this, too, without having

recourse to a moment to the vulgar arts of common pulpit enthusiasm. He does it entirely and proudly by the sheer pith of his most original mind, clothing itself in a bold magnificence of language as original in structure, as nervous in the midst of its overflowing richness, as itself. He has a wonderful talent for ratiocination, and possesses, besides, an imagination both fertile and distinct, which gives all richness of colour to his style and supplies his argument with every diversity of illustration. In presence of such a spirit subjection is a triumph; and I was proud to feel my hardened nerves creep and vibrate, and my blood freeze and boil, when he spoke, as they were wont to do in the early innocent years when unquestioning enthusiasm had as yet caught no lessons of chillness from the jealousies of discernment, the delights of comparison, and the example of the unimaginative world."

The late Mr. Lockhart was not one who was given to overpraise people. On the contrary, in his later life, if all tales are true, he was as remarkable a representative as it would have been easy to find of that Mephistophelic frame of mind and temper, one of the chief characteristics of which it is to act on the rule which is said to have been once given by Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "Junius," to a too generous young member of Parliament,—“My young friend, let me, as an old man of the world, give you one bit of advice: never praise anybody, unless it be *in odium tertii*, to the discredit of some third party.” At twenty-five Lockhart had not, perhaps, attained to this blessed temper—on which account what he wrote then may, if the reader pleases, have the less weight. But he was considerably of a scorpion even then, as the early numbers of *Blackwood* can attest; and, when it is remembered that at that time he had seen and conversed with a large number of the most eminent men both of this country and of the continent, Goethe himself included, his making so much of Chalmers can hardly be set down to the raw provincialism which overestimates objects near it from a deficiency of others with which to compare them. In short, it is impossible that Lockhart could have taken so much pains in his description of the famous Glasgow preacher, bothering

people with all those phrenological and other particulars about him, and inserting also an engraved portrait the better to show what he was like—a queer moony sort of caricature it is, but worth looking at as a curiosity—unless, in his opinion, and in that of pretty good critics round about him, this famous Glasgow preacher was a phenomenon of a far higher order, and more worthy of universal attention, than famous preachers in general. And this accords with the whole tradition respecting Chalmers from those days. Pages could be filled with extracts giving accounts of his oratory, and the extraordinary scenes which the Tron Church or St. John's Church presented on Sundays, and sometimes on week-days, when he preached—the space crammed to oversurging with the habitual congregation, and with Glasgow merchants, students, and other casual visitors mingled with it; the breathless attention from the first; the increasing agitation of soul and nerve in the vast audience as the discourse went on, and the preacher, after one paragraph in which it seemed that voice, gesture, and the power of thought impassioned had done their utmost, only recoiled to be “at it again” in another paragraph swelling to a burst still more tremendous, beyond which again there was yet paragraph after paragraph of phrensy overtopping phrensy, till at last, nerve and soul over-wrought by such a succession of thrills, there would be the break-down of numbers in tears, or some would start up uncontrollably, or there would run through the entire multitude a simultaneous sigh, or all but cry, of relief. This, and all the rest of it, may be read over and over again in contemporaneous accounts. The oratory of Chalmers, while always massively and originally intellectual, was somehow of universal fitness; it took effect alike on rich and poor, on cultured and on uncultured hearers. In this respect there was then a contrast between him and his assistant, Edward Irving, the full magnificence of whose oratory was not revealed till a year or two later, when it took London by storm, but who was already known

as a man of strange genius and a noble coadjutor to Chalmers both in the parish and the pulpit of St. John's. Once, I remember, Chalmers, referring to this contrast between himself and Irving at the time when they stood thus related to each other, expressed it, in his manly way, in some such manner as this: “There seem to be two kinds of attraction possessed and exercised by men. Some work upon their fellows by a general kind of power, like the attraction of gravitation—they affect universally; they draw things of all sorts to them—bricks, stones, or anything. Others affect by a more special kind of power, like the attraction of magnetism; they don't draw all things to them indiscriminately, but only certain things that are in peculiar affinity with them—the steel and iron, you know. Edward Irving in Glasgow was a man attracting in this magnetic way. This kind of attraction is very powerful, and will beat the other sometimes. I remember one old woman in a red cloak, who used to sit on the pulpit-stairs of St. John's church. When I preached she was pleased enough, poor body; but I was nothing to her compared with Irving. She adored *him*. I have no doubt she got something out of Irving that I could not give her. Do you know, I think that old woman in the red cloak was magnetically related to Irving.” Although Chalmers did not positively cite himself as an example of one exercising the more general power of attraction, it was clear that he implied this.¹ And it was true. Wherever he

¹ I find that, as usual, this notion of the two kinds of attraction among men was one which Chalmers carried about with him ready-made. In a small volume of privately-printed recollections of Dr. Chalmers, Wilberforce, and others, by the late Joseph John Gurney, the eminent banker, there is an account of a conversation in 1830, in which, Irving having been mentioned, Chalmers said, “When Irving was associated with me in Glasgow he did not attract a large congregation; but he completely attached to himself and to his ministry a limited number of persons with whose minds his own was in affinity. I have often observed this effect produced by men whose habits of thinking and feeling are peculiar or eccentric. They possess a *magnetic* attraction for minds assimilated to their own.” Mr. Gurney hav-

went, and whatever class of audiences he was addressing, he produced the same impression as upon the merchants and operatives of Glasgow. "I do not know what it is," said Jeffrey, after first hearing him in a speech at Edinburgh, in 1816, "but there is something altogether remarkable about that man: it reminds me more of what we read of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." Chalmers had by this time paid visits to London, and there had been there the same flocking to hear him, and the same extraordinary *furor* about his preaching, in high circles, that afterwards attended Irving. How on earth his English audiences got over the bruising barbarism of his pronunciation is a mystery; but it is evident they did, and so easily as to have left hardly so much allusion to that particular as was to be expected in the records of these London visits. "All the world wild about Chalmers," says Wilberforce, in his Diary, in May, 1817; and again, under date Sunday the 25th, "Off early with Canning, Huskisson, and Lord Binning to the Scotch Church, London Wall, to hear Dr. Chalmers. Vast crowds—Bobus Smith, Lords Elgin, Harrowby, &c. I was surprised to see how Canning was affected; at times he was quite melted into tears." About the same time Sir James Mackintosh writes—"Canning told me that he was entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers; so is Bobus, whose conversion is thought the greatest proof of victory." To others Canning is said to have declared that he had "never been so arrested by any oratory," and to have used the phrase about Chalmers, "The tartan beats us all." All which is here quoted for the behoof of a generation that has grown up since the time of Chalmers, and knows nothing about him, and perhaps does not want to know anything, and to force upon them the fact that such a man did exist,

ing expressed his opinion that this kind of eccentric influence might be dangerous in religion, Chalmers replied, "Yes, truly—after all, *gravitation* is much better than *magnetism*." This is very characteristic.

and that, in his middle life, occupying the position of a famous Glasgow preacher, he had shown such transcendent qualities in that line, as to have risen far above all famous preachers in ordinary, and become a national celebrity even with men of intellect. It may please them to know, however, that there was at least one man who did not give in to the general fuss about Chalmers's oratory, but was cool and cynical on the subject. Chalmers's eldest brother, James, then settled in business in London, was a very excellent person, but of a morose and eccentric temper, so that we are always hearing of some new turn or other of his oddity in the family correspondence. Among his crotchets, one was that Scotchmen in London were the greatest bores in life, always coming about one, and speaking about Scotland, and expecting what they called hospitality. When his brother was in London in 1817, and the commotion about his preaching was naturally greatest among his own countrymen, this was all the more reason with James for keeping clear of the concern. Rather than be plunged into the Scottish element, he kept by himself the whole time, and never once went to hear his brother preach. Dr. Hanna shall tell the rest of the story,—“He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem coffee-house. ‘Well,’ said one of his merchant friends to him one day, ‘wholly ignorant of the relationship, have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?’ ‘Yes,’ said James, somewhat drily, ‘I have heard him.’ ‘And what did you think of him?’ ‘Very little indeed,’ was the reply. ‘Dear me!’ said the astonished inquirer; ‘when did you hear him?’ ‘About half an hour after he was born.’”

Well now, as we look back, at this time of day, on all that commotion about Chalmers's oratory, may it not strike us that his cynical brother's estimate of the phenomenon was about right? Oratory, and, above all, pulpit-oratory, what is it

worth? All that about churches crammed to overflowing, about thousands hanging breathless on the orator's lips, about paragraph of eloquence succeeding paragraph, about the irrepressible buzz of admiration, the excitement of some to tears, the simultaneous sigh or shudder of relief—have we not heard of it over and over again till the repetition brings disgust? Or, if the oratory is secular, and there may be the cheering loud and long-continued, and, at grand moments, the starting of the whole assembly to their feet, and the tempest of shouting, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs for several minutes, during which the orator, &c.—do not we all know about this too, and is there more in it to any of us than in the recollection of whirls of dead leaves and shreds of paper in last year's wind? If any sensible man of the present day could choose the position he would occupy in life, and the character and function in which he would serve his fellows, would not his prayer be, as he looked round among those that are called orators, and saw what most of them are, and how little at best they accomplish, "Let me be anything—anything honest; but oh, if possible, not an orator!" I put the case thus strongly, because I should have no fear for the result of the inquiry as applied to Chalmers, whatever might be the preconceived opinion on the general question. At the period of his life with which we are now concerned, his reputation, as I have studiously represented it, was that of a famous popular preacher, a great pulpit-orator; and, all through his life, it was as the orator that he mainly figured, and by and through oratory, spoken or written, that he diffused himself through contemporary society and provided for the chances of some little residue of influence that might act, and be recognised as Chalmers's, after he was dead. Nature had built him on this model; and he had found it out rather reluctantly, and accepted his function, though not without a lingering wish that it had been some other. But what I am sure of is that in his case the function became a

grand one—that in him at least the oratorical mode of activity was exhibited to the world as equal to the highest other in Nature's own estimate of her kinds, and as capable of conveying the worthiest action of a great and noble personality. In him was shown, as I think, what has not been very often shown in the world—Nature's ideal (although incrustated with the accidents of Scottish place and circumstance) of what an orator might be. Nay, as I do not quite agree with the current depreciations of oratory, even where the instances are inferior, I will here venture on a little apology for Oratory and Orators in general, through which we may get a better hold of Chalmers on returning to him.

The current depreciation of Oratory and Orators arises partly from that *blasé* or fatigued habit of mind in our age which, finding vanity and vexation in all things whatever, is more especially cynical towards things that are showy and make a noise; but it is partly owing also to the fact that it is bad specimens that are thought of. If it is a secular oratory that is thought of, what are the sort of specimens that occur to the fancy or the memory? A great ranting fellow, perhaps, on a platform, mouthing out nonsense which he does not believe himself; or a fluent gentleman pouring forth a stream of limpid commonplace; or, perhaps, some person whom you know to be a man of real intelligence and sincerity, but who, in the stress of the conditions of speaking to a large audience, is driven to a kind of intellectual falsetto, and, escaping the moderation of his real ideas, helps himself wildly to phrases and clap-traps; or, at best, some man of whom you can say that he speaks on the whole well and powerfully, and is a kind of orator, but to whose purposes and ideas if you apply a high test, such as would determine what is venerable in character or good in literature, there is a sense of disappointment. In the case of pulpit oratory it is even worse. Not to speak of the miserably-toned little inanities which are so generally offered as sermons

in England by curates and their seniors, one's main recollection of which is that this or that has been so appointed by "Holy Motha Chaach," but to think of those cases in which there is really some effort to preach—is there not some reason for the common assertion that there is no other position in the world where men of education would dare to exhibit themselves as many do in the privileged altitude of the pulpit? "For any sake, come down, man; or else speak sense," King James was once moved to cry out from his royal pew to a Presbyterian preacher who was furiously going at him and his policy. "I tell thee, O king," was the reply, "I will not come down; neither will I speak sense." It is a story apt to occur to one now in many a congregation, Scotch and English. From all which annoying abundance of the bad or barely respectable instances of oratory, secular or sacred, it has mainly arisen; as we believe, that oratory is at a discount in the present age, and that, while historians, philosophers, and poets are held in esteem as such till the claims of each are tested, the orator, as such, is voted a nuisance in the fastidious and cultivated world, and whoever comes forward in this character has to fight against prejudice.

Is there not haste in this conclusion against Oratory? For one thing, it was not always so. From the beginning of intellectual activity among men there has been a very general recognition of four modes of intellectual function, four orders of intellectual functionaries, as distributing among them the spiritual work of the world—the Historian or Scholar, remembering events and narrating them; the Philosopher or Man of Science, severely investigating and speculating; the Poet, imagining and creating; and the Orator, rousing, stimulating, persuading, working on the deep moral moods of men, or swaying them in the management of their affairs. Like all our classifications and distributions this one may almost be blotted out as soon as it is made—there are such overlappings, combina-

tions, and interchanges; but it helps one in thinking of things, or at least in talking of them. Now it is a rather curious historical fact that each of the four functions has had its day of supreme credit and ascendancy. The Poet, perhaps, has always been kept secretly highest in men's regards; but there have been times—as at certain periods of Grecian history—when Philosophy all but carried it over Poetry; and the Scholar had *his* turn of pre-eminence at the period of the revival of learning in Europe. Nor has the Orator, poor fellow, always been so down in the world as at present. Not to refer to those more extraordinary personages, capable of being included in this order, and, indeed, properly its highest representatives—the propagandists of faiths, and leaders of spiritual revolutions—we have proof that even the orator more in ordinary took a very high stand once. Throughout the whole duration of the ancient Greek and Roman world he was a very considerable personage; and, when Athens produced Demosthenes, the possibility of human greatness in the mode of oratory was vindicated for ever. It was, however, among the Romans, I think, that the estimate of oratory in relation to other modes of intellectual action rose highest. There was something in the nature of that people and in their social organization that led them to set an enormous value on oratory and the forms of literature akin to oratory; and it would not be difficult to trace, in what is most characteristic in Roman literature, this prevalence of the oratorical vein. To see, at all events, how high the Romans rated oratory, we have only to read any of Cicero's disquisitions on the subject, or that interesting discussion, which goes by the name of Tacitus, whether the life of a poet or that of an orator is the nobler and more worthy of a man. It is evident that those Roman critics did not, like our modern critics, think only of the bad or poor specimens of the craft they were considering, but, setting these aside, formed their ideal from the greatest known instances. Cicero's enumeration, indeed, of the many and rare

qualities that must meet in a man to make him worthy of the name of an orator, might well appal any one thinking of setting up in that line. Such a paragon of animals as he describes under the name of a great orator is not seen once in several centuries ; and Cicero himself says as much. Whereas of any other art or craft, he says, including that of the philosopher and that of the poet, it was possible to reckon up not a few first-rate examples within a certain range of time, there had been, in all recorded time, Greek or Roman, but one or two apparitions of a consummate orator. Cicero may have had his motive for this manner of speaking—may have been thinking of Mark Tully ; but there is instruction in what he says. If we, nowadays, were to act as fairly in our judgments of oratory as in our judgments of poetry or of history, or of any other mode of intellectual operation—if, in this case, as in those, we were to disregard the multitude of poor or vile instances, and to form our notion of the possibilities of the function from the best examples within reach (and, rare as high examples are, they are not quite wanting)—the result might be a restoration of the Orator to favour, and even a disposition to accord a certain extra amount of respect to any really superior man of this class in consideration of the unusual difficulties and temptations over which he had triumphed.

What reason is there in theory why it should not be so ? There is a certain cast of temper and genius, after which Nature still occasionally makes men, and which we can recognise as that of the Orator. The old saying that the orator is “made” while the poet is “born” is utterly untrue. To whatever poor substitute for oratory, in the shape of a faculty of clear and continuous speaking, an educated person may attain by labour, and however necessary training may be for the born orator, it is in the case of the orator, more perhaps than in any other case whatever, that Nature’s part is evident at first sight. Occasionally still Nature does make a man after such a type of

physiology that it is only as an orator that he will or can do his utmost in the world—a man in whose thoughts about anything whatever there is always an element of fervour, of aggressiveness, of tendency to action upon others ; whose feelings and notions, habitually rushing, as it were, along the motor nerves, so as to get out and modify surrounding things to their will, do, when balked of that completion, rush at least to the throat and organs of speech, so as to find excited utterance into the air ; on whom the presence of his fellow-men listening to him in an assembly, and all the other conditions of oratory, so paralysing to most, act with a reverse effect, fitting him to do his best, rousing him to his greatest sense of power and freedom, and setting every process of his spirit more grandly and shrewdly to work. And, if Nature has not ceased occasionally to make such men, does she make them in vain ? Have we outgrown the need for them in our modern time ? Less, perhaps, than in some former times are they needed. We are so cultured, so clever, know so well what is what, and have such ample means of learning any little thing that we do not know by the quiet reading of books and papers ! For a very large proportion of us, agitations or excitements anywhere in society near us are self-condemned. It is a principle with us that there must be boisterousness, or non-catholicity and the overworking of some one idea, in their centre. Why make such a row about things—behaving like a Boanerges, or Bull of Bashan ? If one has anything to say, cannot one put it down calmly in black and white, and let it be considered ? After all allowance, however, for what truth there may be in such views, it does not seem to us that orators are so out of place, even in our present time of universal reading and writing and thinking for ourselves, that we ought to request Nature to stop making that article. There is truth in the saying that the sense of hearing is deeper in some respects than the sense of sight—that a doctrine or a sentiment delivered into the ear reaches the roots

of the being more swiftly, and diffuses itself among them more passionately and permanently, than if it had been taken in by the eye from a book. There are effects in the way of intellectual instruction and discipline, and much more in the way of moral rousing and modification, which can be more readily and strongly produced by the living voice than by any other agency, and especially when men are congregated for the purpose in assemblies, and magnetic currents and circuits of sympathy are established among them till they are for the moment as one compound organism, beating with a mighty life which each of its atoms feels, and it is into this mass of emotion already seething that the propositions are dropped. In a thousand ways over our country at the present day I can still see a noble need for this method, if we had but the right men. I can see it on the small scale and on the large—among the unlettered multitudes in town and country, and among our clearest and most aristocratic minds. While all the tendency at present is to the increase of worship over preaching in the church-service of our parishes, I would still—if only in the interest of such a general gymnastic for the national intellect as would keep us from becoming a stupid nation—put in a word for the puritanic notion of the importance of the parish-pulpit. And, more in the centre of the nation, as well for political as for spiritual purposes, I see room for more oratory, spoken as well as written, than we have, if only it were the right kind. *That* is the difficulty. There is probably an ideal of true oratory in the mind of everyone, in the presence of any actual representative of which objections would vanish, and something of that high respect would be felt unhesitatingly which is felt for other forms of intellectual greatness. How to define that ideal might not be easy; but, roughly speaking, most people would agree to something like this—that the highest degree of consideration might be justly accorded to the orator in any case where it might be evident that the man at the back of the orator was a thoroughly

noble one, with great meaning and purposes, and where it might further appear that this man, owing to his constitution, was able to do more for his meaning and purposes, and to make the track of his life more blazing and beneficent, through the mode of oratory than through any other.

Nothing more can be wished than that this test should be applied to Chalmers. Certainly in him it was a noble and great nature that lay at the back of the orator, and that made oratory its instrument. We have seen what he was in his youth—the great-headed, vehement, dreamy “mad Tam Chalmers,” the wonder of his neighbourhood; a youth, as I fancy him, of such sheer force and mass of brain that, if his native Fifeshire had then still been in its old state of Pictish savagery, he would have been a king-elect among the tribes, and a leader and organiser of their expeditions; but who—Fifeshire having then advanced far beyond its Pictish condition, and on to the close of the eighteenth century—asserted his genius in the fashion to correspond, and was the most ardent soul in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Political Economy, and Natural Theology, within the circle of the county. I said that even then his “potentiality” was all but complete—that, save in one respect, he was then, structurally, all that he was ever to be. Let me go back briefly so as to hint what had happened to him in the interval, and converted the young unknown Chalmers as we left him in 1801-2 into our present celebrated Chalmers of his middle life.

He had been hankering after a mathematical or other Scottish professorship. But it was not to be had; and, in 1803, when he was twenty-three years of age, he became minister of Kilmany, a quiet, agricultural parish of about 150 families, in his native county of Fife. He continued minister of this parish for twelve years, or until he was removed to Glasgow in 1815. If we could write fully the history of Chalmers at Kilmany during these twelve years, it would be an interesting history of a mind. For

the fuller narrative the reader must go to Dr. Hanna's pages ; I can give but the broad facts.

For seven years out of the twelve, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirty-first year, Chalmers lived on in his little parish very much the same man that he had been before, though put into a manse and doing duty as a clergyman. People round about knew him as still the massive half-crazed enthusiast in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Political Economy, and what not—every now and then taking up some new study, and working at it for a time with a passion that excluded everything else ; but, as a parish-clergyman, taking things easy. He would be away lecturing on Mathematics or Chemistry at St. Andrews or at Cupar ; there would be strange rumours in consequence of his having betaken himself to the dreadful new science, Geology, and having actually used these words in one of his lectures :—"The writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe ; if they fix anything at all, it is only the antiquity of the species ;" his parishioners, meeting him on the roads, would sometimes have a hearty jocose greeting from him, but at other times would see him lost in some abstraction, and would gaze after him, not knowing what to make of this "minister" of theirs ; he would go to their houses when sent for, and he had a hurried house-to-house scamper among them once a year, which he called a "visitation ;" but, on the whole, they saw little of him except on Sundays, and then it would sometimes happen that, when he took off his hat before going to the pulpit, strings of green stuff, which he had been gathering that morning as botanical specimens, would be hanging from his hair. His study was but little on the Bible. Sometimes he would prepare a sermon into which, from his own interest in the subject, he would throw all his powers ; and there is proof that on such occasions he blazed out in his little country church with bursts of oratory which fully foretold the future, and were so out of proportion to the habits or expectations

of the rustics that they would be agape with wonder for a week. For example, Bonaparte and the chances of a French invasion of Britain being in all men's thoughts, and Chalmers, as usual, having meditated on this subject till he was as one possessed by it, and having moreover in his fever of martial ardour become chaplain and lieutenant in a local volunteer corps, this is the sort of language that was heard from the Kilmany pulpit : "May that day when Bonaparte ascends the throne of Britain be the last of *my* existence ; may I be the first to ascend the scaffold he erects to extinguish the worth and spirit of the country ; may *my* blood mingle with the blood of patriots ; and may I die at the foot of that altar on which British independence is to be the victim." Amazingly out of proportion this, no doubt—for Bonaparte would have had other things to do than send for the minister of Kilmany in particular and order his execution ! But this excess of personal passion about events is according to the true genius of the orator ; and, had the conquest occurred, I do not doubt that Chalmers *would* have gone about Fifeshire as a raging outlaw, and that they would have had to hunt him down and kill him. But, though there would be outbursts of this kind in the Kilmany pulpit, generally on secular subjects, Chalmers's usual addresses to his congregation were, in form, either but sermons hastily scribbled in short-hand on the Saturday evening or Sunday morning, or such fervid chats over the pulpit as he could muster without even this amount of preparation. In matter—save when there would come in a touch of some sublimer contemplations from his natural theology—they were either such mere advices to his parishioners to be decent, honest, and manly, as befitted a system of hearty parochial ethics, or expositions of Christian doctrine to them after the most moderate and rational interpretation of Christianity then known in Scotland. In other words, he was known as a "Moderate," and as belonging to that party of the Scottish clergy who, under

the name of "Moderates," were then greatly in the majority, and whose theology—after a historical, and perhaps a metaphysical, postulate or two, which did entitle it to be called Christian—gave little farther trouble to the intelligence of the community. After this interpretation of the Christian faith Chalmers was honestly enough a clergyman, and a man of genius among his fellows of the same theology. But, in truth, he cared little about being a clergyman or a pulpit orator at all; and it was on the great world of science and speculation, with a longing for the opportunity that would transfer him into it, that he kept looking out from his manse in Kilmany. This was shown very characteristically in 1805, when, in consequence of the death of Professor Robison having led to the transference of Playfair from the mathematical chair to the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, there arose a contest who should succeed Playfair in the mathematical chair. Chalmers, who had previously offered himself unsuccessfully for the natural philosophy chair in St. Andrews, came forward as a candidate. His chances were so small that he soon withdrew; and the competition remained between Mr., afterwards Sir John, Leslie, whose claims were paramount, and who ultimately obtained the chair, and Dr. Mac-knight, an eminent Edinburgh clergyman. In the controversy—which was so keen and important as to have acquired a certain historical significance—both Dugald Stewart and Playfair, as friends of Leslie, dwelt strongly on the fact that Leslie's antagonist was a clergyman, and appealed to the country whether it was possible to be a clergyman and a competent teacher of science at the same time, and whether the apparent desire of the clergy to possess themselves of purely intellectual posts in addition to their own ought not to be resisted. Both Stewart and Playfair addressed letters on the subject to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as the chief of the electing body. Chalmers, whose personal interest in the question, though

he had ceased to be a candidate, was kept up by the turn it had taken, was moved to come forward in a pamphlet entitled "*Observations on a Passage in Mr. Playfair's Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh relative to the Mathematical Pretensions of the Scottish clergy.*" The pamphlet, which was his first publication, was anonymous. It was a vehement protest against Playfair's doctrine of the incompatibility of scientific eminence with the active duties of the clerical profession—vehement to the pitch of sarcastic indignation. "There is almost "no consumption of intellectual effort" he wrote "in the peculiar employment "of a minister. The great doctrines of "revelation, though sublime, are simple. "They require no labour of the mid-"night oil to understand them; no "parade of artificial language to impress "them upon the hearts of the people. "A minister's duty is the duty of the "heart." And, again, "The author of this "pamphlet can assert, from what to him "is the highest of all authority, the "authority of his own experience, that, "after the satisfactory discharge of his "parish duties, a minister may enjoy "five days in the week of uninterrupted "leisure for the prosecution of any "science in which his taste may dispose "him to engage." And the young orator, from his manse at Kilmany, wound up with a passage which admits us most strikingly to the confidence of his own ambitious dreamings. "The author of "the foregoing observations," he says, "keeps back his name from the public "as a thing of no consequence. With "Mr. Playfair, whose mind seems so en-"lightened by well-founded associations, "it will probably be enough to know "that the author is a clergyman; a "member of the stigmatized caste; one "of those puny antagonists with whom "it would be degrading to enter into the "lists of controversy; one of those ill-"fated beings whom the malignant touch "of ordination has condemned to a life of "ignorance and obscurity; a being who "must bid adieu, it seems, to every flatter-"ing anticipation, and drive out the re-"mainer of his days in insignificance."

We do not know that much attention was paid at the time to this voice from Kilmany, or, indeed, that Playfair and others took the trouble to inquire whence the voice came. But the pamphlet was to be a strange recollection in Chalmers's life—a kind of millstone about his neck—after the great change that was to befall him.

We all know the doctrine as it is propounded more expressly by one large system of Christian Theology, though it is hard to conceive that there is any form of Christian Theology from which it can consistently be absent—the doctrine of the necessity, in the case of every individual soul, of a great moral or nervous wrench, at some time or other during life, to bring that soul into a right state of relation to the supernatural. Need philosophy disown this doctrine of the nervous wrench? It does not appear that it need do so, or that it does. What but the same essentially is the dictum of the German sage, that the single thing that no one brings into the world with him is Reverence, that by many it is never acquired, and that it is the consummation of education when this, in its perfect compound form of "The Three Reverences," is imparted to the character? Or consider the matter more directly and practically. Is there any one that does not feel, respecting his own soul, that *it* might be made nobler and better by a nervous wrench the nature and direction of which it could itself indicate beforehand, and which it has even a certain beginning of power, if only it would exert itself, to invoke and bring on? Are you conscious of vanity as your besetting littleness, or are envy and malice secretly known to you as blackening your heart? Is it out of possibility that these vices could be wrung out of you by a process so sudden and violent that you might call it a wrench; and can you not conceive ways and means of inducing that wrench? For my part, I can conceive no soul in the world, however noble, that might not be made yet nobler by a wrench conceivable by itself in some inspired mood of self-scrutiny—nay,

that would not admit of wrench beyond wrench, each tending towards an ultimate and never-attained adjustment. If this be not so, all our talk about conscience, about a central power in man to view and criticise his own spirit, is surely a waste of words. But, whatever philosophy might reason on this subject, history, unless it has been wholly misread, seems to answer the question. St. Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, Loyola—in each of these cases we do read how the man was, at a certain point of his life, doubled-up and changed, and how, out of a moral struggle or agony, lasting a year or more, there emerged a character in which the old natural lineaments were still discernible, but greatly transfigured.

Well, in the life of Chalmers there was this phenomenon of a great shock or transfiguration midway. No other-wise can it be described; it would not be worth while to *try* to describe it otherwise. The time was the year 1810-11, after he had been seven years in Kilmany. He had been going on as before—the great-brained, intellectual enthusiast. Authorship seeming now to him to afford a means of expression for his teeming thoughts which might serve in lieu of the denied professorship, he had followed up his first anonymous publication with a treatise of larger scope, published in London, and entitled, *Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*. It was a discussion of the state of Britain as affected by Bonaparte's measures for the destruction of her foreign trade, and a declaration in general of views which Chalmers had formed on various questions of political economy and politics. He had also undertaken to contribute to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, edited by Dr., now Sir David, Brewster, and had bespoken, in particular, the two articles (characteristic conjunction!) "Trigonometry" and "Christianity." The bespeaking of this last indicated a certain new craving of his mind towards he hardly knew what. But he came to know. First, deaths around him of relatives and friends, and then a pros-

trating illness that brought himself to death's door, and shut him up for a whole year in the seclusion of his own thoughts, brought on the change. It consisted of two stages. First, there was that roused sense of a man's power over himself—that brooding of conscience in the centre over the character it was given to guard; that new vigilance in its office; that perception of here a littleness and there a cancerous blackness that might be wrung out; that recording of each discovery of the kind, and of each lapse back after the discovery and the good resolve; that ending of all in the cry and longing that Heaven itself, or its fluttering ministers, would take the matter in hand, and so mould the soul and sustain it that one should walk the earth no longer self-disgusted, but erect and free, as a man should be. Then into this state of aspiration after a pure and heavenly morality—of anxiety as to the future government of one's spirit with a view to the noblest possible life—there broke gradually a new intellectual light, a theory of Christianity different from that which had been entertained before. To express it briefly, Chalmers came out of his sick-room a convert to that "Evangelical" form of Christian Theology which he had formerly repudiated, and a convert so convinced that he was prepared to announce the change not only in the article on Christianity which he had undertaken to write, but in his whole future walk and conversation. Into the very centre of his mind, through all the mathematics and all the big scientific speculations that had been long tumbling in it, there had somehow penetrated those few Pauline ideas, expressed in words that have been long commonplace in the world, which we read of as having given peace to St. Augustine, to Luther, and to many other remarkable men in different lands and ages. Fifty years ago, whatever it may be now, the state of affairs was such in the East of Scotland that a mind of such dimensions as Dr. Chalmers's could feel that by such ideas, and such only,

was it brought into right relation to the supernatural. Whether the relation might not have been made more absolutely satisfactory with the aid of certain critical lights not then quite wanting in the world, and that have flashed about more widely since, it is not for me to inquire here. I am but telling the story of what did happen. And what a marvel it was for the parishioners of Kilmany when their minister came once more among them out of his solitude! The man was transfigured. In the pulpit now not the old careless bursts of anything that came, or the splendid prepared harangue on some half-secular topic, but O, such new phrases about Christ and His love for men—such yearnings of a soul in earnest over his flock—such wrestlings with them to get them to go with him! And then, on week-days, such a going about among them, and dropping into their houses to speak with them, and urging them to this and that, and care for their habits, and promoting of schools and associations, and, with the same rich heartiness and abundance of jest and humour as before, something strange and saint-like! And far beyond Kilmany, among clergy and laity, the rumour ran that Chalmers had become one of the Highflyers. At first there was surprise, and, perhaps, something like sneering in some quarters; but the genius of the man remained, and was not to be denied or withstood, and Highflying, as represented in Chalmers, became a phenomenon of larger look and importance to the region round about him than it had been before. The little parish of Kilmany acquired a celebrity on his account; and at the door of his manse—now no longer the home of a bachelor, but graced by the presence of one who was to be his fit partner throughout the rest of his life—there would arrive relays of visitors, anxious to see him and converse with him.

And so, after Kilmany had kept Chalmers for a few years in his new character, it was natural that the growing desire to see such a man transferred to a position of national influence should have led to his election.

to one of the great parishes of Glasgow. From the year 1815, when he removed thither, on through all the stages of his subsequent career, there accompanied him a kind of constant recollection in the public mind that he had not been always the same man that he was, but had, at a particular period, changed sides rather abruptly in the theology and ecclesiastical politics of his country—gone over from the “Moderates” to the “Evangelicals,” and disturbed the balance by his weight. Conscious as he was of this universal recollection respecting him, he let it take its own course. It would have been an indescribable horror to him to flaunt the personal argument of his own “change” before the public eye after the coarse method of some religionists. As much as possible he abstained from the topic ; and to the end, even while engaged in controversy with the Moderate party, he would be warm in his acknowledgments of the many manly virtues he had found in the old Moderate school. On the other hand, it was to the credit of his ecclesiastical opponents that, for the most part, they chivalrously forbore, in their contests with him, from the use of an argument so calculated for effect in debate—the argument that he himself had not always been of his present opinions. On one occasion, however, there was a deviation from this rule. It was as late as the year 1825, when the “Evangelical” party in the Scottish Church had so increased in strength as to be coming within sight of the ascendancy. In the General Assembly of that year there was a great debate on Pluralities, Dr. Chalmers and his party going for their abolition, on the ground that one cure of souls was enough for a clergyman. On the second day of the debate, a leader on the other side could not resist a mode of retort that had suggested itself to him. Standing up with Chalmers’s old anonymous Playfair pamphlet, of 1805, in his hands, he read passages from it, and with especial emphasis that passage, already quoted by us, “The author of this pamphlet can assert, from what to him is the highest

“of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish-duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage.” Chalmers was not named ; but all eyes were turned to him, and there was wonder on both sides what he would do. There had gone through him at the moment one of those incalculable stirrings that make men like him equal to any emergency ; and what he did was simply sublime. Rising in his turn, he told the House that he had never publicly acknowledged that pamphlet, and had believed it to be forgotten and buried, but that, now that it had been disinterred for his confusion by one who had undertaken the task of a resurrectionist, he did confess himself to be its author, and stood there at the bar a repentant culprit on account of it. “I was at that time, sir,” he said, “more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession ; and, feeling grieved and indignant at what I thought an undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward with that pamphlet to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant from the proper habits of a clergyman. Alas ! sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying that the sentiment was wrong, and that, in the utterance of it, I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was ! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science ? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes—I thought not of the littleness of time ; I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity.” What could be said after this ? There was a solemn stillness in the House ; and I do not think that any one afterward ever troubled Chalmers about the change in his opinions. It adds to the impressiveness of such a

revelation of his character to know that, in his own private diary of that Assembly, recording details of the proceedings from day to day, there is not the slightest allusion to this its crowning incident.

We can see now, I think, what was the sort of constitution, and what the prior mental history, that lay behind the orator in Chalmers, and that gave to his pulpit-oratory its unparalleled power and fame during the time of his residence in Glasgow. In those great days of his preaching, as during the rest of his life whenever and wherever he preached, it was as a preacher of the "Evangelical" school that he was known, and more particularly as an Evangelical preacher whose theology was describable as of the Scottish variety of Calvinism. To administer to the minds of men, without rational abatement or doubt, those inmost and most peculiar doctrines of a popular Gospel, the recognition of which had made so great a revolution in himself; to have no trust, as regarded either the improvement of the individual or the real civilization of the world, in anything short of the central change that would be caused by the passionate embrace of these doctrines; to avow the great end of all his labours to be, in the common phrase of all Evangelical preachers, "the winning of souls to Christ;" not to be ashamed of such phrases in the pulpit or in his serious intercourse with men elsewhere, but to use them as true, good, and warm with a vital meaning—to these habits, and to this employment of a genius that had once looked forward to any other employment of itself rather than this, had the unseen powers that manipulate the spirits of men brought Chalmers in his middle life. In virtue of this "Evangelicalism" it was, energizing all his powers and radiating through all he did, that he had become what he was when young Lockhart described him,

"In his allotted home a genuine Priest,
The Shepherd of his flock, or, as a King
Is styled when most affectionately praised,
The Father of his people."

But while, as names go, it is not to

misname Chalmers to say that he was, in the modern and popular sense, a great "Evangelical" preacher and parish-minister, nothing is more certain to me than that those who should form an idea of him as such from commoner samples of the species would wholly misconstrue him. He did, simple-minded man that he was, relate himself to past and contemporary teachers of Evangelical Theology as his nearest intellectual kindred; his Christian reading was much in that peculiar religious literature of which the writings of some of the Puritan divines are the older examples, and books like Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity" the more recent; nay, he would see "the root of the matter" in much more obscure performances that came in his way, and his correspondence is full of respectful references to theological tracts and treatises which he would have found trashy if he had not found them pious. But, as to the degree of his affinity with those multitudinous kinsmen of his, he was, partly through modesty, under a delusion. As distinct as were Chalmers's physiognomy and figure from those of other eminent preachers—as different as was the impression made by the sight of his massive head, with its extraordinary breadth of brow, expanse and height of temples, and great depth back from the forehead, from the impression made by characteristic portraits of old Puritans, or by the portraits of the heavenly-minded and aquiline Wesleys, or from that made by the actually observed countenances of their successors among modern preachers, some all forehead and no jaw, and others all jaw and no forehead—so distinct was the Evangelicalism of Chalmers from any precedent or contemporary instance. Let me explain a little more in detail what I mean.

In the first place, it will be found that religious men, even within the same body or denomination, differ from each other very much in respect of the amount and multiplicity of the intellectual tackling, if I may so call it,

with which they find it necessary to connect earth with heaven. In the history of English Puritanism this is exemplified. The English Puritans of the middle of the seventeenth century are generally represented as a great homogeneous body, all characterised by the same hard dialectical spirit in Theology, the same delight in a religion of numerous doctrines and subtleties expounded over and over again in sermons mechanically divided and subdivided, the same tendency to fill the air between heaven and earth with a tackling of dogmata so dense and intricate that both the due esteem of earth and its secular duties beneath and the due feeling of heaven in its infinite grandeur above were lost in a sense of the laboriousness of the interconnexion. Now, this is a mistake. The period when something like what is alleged was true—and even then it was true only with remarkable exceptions—was that of the brief ascendancy of Presbyterianism in the early years of the Long Parliament. Then there *was* a giving over of the mind of England to the exercises of a formal and dialectical Theology to a degree that for the time all but excluded other kinds of intellectual exercise. But no sooner did the Independents and other sects begin to walk forth from among the Presbyterians, and to assert that England must not belong to the Presbyterians, than the national atmosphere changed, the excess of theological dialectics visibly abated, and there was a wonderful increase, on the one hand, of interest in all forms of useful or secular knowledge and in the utilitarian spirit generally, and, on the other, of a free habit of grand ideal contemplation. If one tries to form an idea of the personal religion of such men as Cromwell and Milton, of the habitual state of their minds, what one sees is, as it were, a solid floor of varied and peopled earth, very definitely conceived ; far over this, again, a vast overarching and infinitely-distant heaven ; but all, or nearly all, the space between, void and transparent. Something of the same, though not to the same extent, will be found to have been

the case in the greatest Anglican and Presbyterian minds. For it would appear to depend on the degree of a mind's endowment in that Space-and-Time feeling which constitutes humanity in its essence—and very large endowment in which we sought, in a former paper, to identify with genius—what amount or multiplicity of dialectical intertackling between its experience of earth and its sight of heaven it can admit or require. The larger the physical sphere embraced by the consciousness, the greater the space between the centre and the circumference, and the less satisfaction in trying to warp across it by means of numerous formal reasonings. And so, in Chalmers, by reason of the great natural dimensions of his mind, there was—his firm acceptance of the peculiar doctrines of Evangelical Christianity always assumed and recollected—less of the action of a complex traditional Theology in his thoughts than might have been expected from his position. Through his preaching, Calvinistic in the main as it might have been described in respect of doctrine, there were to be seen, recognisable by Calvinists and anti-Calvinists alike, great spaces of the immeasurable uncobwebbed heaven. Nay more, through all the days of his preaching he was amongst the most liberal of ecclesiastics, and the most anxious that both his own independence of mind and the Christian world generally, should be preserved from the spirit of a dictatorial orthodoxy. "I am not sure," he once wrote, "whether there is not too much of a sensitive alarm about one's orthodoxy when it is expected that something like a satisfying declaration of it shall be brought forward in every single discourse. Might not a preacher and his hearers so understand each other as that the leading points of doctrine might be tacitly pre-supposed between them?" Accordingly, while at Glasgow, he by no means thought himself bound to take that common plan of preaching which he used afterwards satirically to describe as trying in every sermon to "take a lift of all theology." He ranged about considerably, and, in addition to

many sermons of purely spiritual appeal or exposition, broke out now and then in sermons of such direct and practical application of Christianity to affairs as astonished weaker evangelical minds. His *Commercial Discourses*, as they came afterwards to be called, were a conspicuous proof that the Glasgow merchants and operatives had greatly mistaken the nature of his Evangelicalism if they expected that he would always confine himself to points of faith, and would never make any of them writhe under denunciations of their special forms of immorality, hypocrisy, and roguery. All through life he kept this largeness of method in his Evangelicalism, this liberty of grappling human nature towards the good and noble by any efficient means, while believing the Gospel to be the great means. And the horror of a narrow and dictatorial orthodoxy grew upon him rather than diminished. "Some of our friends have by far too fine a nose for heresy, sir," was a frequent remark of his in his later life, in reference to the habit, so common in all Churches, but in which Scottish Christians are perhaps *facile principes*, of overhauling a poor fellow's speeches and writings with a view to a prosecution for unsoundness. In his private prayers at that time such petitions as these recur again and again in a manner most significant: "Let me not be the "slave of human authority, but clear my "way through all creeds and confessions "to Thine own original Revelation;" "Deliver me, O God, from the narrow-"ing influence of human lessons, and "more especially of systems of human "theology." If the reader can imagine a mind having all these characteristics, and yet really and honestly orthodox in the common acceptance of the term, he will have an idea of the Evangelicalism of Chalmers.

Again, so far as Chalmers did in his preaching assume the habitual theology of his country, and employ himself heartily in its exposition, he imported into his treatment of it such peculiar intellectual methods learnt among the sciences, such a stock of notions derived

from them, such an already acquired interest in various speculations and researches not within the usual ken of the clergy, and, moreover, an imagination so rich and inventive, that he affected that theology more than he or others thought, and did not leave it altogether as he found it. In other words, the Evangelicalism of Chalmers formed a stage in the religious history of Scotland. That movement in the Church of Scotland which led to the gradual relinquishment of the "Moderatism" of the eighteenth century, and to the ascendancy at last, about the time of the Reform Bill, of a popular "Evangelicalism" among the clergy, had, it is true, been in progress before Chalmers went over to the "Evangelicals," and was already provided with able chiefs and leaders. But, from the moment that he joined it, his became the leading *intellectual* influence; it was from him, more than from any one else, that the progressive party derived its adaptations to contemporary exigencies and ideas, and its new forms of phraseology. Hence a certain character of its own about the Scottish Evangelical movement during Chalmers's life, distinguishing it, perhaps, from the contemporary Evangelical movement in the English Church—a peculiarity of character depending on the accident, if we may so call it, that the movement had come to be led, not by a hard and shrewd ecclesiastic, not by an accomplished scholar, not by a simple religious enthusiast, but by one who had been brought unexpectedly to the work from a prior course of ardour in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, and Political Economy, and who, but for the change that had befallen him, would still have been labouring breast-deep in a philosophy compounded of the speculations of these sciences. To Geology, for example, and consequently to the notion that the current interpretation of the Book of Genesis might have to be modified, Chalmers remained loyal throughout his life. He did not, indeed, go far in the reconciliation of Theology with Science which he thought necessary at this point—not so far, I believe, as

he would have gone now, had he been alive. But he went beyond the theological opinion of his day; and his authority helped to make Scottish orthodoxy less timid in that direction at least than it might otherwise have been. And what he did on the frontier between Geology and Theology was a type of much of his activity both as a preacher and as a writer. Retaining as he did an eager interest in the sciences, and a reverent and exulting sympathy with those who were labouring in them and filling their minds with their high generalizations, he longed to demonstrate that Christianity need not lose these men, that it could only be by mismanagement and misunderstanding if it did lose them. Hence, in addition to his expositions of Christianity for the poor and ignorant, he was ever after some attempt or other for the recommendation of Christianity to the higher and more cultivated intelligence of the time. These attempts commonly took the form of "reconciliations" of Theology with Science—of arguments, with all the strength of one who thought he knew both, to bring them into harmony. Of this kind was his treatise, "*The Evidences and Authority of the Christian Revelation*," originally published in 1813, and afterwards expanded and modified. Of this kind also were his famous "*Astronomical Discourses*," delivered as a week-day course of lectures in Glasgow in 1816, and which, after holding that city in a state of intellectual excitement for a year, ran through the country in edition after edition to the extent of 20,000 copies, dividing attention with Scott's early novels, and moving men like Canning, Foster, Mackintosh, and Hazlitt, to outcries of admiration.

Here for the present I must conclude. It is wholly as the orator or preacher that I have in this paper sought to represent Chalmers—as the functionary swaying the thoughts and deep moral moods of men, either directly by his spoken eloquence, or indirectly and over larger spaces by his writings. For we ought to extend the notion of Oratory into literature, and to classify all publi-

cations that emanate from the oratorical habit of mind, whether they have been first actually spoken or not, under the head of Oratory. Burke's writings, for example, are of this class; and it is convenient to consider Oratory, equally with History, Exposition, or Poetry, as a leading form of literature, admitting of subdivision. But Oratory, in its full extent, does not stop at the thoughts and deep moral moods of men. It is not for nothing that oratory in our days, as always heretofore, is seen in conjunction with practical or professional statesmanship. There is a real connexion between the two. Constitutionally there is an identity between the Orator and the Reformer or Statesman. In both the ultimate characteristic is an *outgoing* energy—a passion for modifying the medium around one to the tune of one's own desires. In this sense, the orator is often but the balked statesman—the man whose ideas and desires, having no other expression than through the throat and organs of speech, are dashed into the air through that outlet that they may not be altogether lost; while the statesman, giving farther effect to his desires in the actual management of affairs and the modification of human institutions, may be called the orator consummate. Intermediate between the two is the oratory which, if it cannot get the length of actual statesmanship, at least tends to it by agitating and discussing specific public questions. It is in the nature of the orator thus to concern himself with the "questions" of his time. In Chalmers's case, at all events, we see this development of oratory. Through his whole life, besides being the preacher or pulpit-orator, he was a propagandist of definite and vehemently-held views on social and political questions of great importance. Owing to circumstances, he was even able to give effect to some of these views after the manner of a practical statesman. In my next paper I will follow him into this character, and give a summary account both of some of his views on public questions, and of his efforts to carry them into practice.

OVER THE HILL-SIDE.

FAREWELL! In dimmer distance

I watch your figures glide,
Across the sunny moorland,
And brown hill-side

Each momentarily uprising,
Large, dark, against the sky;
Then—in the vacant moorland,
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,
Where your lost footsteps pass,
What beauty decks the heavens
And clothes the grass!

Over the mountain shoulder,
What glories may unfold!
Though I see but the mountain,
Blank, bare and cold;

And the white road, slow winding
To where, each after each,
You slipped away—ah, whither?
I cannot reach.

And if I call, what answers?
Only, twixt earth and sky,
Like wail of parting spirit,
The curlew's cry.

* * * *

Yet sunny is the moorland,
And soft the pleasant air;
And little flowers, like blessings,
Grow everywhere.

While, over all, the mountain
Stands, sombre, calm, and still;
Immutable and steadfast
As the One Will;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,
Eternally confessed
By men, and saints, and angels,
Be ever blest!

Under Its infinite shadow,
Safer than light of ours,
I'll sit me down a little
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow
Without one wish to stay,
The path ye all have taken—
The appointed way.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE END OF A CHAPTER.

As Gerty stood barefooted and breathless behind her curtain watching her husband reading the letter which she believed to be from Mrs. Nalder, her cunning little eye made a discovery. There was one drawer of the secretary

NOTE.—Mr. Kingsley wishes it to be explained that the abrupt and somewhat "sensational" ending of Chapter XLV. of his story in last number was not intentional on his part, but arose from an accident in the division of the manuscript.—*Editor.*

open—one of the secret drawers, which she had seen open frequently, and knew the trick of perfectly, as did probably every one who had once looked at it for an instant. It seemed so evident to her that George had taken Mrs. Nalder's letter from that drawer, and so certain that he would put it back there again, that she was quite satisfied to wait no longer, and so stole silently and successfully out of the room once more; and, when George came up to bed soon after, she appeared to awake with a sweet smile. "Good heavens!" she said to herself, "he looks like death."

And he looked like death in the morning. He was so absolutely silent that he seemed to be possessed of a dumb devil, and he looked utterly scared and terrified. She heard him give orders to the pad groom, which showed that he was going out, but would be home to lunch. She asked him where he was going, and he simply answered, "To Croydon."

His horse's feet were barely silent in the yard, when she was at the old secretary. The drawer was opened, and the letter was in her hand before George was out of the park. At the first glance at it, she saw that it was not from Mrs. Nalder, or from any woman, but was written in a man's hand. When she saw this, her conscience pricked her for one moment. It was not a secret in her department. She had a right to open a woman's letter to her husband, but she had no right here. Curiosity prevailed, and she sat down and read the letter we give in the next chapter. It is hard to say how much she understood of it, but quite enough to make her hastily replace it in the drawer; to stand for an instant stupified with horror, and then to rush wildly upstairs, seize baby to her bosom, and turn round, her eyes gleaming with the ferocity of sheer terror, at bay against the enemy.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LETTER WHICH WAS NOT FROM MRS. NALDER.

"SIR,—I am about to write to you the longest letter which I have ever written in my life, and, I make bold to say, one of the strangest letters ever written by one man to another.

"Sir George, you will find me, in this letter, assuming an indignant and injured tone; and at first you will laugh at such an idea—at the idea of a man so deeply steeped in crime as I am having any right to feel injury or injustice; but you will not laugh at the end, Sir George. If your better feelings don't prevent your doing that, what I

have to tell you will put you into no laughing mood.

"Who ruined me, sir? Who brought me, a silly and impressible young man, into that hell of infamy, which was called a private tutor's? Was I ever a greater scoundrel than Mottesfont, who forged his own father's name; was I ever so great a blackguard as Parkins? No. I should have been clobbered in the hulks if I had been. Why, the only honest man in that miserable house when we first went there (save our two selves) was the poor old idiot of a tutor, who knew no more of the antecedents of his two pupils than your father did.

"And then did not I see you, the handsome merry young gentleman whom I followed for goodwill and admiration, laughing at them, seeming to admire them, and thinking them fast fellows, and teaching me to do the same? Was not I made minister of your vice? And, lastly, Sir George Hillyar—I am going to speak out—when I saw you, the young gentleman I admired and looked up to, when I saw you—I can say it to-day after what I know now—Forge, can you be the man to cast a robbery in my teeth? Am I worse than you?"

(Sir George had lit a cigar when he had read so far. "Is that the little game?" he said. "The man's brain is softening. Why old Morton, the keeper, knows all about that. But there is a lot more in reserve; three or four pages. Now I *do* wonder how he is going to try and raise the wind out of me. He is a fool for mentioning that old business, because it will only make me angry, and he can't appear without being packed off to the colony in irons for life. Oh, here is more sentimentality, hey?")

"Knowing all I have known, Sir George, have I ever attempted to trade on it? Never. Haven't I, rogue, wretch, and dog, as I am, with hell begun in this world for me—haven't I been faithful and true to you? What did I ever have from you before that thirty pounds you gave me in Palmerston last year? You surely owed me as much as that; you surely owed Julia's husband as much as that. You received me then

like a villain and a thief. I came to you humbly, and was glad to see your face again, for your face was dear to me till last night, Sir George. And you broke out on me, and bullied me, assuming that I was going to swindle you.

"If it hadn't been for the reception you gave me then, I would never have deceived you, and come to England. I would have stopped at Perth; for the tale I told you was true; but the wind was fair, and I was angry with you, and old England was before me, and so I did not go on shore. What have I done which warrants *you* in doing what you have done to me? Sir George Hill-*yar*, sir, a master scoundrel like me knows as much or more than a leading detective. *You* know that. Last night, Sir George, it came to my knowledge that you had offered two hundred guineas for my apprehension."

"Confound the fellow, I wonder how he found that out," said Sir George. "How very singular it is his trying to take me in with these protestations of affection. I thought him shrewder. I must have him though. I am sorry to a certain extent for the poor devil, but he must stand in the dock. All that he chooses to say about the past there will go for nothing; he will be only rebuked by the court. But if he goes at large he may take to anonymous letter-writing, or something of that kind. And he really does know too much. That's what Morton, the keeper, so sensibly said, when he advised me to do it. Yes, let him say what he has got to say in the dock, in the character of a returned convict."

"That is to say, Sir George, in sheer unthinking cowardice, or else because you wished to stamp all I had to say as the insane charges of a desperate man, you deliberately condemned me, who had never harmed you, to a fate infinitely more horrible than death—to the iron gang for life; calculating, as I have very little doubt—for you as a police inspector know the convict world somewhat—on my suicide. Now, Sir George, who is the greatest villain of No. 59.—VOL. X.

us two? Now, have I not got a case against you?"

(Sir George's face darkened, and he looked uneasy. "This fellow is getting dangerous. But I shall have him to-night.")

"Now, Sir George, please attend to me, and I will tell you a story—a story which will interest you very deeply. I wish first of all, my dear sir—in order to quicken your curiosity—to allude to the set of sapphires valued at some eight hundred pounds, and the set of cameos valued at nearly two thousand pounds, which, to Mr. Compton's great surprise, were *not* found among your late father's effects at his most lamented demise. Do you remember discovering, while Mr. Compton and you were arranging papers, in the very front of the old black secretary, a bundle of pink and highly-scented love-letters, written in an elegant lady's hand, addressed to your father, and signed "Mary?" The one, unless I forget, which contained the tress of auburn hair, was the one in which Mary thanked her dearest old Georgy Porgy for the *beautiful, beautiful* set of blue stones; and the one in which was the sprig of Cape jessamine was full of warm expressions of gratitude for the noble, the princely present of the cameos. I admire the respect which you and Mr. Compton showed for the memory of your late father, in saying nothing about the love-letters, and in letting the sapphires and cameos go quietly to the devil. A scandalous *liaison* in a man of your late father's age is best kept quiet. It is not respectable."

("How the deuce did he find *this* out?" said George.)

"Now, my dear sir, I beg to inform you that your dear father was utterly innocent of this 'affair.' He always was a very clean liver, was Sir George. I'll speak up for him, because he seems bitterly to have felt that he hadn't done his duty by me, and was in some sort answerable for my misdemeanours, in sending me to that den of iniquity in your company. But about these love letters; they were written, under my

direction, by a young female of good education, but who, unhappily, knows pretty near as much of the inside of Newgate as she does of the outside; they were put in that escritoire by my own hand, ready for you to find them. And, as for the sapphires and cameos, why I stole them, sold them, have got the money, and am going into business with it in Palmerston."

"The deuce you are," said George. "Is he mad? or is there something coming? I must have some brandy. I am frightened." He drank half a tumbler of brandy, and then went on with the letter.)

"If you ask me how, I will tell you. Lay down this letter a moment, take a table-knife, go outside of the pantry window (a latticed one, as you will remember), and raise the latch with the knife; that will explain a great deal to you. I resume.

"I came on to England, as you know, and we had to beat up for Rio, leaky. From thence I wrote by the *Tay* steamer to my son Reuben, telling him to look out for me. That noble lad, sir, was as true as steel. He was living at the top of my cousin's house at Chelsea, and he took me in at every risk, and was most faithful and dutiful. Use that boy well, Sir George, and it shall be well with you.

"You know what I got involved in there. I began to see that there were some in that business far too clumsy for me, and I tried to get out of it. I thought of Stanlake. I had robbed the house once, and I meant to do it again. I knew what a terrible lot of property there was loose in that house. I began getting into that house through the pantry window; I got in, first and last, eight times.

"I knew enough to know that the black escritoire was my mark, and I worked at that. I found out your father's trick of sitting up, and dozing off uneasily, and it was the cause of much danger to me. I have been in the room with him several times when he was snoring and dozing in his chair, before I could get a chance at the lock,

and then I failed the first time. The next night I came with other skeleton keys and got it open. That night I got the sapphires and the cameos, which I have seen your mother wear often, Sir George; and the next morning, Reuben being safe at Stanlake, I wrote to the police, and laid them on to the crib at Church-place, Chelsea."

"(Are there two devils," said George, aghast, "or is this the true and only one.")

"Sir, you may have thought that near three thousand pounds was enough to content me, but it was not. I wanted the diamonds; the whole affair (I will not use thieves' Latin to you, sir) was so safe, and there was such an absolute certainty of impunity about it, that I felt a kind of triumph, not unmixed with amusement. I came back after the diamonds; and the night I came back after the diamonds was the very night your poor dear pa died."

(George was so sick and faint now that the brandy had but little effect on him, but after a time he went on.)

"That night, sir, I got in as usual with my boots in my pocket. Old Simpson was fast asleep in a chair in the little drawing-room as usual. I waited a long while outside the library door, longer than usual, until I heard Sir George snore; and then, at the very first sound of it, I passed quickly and safely in.

"He was sleeping very uneasily that night, sometimes snoring, and sometimes talking. I heard him mention Mr. Erne's name very often, and once or twice Mr. Erne's mother's name. Then he mentioned your name, sir, and he said more than once, 'Poor George! Poor dear George!' to my great surprise; as you may suppose.

"Then I looked at the secretary, and it was open; and on the desk of it was lying a deed. I stepped up, and saw it was his will. I opened it, and read it, for it was very short. Eight thousand a year to Mr. Erne, and Stanlake to you. I had just heard him say, 'Poor dear George!' in his sleep; and I thought of you, sir—before God

I did, unkind as you had been to me. I said, If I put this in my pocket, he must make a new one, and then it may be better for 'Poor dear George.' And, as I thought that, I heard a noise and looked up, and saw that he had silently awaked, had caught up a sword from the rack over the fire-place, and was close on me.

"He was very unsteady, and looked very ghastly, but he recognised me in an instant, and called me by name. I easily eluded him, and made swiftly for the door—he catching up the candle and following me down the passage, calling out in the most awful voice for Reuben to come and help him.

"I made for the kitchen, and he after me, quicker than I reckoned on. The kitchen was so dark that I got confused among the furniture, and began to get frightened, and think that I had gone too far in my rashness. Before I could clear out of it, he came reeling in, and saw me again. He threw his sword at me, and fell heavily down, putting out the light.

"I was in the pantry, and at the window in one moment. As I got it open, I knocked down some glasses, and at the same moment heard Simpson in the kitchen shouting for help.

"I was deeply grieved on hearing next day that your poor pa was found dead. It is very dreadful to be took off like that in a moment of anger; called to your last account suddenly in an uncharitable frame of mind, without one moment given for repentance or prayer. I thank Heaven that I can lay my hand on my heart at this moment, and say that I am in peace and charity with all men, and can await my summons hence calmly, and without anxiety. *My* spiritual affairs are in perfect order, Sir George. Oh, that you too would take warning before it is too late!

"And now, with regard to my worldly affairs, Sir George. I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but I must have those traps took off my trail immediate, if you please. You will, of course, lose no time about *that*, seeing that, should anything happen to me, of course Mr.

Erne would immediately come into four-fifths of your income, with a claim for a year's rents. In short, Sir George, I have it in my power to ruin you utterly and irretrievably; and, when it came to my knowledge last night that you, having heard of my return from France, had set the traps upon me, I got in such a fury that *I was half-way to Compton's office with it* before I could think what I was about. If it had been half-a-mile nearer, you would have been lost. You know what my temper is at times, and you must be very careful.

"This is all I have to trouble you with at present. I am not in want of any pecuniary assistance. My affairs are, on the whole, prosperous. I shall, by retaining possession of your father's will, render our interests identical. Meanwhile, sir, I thank you for your kindness to my son Reuben. You will never have a hard bargain to drive with me as long as you are kind to him."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR STARTS ON HIS ADVENTURE.

ONE scarcely likes to look too closely into the volcano of terror and fury which began to heave and gleam in Sir George Hillyar's mind when he read this. The biscuit-like walls of old craters stand up for centuries, heaving beautiful, scornful pinnacles aloft into the blue of heaven; and the grass grows on the old flame-eaten, vitrified rocks, in the holes of which the native cats and copper lizards live and squabble, and say things behind one another's backs; and people have picnics there; and lost sheep feed there, and waken strange startling echoes in the dead silence of the summer noon by their solitary bleat; and the eagle comes sometimes and throws his swift passing shadow across the short grass; and all goes on peacefully, until folks notice that a white, round-topped cloud hangs high aloft over the hill, and stays there; and then some one says that the cloud is red at night on the lower edge; and

then some fine morning down slides the lip of the old crater, crash, in unutterable ruin, and away comes the great lava stream hissing through the vineyards, and hell is broken loose once more.

So now the bank of loose *scoria*—now, alas! a thing of the past—which had been built up by time, by want of temptation, by his love of his wife, by the company of such people as the Oxtons, by desire for the applause of society, round the seething fire which existed in George Hillyar, and which some say—and who is he bold enough to deny it?—is in all of us, had broken down utterly.

Suddenly, when at the height of prosperity, a prosperous gentleman, just winning his way into thorough recognition from the world, after all he had gone through; at this very moment he found his fortune and reputation in the hands of a thrice-convicted, self-accused, hypocritical villain. He knew that he was not safe for a moment; and he knew that, should this man use his power, he had only one remedy—suicide.

For, in the first place, he had thoroughly persuaded himself of the utter lowness of Erne's character—that he had no mercy to expect from him; and, should his father's will be produced, he would be awfully in Erne's debt even now. And next, he would sooner, far sooner, after what had passed, put a pistol to his head and draw the trigger than ask for it. Sir George Hillyar was a great scoundrel, but physically he was not a coward. Barker's Gap showed that to the astonished Secretary Oxtan. He would still prefer death to what he chose to consider disgrace.

He had been using the wealth which he considered his very freely, with a view to reinstate himself into society, and had to a certain extent succeeded. Tasteful extravagance, which he had taken to as a means to that end, had now become a necessity to him; and, moreover, here, as in Australia, he had made many enemies by his manner. He could not and would not endure disgrace and ruin before these men. He

placed the alternative of suicide most plainly before him.

The alternative! Then there was another? Yes, but one best not spoken about. A bird of the air would carry some matters.

At first he broke into most ungovernable, frantic rage, and broke his hand against the mantel-piece; but by degrees his passion grew more still and more intense, and his resolution, whatever it was, became fixed.

George Hillyar had not one friend in the world, unless you could call the old gamekeeper one. His love for his silly wife had long been on the wane, and was now utterly swept away and lost in this terrible deluge. Nay, Gerty had reason enough for jealousy, had she looked in the right direction. He would have been utterly alone, on a terrible Stylites column of selfishness, built up, stone by stone, through a mispent life, had it not been for one single person. His heart was closed entirely towards every member of his species save one—his illegitimate son Reuben.

And so strangely had matters arranged themselves that this affection was shared by his bitterest enemy, the partner of his crimes. The one link between these two men, which did not seem of the devil's forging, was their kindly feeling towards this young man Reuben, whom each believed to be his son. And George's first resolution was to claim paternity in Reuben himself, lest Reuben, believing Samuel Burton to be his father, should interfere in any way with his plans.

For George was right, as I dare say you have already guessed. Reuben was George's son. The poor woman, Samuel's wife, utterly deserted and alone in the world, lost her youngest child, and was left with Reuben only. And, when she saw Morton the keeper, she suspected that the family wanted to get him from her; and so she lied about it, and said it was the eldest who was dead. For this child was all she had left in the world; name, health, character, all were gone. Nothing was left but this pretty one; and, if she parted from that, there

was nothing left but the river. She easily put simple old Morton off his quest, and was left in peace. A selfish woman—to stand wilfully between her child and worldly advancement! And yet her conduct seems to shine out of the dreadful darkness of the whole transaction, on which I have slightly touched, as a gleam from a higher and purer region.

Old Sir George Hillyar had seen the likeness in an instant, and had determined to *know nothing whatever*, but to do what he considered his duty by Reuben—which seems fully to account for his conduct to Reuben, and to George also; for, when the kind old man (he was in his way *very* kind) saw, or thought he saw, that George had recognised his unfortunate offspring, and that his heart was moved towards him, then the old man's heart was softened, towards both father and son. He probably felt the same repugnance as I do to handle or examine a very ugly business.

Reuben, as soon as he had accepted Sir George Hillyar's protection, had been made under-keeper at Stanlake, and had been put under old Morton to learn his duties. Old Morton saw nothing strange in the attention that Sir George paid to this young man. Reuben was the favourite of the day, as he had been once. He admired Reuben, and rather flattered him. The old dog, if he is of a good breed, is quite contented with half the hearth-rug in his old age; particularly when the young dog is so affectionately deferential as was the young dog Reuben. Reuben would sometimes call him "old cock"—which was low; but then he submitted so gently to the old man's courtly reproofs; and, besides, his reckless and desperate gallantry in the matter of poachers more than out-balanced any slight lowness and slanginess of language of which Morton might have to complain. Morton took to Reuben, and Reuben took most heartily to his trade.

At this time also Reuben began to exhibit that fondness for decorating his person which afterwards caused him to develop into—but we anticipate. So that the Reuben who stood before Sir George

Hillyar in the library an hour or two after the arrival of that dreadful letter, was, so to speak, the very pink, tulip, or abstract ideal of all dandy game-keepers, without being a bit overdressed or theatrical. A clean, dapper, good-humoured, innocent young fellow, with a pleasant open face which won your good will at once. He was strangely in contrast with his dark-browed father, and seemed an odd figure to find in that sink of guilt into which he was getting drawn.

"Reuben," said Sir George, quietly, "come here."

Reuben came up, and Sir George took his hand. "Look at me," he said. "Do I look as if I was mad?"

He certainly did not. Those steady, resolute eyes shone out of no madman's head. Reuben, wondering, said emphatically, "No."

"Have I ever appeared mad in your eyes? Have I ever seemed to you to act on suddenly-formed resolutions—to pursue a very important course of action without due reason?"

Reuben, getting more puzzled yet, answered, "Certainly not, sir."

"Then should you think me a madman if I told you that I was your father?"

Reuben started and turned pale. He was utterly unprepared for this. His facile face assumed a look of painful anxiety, and he stood with half-opened mouth, waiting for Sir George to go on, evidently only half understanding what he had said already.

"Such is the case," he went on. "Do not ask me for the proofs, my poor boy, but believe me. Does not nature, does not your heart, tell you that I am right, as they both do me?"

Reuben looked at him one moment, and then said, wondering, "Father! My father!"

Sir George mistook the tone in which Reuben spoke. He thought that Reuben spoke in affectionate recognition of his claims, whereas it was simply an ejaculation of wonder. It was the first time that any one had ever called him by the sacred old name, and he felt a strange pleasure in it. Gerty's boy used to call

him papa; how sickly and artificial it sounded after "father!" He paused an instant, and then went on—

"Yes; I am your father, Reuben. Remember that. Impress that on your mind. There is no possibility of a doubt of it. Keep that steadily before you through everything. I have been a bad father to you, but you must forgive and forget all that."

"I have never had anything but kindness from you, sir," said Reuben.

"You have had very little of it, my poor boy. Never mind; there is time enough to mend all that. Now I have had, as you may suppose, a very distinct object in making this startling announcement to you this day above all others, for my conduct to you must show you that I have known the secret a long time."

Reuben assented, and began to look on his new-found father with more interest as his mind took in the facts of the case.

"Now," continued Sir George, "that treble-dyed, unmitigated villain, who used to pretend that you were his son—that Samuel Burton and I are at deadly variance, and I have made this announcement to you, in order that you may know which side you ought to take, should you unhappily be called on to choose, which God forbid. I have nothing more to say to you. Come to me here at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning; for I am going a long and weary journey, and I want to say good-bye to you before I go."

"May not I go with you, sir?" said Reuben, in a low and husky voice. "I would be very faithful—"

"No, no!" said Sir George, somewhat wildly. "On any other journey but this, my boy. Stay at home, and keep watch over Lady Hillyar. I will write secretly to you, and you must do the same to me. Now go."

So the next day at noon, on George's return from Croydon, he found Reuben waiting for him; and he gave him a few instructions in the library, and bade him wait in the courtyard to see the last of him.

Meanwhile Gerty had sat still in her dressing-room, with the child on her bosom, in the same state of stupid horror into which she had fallen on reading the terrible letter—utterly unable to realize her position, or decide on any line of action. But now she rose up, for she heard George's foot on the stair, and heard his voice, his kindest voice, crying "Gerty! Gerty!" But she did not answer; and George, opening the door of the room, was surprised to see her standing there pale and wan, with the terror which yesterday had been on his face reflected on hers.

"Gerty, are you ill?"

"Yes, George; I think I am ill. No, I am not ill. I am nervous. Nothing more."

"Gerty," said George, "I am going away."

"Yes, George."

"For a long time—a very long time."

"Yes, George. Am I to come?"

"No; you must stay where you are."

"Very well. Are you going to Australia?"

"No; to Paris first, and God only knows where afterwards."

"If you go to Vienna, I wish you would get me a set of buttons like Lady Bricbrack's. They are not very dear; but no one else has got them, and I should like to annoy her."

"Very well," said George. "Good-bye."

She kissed him—a cold little kiss—and he was gone. "And she can part from me like *that*," said poor George, bitterly, little dreaming how much she knew.

But she went to the window, for she knew that she could see him ride across a certain piece of glade in the park a long distance off. She had often watched for him here. It reminded her of the first time she had ever seen him, at the Barkers'. They had made him out a long distance off by his careless, graceful seat, and had said, "That is Hillyar." So she had seen him the first time four years before, when he had come riding to woo; so she saw him now for the last time for ever.

She saw the familiar old figure ride slowly across the open space in the distance and disappear; and she felt that she loved him still, and burst out wildly weeping, and cried out vainly, "George! George! come back to me, darling! and I will love you all the same!" A vain, vain cry. He passed out of her sight, and was gone for ever.

CHAPTER XLIX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE FORGE IS LIT UP ONCE MORE.

I HAVE no doubt that I should have been very much astonished by every thing I saw, when I first found solid ground under my feet, and looked round to take my first view of Australia. I was prepared for any amount of astonishment: I will go further, I was *determined* to be astonished. But it was no good. The very first thing I saw, on the wharf, was Mrs. Bill Avery, in a blue cloth habit, with a low-crowned hat and feather, riding a three-quarters bred horse, and accompanied by a new, but devoted husband, in breeches, butcher's boots, a white coat, and a cabbage-tree hat!

That cured me of wondering. I pointed her out to my mother, and she gave utterance to the remarkable expressions which I have described her as using, when I mentioned this wonderful *rencontre* almost at the beginning of my narrative: in addition to which, as I now remember, she said that you might knock her down with a feather—which must be considered as a trope, or figure of speech, because I never saw a woman of any size or age stronger on her legs than my mother.

Yes, the sight of Mrs. Bill Avery, *that was* "a cockhorse," as Fred expressed it in his vigorous English, took all the wondering faculty out of me for a long time, or I should have wondered at many things; such as, why I should have begun thinking of a liberal and elegant caricature I had in my possession, of the Pope of Rome being fried in a frying-pan, and the Devil peppering him out of

a pepper-box; but this was not very wonderful, considering that the thermometer stood 120° in the shade, that it was blowing half a gale from the northward, and that the flying dust was as big as peas.

I might have wondered why Mr. Secretary Oxtou, that great and awful personage, sat upon the shafts of an empty dray, just as you or I might have done; and why, since he was so very glad to see Messrs. Dawson, Pollifex, and Morton, he didn't get up and come forward to shake hands with them, but contented himself by bellowing out welcomes to them from a distance from under his white umbrella; and why those three gentlemen, the moment they had shaken hands with him, and with Erne the moment they were introduced to him, sat down instantly, as though it were a breach of etiquette to stand on your feet. Why, once more, I felt exactly as though I had been doing a hard day's work on a hot day in August, whereas I had only stepped out of a boat, and given a hand, among ten more, to moving our things into a pile on the wharf. Why did I feel contented and stupid, and idle, although the sand was filling my eyes and ears?

Moreover, although I am now accustomed to the effects of a northerly wind, I wonder to this day why I wasn't surprised at this.

There approached us rapidly along the wharf a very tall and very handsome lady, dressed most beautifully, who bore down on us, followed by two labouring men, whom I knew, in an instant, by their faces, to be Irishmen. This lady pointed out us and our baggage to the Irishmen, who immediately began taking it away piece by piece on a truck, without one single word, while the lady stood and looked at us complacently. We did not interfere. It was probably all right. It might be, or might not be; but, after Mrs. Bill Avery in a hat and feathers, on a high-stepping horse, the laws of right and wrong, hitherto supposed to be fixed and immutable principles, had become of more than questionable validity. Here, in this

country, with this hot wind, it might be the duty of these Irishmen to steal our luggage, and we might be culpably neglecting ours by not aiding and abetting them. If you think I am talking nonsense, try the utter bodily and moral prostration which is induced by a heat of 125° in the shade, and the spectacle of a convict driving by in a carriage and pair.

The lady stood and looked at Emma, my mother, and myself, sole guardians of the luggage, except the children and Martha, with infinite contentment. Once she turned to one of the Irishmen, and said, "Tim, ye'd best tell Mrs. Dempsey that she'd better hurry and get their tay ready for um," but then she resumed her gaze, and I noticed that Emma seemed to meet her views amazingly. At last she spoke.

"Your brother Joe would like to see the prorogun, may be, my dear. I'll get um an order from James Oxton or some of 'em, if he's on shore in time. It's lucky I got Gerty's letter overland, or I'd not have expected you, and ye'd have had to go to the barx."

I soon understood the state of affairs. Lady Hillyar had written to the lady before us, "Miss Burke;" and she had taken a house for us, and had taken as much pains to make everything comfortable for our reception as if we were her own relations. When Joe's abilities were appreciated, and the battle royal was fought, our intimate relations with the Irish party, to most of whom we were bound by ties of gratitude for many kindnesses—kindnesses we should never have received but for the affectionate devotion of this good woman towards the friends of all those whom she had ever loved—enabled both Joe and myself to take a political position which would otherwise have been impossible.

But we are still on the wharf. I waited until every chattel had been carried off by the Irishmen, and saw my mother, Emma, and the children carried off in triumph by Miss Burke, who insisted on leading Fred and carrying his horse (or rather what remained of it,

for the head and neck, tail, and one leg had been lost overboard at various times, and the stand and wheels were now used for a cart); and I prepared to wait in the dust and sun until my father, Joe, Trevethick, and Tom Williams should come ashore in the next boat. But, the moment I was alone, Erne came and led me up to the empty wool-dray, in which the leading Conservative talent of the colony had seated itself under umbrellas.

"Don't tell me," the Honourable Mr. Dawson was saying energetically, "I tell you, Oxton, that *this* is the stuff we want. I don't hold with assisted emigration. Look at that lad before you, and talk to me of labour. I say, breed it. Take and breed your labour for yourself. That's his sweetheart going along the wharf now with old Lesbia Burke, carrying a bundle of shawls and an umbrella. Take and breed your labour for yourself."

This was reassuring and pleasant for a modest youth of nineteen standing alone before four grand gentlemen. I was relieved to find that the discussion was so warm that I was only noticed by a kindly nod. Mr. Oxton said, in a voice I now heard for the first time—a clear sharp voice, yet not wanting in what the singers call, I believe, "timbre" by any means :

"I tell you, Dawson, that I will not yield to this factious Irish cry. Every farthing of the land money which I can spare from public works shall go to the development of the resources of the colony by an artificial importation of labour. Dixi."

"Very good," said Dawson, "I did hope to find you more reasonable. Hang the resources of the colony! Wool is the proper resource of the colony. I want skilled labour kep up and unskilled labour kep down. A nice thing for the squatters if mines were found here—and mines there are, as sure as you're born. Why, I tell you—for we're all squatters here together—that I've got a piece of copper under my bed—down south—I won't mention names—as big as a quart bottle. If that was to get wind among

any Cornish roughs, you'd have shepherd's wages up to fifty pounds in a year. I don't want development; I want—"

"What suits your pocket, old fellow," said Mr. Oxtou, laughing. "Man, I made this colony, and I'll stick by it. These clever Irishmen are merely raising this cry for high-priced labour and cheap land to get me out, and themselves and their friends in. I *will not* interfere in the price of labour by legislation—"

"Right tooool loool," sang the light-hearted Mr. Morton, speaking for the first time; "and so my sweet brother-in-law spends the capital of the colony by flooding the labour market with all the uncriminal offscourings of Old England. I thank heaven I never laid claims to consistency."

"Jack, you're a fool," said Mr. Oxtou. "Capital invested in importing labour pays a higher interest than that invested in any other way, even if one leaves out the question of human happiness—"

"Oh!" said the Honourable Mr. Dawson, "if you're drove to human happiness, you'd best make a coalition of it with Phelim O'Ryan, and have done. I'm not a-going to rat. I'll stick by you faithful, James Oxtou. But I did *not* expect to have my stomach turned with *that*."

"Well," said the Secretary, "there's one more session ended, and I am not out yet. Come, it is full time to get towards the house. Is this the young man that Lady Hillyar speaks of, Mr. Hillyar?"

"Oh dear no," said Erne; "this is my friend Jim. It is his brother Joe she means."

"Then perhaps you will take charge of this for your brother, Burton. If you are in by half-past four it will do. Good morning."

And so the four statesmen rose by degrees, and walked away very slowly, under their umbrellas along the wharf; never one of them venturing to make a remark without stopping and leaning against the wall for support. If it became necessary to reply, the other three would also at once support themselves against

the wall until the argument was finished. After which they would go slowly forward again.

I found that the paper I held in my hand was an order for two persons to be admitted into the Gallery of the House of Assembly, to witness the ceremony which Miss Burke had called the "prorogun." It appeared, as Erne afterwards told me, that that most good-natured little lady, Lady Hillyar, had written to Mr. Oxtou about Joe especially, telling him of his fancy for political life, and his disappointment owing to Sir George Hillyar's sudden death. She begged her dear James to make them elect him into the Assembly immediately, as he was as much fit to be there as that dear, kind old stupid Dawson (by whom she meant my friend, the Hon. Mr. D.) was to be in the Council. Mr. Oxtou could not quite do all she asked; but, for his dear Gerty's sake, he did all he could at present—gave Joe and myself a ticket for the prorogation of the Houses.

The instant that the rest of our party got on shore with the remainder of our things, I pounced on Joe, and showed him the order. The weary, patient look which had been in his face ever since his disappointment—and which, I had seen with regret, had only deepened through the confinement and inertness of the voyage—gave way at once to a brighter and more eager look, as I explained to him what kind Mr. Oxtou had done for him.

"Jim, dear," he said, taking my arm, "I like this as well as if any one had given me ten pounds. I want to see these colonial parliaments at work. I would sooner it had been a debate; but I can see the class of men they have got, at all events. Let us come on at once, and get a good place."

So we packed off together along the wharf; and I, not being so profoundly impressed with anticipation of the majestic spectacle of representative government which we were about to witness as was Joe, had time to look about me and observe. And I could observe the better, because the fierce hot north wind, which all the morning had made

the town like a dusty brickfield, had given place to an icy blast from the south, off the sea, which made one shiver again, but which was not strong enough to move the heaps of dust which lay piled, like yellow snow-wreaths at each street corner, ready for another devil's dance, to begin punctually at nine the next morning.

The town was of magnificent proportions, as any one who has been at Palmerston within the last six years will readily allow ; but, at the time I am speaking of, the houses did not happen (with trifling exceptions) to be built. Nevertheless, the streets were wide and commodious, calculated for an immense amount of traffic, had the stumps of the old gum-trees been moved, which they wern't.

There was a row of fine warehouses, built solidly with freestone, along the wharf ; but, after one got back from the wharf, up the gentle rise on which the town stands, Palmerston might at that time be pronounced a patchy metropolis. At every street corner there was a handsome building ; but there were long gaps between each one and the next, occupied by half-acre lots, on which stood tenements of wood, galvanized iron, and tin, at all possible distances and at all possible angles from the main thoroughfare. As an instance, on the half-acre lot next to the branch of the Bank of New South Wales, a handsome Doric building, the proprietor had erected a slab hut, bark-roofed, lying at an angle of say 35° to the street. At the further end of this, and connected with it, was a dirty old tent, standing at an angle of 35° to the slab hut. In the corner formed by these two buildings was a big dog, who lived in a tin packing case, and mortified himself by bringing blood against the sharp edges of it every time he went in and out ; and who now, after the manner of the Easterns, had gone up on to the flat roof of his house in the cool of the evening, and was surveying the world. All the place was strewn with sheepskins ; and in front of all, close to the road, was an umbrella-tent, lined with green baize, in which sat the pro-

prietor's wife, with her shoes off, casting up accounts in an old vellum book. From the general look of the place, I concluded that its owner was a fell-monger, and habitually addicted to the use of strong waters. Being thrown against him in the way of business a short time after, I was delighted to find that I was right in both particulars.

I don't know that this was the queerest establishment which I noticed that day. I think not ; but I give it as a specimen, because the Bank of New South Wales stands near the top of the hill ; and, when you top that hill, you are among the noble group of Government buildings, and from among them you look down over the police paddock on to the Sturt river again, which has made a sudden bend and come round to your feet. You see Government House, nobly situated on the opposite hill, and below you observe "The Bend," Hon. J. Oxtan's place, and many other buildings. But, more than all, looking westward, you see Australia—Australia as it is, strange to say, from Cape Otway to Port Essington, more or less—endless rolling wolds of yellow grass, alternated with long, dark, melancholy bands of colourless forest.

"Joe !" I said, catching his arm, "Joe ! look at that."

"At what ?"

"Why, at *that*. That's *it*."

"That's what ? old man," said Joe.

"Why, *it*. The country. Australey. Lord A'mighty, ain't it awful to look at ?"

"Only plains and woods, Jim," said Joe, wondering. "It is not beautiful, and I don't see anything awful in it."

"But it's so lonely," I urged. "Does any one ever go out yonder, over those plains ? Does any one live over there ?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Joe, carelessly. "Oh yes, and miles beyond that. Come, let us get our places."

The House of Assembly—the Commons of the Colony—was the prettiest among all the pretty group of Government buildings, and most commodiously arranged inside also, with an excellent gallery. As soon as we were seated,

having about half an hour to wait, I began thinking of that desolate, wild-looking landscape I had just seen—thinking by what wonderful accident it came about that all the crime of the old country should have been sent for so many years to run riot in such a country as *that*. I could understand now, how any mind, brooding too long in solitude miles away from company, among dark forests or still more dreary plains, like those, might madden itself; and also began to understand how the convict mind under those circumstances sometimes burst forth with sudden volcanic fury, and devoured everything. “Fancy a man,” I said to myself, “taking the knowledge of some intolerable wrong into those woods with him, to nurse it until—” And I began to see what had led my thoughts this way almost unconsciously, for beside me was sitting the man I had seen with Mrs. Avery.

I confess that I felt a most eager curiosity to know something about this man. He was a good-looking fellow, about thirty or thereabout, with a very brown complexion, very bold eyes, and a somewhat reckless look about him. Now and afterwards I found out that he was a native of the colony, a very great stockrider, and was principal overseer to Mr. Charles Morton.

He was easily accessible, for he began the conversation. He talked for a considerable time, and of course he began to talk about horses. This was what I wanted. I said, I thought I saw him riding that morning on the wharf. He fell into my trap, and said Yes, he had been riding there with his wife.

I was very much shocked indeed; but I had not much time to think about it, for two ushers, coming in, announced his Excellency and the members of the Council. And enter his Excellency at the upper end of the room, resplendent in full uniform, accompanied by the commandant of the forces, and Mr. Midshipman Jacks—which latter young gentleman had, I regret to say, mischievously lent himself to an intrigue of the Opposition, and smuggled himself in at his Excellency's coat-tails, to spoil the effect.

Close behind the Governor, however, came no less than sixteen of the members of the Council, headed by Mr. Secretary Oxtan. And a nobler-looking set of fellows I have seldom seen together. My friend, the Hon. Mr. Dawson, was not quite so much at his ease as I could have wished him to be. He turned round whenever he coughed, and did it humbly behind his hand. He also opened the ceremony by dropping his hat—a tall, white, hairy one, like a Frenchman's—which made a hollow sound when it dropped, and rolled off the dais into the body of the hall, and was politely restored to him by the leader of the Opposition.

The members of the Assembly rose as the Governor and the Council came in. The Government members were below me; so I could not see them; but I had a good look at the Opposition, who were directly in front of me. The man who sat nearest the Speaker's chair was evidently the leader—the terrible Mr. Phelim O'Ryan, James Oxtan's bitter enemy, of whom we had heard so much on the voyage. I was prepared to hate this unprincipled demagogue, and probably should have done so, if I hadn't looked at him. No man could look at Phely O'Ryan, that noble, handsome, Galway giant, and not begin to like him; and, if he got ten minutes' talk with you—there. That is what makes the villain so dangerous.

Phelim O'Ryan is talented, well read, brave, witty, eloquent, and also one of the kindest and most generous of men. But—well, I wish sometimes he would tell you what he was going to do beforehand. It might be convenient. Lad as I was, when I looked at him that day, I still had some dim consciousness that that handsome gentleman was capable of saying a little more than he meant. But I did not look at him long; for my eyes were suddenly riveted on the man who stood next, partly behind him, and, as I looked, whispered in his ear. A pale man, with a vastly tall, narrow forehead, great, eager eyes, and a gentle sweet face—a face which would have won one at once, had it not been for a turn or twitch at the corner of his mouth, suggestive of

vanity. A most singular-looking man, though you could hardly say why; for the simple reason that his singularity was caused by a combination of circumstances, possibly assisted by slight affectation in dress. I had just concentrated my attention on him, when Joe, who had been talking to his neighbour, caught my arm, and said,

"Jim, do you see the man who is whispering to O'Ryan?"

I said, "I'm looking at him."

"Do you know who he is?"

"I want to, most extra particular," I answered, "for a queerer card I never saw turned."

"Man!" said Joe, squeezing my arm, "that's Dempsey. Dempsey, the great Irish rebel."

I said, "O, ho!" and had no eyes for any one else after this, but sat staring at the rebel with eager curiosity, or I might have wasted a glance on the man who stood next him—Dr. Toogood, a big man of portly presence, about sixty, with a large red face, carefully shaved, and an immense powerful jaw; whose long white hair fell back over his coat collar. A man with a broad-brimmed hat, worn at the back of his head, loose black quaker-like clothes, a wisp of a white tie round his neck with no collar, a Gampine umbrella, and big shoes. He is clever, honest, and wonderfully well-informed; but, what with always having a dozen irons in the fire at once, and being totally unable to keep a civil tongue in his head towards his scientific and political opponents, the dear Doctor has hitherto only succeeded in making a more or less considerable mess of it.

His Excellency congratulated both branches of the Legislature on the material and moral progress of the colony, which, if not so great as in some years, yet was still considerably in advance of others. Exports had slightly fallen off; but then, on the other hand, imports had slightly increased, principally in articles of luxury; and he need not remind them that a demand for such articles was a sure sign of general prosperity (to which Joe said, "O Lord!") In consequence of the even

balance of parties, the present Government had only carried through seven bills out of eleven, and although he would be the last man in the world to accuse the present Opposition of anything approaching to faction, yet still he saw with deep regret the rejection of such an exceedingly useful public measure as the Slaughter-house Act. However, the present Government had not chosen to make it a party question, and so he had nothing more to say. Crime had diminished, but, on the other hand, the public health had slightly deteriorated. He thanked them for their patient attention to their duties; and then he put on his cocked hat, and there was peace in Israel for six months.

I thought the speech rather too trivial for her Majesty's representative to deliver to what was really a most noble and impressive assembly, charged with the destinies of an infant nation. But Sir Richard Bostock knew what he was about, and so did the colony. Government had suffered several defeats in questions of public utility, which showed that the Opposition were factious and determined; and so they were nervous. But, on the other hand, Ministers had carried their seven best measures through, and so the Opposition were anxious also. The rejection of one more Government bill would probably have forced James Oxtou to appeal to the country; in which case the Opposition, officered almost entirely by Irishmen, and working the elections with a vigour and unanimity which the other two nations never equal, would most likely have gained seats enough to bring in their great measure from the Ministerial benches, with some hopes of its being carried. Both parties were therefore watching one another like two fierce dogs eager to be at one another's throats. Hence the ridiculously cautious speech of the Governor.

And what was this wonderful measure which the Radicals had determined to bring in at the first moment that there was the very slenderest hope of a majority? It was simply revolutionary,

and involved interests absolutely gigantic. I will explain it very shortly. The area of the colony was 460,000 square miles, of which area 124,000 square miles were occupied by that singular aristocracy called squatters, men who rent vast tracts of land from Government for the depasturing of their flocks, at an almost nominal sum, subject to a tax of so much a head on their sheep and cattle. The Radicals proposed to throw the whole of the land open for selection on the American principle, at, if possible, five shillings an acre. Should they succeed in this, they would instantly follow by a Forty-acre Qualification Bill; and, were one single House to be elected on those principles, every one knew that manhood suffrage would follow in a year. It was really a great and noble question; and no one who looked and saw such giants as Oxton and Pollifex on the one side, and as O'Ryan, Dempsey, and Toogood on the other, could for a moment doubt that it would be a splendid and heroic quarrel right bravely fought out.

So thought I, as Joe and I walked along the street together—he dragging his vast misshapen bulk along with sudden impatient jerks, gesticulating with his long arms and tossing his beautiful head up now and then as though he himself were in the forefront of the battle, as indeed he was in his imagination. And, when he turned round on me, and I saw that his face was flushed, and that his eyes were gleaming, and his close-set, Castlereagh mouth twitching with excitement, I said to myself, “There is a man fit to fight among the foremost of them, if they only knew.”

Such were the people among whom, and the atmosphere in which, we strangely found ourselves. Though strange at first, it soon became quite familiar; and it is now without the slightest astonishment that I find our humble story, like the story of the life of every one in a very small community with liberal institutions, getting to some extent mixed up with the course of colonial politics.

To be continued.

OUR GARDEN WALL.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his charming little work entitled “A Tour round my Garden,” shows how much pleasure and instruction may be found by careful eyes and thoughtful minds within the very narrow limits of an ordinary garden, to compensate the sedentary for being deprived of the enjoyments of travel. I have often thought that, if the garden wall, which he has strangely overlooked, were properly described, with all the objects and associations connected with it, the Frenchman's tour would have been made still more interesting. Though one of the most familiar and commonplace objects upon which the eye can rest, it has often suggested to myself many a pleasing and profitable train of thought in dull moods of mind, when

least disposed for inquiry or reflection. A few words, describing the points of attraction which it possesses, may not be out of place in these pages at a season when the worker becomes the observer, and serious pursuits are laid aside for a while to enjoy the *dolce-far-niente* of the country. Still small voices that were drowned by the bustle of life have now a chance of being heard amid the universal silence; and humble sights of nature—overlooked amid engrossing scenes of human interest—are now appreciated with all the zest of a holiday.

There is a structure before my eye at this moment which is my *beau idéal* of a garden wall. It stands on the brink of a little stream that clothes every mossy stone in its bed with sparkling folds of

liquid drapery, and makes its refreshing murmur heard all day long in the garden, animating it as if with the voice of a friend. The space of grassy sward outside between it and the water—green as an emerald—is jewelled with constellations of primroses, anemones, and globe-flowers, as fair in their own order and season as the cultivated flowers which make the borders within gay as the robe of an Indian prince. Three fairy birch-trees bend over it with their white stems glistening like marble columns in the sunlight, and their small scented leaves whispering some sinless secret to the breeze, or, when the wind is hushed, stealing coy glances at the wavering reflection of their beauty in the stream. It is built of rough stones loosely laid above each other without mortar or cement, and coped on the top with pieces of verdant turf taken from the neighbouring common; and would perhaps be considered very unsightly in the suburbs of a city when contrasted with the trim elegant walls surrounding villa gardens. In this situation, however, it is exceedingly appropriate, and harmonizes with the character of the scenery much better than if its stones were chiselled with nicest care, and laid together with all the skill of the architect. The eye of a painter would delight in its picturesqueness, and the accessories by which it is surrounded; for while offering an insuperable obstacle outside to little eager hands, covetous of forbidden fruit, ripe and especially unripe, it is yet sufficiently low inside to permit an unobstructed view of the scenery in front, allowing the eye to wander dreamily over the landscape as it billows away in light and shade—from the green corn-fields up to the pine-woods that hang like thunder-clouds on the lower heights—and thence to the brown heathy moorlands, and on to the blue hills that melt away in sympathy and peace on the distant horizon. The garden which it surrounds—"the decorated border-land between man's home and nature's measureless domains"—is very pleasant. Bright with simple old-fashioned flowers, and nestled amid

verdure of blossoming tree and evergreen shrub, it looks like a little Eden of peace, sacred to meditation and love, which the noises of the great world reach only in soft and subdued echoes. Alas! the beautifully embroidered robe of nature too frequently reveals the suggestive outlines of some dead joy, though at the same time it mercifully softens over and conceals its ghastly details. There is a sepulchre in this garden too; and, though the wall has been high enough to bound the desires and fancies of simple contented hearts that never sought to mingle in gayer scenes, it has not been sufficiently high to exclude that dark mist of sorrow in which the light of life goes out, and the warmth of the heart gets chill. That wall is dear to me on account of its strangely-sweet memories of mingled joy and sadness. Eyes have gazed upon it as a part of their daily vision, that are now closed to all earthly beauty; voices beside it have sounded merrily at the sweetest surprise of the year, when the snow-drop first peered above the sod like the ghost of the perished flowers—voices that suddenly dropped off into silence when our life-song was loudest and sweetest; tender and true hearts under the caresses of its overshadowing birch-trees have known "of earthly bliss the all—the joy of loving and being beloved." Little fingers have often been busy among the flower-beds which it sheltered, leaving touching traces of their work in buds beheaded left lying artlessly beside the parent cluster—joys plucked too soon, and fugitive as they were pleasing; ay, and fresh marks of little teeth have often been found deep sunk in a dozen rosy apples growing temptingly within reach on the lowest bough—a trace of "original sin," natural to every juvenile descendant of Eve, and easy to forgive when, as in these instances, linked with so much innocence; it seemed so childlike to take a bite out of several ripening apples instead of plucking and finishing one. But apart from such human associations I have studied the wall often for its own sake; and to me it has all the interest

of a volume. Covered over with its bright frescoes of parti-coloured lichens and mosses, and crowned with its green turf, sprinkled with grass-blossoms and gay autumn flowers, it reminds me of the rich binding of an old book on which the artist has bestowed especial care; or rather it stands in relation to the garden like the quaintly illuminated initial of a monkish chronicle, telling in its gay pictures and elaborate tracery the various incidents of the chapter.

A rough stone wall in any situation is an object of interest to a thoughtful mind. The different shapes of the stones, their varied mineral character, the diversity of tints, flexures, and lines which occur in them, are all suggestive of inquiry and reflection. Sermons may thus be found in stones more profitable, perhaps, than many printed or spoken ones, which he who runs may read. The smallest appearances link themselves with the grandest phenomena; a minute speck supplies a text around which may cluster many a striking thought; and by means of a hint derived from a mere hue or line in a little stone—almost inappreciable to the general eye—may be reconstructed seas and continents that passed away thousands of ages ago—visions of landscape scenery to which the present aspect of the globe presents no parallel. This flexure of the stone tells me of violent volcanic eruptions, by which the soft, newly-deposited stratum—the muddy precipitate of ocean waters—heaved and undulated like corn in the breeze; that lamination, of which the dark lines regularly alternate with the grey, speaks eloquently of gentle waves rippling musically over sandy shores; and the irregular protuberances which I see here and there over the stone, are the casts of hollows or cracks produced in ancient tide-beaches by shrinkage—similar appearances being often seen under our feet, as we walk over the pavement of almost any of our towns. Yonder smooth and striated surface of granite is the Runic writing of the northern Frost-king, transporting me back in fancy to that wonderful age of ice when glaciers slid over mountain-

rocks, and flowed through lowland valleys, where corn now grows, and the snow seldom falls. And if there be a block of sandstone, it may chance to exhibit not only ripple-marks of ancient seas, but also footprints of unknown birds and strange tortoises that sought their food along the water's edge; and sometimes memorials of former things more accidental and shadowy than even these—such as fossil rain-drops, little circular and oval hollows, with their casts—supposed to be impressions produced by rain and hail, and indicating by their varying appearances the character of the shower, and the direction of the wind that prevailed when it was falling. Every one has heard of the crazy Greek who went about exhibiting a brick as a specimen of the building which he wished to sell; but in the structure of each geological system every stone is significant of the whole. Each fragment, however minute, is a record of the terrestrial changes that occurred when it was formed; ingrained in every hue and line is the story of the physical conditions under which it was produced. The ten commandments were not more clearly engraved on the two tables of stone than the laws of nature that operated in its formation are impressed upon the smallest pebble by the wayside. Its materials furnish an unmistakable clue to its origin, and its shape unfolds its subsequent history. God has impressed the marks of the revolutions of the earth not merely upon large tracts of country and enormous strata of rock and mountain range—difficult of access and inconvenient for study—but even upon the smallest stone, so that the annals of creation are multiplied by myriads of copies, and can never be lost. Man cannot urge the excuse that he has no means of knowing the doings of the Lord in the past silent ages of the earth, that His path in the deep and His footsteps in the great waters are hopelessly unknown. Go where he may, look where he pleases, he will see the medals of creation—the signet marks of the Almighty—stamped indelibly and unmistakably upon the

smallest fragments of the dumb, dead earth; so that if he should ungratefully hold his peace, and withhold the due tribute of praise to the Creator, "the very stones would immediately cry out." Anatomists of scenery, who look beneath the surface to the skeleton of the earth, tell us that the features of mountains and valleys are dependent upon the geological character of their materials; and, therefore, those who are skilful in the art can tell from the outlines of the landscape the nature of the underlying rocks, although no part of them crop above ground. A passing glance at the wayside walls will reveal the prominent geology of any district, just as the shape of a single leaf and the arrangement of veins on its surface suggest the appearance of the whole tree from which it has fallen, or as a fragment of a tooth or a bone can call up the picture of the whole animal of whom it formed a part. In Aberdeenshire, the walls are built principally of granite, grey and red; in Perthshire, of gneiss and schist; in Mid-Lothian and Lanarkshire, of sandstone; and in the southern Scottish counties generally, of trap and porphyry. Sometimes they are composed of transported materials, not native to the district; and the history of these opens up a field of delightful speculation. But there are no walls so interesting as those which occur in the mountain districts of Derbyshire, and in some parts of Lancashire. In almost every stone are embedded fossil shells, and those beautiful jointed corals called encrinites, which look like petrified lilies, and have no living representatives in the ocean at the present day. Even the most homogeneous blocks are found on close inspection to be composed entirely of mineralised skeletons, and to form the graves of whole hecatombs of shells and corallines long ago extinct. Strange to think that our limestone rocks are formed of the calcareous matter secreted by living creatures from the waters of the sea, and their own shelly coverings when dead, just as our coal-beds are the carbonized remains of former green, luxuriant forests. Thus, while walking along the highway in almost any locality, the most

hasty examination of the wall on either side furnishes the student of nature with abundant subjects for reflection; and those lofty dykes, built by the farmer to keep in his cattle, or by the jealous proprietor to secure the privacy of his domain, while they forbid all views of the surrounding country, amply compensate for the restriction they impose by the truths engraven on their seemingly blank but really eloquent pages—like the tree which in winter permits us to see the glory of the sunset and the purple mountains of the west through its lattice-work of boughs, but in summer confines our vision by the satisfying beauty of its full foliage and blossoms.

The mist of familiarity obscures, if not altogether hides, the intrinsic wonder that there is about many of our commonest things. The existence of stones is an accepted fact, suggestive of no thought or feeling—unless, indeed, we stumble against one; we look upon them as things of course, as natural in their way as the rocks, streams, and woods around—as a necessary and inevitable part of the order of creation; and yet they are in reality well calculated to excite curiosity. Sterling, in his "Thoughts and Images," beautifully says, "Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life—the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water—is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of time and space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abyssal nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand, being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something prodigious and immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence."—But this wonder and mystery stones share in common with all material things; their own origin is a special source of interest. Many individuals, if they think at all about the subject, dismiss it with the easy reflection that stones were created at first

precisely in the form in which they are now found. It may, however, be laid down as a geological axiom, that no stones were originally created. The irregular aggregations of hardened matter so called formed part at first of regular strata and beds of rock, and were broken loose from these by volcanic eruptions, by the effects of storms or floods, by frost and ice, or by the slow corroding tooth of time. By these natural agencies the hard superficial crust of the earth has been broken up into fragments of various sizes, carried away by streams, glaciers, and landslips—modified in their shapes by friction against one another, and at last, after many changes and revolutions, deposited in the places where they are found. We owe the largest proportion of the stones scattered over the surface of the earth to glacial action—one of the most recent and remarkable revolutions in the annals of geology. Man is thus provided with materials for building purposes conveniently to his hand, without the necessity of blasting the rock, or digging into the earth; and it is a striking thought that the very same great laws by which the disposition of land and sea has been effected, and the great features of the earth modified, have conducted in their ultimate results to the homeliest human uses. The materials which the poorest cotter builds into the rudest crows-foot dyke around his kail-yard or potato-field, have been produced by causes that affected whole continents and oceans. The meanest and mightiest things are thus intimately associated and correlated—just as the forces that control the movements of the stars are locked up in the smallest pebble—keeping its particles together, a miniature world. Stones are sometimes out of place, as when they occur in a field or garden; but they form a feature in the aesthetic aspect of scenery which could not well be wanted. What a picturesque appearance do the huge rough boulders strewn over its surface impart to the green hill side! especially if, as is often the case, their sides are painted and cushioned with that strange cryptogamic vegetation, which one sees nowhere else, and a daring rowan tree

plants itself in their crevices and waves its green and crimson flag of victory over soil and circumstances. There are few things more beautiful than the pebbly beach of a mountain lake; and some of the finest subjects for a picture may be found by the painter along the rough, rocky course of a mountain stream, where the stones form numerous snowy waterfalls, and the spray nourishes hosts of luxuriant mosses and wild flowers. Although dumb, and destitute of sonorous properties, how large a share of the sweet minstrelsy of nature is contributed by them. They are the strings in the harp of the stream, from which the snowy fingers of the water-nymph draw out ever-varying melody—a ceaseless melody, heard when all other sounds are still. By their opposition to the current they create life and music amid stillness and monotony, change the river from a dull flat canal into a thing of wild grandeur and animation, and redeem the barren waste from utter silence and death. Commonest of all common things, it is strange to think that there are parts of this rocky material earth of ours where stones are as rare as diamonds, and the smallest pebble is a geological curiosity. The natives of some of the coral islands of the Pacific procure stones for their tools—this being the only purpose for which they use them—solely from the roots of trees that have been carried away, with their load of earth and stones adhering to them, by the waves from the nearest mainland, and grounded upon their shores. So highly are these stray waifs of the ocean valued that a tax is laid upon them, which adds considerably to the revenue of the chiefs. This reminds us of the preciousness of stones during what is called the stone age of our own country—whose date is so apocryphal—when flint and granite were the sole materials employed for making the various implements of war and of household use, and these rude implements were buried with the dead in the stone cist under the huge cromlech or grey cairn. Those relics dug up in the times of our forefathers before the attention of antiquaries or geologists was directed

to the subject, were accounted as holy stones, supposed to have formed part of the cabalistic appendages of the necromancer of bygone ages; and were in some instances enveloped in leather or encased in gold, and worn as amulets round the neck.

Many of the stones of the garden wall before me are covered over with a thin coating of vegetation of various hues and forms. The tints from nature's palette have been applied with wonderful skill; the warmer and more vivid hues gradually blending with the grey and neutral ones. By this means, the harsh, artificial aspect of the wall has disappeared, and an air of natural beauty has been imparted to it, exquisitely harmonizing with the white trunks of the birch trees, the green flower-sprinkled bank of the streamlet, and the blue cloud-flecked softness of the over-arching sky. Instead of disfiguring, it now adorns the landscape, and the eye rests upon its mottled, softly-rounded sides and top with unwearied pleasure. It affords an illustration of the common truth, that there are no distinct lines of demarcation, no harsh, abrupt objects allowed in nature. Even man's work must come under this law; and, wherever nature has the power, she brings back the human structure to her own bosom, and, while dismantling and disintegrating it, clothes it with a living garniture of beauty, such as no art of man can imitate. The farmer may keep the meadow or corn-field distinct from the surrounding scene, heavy with uniform greenness, or ugly with the discordant glare of yellow weeds; but, as soon as nature obtains the control of it, when out of cultivation, she brings it into harmony with the landscape by carefully spreading her wild-flowers over it in such a way as to restore the proper balance of colour. As the earth is rounded into one great whole, so all its objects are connected with each other, not merely by laws of structure and dependence, but also by close æsthetic relations. The rock, decked with moss, lichen and fern, shades in sympathy of hue and outline with the

verdure of wood and meadow around it; the mountain and the ocean melt on their farthest limits into the blue of the sky; the river and the lake do not preserve the distinctness of a separate element, but blend with the solid land, by mirroring its scenery on their tranquil bosom; and the very atmosphere itself, by its purple clouds on the horizon, raising the eye gradually and insensibly from the dull, tangible earth to the transparent heavens, becomes a part of the landscape instead of the more empty space that surrounds it.

While this picturesque effect of the wall is admired, the objects which produce it are very generally overlooked. If carefully examined, however, they will be found very interesting, both on account of their peculiarities of structure and the associations connected with them. Almost every stone is made venerable, as also the adjoining fruit trees and espaliers, with the grey rosettes of that commonest of all lichens, the Stone Parmelia. This plant used to be extensively employed by the Highlanders in dyeing woollen stuffs of a dirty purple, or rather reddish-brown, colour. By the Arabian physicians it was administered, under the name of *âchnen*, for purifying the blood; and it was also an ingredient in the celebrated *unguentum armorium*, or sympathetic ointment, which was supposed to cure wounds if the weapon that inflicted them were smeared with it, without any application to the wounds themselves. Besides this lichen, the ointment consisted of human fat, human blood, linseed oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole, mixed together in various proportions. A present of the prescription for this precious mess was made by Paracelsus, about the year 1530, to the Emperor Maximilian, by whom it was greatly valued. Much was written, in the medical treatises of the time, both for and against the efficacy of such applications; and, in an age when prescriptions as a rule were founded upon some real or fancied resemblance between the remedy and the disease, the Stone Parmelia was an object of great importance. It is now sold

by the London herbalists solely for the use of bird-stuffers, who line the inside of their cases, and decorate the branches of the miniature trees, upon which the birds perch, with it. There are also numerous specimens on the wall of the Yellow *Parmelia*, no less renowned than its congener in the annals of medicine as an astringent and febrifuge. By Dr. Sander, in 1815, it was successfully administered as a substitute for Peruvian bark in intermittent fevers; the great Haller recommended its use as a tonic in diarrhoea and dysentery; and Willemet gave it with success in cases of hæmorrhages and autumnal contagious fluxes. In the arts it is employed at the present day as a dye-stuff, yielding a beautiful, golden, yellow, crystallizable colouring matter, called chrysophanic acid, which is nearly identical with the yellow colouring matter of rhubarb; and, like litmus, it may be used as a test for alkalies, as they invariably communicate to its yellow colouring matter a beautiful red tint. It is the most ornamental of all our lichens. Its bright, golden thallus, spreading in circles, two or three inches in diameter, and covered with numerous small orange shields, decks with lavish profusion the rough, unmortared walls of the poor man's cottage; and many a rich patch of it may be seen covering the crumbling stones of some hoary castle or long-ruined abbey as with a sunset glory. Growing in a concentric form, when it attains a certain size, the central parts begin to decay and disappear, leaving only a narrow circular rim of living vegetable matter. In this manner it covers a whole wall or tree with spreading ripples of growth and decay—analogueous to the fairy-rings formed by the growth and decay of mushrooms in a grassy field. This yellow wafer of vegetation is attached to the stone by slender white hairs on the under surface, looking like roots, although they do not possess the power of selecting and appropriating the materials of growth peculiar to such organs. We know not by what means lichens derive nourishment. Some species certainly do disintegrate the stones on

which they occur, and absorb the chemical and mineral substances which they contain, as is clearly proved when they are analysed. But a far more numerous class are found only on the hardest stones, so closely appressed and level with their surface that they seem to form an integral part of them. In this way they continue for years, ay, centuries and ages, unchanged—their matrix as well as their own intense vitality resisting all decay. There are instances of encaustic lichens covering the glaciated surfaces of quartz on the summits of our highest hills, which may, probably, be reckoned among the oldest of living organisms. Such species can obviously derive no benefit save mere mechanical support from their growing-place, and must procure their nourishment entirely from the atmosphere, and their colouring matter from solar reflection.

The eye of the naturalist, educated by practice to almost microscopic keenness, can discern scattered over the wall numerous other specimens of this singular vegetation, appearing like mere discolorations or weather-stains on the stones. Some are scaly fragments so minute as to require very close inspection to detect them. Others are indefinite films or nebulae of greyish matter, sprinkled with black dots about the size of a pin's head. Others are granular crusts of a circular form, with a zoned border; and when two or three of them meet together, they do not coalesce and become absorbed into one huge overgrown individual. The frontier of each is strictly preserved by a narrow black border, however it may grow and extend itself, as zealously as that of France or Austria. The law against removing a neighbour's landmark is as strictly enforced in lichen as in human economy. When a stone is covered with a series of these independent lichens, it looks like a miniature map of Germany or America; the zoned patches resembling the states, the black dots the towns, and the lines and cracks in the crust the rivers. There is one species growing on pure quartz, an exquisite piece of natural mosaic of glossy black

and primrose yellow, called the geographical lichen from this resemblance.

Several of the stones are sprinkled with a grey, green, or yellow powder, as dry and finely pulverized as quicklime or sulphur. These grains are either the germs of lichens awaiting development, or they are individual vital cells, capable of growing into new plants, in the absence of proper fruit. The pulverulent lichens are always barren, because a strict individualisation of each cell is at variance with the regular formation of organic fructification, since in the latter the individuality of the separate cells appears most circumscribed and checked. It is difficult to distinguish these pulverulent masses from the powder of chalk, verdigris, or sulphur; and yet they are endowed with the most persistent vitality, which almost no adverse circumstances can extinguish. The principle of life resides in each of these grains as truly as in the most complicated organism; and, though reduced here to the very simplest expression of which it is capable, it is not divested of its mystery, but on the contrary rendered more wonderful and incomprehensible. A wide and impassable barrier separates these life-particles from the grains of the stone on which they occur, and yet it is very difficult in some cases to distinguish the one from the other. The extreme simplicity of structure displayed by these protophytes is more puzzling to the botanist than any amount of complexity would have been. The rudimentary stages of all the flowerless plants appear in this singular form. The germs of a moss are identical with those of a lichen, and the germs of a lichen with those of a fern or sea-weed. These powdery grains represent the basis from which each separate system of life starts, to recede so widely in the highest forms of each order. The advocates of spontaneous generation or development—for there is essentially little difference between these two theories—have endeavoured to derive from this circumstance a plausible argument in support of their views. They assert that the germs of all cryptogamic plants are not

only apparently, but essentially the same; and that the differences of their after development are owing to accidental circumstances of soil, situation, and other physical conditions. If they happen to fall upon decaying substances they become fungi; if they are scattered in soil they become ferns or mosses; if water is the medium in which they are produced they grow into algæ; and on dry stones and living trees they spread into the flat crusts of lichens. Plausible as this idea looks, it is not borne out by experiment, for the same germs sown in the same soil, exposed to precisely similar conditions, develop one into a moss, another into a lichen, a third into a fungus, and a fourth into a fern: showing clearly that though we cannot discover the difference between their rudimentary germs, a real distinction does nevertheless exist—that the seeds of these minute insignificant plants are in reality as different from each other, as the seed of an apple-tree is different from that of a pine or palm. The developments of nature are not regulated by accidents and caprices; they are the results of fixed, predetermined laws, operating in every part of every living organism, from the commencement of its growth to the end of its life-history. And the similarity which we find between them is not the consequence of a lineal descent of one from another, but only a feature of the same grand plan of construction; the resemblance is not the result of anything in these forms themselves; it is a purely intellectual relation of plan. With this small piece of granite before me, then, what solemn and far-reaching questions are connected! Geologists of the Plutonian and Neptunian schools have keenly contested the mode of its formation; while arguments drawn from the living particles of vegetation on its surface have been advanced in support of the “development” and “origin of species” theories. Could we explain the mysteries locked up in this little stone, we should be furnished with a key to the mysteries of the universe.

When the powdery lichens occur in

large quantities, they give a very picturesque effect to rocks, trees, and buildings. The trunks and branches of trees in the outskirts of large towns are covered with a green powder, fostered by the impurity of the air; a similar substance is also produced in damp, low-lying woods, where the trees are so densely crowded as to prevent proper ventilation and free admission of light. In Roslin Chapel, near Edinburgh, the curious effect of the rich carvings of the walls and pillars is greatly enhanced by a species of *Lepraria*, of a deep verdigris colour, covering them with the utmost profusion. It gives an appearance of hoary antiquity to the structure, and is the genuine hue of poetry and romance. On boarded buildings, old palings, and walls, may be sometimes seen a greyish film sprinkled with very red particles, turning yellow if rubbed, and exhaling when moistened a very perceptible odour of violets; from which circumstance it has obtained the name of *Lepraria Jolithus*. Linnæus met with it frequently in his tour through Celand and East Gothland, covering the stones by the roadside with a blood-red pigment. It also spreads over the wet stones of St. Winifred's Well in North Wales; and is supposed to be the blood of the martyred saint—a superstition, which, like the dark stain in the floor of Holyrood palace, one has not the heart to disturb. I know not if others have realized the sentiment, but I have often felt as if I could willingly have given up all the knowledge I possess of the structure and history of those obscure productions, in exchange for the power of being able to look upon them with the childish wonder which in early unscientific days they inspired. There is an air of mystery and obscurity about them peculiarly fascinating, which it is not desirable to dispel by the garish light of technical knowledge. Each one of them seemed a self-discovered treasure of childhood, as much our own as if God had made it on purpose and presented it to us; and it was ever a part of our joy to think that we had found something which no one else

knew or had seen before, and that we could bestow upon it pet names of our own. They were links connecting us with an unseen, unexplored world, where the marvellous was quite natural—parts of the scenery amid which elves and fairies, and all the denizens of the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, lived. So many strange things, the existence of which we never suspected, then presented themselves to our notice every day, that nothing seemed impossible or supernatural. Precise limits have now fixed for us the extent of our domain, and we know everything within it. "First a slight line, then a fence, then a wall; then the wall will rise, will shut in the man, will form a prison, and to get out of it he must have wings. But around the child neither walls nor fences—a boundless extent, all iridescent with brilliant colours." How full to the brim with beauty were the flower-cups that were on a level with the eyes of the little botanist. We men have outgrown the flower and all its mystical loveliness!

It is among the mosses of the wall, however, that the richest harvest of beauty and interest may be gathered. Long have my mingled wonder and admiration been given to these tiny forms of vegetable life—beautiful in every situation—spreading on the floor of ancient forests yielding carpets that "steal all noises from the foot," and over which the golden sunbeams chase each other in waves of light and shade throughout the long summer day—throwing over the decaying tree and the mouldering ruin a veil of delicate beauty—honoured everywhere of God to perform a most important though unnoticed part in this great creation. Well do I remember the bright July afternoon when their wonderful structure and peculiarities were first unveiled to me by one long since dead, whose cultivated eye saw strange loveliness in things which others idly passed, and whose simple warm heart was ever alive to the mute appeals of humblest wild-flower or tiniest moss. There was opened up to me that day a new world of hitherto

undreamt-of beauty and intellectual delight; in the structural details of the moss which illustrated the lesson, I got a glimpse of some deeper aspect of the Divine character than mere intelligence. Methought I saw Him not as the mere contriver or designer, but in His own loving nature, having His tender mercies over all His works—displaying care for helplessness and minuteness—care for beauty in the works of nature, irrespective of final ends or utilitarian purposes. Small as the object before me was, I was impressed—in the wonder of its structure, at once a means and an end, beautiful in itself and performing its beautiful uses in nature—not with the limited ingenuity of a finite, but with the wisdom and love of an Infinite Spirit. To that one unforgotten lesson, improved by much study of these little objects alike in the closet and in the field, I owe many moments of pure happiness, the memory of which I would not part with for all the costly, painted pleasures, to gather which, as they ripen high on the wall, the world impatiently tramples down things that are far sweeter and more lasting.

A careful search will reveal upwards of a score of mosses on our garden-wall, in almost every stage of growth, from a dim film of greenness to radiating plumes spreading over the stones, and cushion-like tufts projecting out of the crevices, and crowned with a forest of pink fruit-covered stems. One is amazed at the exuberance of life displayed on so small and unpromising a surface. It gives us a more graphic idea than we commonly possess of the vast and varied resources of creation. Though so much alike in their general appearance as to be often confounded by a superficial eye, all these species are truly distinct; and when closely examined exhibit very marked and striking differences. They are not slightly varying expressions and modifications of the same Divine idea; but rather different ideas of creative thought. Each of them stands for a separate revelation of the Infinite Mind; and the fact that the same plan of construction,

the same type of character, runs through them all, only indicates that there is everywhere, in the minutest as well as the most conspicuous parts of creation, an undeviating regard to unity and harmony.

Prominent among these mosses are the curious little *Tortulas*, found abundantly on every old wall—when there is sufficient moisture and shade—but loving especially the rude stone gable and thatched roof of the Highland cottage, covering them with deep cushions of verdure till the whole structure appears more like a work of nature than man's handiwork. I have always great pleasure in looking at this tribe of mosses through a lens. The leaves are beautifully transparent and reticulated, and readily revive, when scorched and shrivelled by the sunshine, under the first shower of rain. The most noticeable thing about the *Tortulas* is the curious fringe which covers the mouth of the seed-vessel. In all the species, of which there are about fourteen in this country, the fringe is twisted in different ways, like the wick of a candle. This peculiarity may be easily seen by the naked eye, as it projects considerably beyond the fruit-vessel, and is of a lighter colour; but the microscope reveals it in all its beauty. It is a wide departure from the ordinary type, according to which the teeth of the fruit-vessel are made to lock into each other, and thus form a wheel-like lid, composed of separate spokes, which fill up the aperture. The great length of the teeth in the *Tortulas* prevents this arrangement of them; their tops are, therefore, twisted, as the farmer twists the sheaves at the top of his wheat-stack, so as to keep out the rain; and this plan seems to answer the purpose as effectually as the normal one. Some of the *Tortula* tufts are of a pale reddish colour, as if withered by old age, or scorched by the sun. This peculiar blight extends in a circular form from the centre to the circumference of a tuft, where filmy grey textures, like fragments of a spider's web interweaving among the leaves, proclaim the presence of an obscure fungus, in whose

deadly embrace the moss has perished. Thus even the humblest kinds of life are preyed upon by others still humbler in the scale; and, perhaps, there is no self-existent organic structure in nature. Besides this parasite, there are other species of life nourished by these tufts. If one of them be saturated with moisture, and a drop squeezed out upon a glass, and placed under a good microscope, the muddy liquid will be found swarming with animalculæ, little animated cells, wandering with electric activity amid the endless mazes of the strange forest-vegetation; and among them there is sure to be one or more lordly Rotiferas, lengthening and contracting their transparent bodies as they glide rapidly out of view, or halting a moment to protrude and whirl their wheel-like cilia in the process of feeding—the most interesting of microscopic spectacles.

One of the commonest of the mosses on the wall is the little grey *Grimmia*; looking, with its brown capsules nestling among the leaves, like tiny round cushions, stuck full of pins. The nerves of the leaves project beyond the point, and give an appearance of hoariness to the plant, in fine keeping with the antique character of the wall. This moss grows on the barest and hardest surfaces—on granite and trap rocks, where not a particle of soil can lodge; and yet every cushion of it rests comfortably upon a considerable quantity of earth carefully gathered within its leaves, which must have been blown there as dust by the wind, or disintegrated by its own roots from the substance of the rock. Our garden wall displays two or three tiny tufts of a curious moss occurring not very frequently on moist shady walls built with lime. It is called the Extinguisher moss, because the cover of the fruit-vessel is exactly like the extinguisher of a candle, or the calyx of the yellow garden *Escholtzia*. We have also a few specimens, in the more retired crevices, of the *Bartramia* or Apple-moss—one of the loveliest of all the species—with its bright green hairy cushions and round capsules, like fairy apples. It fruits most abundantly in

spring, appearing in its full beauty when the primrose makes mimic sunshine on the brae, and the cuckoo gives an air of enchantment to the hazel copse. A sub-alpine species, it is somewhat uncommon in lowland districts; but it would be well worth while to grow it in a fernery. Its Latin name appropriately perpetuates the memory of John Bartram—one of the most devoted of American naturalists—a simple farmer and self-taught, yet a man of great and varied attainments, concealed by a too modest and retiring disposition. Linnæus pronounced him “the greatest natural botanist in the world.” It is a touching thing to think of the names of scientific men, great in their own generation, being linked with such obscure and fragile memorials. They have passed away, and with them the memory of all they achieved; and nothing now speaks of them save a little plant, of which not one in a thousand has ever heard, and which only a few naturalists see at rare intervals. There are hundreds of such names in the nomenclature of botany, worthy of a prominent and enduring remembrance, of which almost nothing more is known than this simple association. It is the plant alone that perpetuates them—history and epitaph all in one—like the chronology of the antediluvian patriarchs; and we are apt to smile when we read of the gratification which the illustrious Linnæus felt when the little bell-flowered *Linnæa*, pride of the Swedish woods, was baptized with his name—regarding it as a pledge of immortality; for if there had been nothing but this floral link to connect his memory with future ages, very few would have known that there ever was such a man.

The line of turf along the top of the wall is a perfect Lilliputian garden. It bears a bright and interesting succession of plants from January to December. The little lichens and mosses claim exclusive possession of it during the winter months; for these simple hardy forms of life are most luxuriant when the weather is most severe; they are the first to come to any spot, and the last to leave it—growing through sun-

shine and gloom with meek and unruffled serenity. There are whole colonies of that most social of all cryptogams, the Hair-moss, looking with their stiff and rigid leaves, like a forest of miniature aloe; preserving during summer and autumn a uniform dull green appearance, but breaking out in spring into a multitude of little cups of a brilliant crimson colour, nestling among the uppermost leaves, and rivalling in beauty the gayest blossoms of flowers. Hardly less interesting are the scores of Cup-lichens—holding up in their mealy sulphur-coloured goblets dewy offerings to the sun, like vegetable Ganymedes. And the lover of the curious will be sure to notice the livid leathery leaves of the Dog lichen, tipped with brown shields like finger-nails, that grow redder in the piercing Christmas cold—bringing us back in fancy to the days of Dr. Mead, the famous physician and friend of Pope, Bentham, and Newton, by whom it was first brought into notice as a remedy for hydrophobia. These and numerous other minute forms, too obscure to mention, may be seen all the year round; and, dim though the sunbeams of winter may be, they search them out in their hidden nooks, and stimulate them to life and energy, and the glow of sunrise or sunset, that sets a mountain range on fire, rests lovingly on the smallest moss or lichen, intimating that it too has its place and its relations in this wide universe. When the first mild days of early spring come, the *Draba* or Whitlow-grass puts forth its tiny white flowers, and greets the returning warmth, when there is not a daisy in the meadow, or a single golden blossom on the whinny hill-side. Then follows a bright array of chance wild flowers, wayward adventurers, whose seeds the winds have wafted or the birds have dropped upon this elevated site, their colours deepening as the season advances—old Thyme, ever new, hanging down in fragrant festoons of purple; yellow *Bedstraw*—the *Chrysohoë* of flowers—like masses of golden foam, scenting the breeze with honey sweetness, and ever murmurous with bees; chimes of *Blue-bells* hanging from the

wall as from a belfry, and tolling with their rich peal of bells—which the soul alone can hear—the knell of the departing flowers. A fringe of soft *Meadow-grass* covers the turf, whose silken greenness forms the ground colour on which these bright patterns are embroidered; while its silvery panicles hang in all their airy grace over the flowers, like gossamer veils, greatly enhancing their beauty. That patch of grass softens no human footfall of care, but it is refreshing to the eye, and the robin rests upon it, as it pours out its low sweet chant, according well with the sere leaves and the dim stillness of autumn, the calm decay of earth and the peace divine of heaven. I love in the silent eve, when there is scarcely a breath in the garden, and the sunset is flushing the flowers and purpling the hills, to sit near that richly decorated wall, in full view of its autumn flowers, smiling on the lap of death, for ever perishing, but immortal—joys that have come down to us pure and unstained from Eden, and amid a world of progress will be transmitted without a single leaf being changed to the latest generation. Looking at them, and feeling to the full the beauty and wonder of the world, I enjoy all that the coming centuries can bestow upon the wisest and the happiest of our race. Voiceless though they are, they have a secret power to thrill my heart to its very core. They speak of hope and love, bright as their own hue and vague as their perfume; they speak of the mystery of human life, its beautiful blossoming and its sudden fading; and, more than all, they speak of Him, who, holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, found on earth most congenial fellowship with these emblems of purity and innocence; whose favourite resort was the garden of Gethsemane; whose lesson of faith and trust in Providence was illustrated by the growth of the lilies; and who, at last—as the *Rose of Sharon* and the *Lily of the Valley*—was laid in a sepulchre in a garden, leaving behind there a sweet and lasting perfume, which makes the grave to all who fall asleep in Him a bed of sweet and refreshing rest.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

"Girls are naturally weak, and therefore do not require strengthening." Absurd as this may sound—monstrous as this may sound—it is repeated to me many times in the year by people of almost every rank of life and every degree of education. "Girls are naturally weak, and a feeble organization is natural to women." There is a class of errors not inaptly called *vulgar* errors, though not quite in the sense of the strictly literal interpretation of the word; but this is a vulgar error in its most vulgar sense, for it seeks to screen wrong, and ignorance, and pretension, and to perpetuate the evils springing from these, under the stolen mantle of knowledge.

During the period of nursery life are not our girls as healthy and as hardy as our boys? Are they not as active and as strong? Have they not limbs as firm and frames as lithe, cheeks as ruddy and spirits as high? And why? Because, the laws of their growth being the same, and the manner of their lives being the same, the same also is their mental and bodily advancement—identical their progress. But from the day that brother and sister part company at the nursery door the manner of their lives is changed; and, while that of the boy is usually a healthy, hopeful, happy march on to maturity, that of the girl is a dull and languishing advance—uncertain, contradictory, monotonous, artificial. The laws of their growth remain identical, the agents that promote it the same; but the whole manner of the administration of these agents is changed, and, in the case of girls, the natural action of these laws is perverted.

When a lady opens a school she usually does so in an ordinary dwelling-house. The bedrooms—large or small, detached or collected, as the case may

be—are allotted to the pupils; and the drawing-room or library is appropriated as the schoolroom. But few drawing-rooms or libraries, except in houses which we rarely see devoted to this purpose, possess space enough, or admit air or light enough, for a schoolroom; and for the simple reason that they were never intended for the purpose. It was never anticipated when they were built that they would be required to hold air for so many pairs of lungs, and during so many consecutive hours of habitation.

I have already, when recommending a judicious use of the bath in the nursery and in boys' schools, endeavoured to show that the cleansing of the skin by ablution is but one of its many advantages; for in many essential points bathing is virtually exercise, and in a modified form possesses some of its most valuable attributes. If for these reasons the bath was important to nursery children and to schoolboys, how much more urgently is it required by girls, who, as we shall presently see, have absolutely no exercise at all deserving of the name? And yet how seldom do we hear of a school for girls that has made provision for the proper ablutions of its young and delicate occupants. Do we not rather know that the custom is to permit them daily to put on, and nightly to remove, their manifold and bulky and close-fitting garments from a skin that water or brush or towel never touches from Midsummer to Christmas and from Christmas to Midsummer?

After the routine duties of dressing and prayers, it is customary for school-girls to go straight to the breakfast-table. Their lungs have not been inflated, nor the chest uplifted, by a single breath of the external air; the pulse has not been quickened and the

nerves have not been braced by the refreshing tonic of the bath; so the morning meal needs to be both stimulating and substantial, at once to arouse the appetite and to satisfy it. For the activity and energy of both mind and body will be greatly dependent upon it; and they are just beginning the day. And what an exhilarating, stimulating meal is set before our delicately-nurtured girls, and how nourishing and sustaining for their fast-growing frames at this age, when the drain upon its resources is at its greatest! Bread and butter, with milk and water, or weak tea, daily, without change or addition throughout the half year. We have just discovered that we have been killing our soldiers by thousands by our persistent neglect of a few sanitary laws, the principal of which are these two—a proper supply of fresh air, and a reasonable variety of diet. Now these were all men of mature frame and approved health and strength, with whom variety was not so important; and the early lives of the men who fill the ranks of our army have not, we may suppose, been very pampered; yet the impure air of barrack life and the unvaried dinner of boiled beef sapped the physical energies of these hardy and hard-faring men, and consumption, more potent than an enemy's sword, slew them by thousands.

From the breakfast-table it is not unusual to go straight to the school-room, there to be occupied for three or four consecutive hours at mental task-work. Not yet have they breathed the external air, nor stretched their young limbs but in passing from one room to another. But after the school hours come the relief and the change, the amusement and the relaxation, the recreation and the exercise—all at once, and all in one—a veritable *bonne bouche* of physical enjoyment. Having attired themselves in bonnet and mantle, linked together arm-in-arm, two and two, they go forth—for a walk! As they did yesterday, as they will do to-morrow, and the next day, and the next; at the same hour, in the same order, along the

same road, the same distance—wheeling round at the same spot, and back again at the same pace. And no one must laugh or speak except to her companion, and then only in an under-tone, because loud speaking is unladylike; and no one must quit the path, or run or jump, because all romping is unladylike. This is when the weather is fine. When it is not fine they must stay within doors, the younger ones playing in the school-room, if they can contrive to do so without disarranging the books or tables or making a noise, and the elder ones sauntering about the room, writing letters, reading, or listlessly turning over the sheets of music or drawing in their portfolios. A welcome sound is the dinner bell; not that they are hungry—that would be unladylike—but many are faint, and all are weary.

If consumption thinned the deep ranks of our grenadiers, how comes it to spare this most melancholy procession of a girls' school? Does it spare it? We know sadly to the contrary, but are content to look upon it as irremediable; to acquiesce in the assertion that girls are naturally weak and sickly, and that a feeble organization is natural to women.

If the whole establishment cannot be built expressly for this all-important purpose, as recommended for boys' schools, the first act of occupation should be to erect a school-room on the most approved plans for ensuring perfect lighting and ventilation, or, if this cannot be done, so to alter the special room as to produce a full admission and uniform distribution of light, and a free opportunity for the change and interchange of the air with the least exposure to the inmates. It is wonderful how much may be done in this respect in promoting their health and comfort—almost as wonderful as the little that is done.¹

The question of ladies' dress is hedged about with many difficulties. The articles of female attire are so numerous,

¹ There is no better mode of warming a school-room of moderate dimensions, and at the same time of keeping pure the air, than by open fireplaces, with as little metal and as much brick frontage as possible.

some of them of such mysterious use, and of such intricate construction, that it is not easy at first sight to perceive in them any very clear design or system of bodily covering. With the dress of boys or of men it is different. At a glance we see the number and the nature of their garments, the materials of which they are made, their shape and size; and we can judge at once of their suitability to the age, health, and habits of the wearer. Take that of the schoolboy. Besides the universal skin-covering, linen or calico, his dress consists of three garments:—trousers for the lower limbs and lower region of the trunk, waistcoat for the upper region, and the tunic or jacket as a second covering, capable of being worn buttoned or unbuttoned at the desire of the wearer; the whole generally of some fabric woven of wool, soft, warm, light, and loose. In exceptional instances a duplicate of the first-mentioned garment, in the shape of drawers, is worn. In adult life this costume is varied but by the addition of skirts to the jacket, converting it into the coat. In summer or winter the dress is the same, differing only in texture of material, with an upper coat for cold or wet weather, large, loose, comfortable, fit alike for city-street or country-road, saddle or carriage. For this country and climate nothing can be better for boy or man.

How complicated in comparison appears female costume! And yet, on a close examination, it is not only simple and clear and sensible enough in its original plan, but it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to that which we have just been describing.

Given the skin-covering of linen or cotton for daily or bi-weekly change, common to all ages and both sexes, there is then the covering for the chest or upper region of the trunk, corresponding to the waistcoat worn by men, or rather to that of small boys before their promotion to braces, when the trousers are buttoned to the waistcoat. As its name indicates, it is a body to the petticoat; it is usually made of jean, although a better material, and one which it is satisfactory to see coming

into daily use, is knitted cotton work, soft and pliant, cool in summer and warm in winter, admitting of perfect freedom to the part of the body which it covers, and forming an elastic point of attachment to the garment which it is intended to support. Nothing could be better designed than this garment,—unless it be its continuation, the petticoat itself when properly fashioned, *i.e.* of soft flannel, closely and fully plaited, draping around the lower limbs and terminating midway between ankle and knee; admitting of perfect freedom of motion, and yielding adequate protection and warmth. Here we have an entire covering, corresponding to the trousers and waistcoat of the other sex; and that the comparison is not a fanciful one will be admitted when it is recollected that the petticoat has formed, and still forms, part of the dress of the hardier sex in countries not very remote. There remains then the upper garment, overlying these, and covering the arms, corresponding to the jacket of the boy and the coat of the adult; and this is suitably and sensibly provided by the frock or gown, made of cotton, silk, or wool. The extra or upper coat worn by men in cold weather is variously represented by jacket, cape, cloak or mantle, scarf or shawl. Recently, too, the little round hat of straw or felt, common alike to boys and men, and equally good for either, has, with the not unsuitable addition of ribbon and feather, been readily adopted by ladies.

With this system of bodily covering it would be difficult to find fault. Wherein then the evil, of which we hear so much, of female costume? What is the nature of the evil, and in what article does it lie concealed? Let us examine the different articles. We begin with the first-mentioned, the covering for the chest. The more it is examined, the more it will be found to answer its purpose fully, *i.e.* to yield adequate covering and protection to the back and chest, and, while supporting the petticoat, to transfer its weight to the shoulders. And this it does entirely when properly made; which, however,

is unfortunately not always the case. On the contrary, in a majority of instances, it is made with the arm-holes too small, and the shoulder-straps too tight—by which the arms are, as it were, pinned down by the sides, to the sore confinement of the chest, and consequently the prevention of its proper development. For a large portion of the upper region of the trunk is dependent on the action of the arm for exercise; and the healthy development and healthy condition of the vital organs which the chest contains will, of course, be injuriously affected by that which injuriously affects the size and shape of the chest itself. This is important in another aspect besides its strictly sanitary one; for the confinement of the arms, especially with young and fast-growing girls, causes the shoulders to droop and lean forward, prevents the filling in and rounding of the column of the neck, and perpetuates in undesirable prominence the bony ridge at its base. Or, if this garment be not made sufficiently wide to admit of the full expansion of the lungs, evinced by the rising and swelling of the chest at every respiration, the same results will be produced. We must not therefore take it for granted that this garment is entirely satisfactory, although to it we are indebted for much help in the expulsion of stays; for we may now look upon tight-lacing as a thing of the past, and can no more believe in its existence among persons of ordinary information and education than we could credit the use of thumbscrews in a court of justice in this the nineteenth century—save indeed that we occasionally find tight stays worn by persons who, from long and fixed habit, find it impossible to relinquish their artificial support, now become a necessity to them. But we have yet need of care and watchfulness, lest the present otherwise unobjectionable garment should perpetuate some of the evils of its predecessor.

To the petticoat also unrestricted praise may be given, when made of suitable material, of proper fulness and length, and suspended to the body. But it is too often made of heavy, bulky, and stiff material, with no inlying

yielding folds to open and close with the action of the limb which it covers, and therefore fails in affording the necessary warmth. Duplicates and triplicates of the garment are therefore added; and these, instead of being fastened to the body, and suspended from the shoulders, are, with broad and heavy bands, bound around the loins—the portion of the body of all others which, with young girls, should be left perfectly unconfined and unencumbered. This is not the place to particularize the nature of the evils which this pernicious practice would originate, and, where they already exist, would aggravate; but every one who is acquainted with the structure and functions of the human body will agree with me in condemning a custom so fraught with danger to the health and happiness, present and prospective, of the wearer.

Equally sensible is, and equally sanitary might be, the frock or gown, provided always that its shape and size bear relation to the duties, ordinary or extraordinary, of the wearer. Sanitary and comfortable, convenient and elegant, might this garment be at all times and seasons; but, just as we sometimes see a simple bequest from honest industry to charity proving a never-ending source of ruinous litigation, so has this garment, blameless in its original conception, proved from generation to generation a nidus in which Fashion has hatched her brood of endless absurdities, aimless follies, and meaningless caprices. For the mutations of this article of dress are endless, as they are aimless. The mode of to-day will be obsolete to-morrow—to be revived, it may be, on the day after; or the crotchet of a hundred years ago will be resuscitated without motive or cause. There is no certainty, no security, no pause, no resting-place; because all change is dictated by Fashion, and Fashion disdains and disclaims all obligations to rule, law, or principle of beauty, utility, economy, comfort, or common sense. It has but one aim, one object, one desire—Novelty.

And yet out of the worst feature of this evil springs present hope; for all

change must now be for the better. We have at last attained a point at which "the force of Folly can no farther go."

Were the subject less serious, and did it not concern health and happiness, there would be something quaintly absurd and comically amusing in the sight of a lady of the present day when out for a walk—literally carrying her clothes, holding them up, bearing them along, a burden in both hands. Either this absurdity must be, or there is the unpleasant alternative of letting them trail behind her, sweeping the dust from the road and from the pavement at every step.

The vices of this garment render nugatory the virtue of the others and originate fresh vices in them. It is to this evil of long, heavy and bulky skirts, flounced tier above tier, that we owe our present infliction of crinoline. For it is simply impossible for a lady to walk about at all and have the use of her hands without some machine to assist in holding up her skirts; and here the propagation of evil by evil begins. The mass of skirt necessitates crinoline; crinoline necessitates additional petticoats for warmth and decency; and these are bound round that part of the body which most requires to be left unencumbered and free. And all for what? That young and old, ungainly and elegant, may look and move alike—may look and move like nothing feminine, like nothing human, like nothing endowed with life or power of natural motion—may possess the size and shape of a haystack, and the motion of a Jack-in-the-green.

But it is when we begin to examine the subject of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys, there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important

agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment—nay, the idea of employing it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all?

It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is not found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary, it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And, even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could not this afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool practising music, good for either mind or body—extended too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labour? Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubt-

less, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement; and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but, where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?

Again, are the actual studies always of that character which will bear a very close scrutiny, either as furnishing present mental exercise, or information of much future usefulness? Are they such as truly to call forth and strengthen the powers of the mind, or to cause it to react favourably upon its twin-sister the body? Are they not, indeed, generally wanting in that power of healthy stimulation which, exerted at proper intervals and sustained for proper periods, at once develops the mental powers, and sends forth the young boy-student from his Greek construing and his Latin hexameters to his leap-frog and cricket, with a zeal and an energy which he will never feel again when the school-room door has finally closed on him? Wherein do the organizations, mental and physical, of boy and girl so fundamentally differ that what is acknowledged to be the very life of the one should be unnecessary, unfit even, for the other?

But I am asked, What would you have girls do? Would you have them play cricket and leap-frog and football? Would you have them taught to swim or practise in gymnasia in Bloomer costume as they do in France? Unfortunately, in this country there is as yet little opportunity for girls to learn to swim; otherwise I should most earnestly recommend this as an exhilarating and delightful pastime, and a health-giving exercise. It may not be too much to hope that we shall yet see on our inland rivers private floating swimming-schools as in France. When begun early, the art may be learned so rapidly and pleasurably, and with so much immunity from danger. Only two summers ago I taught my own little girl, a child seven years old—first teaching carefully the movements of the art before going near the water at all, separately first, and then combined; then, as a second stage, the movements in the

water—the child resting her waist on my extended arm; then a stroke or two at a time, with my hand withdrawn; until, within six weeks from the first lesson, she swam a hundred yards by my side in Sandown bay. And so of the gymnasium. By all means take young girls to the gymnasium, if there be one within reach; for they will never enter a building appropriated to purposes affecting this life where they will obtain so great a good. But the costume may be dispensed with—for the simple reason that the dress of every young and growing girl should be at all times sufficiently easy to admit of perfect freedom during exercise.

Neither cricket nor foot-ball would be a good exercise for girls; and there are excellent reasons against leap-frog. But there are very many other valuable, health-promoting games with hand-ball, racket or battledore, grass-hoops, &c. essentially fit for girls; and there can be no doubt that a retired nook in a private meadow, field, or park, might be obtained for the practice of these and similar exercises, where their growing feet might press the soft, springy green-sward, where the sweet fresh air might fan their fair young faces, and their eyes might look upon the varied colours of earth and sky. And all this might be accomplished without fear or risk of freckle or tan; for the straw hat and silk gloves would preserve the most delicate complexion, while to it would be added the beautiful bloom of health. These exercises would be for half-holidays, and then only when the weather was unequivocally fine; but the hours for recreative exercises between studies should be spent in the playground. "Playground! What can a girls'-school want with a playground? What can girls want with a playground? What can girls want with a place for out-door sports?" They want it, because it is more important to health, comfort, and happiness, present and prospective, than any other place or thing in the establishment; they want it because the possession of every other desirable object—large dormitory, large school-room, baths, liberally-supplied and varied table—is

trifling in comparison with a view to health, growth, and development. Give them this and you give them the talisman which turns everything it touches into gold! Continue to deprive them of this, and in vain will you try materially to improve their condition, because on exercise the extent and limitation of all the other agents of health depend. Let the same provision be made for girls' as for boys' schools—a provision for every kind of playtime and leisure, for all seasons and states of weather; a place in the country for half-holiday recreative exercises, and, attached to the school, a double playground, open-air and covered-in. Do this, and the mental and physical energies of your daughters will be increased a hundredfold; do this, and fifty per cent. will be deducted from the annual register of deaths from consumption.

“But,” it may be asked, “would not these exercises tend, as they do in boys, to make young girls stout, and robust, and coarse?” In the first place, they do not make boys either stout or coarse, but, on the contrary, they make them lithe in limb and shapely in body; and to be robust is the normal state of a healthy lad—the most desirable to possess, as it is the comeliest to look upon. It is the lazy and gross-feeding boy who is stout and coarse. But it is not the normal state of a young girl to be robust, and such exercise could by no art be made to produce it. *Her* normal state is to be straight, and lissome, and rounded, and slim; and this is what proper exercise would produce. Exercise would and could but develop each to be perfect after its kind; and if, as is admitted, it so develops the one, it must of necessity so develop the other,—the laws and agents of their development being identical. Plant a rose-tree and a lily side by side; water the rose abundantly, and it will thrive and develop the perfect type of rose-beauty. Equally abundantly water the lily, and the true lily type will be perfected. In no part does it resemble the rose—in root or stem, petal or leaf—in no attribute of shape, colour, or perfume; yet they grew side

by side, were tended by the same hand, watered from the same fountain. The *agents* of their development were the same, because such were also the *laws* of their development; but the perfect normal state of each was different, and each was perfected.

But, it may be urged, we have all heard of the folly of lily-painting. Look how elegant in shape, graceful in movement, and beautiful in complexion, our girls grow up without any of those special and elaborate arrangements for bodily exercise. Very freely is it confessed that many do grow up possessing all these much-to-be-coveted attributes; but boldly also must it be affirmed that others as entirely miss them; and yet a glance at the shapely hand, elegant contour of face and symmetrical features shows that some cruel and protracted influence must have been at work to mar the Creator's general design—for the rounded back, flat bust, heavy body, and weak limb are with this at discord. If in all His works there is rhythm and harmony, most unmistakably so in this, the most perfect and beautiful of them all. Very readily is it confessed that many do grow up possessing all the attributes of beauty; but very sadly it must also be confessed that death gathers freely of these fair flowers, and that disease takes the bloom from many of those who are left, and drains the life-sap, so that they perish and fall by every rude and unkindly wind that blows, and by every unexpected shower that falls. True also it is that some apparently resist every evil influence—just as our mothers grew up to have fair forms and happy looks, and to spend useful lives, in defiance of tight-lacing. But we must remember that, if they had the bane, they had also the antidote; if they had the hindrance to growth springing from a defective knowledge of the laws of health, they were, on the other hand, free from the consequences attendant on the too earnest pursuit of accomplishments at the present time. Where we now see a young girl sitting for several consecutive hours over intellectual tasks, her predecessor, fifty years ago, was to

be seen taking an active part in every domestic and household duty. And true it is also that our fathers had stalwart limbs and deep chests, and broad shoulders, in defiance of the mummy-like swathings of their infancy. But who shall say that the fair forms would not have been more fair, the happy looks more happy, and the useful lives more useful, if our mothers' forms had been allowed to grow as nature designed; and who shall say that the

limbs and chests, and shoulders of our fathers would not have been more stalwart, and broad, and deep, had they been allowed in infancy the motion and freedom which their Maker intended? And who shall say that *our* strength and *our* happiness and *our* usefulness have not been lessened by *their* error,—our germ of life enfeebled by *their* weakness? The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,—their errors are also entailed.

AT THE DOOR.

A DORSETSHIRE POEM.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

The stream do roll,
 A-bubblèn by the shoal,
 Or leäp the rock, a-foamèn in a bow;
 The win' do vlee,
 A-playèn roun' the tree,
 Along the grove o' woaks, in double row,
 Where love do seek the maïdens evenèn vloor,
 Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,
 Ageän the door.

Wi' iron bound,
 The wheels, a-rollèn round,
 Do crunch the cracklèn vlint below their lwoad;
 The stwones a-trod
 By horses iron-shod
 Do shockle shrill along the trotted road,
 Where chaps do come to seek, in our wold pleäce,
 Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,
 The maïdens' feäce.

And oh! how sweet
 'S the time a lover's veet
 Do come avore the door to vind a bride,
 As he do stand,
 An' knock wi' lithy hand,
 An' leän to catch the sweetest vaice inside;
 While there a heart do leäp to hear woonce mwore
 The stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,
 Ageän the door.

How sweet's the time,

When we be in our prime,
An' childern be our hope and aye our jay;
An' child by child

Do come, a-skippen wild,
Back hwome vrom daily school, or vrom their play,
So small upon the doorstwone, well awore,
Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,
Ageän the door.

Be my abode

Beside zome uphill road,
Where vòk mid pass, but not vor ever bide;
An' not a pleäce

Where day do bring noo feäce
Wi' kindly smiles, as lwonesome hours do glide;
But let me hear zome friend a-knownn avore,
Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,
Ageän the door.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE place which the Merediths had chosen for their residence was Frascati, where everything was quieter, and most things cheaper, than in Rome—to which, besides, the brother and sister had objections, founded on former passages in their family history, of which their new friends were but partially aware; and to Frascati, accordingly, the two Scotch pilgrims were drawn with them. Colin having, as usual, persevered in his own way, and obtained it, as Lauderdale prophesied, the arrangement came about, naturally enough, after the ten days' close company on board ship, when young Meredith, whom most people were either contemptuous of, or inclined to avoid, found refuge with his new friends, who, though they did not agree with him, at least understood what he meant. He slackened nothing of those exertions which he thought to be his duty—and on which, perhaps unconsciously, the young invalid rather prided himself,

as belonging to his rôle of dying man,—during the remainder of the voyage; but, finding one of the sailors ill, succeeded in making such an impression upon the poor fellow's uninstructed and uncertain mind as repaid him, he said, for all the exertions he had made. After that event, he passed by very often to the fore-castle to pray with his convert, being, perhaps, disposed to the opinion that they two were the salt of the earth to their small community; for which proceeding he was called fool, and fanatic, and Methodist, and a great many other hard names by the majority of his fellow-passengers—some of whom, indeed, being, like most ordinary people, totally unable to discriminate between things that differ, confidently expected to hear of some secret vice on the part of Meredith; such things being always found out, as they maintained, of people who considered themselves better than their neighbours. "After a while, it will be found out what he's up to," said a comfortable passenger, who knew the world,

“such fellows always have their private peccadilloes. I daresay he doesn't go so often to the fore-castle for nothing. The stewardess ain't bad-looking, and I've seen our saint engaged in private conversation when he didn't know I was there,” said the large-minded Christian who denounced poor Meredith's uncharitableness. And, to be sure, he was uncharitable, poor fellow. As for Colin, and, indeed, Lauderdale also, who had been attracted, in spite of himself, they looked on with a wonderful interest, from amid-ships, knowing better. They saw him dragging his sister after him, as far as she could go, along the crowded deck, when he went to visit his patient—neither he, whose thoughts were occupied solely with matters of life and death, nor she, who was thinking entirely of him, having any idea that the dark dormitory below, among the sailors' hammocks, was an unfit place for her. It was Colin who stepped forward to rescue the girl from this unnecessary trial, and Meredith gave her up to him, with as little idea that this, too, was a doubtful expedient as he had had of anything unsuitable in his original intention. “It is a privilege, if she but knew it,” the invalid would say, fixing his hollow eyes on her, as if half doubtful whether he approved of her or not; and poor Alice stayed behind him, with a bad grace, without feeling much indebted on her own account to her new friends. “It does not matter where I go, so long as I am with him,” she said, following him with her anxious looks; and she stopped seated patiently upon her bench, with her eyes fixed on the spot where he had disappeared, until he rejoined her. When Arthur's little prayer-meeting was ended, he came with a severe, and yet serene, countenance towards the sister he had left behind him, and the two friends who did not propose to accompany him. “He is a child of God,” said the sick man; “his experiences are a great comfort to me”—and he looked with a little defiance at the companions, who, to be sure, so far as the carnal mind was concerned, were more congenial to him. Indeed, the new chapter of the “Voice

from the Grave” was all about Lauderdale and Colin. They were described under the initials N. and M., with a heightening of all their valuable qualities, which was intended to make more and more apparent their want of “the one thing needful.” They were like the rich young man whom Jesus loved, but who had not the heart to give up all and follow Him—like “him who, through cowardice, made the great refusal.” The sick man wrote without, however, quoting Dante, and he contrasted with their virtuous and thoughtful worldliness the condition of his convert, who knew nothing but the love of God, poor Meredith said. Perhaps it was true that the sick sailor knew the love of God, and certainly the prayers of the dying apostle were not less likely to reach the ear of the Divine Majesty for being uttered by the poor fellow's bedside. But, though he wrote a chapter in his book about them, Meredith still clung to his friends. The unseen and unknown were familiar to their thoughts—perhaps even too familiar, being considered by them as reasonably and naturally interesting; and poor Meredith was disposed to think that anything natural must be more or less wicked. But still he considered them interesting, and thought he might be able to do them good, and, for his own part, found all the human comfort he was capable of in their society. Thus it was that, with mutual companions and sympathy, he sorry for them and they for him, and mutual good offices, the three grew into friendship. As for Alice, her brother was fond of her, but had never had his attention specially attracted to her, nor been led to imagine her a companion for himself. She was his tender little nurse, and attendant—a creature made up of loving watchful eyes, and anxious little noiseless cares. He would have missed her terribly had she failed him, without quite knowing what it was he missed. But, though he was in the habit of instructing her now and then, it did not occur to him to talk to his sister. She was a creature of another species—an unawakened soul, with few thoughts or

feelings worth speaking of. At least such was the estimate her brother had formed of her, and in which Alice herself agreed to a great extent. It was not exactly humility that kept the anxious girl in this mind, but an undisturbed habit and custom, out of which no personal impulse had delivered her. The women of her kindred had never been remarkable one way or another. They were good women—perfectly virtuous and a little tiresome, as even Alice was sensible; and it had not been the custom of the men of the house to consult or confide in their partners. Her mother and aunts had found quite enough to occupy them in housekeeping and needlework, and had accepted it as a matter of faith that men, except, perhaps, when in love, or in “a passion,” did not care to talk to women—a family creed from which so young and submissive a girl had not dreamt of enfranchising herself. Accordingly she accepted quite calmly Arthur’s low estimate of her powers of companionship, and was moved by no injured feeling when he sought the company of his new friends, and gave himself up to the pleasure of conversation. It was the most natural thing in the world to Alice. She kept by him, holding by his arm when he and his companions walked about the deck together, as long as there was room for her; and, when there was no room, she withdrew and sat down on the nearest seat, and took out a little bit of needlework which never made any progress; for, though her intellect could not do Arthur any good, the anxious scrutiny of her eyes could,—or at least she seemed to think so. Very often, it was true, she was joined in her watch by Colin; of whom, however, it never occurred to her to think under any other possible aspect than that of Arthur’s friend. Lauderdale might have spared his anxieties so far as that went—for, notwithstanding a certain proclivity on the part of Colin to female friendship, Alice was too entirely unconscious, too utterly devoid of any sense or feeling of self, to be interesting to the young man. Perhaps a certain amount of self-regard is neces-

sary to attract the regard of others. Alice was not aware of herself at all, and her insensibility communicated itself to her silent companion. He sometimes even wondered if her intelligence was up to the ordinary level, and then felt ashamed of himself when by chance she lifted upon him her wistful eyes; not that those eyes were astonishingly bright, or conveyed any intimations of hidden power—but they looked, as they were, unawakened, suggestive eyes, which might wake up at any moment and develop unthought-of lights. But, on the whole, this twilight was too dim to interest Colin, except by moments; and it was incomprehensible and to some extent provoking and vexatious to the young man to see by his side a creature so young, and with so many natural graces, who neutralized them all by her utter indifference to herself.

So that after all it came to be a very natural and reasonable step to accompany the Merediths, to whose knowledge of the country and language even Lauderdale found himself indebted when suddenly thrown without warning upon the tumultuous crowd of Leghorn boatmen, which was his first foreign experience. “They all understand French,” a benevolent fellow-passenger said, as he went on before them; which did not convey the consolation it was intended to bear to the two Scotch travellers, who only looked at each other sheepishly, and laughed with a very mixed and doubtful sort of mirth, not liking to commit themselves. They had to give themselves up blindly into the hands of Meredith and his sister—for Alice felt herself of some importance in a country where she “knew the language”—and it was altogether in the train of these two that Colin and Lauderdale were dragged along, like a pair of English captives, through the very gates of Rome itself, and across the solemn Campagna to the little city set upon a hill, to which the sick man was bound. They made their way to it in a spring afternoon when the sun was inclining towards the west, throwing long shadows of those long, weird, endless arches of the Claudian aqueduct

across the green wastes, and shining full upon the white specks of scattered villages on the Alban hills. The landscape would have been impressive even had it conveyed no associations to the minds of the spectators. But, as the reluctant strangers left Rome, they saw unfold before them a noble semicircle of hills—the Sabines, blue and mysterious, on one side, the Latin range breaking bluntly into the centre of the ring, and towards the right hand the softer Alban heights with their lakes hidden in the hollows, and the sunshine falling full upon their crest of towns; and, when they had mounted the steep ascent to Frascati, it was still more wonderful to look back and see the sunset arranging itself over that great Campagna, falling into broad radiant bands of colour with inconceivable tints and shadings, betraying in a sudden flash the distant sea, and shining all misty and golden over the dwarfed dome of St. Peter's, which rose up by itself with a wonderful insignificance of grandeur—all Rome around being blotted into oblivion. That would have been a sight to linger over had not Meredith been weary and worn out, and eager to get to his journey's end. "You will see it often enough," he said, with a little petulance; "neither the sunset nor St. Peter's can run away:" for it was to himself a sufficiently familiar sight. They went in accordingly to a large house, which, a little to the disappointment of Colin, was just as square and ugly as anything he could have found at home, though it stood all the days and nights gazing with many eyes over that Campagna which looked like a thing to dream over for ever. It was the third storey of this house—the upper floor—to which Meredith and his sister directed their steps; Colin and Lauderdale following them—not without a little expectation, natural enough under the circumstances. It was cold, and they were tired, though not so much as the invalid; and they looked for a bright fire, a comfortable room, and a good meal—with a little curiosity, it is true, about the manner of it, but none as to the blazing fire and spread board and all the other items indispensable to comfort, according

to English ideas. The room where they got admittance was very large, and full of windows, letting in a flood of light, which, as the sunshine was now too low to enter, was cold light—white, colourless, and chilling. Not a vestige of carpet was on the tiled floor, except before the fire-place, where a square piece of a curious coarse fabric and wonderful pattern had been laid down. A few logs were burning on the wide hearth, and close by was a little stack of wood intended to replenish the fire. The great desert room contained a world of tables and four uncushioned chairs, but the tired travellers looked in vain for the spread board which had pleased their imagination. If Colin had thought the house too like an ordinary ugly English house outside to satisfy him, he found this abundantly made up for now by the interior, so unlike anything English; for the walls were painted with a brilliant landscape set in a frame of brilliant scarlet curtains, which the simple-minded artist had looped across his sky without any hesitation; and underneath this most gorgeous bit of fresco was set a table against the wall, upon which were spread out a humble store of little brown rolls, a square slice of butter, a basin full of eggs, and a flask of oil—the humble provisions laid in by the attendant Maria, who had rushed forward to kiss the young lady's hand when she opened the door. While the two inexperienced Scotch travellers stood horror-stricken, their companions, who were aware of what they were coming to, threw down their wraps and began to settle themselves in this extraordinary desert. Meredith for his part threw himself into a large primitive easy-chair which stood by the fire. "This is a comfort I did not look for," he said; "and, thank heaven, here we are at last." He drew a long breath of satisfaction as he stretched out his long meagre limbs before the fire. "Come in and make yourselves comfortable. Alice will attend to everything else," he said, glaring back at his annoyed companions, who, finding themselves in some degree his guests, had to subdue their feelings.

They came and sat by him, exchanging looks of dismay—looks which, perhaps, he perceived, for he drew in his long languid limbs, and made a little room for the others. “Many things, of course, that are necessary in our severe climate are unnecessary here,” he said, with a slight shiver; and, as he spoke, he reached out his hand for one of the wraps he had thrown off, and drew it round his shoulders. That action gave a climax to the universal discomfort. Colin and Lauderdale once more looked at each other with mutual comments that could find no utterance in words—the only audible expression of their mutual sentiment being an exclamation of “Climate!” from the latter in an undertone of unspeakable surprise and consternation. This, then, was the Italy of which they had dreamed! The Mistress’s parlour on the Holy Loch was, words could not tell how much warmer and more genial. The tired travellers turned towards the fire as the only possible gleam of consolation, and Meredith put out his long thin arm to seize another log and place it on the hearth; even he felt the difference. He had done nothing to help himself till he came here; but habits of indulgence dropped off on the threshold of this Spartan dwelling. Colin repeated within himself Lauderdale’s exclamation, “Climate!” as he shivered in his chair. No doubt the invalid chair by the fireside on the banks of the Holy Loch was a very different thing, as far as comfort was concerned.

In the meantime Alice found herself in command of the position. Humble little woman as she was, there came by moments, even to her, a compassionate contempt for the male creatures who got hungry and sulky after this fashion, and could only sit down ill-tempered and disconsolate before the fire. Alice for her part sent off Maria to the trattoria, and cheerfully prepared to feed the creatures who did not know how to set about it for themselves. When she had done her utmost, however, there was still a look of dismay on Colin’s face. The dinner from the trattoria was

a thing altogether foreign to the experiences of the two Scotchmen. They suspected it while they ate, making secret wry faces to each other across the equivocal board. This was the land of poets into which they had come—the land of the ideal where, according to their inexperienced imaginations, everything was to share the general refinement! But, alas, there was nothing refined about the dinner from the trattoria, which was altogether a native production, and with which the Merediths, being acquainted and knowing what they had to expect, contented themselves well enough. When Lauderdale and his charge retired, chilled to the bone, to their stony, chilly bedrooms, where everything seemed to convey not warmth but a sensation of freezing, they looked at each other with amazement and disgust on their faces. “Callant, you would have been twenty times better at home,” said Lauderdale with a remorseful groan; “and, as for those poor innocents who have nobody to look after them— But they kent what they were coming to,” he continued, with a flash of momentary anger. Altogether it was as unsuccessful a beginning as could well be imagined of the ideal poetic Italian life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is impossible to deny that, except in hotels which are cosmopolitan, and chiefly adapted to the many wants of the rich English, life in Italy is a hard business enough for the inexperienced traveller, who knows the strange country into which he has suddenly dropped rather by means of poetical legends than by the facts of actual existence. A country of vineyards and orange-groves, of everlasting verdure and sunshine is, indeed, in its way, a true enough description of a many-sided country: but these words of course convey no intimation of the terrors of an Italian palace in the depth of winter, when everything is stone-cold, and the possibilities of

artificial warmth are of the most limited description; where the idea of doors and windows closely fitting has never entered the primitive mind, and where the cardinal virtue of patience and endurance of necessary evils wraps the contented native sufferer like the cloak which he hugs round him. Yet, notwithstanding, even Lauderdale relaxed out of the settled gloom on his face when he went to the window of the great bare sitting-room, and gazed out upon the grand expanse of the Campagna, lighted up with the morning sunshine. The silence of that depopulated plain, with its pathetic bits of ruin here and there—ruins, to be sure, identified and written down in books, but for themselves speaking, with a more woeful and suggestive voice than can be conveyed by any historical associations, through the very depths of their dumbness and loss of all distinction—went to the spectator's heart. What they were or had been, what human hands had erected or human hearts rejoiced in them, their lingering remains had ceased to tell; and it was only with the vagueness which is sadder than any story that they indicated a former forgotten existence, a past too far away to be decipherable. Lauderdale laid his hand on Colin's shoulder, and drew him away. "Ay, ay," he said, with an unusual thrill in his voice, "it's grand to hear that yon's Soracte, and thereaway is the Sabine country, and that's Rome lying away among the clouds. It's no Rome, callant; it's a big kirk, or heathen temple, or whatever you like to call it. I'm no heeding about Rome. It's the awfu' presence of the dead, and the skies smiling at them—that's a' I see. Come away with me, and let's see if there's ony living creatures left. It's an awfu' thought to come into a man's head in connexion with that bonnie innocent sky," the philosopher continued, with a slight shudder, as he drew his charge with him down the chilly staircase; "but it's aye bewildering to one to see the indifference o' Nature. It's terrible like as if she was a senseless heathen hersel', and

cared nothing about nobody. No that I'm asserting that to be the case; but it's gruesome to look at her smiles and her wiles, as if she kent no better. I'm no addicted to little bairns in a general way," said Lauderdale, drawing a long breath, as he emerged from the great door, and suddenly found himself in the midst of a group of ragged little picturesque savages; "but it's aye a comfort to see that there's still living creatures in the world."

"It is not for the living creatures, however, that people came to Italy," said Colin. "Stop here and have another look at the Campagna. I am not of your opinion about Nature. Sometimes tears themselves are less pathetic than a smile."

"Where did *you* learn that, callant?" said his friend. "But there's plenty of time for the Campagna, and I have aye an awfu' interest in human folk. What do the little animals mean, raging like a set of little furies? Laddies, if you've quarrelled fight it out like men, instead of scolding like a parcel of fishwives," said the indignant stranger, addressing himself to a knot of boys who were playing mona. When he found his remonstrance disregarded, Lauderdale seized what appeared to him the two ringleaders, and held them, one in each hand, with the apparent intention of knocking their heads together, entirely undisturbed by the outcries and struggles of his victims, as well as by the voluble explanations of the rest of the party. "It's no use talking nonsense to me," said the inexorable judge; "they shall either hold their tongues, the little cowardly wretches, or they shall fight."

It was, luckily, at this moment that Alice Meredith made her appearance, going out to provide for the wants of her family like a careful little housewife. Her explanation filled Lauderdale with unbounded shame and dismay. "It's an awful drawback no to understand the language," said the philosopher, with a rush of burning colour to his face, for, Lauderdale, like various other people, could not help entertaining an idea, in spite of his better knowledge, that Eng-

lish (or what he was pleased to call English), spoken with due force and emphasis, was sure in the end to be perfectly intelligible. Having received this sad lesson, he shrank out of sight with the utmost discomfiture, holding Colin fast, who betrayed an inclination to accompany Alice. "This will never do; we'll have to put to our hands and learn," said Colin's guardian. "I never put much faith before in that Babel business. It's awfu' humbling to be made a fool of by a parcel of bairns." Lauderdale did not recover this humiliating defeat during the lengthened survey which followed of the little town and its dependencies, where now and then they encountered the slight little figure of Alice walking alone, with a freedom permitted (and wondered at) to the Signorina Inglese, who thus declared her independence. They met her at the baker's, where strings of biscuits, made in the shape of rings, hung like garlands about the door, and where the little Englishwoman was using all her power to seduce the master of the shop into the manufacture of *pane Inglese*, bread made with yeast instead of leaven; and they met her again in the dark vicinity of the trattoria, consulting with a dingy *traiteur* about dinner. Fortunately for the success of the meal, the strangers were unaware that it was out of these dingy shades that their repast was to come. Thus the two rambled about, recovering their spirits a little as the first glow of the Italian sunshine stole over them, and finding summer in the bright piazza, though winter and gloom lingered in the narrow streets. Last of all they entered the cathedral, which was a place the two friends approached with different feelings. Colin's mind being full of the curiosity of a man who was himself to be a priest, and who felt to a certain degree that the future devotions and even government of his country was in his hands, he was consequently quick to observe, and even, notwithstanding the prejudices of education, not disinclined to learn, if anything worth learning was to be seen in the quiet country church, where at present nothing beyond the ordinary service was going

on. Lauderdale, in whose mind a lively and animated army of prejudices was in full operation, though met and crossed at every turn by an equally lively belief in the truth of his fellow creatures—which was a sad drawback to his philosophy—went into the Frascati Cathedral with a curious mixture of open criticism and concealed respect, not unusual in a Scotchman. He was even ashamed of himself for his own alacrity in taking off his hat, as if one place could be holier than another; yet, nevertheless, stowed his gaunt gigantic figure away behind the pillars, and did what he could to walk softly, lest he should disturb the devotions of one or two kneeling women, who, however, paused with perfect composure to look at the strangers without apparently being conscious of any interruption. As for Colin, he was inspecting the arrangements of the cathedral at his leisure, when a sudden exclamation from Lauderdale attracted his attention. He thought his friend had got into some new bewilderment, and hastened to join him, looking round first, with the helplessness of a speechless stranger in a foreign country, to see if there was anyone near who could explain for them in case of necessity. When, however, Colin had joined his friend, he found him standing rapt and silent before a tombstone covered with lettering, which was placed against the wall of the church. Lauderdale, made a curious unsteady sign, pointing to it, as Colin approached. It was a pompous Latin inscription, recording imaginary grandeurs which had never existed, and bearing the names of three British kings who never reigned. Neither of the spectators who thus stood moved and speechless before it had been brought up with any Jacobite tendencies—indeed, Jacobite ideas had died out of all reality before either of them was born,—but Lauderdale, Whig and sceptic as he was, uttered hoarsely out of his throat the two words, "Prince Chairlie!" and then stood silent, gazing at the stone with its pompous Latin lies and its sorrowful human story, as if it had been not an extinct family, but something of his own.

blood and kindred which had lain underneath. Thus the two strangers went out, subdued and silenced, from their first sight-seeing. It was not in man, nor in Scotchman, to see the names and not remember all the wonderful vain devotion, all the blind heroic efforts that had been made for these extinct Stuarts; and, with a certain instinctive loyalty, reverential yet protesting, Colin and his friend turned away from Charles Edward's grave.

"Well," said Lauderdale, after a long pause, "they were little to brag of, either for wisdom or honesty, and no credit to us that I can see; but it comes over a man with an awfu' strange sensation to fall suddenly without any warning on the grave of a race that was once in such active connexion with his own. 'Jacobus III., Carolus III., Henricus IX.'—is that how it goes? It's terrible real, that inscription, though it's a' a fiction. They might be a feckless race; but, for a' that; it was awfu' hard, when you think of it, upon Prince Chairlie. He was neither a fool nor a liar, so far as I ever heard—which is more than you can say for other members of the family; and he had to give way, and give up his birthright for thae miserable little wretches from Hanover. I dinna so much wonder, when I think of it, at the '45. It was a pleasant alternative for a country, callant, to choose between a bit Dutch idiot that knew nothing, and the son of her auld kings. I'm no speaking of William of Orange—he's awfu' overrated, and a cold-blooded demon, but aye a kind of a *man* notwithstanding—but thae Hanover fellows— And so yon's Prince Chairlie's grave!"

Just then Meredith, who had come out to bask in the sunshine, came up to them, and took, as he had learned to do by way of supporting himself, Lauderdale's vigorous arm.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that the Pretender's grave was there. I never enter these churches of Antichrist if I can help it. Life is too short to be wasted even in looking on at the wiles of the destroyer. Oh that we could

do something to deliver these dying souls!"

"I saw little of the wiles of the destroyer for my part," said Lauderdale, abruptly; "and, as for the Pretender, there's many pretenders, and it's awfu' hard to tell which is real. I know no harm of Prince Chairlie, the little I do know of him. If it had been mysel', I'm no free in my mind to say that I would have let go my father's inheritance without striking a blow."

"These are the ideas of the carnal mind," said Meredith. "Oh, my friend, if you would but be more serious! Does not your arrival in this country suggest to you another arrival which cannot be long delayed—which indeed, for some of us at least, may happen any day," the sick man continued, putting out his long thin hand to clasp that of Colin, who was on the opposite side. Lauderdale, who saw this gesture, started aside with a degree of violence which prevented the meeting of the two invalid hands.

"I know little about this country," he said, almost with sullenness; "but I know still less about the other. It's easy for you, callants, to speak. I'm real willing to make experiment of it, if that were possible," he continued, softening; "but there's no an ignorant soul hereabouts that is more ignorant than me."

"Let us read together—let us consider it together," said Meredith; "it is all set down very plain, you know. He that runneth may read. In all the world there is nothing so important. My friend, you took pains to understand about Italy—"

"And a bonnie business I made of it," said Lauderdale; "deluded by the very bairns; set free by one that's little more than a bairn, that little sister of yours; and now letting myself be drawn into discussions! I'm twenty years, or near it, older than you are," he went on, "and I've walked with them that have gone away *yonder*, as far as flesh and blood would let me. I'm no misdoubting anything that's written, callant, if that will satisfy you. It's a' an awfu' darkness, with visions of white angels

here and there; but the angels dinna belong to me. Whisht—whisht—I'm no profane; I'm wanting more—more than what's written; and, as I cannot get that, I must even wait till I see for myself.—Here's a grand spot for looking at your Campagna now," he said, breaking abruptly off; but poor Meredith, who had so little time to spare, and whose words had to be in season and out of season, could not consent to follow, as a man without so great a mission might have done, the leading of his companion's thoughts.

"The Campagna is very interesting," he said, "but it is nothing to the safety of your soul. Oh, my dear friend!—and here is Campbell, too, who is not far from the kingdom of heaven. Promise me that you will come with me," said the dying man. "I shall not be able to stay long with you. Promise me that you will come and join me *there!*" He put out his thin arm, and raised it towards the sky, which kept smiling always serene, and took no note of these outbursts of human passion. "I will wait for you at the golden gates," the invalid went on, fixing his hollow eyes first on one and then on another. "You will be my joy and crown of rejoicing! You cannot refuse the prayer of a dying man."

Colin, who was young, and upon whom the shadow of these golden gates was still hovering, held out his hand this time, touched to the heart. "I am coming," he said, softly, almost under his breath, but yet loud enough to catch the quick ear of Lauderdale, whose sudden movement displaced Meredith's arm, which was clinging almost like a woman's to his own.

"It's no for man to make any such unfounded promises," said Lauderdale, hoarsely; "though you read till your heart's sick, there's nothing written like *that*. It's a' imaginations, and yearnings, and dreams. I'm no saying that it cannot be, or that it will not be, but I tell you there's no such thing written; and, as far as I ken or you ken, it may be a' delusion and disappointment. Whisht, whisht, callants! Dinna en-

tice each other out of this world, where there's aye plenty to do for the like of you. I'm saying,—'Silence, sir!'" cried the philosopher, with sudden desperation. And then he became aware that he had withdrawn the support which Meredith stood so much in need of. "A sober-minded man like me should have other company than a couple of laddies, with their fancies," he said, in a hurried, apologetic tone; "but, as long as we're together, you may as well take the good of me," he added, with a rare, momentary smile, holding out his arm. As for Meredith, for once in his life—partly because of a little more emotion than usual, partly because his weakness felt instantly the withdrawal of a support which had become habitual to him—he felt beyond a possibility of doubt that further words would be out of season just at that moment, and so they resumed their way a little more silently than usual. The road, like other Italian roads, was marked by here and there a rude shrine in a niche in the wall, or a cross erected by the wayside—neither of which objects possessed in the smallest degree the recommendation of picturesqueness which sentimental travellers attribute to them; for the crosses were of the rudest construction, as rude as if meant for actual use, and the poor little niches, each with its red-eyed Madonna daubed on the wall, suggested no more idea of beauty than the most arbitrary symbol could have done. But Meredith's soul awoke within him when he saw the looks with which Colin regarded these shabby emblems of religious feeling. The Protestant paused to regain his breath, and could keep silence no more.

"You look with interest at these devices of Antichrist," said the sick man. "You think they promote a love of beauty, I suppose, or you think them picturesque. You don't think how they ruin the souls of those who trust in them," he said, eagerly and loudly; for they were passing another English party, which was at the moment engaged in contemplating the cross, without much apparent admiration, and already

the young missionary longed to accost them, and put the solemn questions about life and death to their (presumably) careless souls.

"They don't appear to me at all picturesque," said Colin; "and nobody looks at them that I can see except ourselves; so they can't ruin many souls. But you and I don't agree in all things, Meredith. I like the cross, you know. It does not seem to me to come amiss anywhere. Perhaps the uglier and ruder it is it becomes the more suggestive," the young man added, with a little emotion. "I should like to build a few crosses along our Scotch roads; if anybody was moved to pray, I can't see what harm would be done; or, if anybody was surprised by a sudden thought, it might be all the better even; one has heard of such a thing," said Colin, whose heart was still a little out of its usual balance. "A stray gleam of sunshine might come out of it here and there. If I was rich like some of you merchants, Lauderdale," he said, laughing a little, "I think, instead of a few fine dinners, I'd build a cross somewhere. I don't see that it would come amiss on a Scotch road—"

"I wish you would think of something else than Scotch roads," said Meredith, with a little vexation; "when I speak of things that concern immortal souls, you answer me something about Scotland. What is Scotland to the salvation of a fellow-creature? I would rather that Scotland, or England either, was sunk to the bottom of the sea than stand by and see a man dying in his sins."

The two Scotchmen looked at each other as he spoke; they smiled to each other with a perfect understanding, which conveyed another pang of irritation to the invalid, who by nature had a spirit which insisted upon being first and best beloved. "You see," said Lauderdale, who had entirely recovered his composure, "this callant, innocent as he looks, has a consciousness within him that Scotland's his kingdom. His meaning is to mould his generation with these feckless hands of his. It's a ridiculous

aspiration," continued Colin's guardian, "but that makes it a' the more likely: he's thinking what he'll do when he comes into his kingdom. I wouldna say but he would institute decorations, and give crosses of honour like ony other potentate. That's what the callant means," said his friend, with pride which was very imperfectly hidden by his pretended sarcasm—a speech which only made Meredith more impatient, and to which he had no clue.

"I think we had better go home," he said, abruptly. "I know Scotch pretty well, but I can't quite follow when you speak on these subjects. I want to have a talk with Maria about her brother, who used to be very religiously disposed. Poor fellow, he's ill now, and I've got something for him," said the young man. Here he paused, and drew forth from his pocket a sheet folded like a map, which he opened out carefully, looking first to see that there was nobody on the road. "They took them for maps at the dogana," said Meredith; "and geography is not prohibited—to the English at least; but this is better than geography. I mean to send it to poor Antonio, who can read, poor fellow." The map, which was no map, consisted of a large sheet of paper, intended apparently to be hung upon a wall, and containing the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," translated into Italian. It was not without a little triumph that Meredith exhibited this effort at clandestine instruction. "He has to lie in bed," he said, with a softened inflection of his voice; "this will console him and bear him company. It is a map of his future inheritance," the young missionary concluded, putting it back fondly into its deceitful folds;—and after this there was an uneasy pause, no one quite knowing what to say.

"You fight Antichrist with his own weapons, then," said Colin, "and do evil that good may come,"—and Lauderdale added his comment almost in the same breath—

"That's an awfu' fruitful principle if you once adopt it," he said; "there's no telling where it may end. I would

sooner leave the poor lad in God's hands, as no doubt he is, than smuggle in light to him after that fashion. I'm no fond of maps that are no maps," said the dissatisfied critic; by which time Colin had reloaded his guns, and was ready to fire.

"It is short enough," said Colin; "a man might keep such an utterance in his memory without any necessity for double dealing. Do you think, for all the good it will do your patient to look at that text, it is worth your while to risk him and yourself?"

"For myself I am perfectly indifferent," said Meredith, glad of an opportunity to defend himself. "I hope I could take imprisonment joyfully for the saving of a soul."

"Imprisonment would be death to you," said Colin, with a touch of compunction, "and would make an end of all further possibilities of use. To be thrown into a stony Italian prison at this season—"

"Hush," said Meredith; "for my Master's sake could I not bear more than that? If not, I am not worthy to call myself a Christian. I am ready to be offered," said the young enthusiast. "It would be an end beyond my hopes to die like my Lord for the salvation of my brother. Such a prophecy is no terror to me."

"If you two would but hold your tongues for five minutes at a time," said Lauderdale, with vexation, "it would be a comfort. No doubt you're both ready enough to fling away your lives for any nonsensical idea that comes into your heads. Suppose we take the case of the other innocent callant, the Italian lad that a' this martyrdom's to be for. No to say that it's awfu' cheating—which my soul loathes," said the emphatic Scotchman—"figure to yourselves a when senseless women maybe, or a when frightened priests, getting on the scent o' this heresy of yours. I'm real reluctant to think that he would not get the same words, poor callant, in his ain books without being torn to pieces for the sake of a map that was not a map. It's getting a wee chilly," said the philosopher,

"and there's a fire to be had in the house if nothing else. Come in, callant, and no expose yourself; and you would put your grand map in the fire if you were to be guided by me."

"With these words of consolation on it!" said Meredith. "Never, if it should cost me my life."

"Nae fear of its costing you your life; but I wouldna use even the weapons of God after the devil's manner of fighting," said Lauderdale, with a little impatience. "Allowing you had a' the charge of saving souls, as you call it, and the Almighty Himself took no trouble on the subject, I'm no for using the sword o' the Spirit to give stabs in the dark."

Just then, fortunately, there came a reasonable diversion, which stayed the answer on Meredith's lips.

"Arthur, we are going to dine early," said the voice of Alice just behind them; "the doctor said you were to dine early. Come and rest a little before dinner. I met some people just now who were talking of Mr. Campbell. They were wondering where he lived, and saying they had seen him somewhere. I told them you were with us," the girl went on, with the air of a woman who might be Colin's mother. "Will you please come home in case they should call?"

This unexpected intimation ended the ramble and the talk, which was of a kind rather different from the tourist talk which Colin had shortly to experience from the lips of his visitors, who were people who had seen him at Wodensbourne, and who were glad to claim acquaintance with anybody in a strange country. Little Alice received the ample English visitors still with the air of being Colin's mother, or mature protecting female friend, and talked to the young lady daughter, who was about half as old again as herself, with an indulgent kindness which was beautiful to behold. There were a mother, father, daughter, and two sons, moving about in a compact body, all of whom were exceedingly curious about the quaint little brotherhood which, with Alice for its protecting angel, had taken

possession of the upper floor of the Palazzo Savvielli. They were full of a flutter of talk about the places they had visited, and of questions as to whether their new acquaintances had been here or there; and the ladies of the party made inquiries after the Frankland family, with a friendly significance which brought the blood to Colin's cheeks. "I promised Matty to write, and I shall be sure to tell her I have seen you, and all about it," the young lady said, playfully. Was it possible, or was it a mere reflection from his own thoughts, throwing a momentary gleam across her unimpassioned face? Anyhow, it occurred to Colin that the little abstract Alice looked more like an ordinary girl of her years for the five minutes after the tourist party, leaving wonderful silence and sense of relief behind them, had disappeared down the chilly stone stairs.

CHAPTER XXX.

It is not to be inferred from what has just been said that it had become a matter of importance to Colin how Alice Meredith looked. On the contrary, the relations between the two young people grew more distant, instead of becoming closer. It was Lauderdale with whom she talked about the domestic arrangements, which he and she managed together; and indeed it was apparent that Alice, on the whole, had come to regard Colin, in a modified degree, as she regarded her brother—as something to be taken care of, watched, fed, tended, and generally deferred to, without any great possibility of comprehension or fellowship. Lauderdale, like herself, was the nurse and guardian of his invalid. Though she lost sight of him altogether in the discussions which perpetually arose among the three (which was not so much from being unable to understand these discussions as from the conclusion made beforehand that she had nothing to do with them), it was quite a different matter when they fell into the background to consult what

would be best for their two charges. Then Alice was the superior, and felt her power. She talked to her tall companion with all the freedom of her age, accepting his as that of a grandfather at least, to the amusement of the philosopher, to whom her chatter was very pleasant. All the history of her family (as he imagined) came unawares to Lauderdale's ears in this simple fashion, and more of Alice's own mind and thoughts than she had the least idea of. He walked about with her as the lion might have done with Una, with a certain mixture of superiority and inferiority, amusement and admiration. She was only a little girl to Lauderdale, but a delightful thing in her innocent way; and, so far from approving of Colin's indifference, there were times when he became indignant at it, speculating impatiently on the youthful folly which did not recognise good fortune when it saw it. "Of all women in the world the wife for the callant, if he only would make use of his een," Lauderdale said to himself; but so far from making use of his eyes, it pleased Colin, with the impertinence of youth, to turn the tables on his Mentor, and to indulge in unseasonable laughter, which sometimes had all but offended the graver and older man. Alice, however, whose mind was bent upon other things, was none the wiser, and for her own part found "Mr. Lauderdale" of wonderful service to her. When they sat making up their accounts at the end of the week, Alice with her little pencil putting everything down in pails and scudi, which Lauderdale elaborately did into English money, as a preliminary to the exact division of expenses which the two careful housekeepers made, the sight was pleasant enough. By times it occurred that Alice, dreadfully puzzled by her companion's Scotch, but bound in chains of iron by her good breeding, which coming direct from the heart was of the most exquisite type, came stealing up to Colin, after a long interview with his friend, to ask the meaning of a word or two preserved by painful mnemonic exercises in her memory; and she took

to reading the Waverley novels by way of assisting her in this new language; but, as the only available copies of these works were in the shape of an Italian translation, it may be imagined that her progress was limited. Meanwhile, Meredith lived on as best he could, poor fellow, basking in the sun in the middle of the day, and the rest of his time sitting close to the fire with as many pillows and cloaks in his hard, old-fashioned easy-chair as might have sufficed for Siberia; and, indeed, it was a kind of Siberian refuge which they had set up in the top floor of the empty cold palace, the other part of which was used for a residence only during the hot season, and adapted to the necessities of a blazing Italian summer. For the Italian winter—often so keen and penetrating, with its cutting winds that come from the mountains, and those rapid and violent transitions which form the shadow to its sunshine—there, as elsewhere, little provision had been made; and the surprise of the inexperienced travellers, who had come there for warmth and genial atmosphere, and found themselves suddenly plunged into a life of Spartan endurance—of deadly chill and iciness indescribable—has been already described. Yet neither of them would consent to go into Rome, where comfort might be had by paying for it, and leave the brother and sister alone in this chilly nest of theirs. So they remained together on their lofty perch, looking over the great Campagna, witnessing such sunsets and grandness of cloud and wind as few people are privy to all their lifetime; watching the gleams of snow appear and disappear over the glorious purple depths of the Sabine hills, and the sun shooting golden arrows into the sea, and gloom more wonderful still than the light, rolling on like an army in full march over that plain which has no equal. All these things they watched and witnessed, with comments of all descriptions, and with silence better than any comment. In themselves they were a strange little varied company; one of them, still in the middle of life, but to

his own consciousness done with it, and watching the present actors as he watched the sunsets; two of them entirely full of undeveloped prospects in the world which was so familiar and yet so unknown; the last of all making his way steadily with few delays into a world still more unknown—a world which they all by times turned to investigate, with speculations, with questions, with enthusiastic anticipation, with profound child-like faith. Such was their life up among the breezes across the soft slopes of the Alban hills; and in the midst of everything more serious, of opening life and approaching death, Lauderdale and Alice sat down together weekly to reckon up their expenses in Italian and English money, and keep their accounts straight, as the little housewife termed it, with the world.

During this wintry weather, however, the occupations of the party were not altogether limited to these weekly accounts. Meredith, though he had been a little startled by the surprise shown by his companion at the too ingenious device of the map—which, after all, was not his device, but that of some Tract Society, or other body more zealous than scrupulous—had not ceased his warnings, in season and out of season. He talked to Maria about dying in a way which inspired that simple woman to the unusual exertion of a pilgrimage to Tivoli, where the kind Madonna had just been proved upon ample testimony to have moved her eyes, to the great comfort and edification of the faithful. “No doubt, it would be much better to be walking about all day among the blessed saints in heaven, as the Signor Arturo gives himself the trouble of telling me,” Maria said, with some anxiety in her face, “but *vedi, cara Signorina mia*, it would be very inconvenient at the beginning of the season;” and, indeed, the same opinion was commonly expressed by Arthur’s Italian auditors, who had, for the most part, affairs on hand which did not admit of immediate attention to such a topic. Even the good-natured friars at Cape Cross declined to tackle the young

Englishman after the first accost; for they were all of opinion that dying was a business to be got over in the most expeditious manner possible, not to be dwelt on either by unnecessary anxiousness before or lingering regret after; and, as for the inevitable event itself, there were the last sacraments to make all right—though, indeed, the English invalid, *povero infelice*, might well make a fuss about a matter which must be so hopeless to him. This was all the fruit he had of his labours, there being at that time no enterprising priest at hand to put a stop to the discussions of the heretic. But, at the same time, he had Colin and Lauderdale close at hand, and was using every means in his power to “do them good,” as he said; and still, in the quiet nights, when the cold and the silence had taken entire position of the great, vacant house and the half-frozen village, poor Meredith dragged his chair and his table closer to the fire, and drew his cloak over his shoulders, and added yet another and another chapter to his “Voice from the Grave.”

As for Colin, if he had been a *litterateur* by profession, it is likely that, by this time, he would have begun to compile “Letters from Italy,” like others of the trade; but, being only a Scotch scholar, the happy holder of a Snell bursary, he felt himself superior to such temptations; though, indeed, after a week’s residence at Frascati, Colin secretly felt himself in a condition to let loose his opinions about Italian affairs in general. In the meantime, however, he occupied himself in another fashion. Together, he and his watchful guardian made pilgrimages into Rome. They went to see everything that it was right to go to see; but, over and above that, they went into the churches—into all manners of churches out of the way, where there were no grand functions going on, but only everyday worship. Colin was not a watchful English divine spying upon the superstition of Rome, nor a rampant Protestant finding out her errors and idolatries. He was the destined priest of a nation in a state of transition and renaissance, which had

come to feel itself wanting in the balance after a long period of self-complacency. With the instinct of a budding legislator and the eagerness of youth, he watched the wonderful scene he had before him—not the Pope, with his peacock feathers, and purple and scarlet followers, and wonderful audience of heretics—not high masses in great basilicas, nor fine processions, nor sweet music. The two Scotsmen made part of very different assemblies in those Lenten days, and even in the joyful time of Easter, when carriages of the English visitors, rushing to the ceremonies of the week, made the narrow Roman streets almost impassable. Perhaps it was a feeling of a different kind which drew the two strangers to the awful and solemn temple, where once the heathen gods were worshipped, and where Raphael rests; but let artists pardon Colin, whose own profession has associations still more lofty than theirs, if, on his second visit, he forgot Raphael, and even the austere nobility of the place. A humble congregation of the commonest people about—people not even picturesque—women with shawls over their heads, and a few of the dreamy poor old men who seem to spend their lives about Italian churches, were dotted over the vast floor, kneeling on those broken marbles which are as old as Christianity—some dropped at random in the middle, beneath the wonderful blue breadth of sky which looked in upon their devotions; some about the steps of the little altars round, and a little group about the special shrine where vespers were being sung. A lover of music would not have found a voice worth listening to in the place, and perhaps neither time nor tune was much attended to; but there was not a soul there, from the faint old men to the little children, who did not, according to his capabilities, take up the response, which was to every one, apparently, matter as familiar as an every-day utterance. These worshippers had no books, and did not need any. It might be words in a dead language—it might be but partially understood, or not understood at all; but at least it was known and familiar as no

religious service is in England, notwithstanding all our national vaunt of the prayer-book, and as nothing could be in Scotland, where we have no guide (save "the minister") to our devotion. When Colin, still weak and easily fatigued, withdrew a little, and sat down upon the steps of the high altar to listen, with a kind of shame in his heart at being unable to join those universal devotions, there came to his ear a wonderful chime of echoes from the great dome, which sent his poetic heart astray in spite of itself—for it sounded to the young dreamer like another unseen choir up there, who could tell of what spectators and assistants?—wistful voices of the past, coming back to echo the Name which was greater than Jove or Apollo. And then he returned to his legislative thoughts; to his dreams, patriotic and priestly; to his wondering, incredulous question with himself whether worship so familiar and so general, so absolutely a part of their daily existence, could ever be known to his own people. Such a thought, no doubt, had it been known, would almost have warranted the withdrawal of the Snell scholarship, and certainly would have deferred indefinitely Colin's chances of obtaining licence from any Scotch Presbytery. But, fortunately, Presbyterians are little interested in investigating what takes place in the Pantheon at Rome—whether old Agrippa breathes a far-off Amen out of the dome of his dead magnificence to the worship of the Nazarene, as Colin thought in his dreams; or what vain imaginations may possess the soul of a wandering student there.—He was roused abruptly out of these visions by the English party who had visited him at Frascati, and who came up to salute him now with that frank indifference to other people for which our nation is said to be pre-eminent. They shook hands with him all round, for they were acquainted with his story, and Colin was of the kind of man to make people interested in him; and then they began to talk.

"A sad exhibition this, is it not, Mr. Campbell?" said the mother; "one forgets how dreadful it is, you know,

when one sees it in all its grandeur—its fine music, and silver trumpets, and so forth; but it is terrible to see all these poor creatures, and to think they know no better. Such singing! There is not a charity school at home that would do so badly; and they speak of music in Italy!" said the English matron, who indeed in her last observation had some truth on her side.

"Hush," said Colin, who was young, and not above saying a fine thing when he could; "listen to the echo. Are there some kind angels in the dome, do you think, to mend the music? or is it the poor old heathens who hang about for very wistfulness, and say as good an Amen as they can, poor souls? Listen; I have heard no music like it in Rome."

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, what a beautiful idea!" said the young lady; and then, the service being ended, they walked about a little, and looked up from the centre of the place to the blue wintry sky, which forms the living centre of that vault of ages—an occupation which Lauderdale interrupted hurriedly enough by reminding Colin that they had still to get out to Frascati, and were already after time.

"Oh! you still live in Frascati," said Colin's acquaintance, "with that very strange young man? I never spoke to anybody in my life who startled me so much. Do you happen to know if he is a son of that very strange Mr. Meredith, whom there was so much talk of last year? that man, you know, who pretended to be so very good, and ran away with somebody. Dear me, I thought everybody knew that story. His son was ill, I know, and lived abroad. I wonder if it is the same."

"I don't think my friend has any father," said Colin, who, stimulated by the knowledge that the last train would start in half an hour, was anxious to get away.

"Ah, well, I hope so, I am sure, for your sake; for *that* Mr. Meredith was a dreadful man, and pretended to be so good till he was found out," said the lady. "Something Hall was the name

of his place. Let me recollect. Dear me, does nobody know the name?"

"Good-bye; it is over time," said Colin, and he obeyed the gesture of Lauderdale, and rushed after his already distant figure; but, before he had turned the corner of the square, one of the sons overtook him. "I beg your pardon, but my mother wishes you to know that it was Meredith of Moreby she was talking of just now," said the young man out of breath. Colin laughed to himself as he hastened after his friend. What had he to do with Meredith of Moreby? But, as he dashed along, he began to recollect an ugly story in the papers, and to bethink himself of a certain odd prejudice which he had been conscious of on first hearing the name of the brother and sister. When he got near enough to Lauderdale to lay hold of his arm, Colin could not help uttering, as was usual to him, what was at present on the surface of his mind.

"You know all about them," he said; "do you think they have a father?"

which simple words were said with a few gasps, as he was out of breath.

"What's the use of coming after me like a steam-engine?" said Lauderdale; "did you think I would run away? and you've need of a' your breath for that weary brae. How should I ken all about them? They're your friends, and not mine."

"All very well, Lauderdale; but she never makes *me* her confidant," said the young man, with his usual laugh.

"It's no canny to speak of *she*," said Lauderdale; "it's awfu' suggestive, and no a word for either you or me. She has an aunt in India, and two uncles that died in the Crimea, if you want to know exactly. That is all she has ever told to me."

And with this they dismissed the subject from their minds, and, arm-in-arm, addressed themselves to the arduous task of getting to the station through the narrow crowded streets in time for the train.

To be continued.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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TÜBINGEN IN 1864.

EVERY ONE has heard of Tübingen and its famous University. The latter is, in fact, more identified with the spiritual and theological development of Germany than any other single institution in the Fatherland. It is remarkable that it should be so, but such is the fact. Since the days of Melancthon, Tübingen has been a noted theological school—now renowned for its Evangelical and Pietistic doctrine, and now terrible for its powerful scientific development of Rationalism; reacting in each case with fruitful results upon the whole Protestant mind of Germany, and extending its influence over many lands. Bengel studied in it, and nurtured his exalted if somewhat mystical piety in its *Stift*, or Protestant institution for theological students; Ferdinand Christian Baur was trained in the same institution; and the little room in which the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss was first composed is pointed out as a curiosity to the visitor. The wheel of theological speculation has traversed its whole circumference there, nor do its weary rounds yet seem at an end. What is specially known in England as the "Tübingen School" is no longer known in the place of its birth, and theological study in the University has entered on a new career, the full issues of which are not yet apparent.

It is singular in some respects that Tübingen should be thus influential, for the place itself is sufficiently unimportant. It is a small, dull, and, even for Germany, superficially stupid provincial

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town, scarcely within the verge of modern civilization, so far as external amenities and the ordinary accommodations of travellers are concerned. It lies in the Suabian highlands, on the break of a ridge rising over the Neckar, which has grown at this point into a considerable stream, impetuous and turbid, but with no beauty or romantic picturesqueness. It is pleasant to watch its hurrying waters, and especially pleasant to see a long raft piloted down its banks wild with dank grass and tufted brushwood; but there are but few spots where you feel inclined to linger and muse—your restless thoughts hushed by the quiet beauty around you. Honestly, we cannot say that we found the Neckar interesting or in any degree romantic, in the neighbourhood of Tübingen or even of Heidelberg, notwithstanding that Umland has lived and sung upon its banks, and that German enthusiasm—whose effervescing qualities so easily overflow—has much to say in its praise. Its rapidity nowhere reaches power; its banks are neither gay nor grand; and whatever charms the Neckar valley may have are derived in only a secondary degree from the stream which gives its name to it.

Is there, indeed, anything upon the whole so disappointing to the tourist as the sight of great rivers, whose world-fame may have been the dream of his boyhood? What inexpressible riches of association surround the Tiber, and yet, with all the wild, sullen, and vehement majesty of its occasional flow,

when it has been swelled by the snows of the Sabine Hills, what is it but a muddy, tumbling current (*vorticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena*¹) with scarcely a picturesque outline along its banks? The Arno is dull with the same dirty yellow, save when the evening sunshine sleeps upon it, and the dying light of a sky which would glorify the meanest rivulet touches its sluggish waters. Who does not know that the glories of the Ilissus live only in the pages of Plato, and that the Cephissus is, for the most part of the year, merely an unclean torrent bed? Certainly, no native of Britain need travel far in search of beautiful and picturesque river scenery. The evening sun lights from Richmond Hill a scene of as pure, sweet, and imaginative loveliness as any Italian or German stream presents; and the swift, bright waters of the Tay (brightness is an incomparable attribute of Scottish streams), as they sweep past Dunkeld, or mingle at Cargill with the more sluggish Isla, or dash down the Campsie linn, are girt by landscapes of such delightfully varied and richly blended picturesqueness as is vainly sought for in more famous scenes. The Rhine is, no doubt, unexampled in some aspects of grandeur—there is a strong, rejoicing, ample life in it, from its brawling youth in the Splügen pass,² and its wild, boisterous riot along the *via Mala*, to the broad, careless, unceasing fulness with which it precipitates itself past storied castles and wealthy cities; but, while we yield to none in admiration of this great river itself, we confess, with most people who have long carried a pent-up store of enthusiasm in their hearts for it, to disappointment with the first or even the second view of its scenery, especially with the din of so many German ballads ringing in our ears.

Certainly, the Neckar is not fitted to gratify any excited enthusiasm as it rushes past Tübingen. Nor will our readers attribute this to any prejudice on our part, when they find how willing

we are to do justice to what is really charming in the neighbouring scenery. The town lies partly on the ridge surmounting the river—the houses turning, with a pretty effect, their gables to the water, and partly in the hollow formed by the break of the ridge. The streets are irregular and somewhat slovenly; as, indeed, there is a slovenly air about the whole place—no modern neatness or suggestions of comfort or enjoyment for strangers, and yet no compensating antiquity. The Schloss, in its present form, has no claims to a venerable age, and only escapes positive ugliness by its massive and elaborate gateway, and the commanding attractions of its situation. It stands on the summit of the western declivity on which the town partly lies, and is so obviously a position of strength, holding the key, not only of the Neckar valley but of the valley on the other side, that it has been the site of a fortress from time immemorial. Long before it came into the possession of the Dukes of Württemberg, it was the seat of the Palatine Earls of Tübingen—one of those numerous feudal families, whose castles still stud, in various stages of decay, so many beautiful prominences of the Suabian Alps, and from which, singularly enough, have sprung the chief reigning families of Germany. It is a striking and lovely prospect on which it looks over either valley, but especially towards the south and east, as successive ridges swell upon the view, moulded into the most exquisite outlines by the rich and verdurous wood, which clothes their sides and crowns their summits—Hohenzollern rising like a turreted, aerial glory in the distance.

It is the instinct of most travellers to reach some eminence from which they can survey this temporary spot of their sojourn—and in Tübingen, save the castle eminence, there is little to detain the passing traveller. The church may claim a visit, and particularly the painted windows of the choir, which interested Goethe while his head was running on his theory of colours, as may be seen in one of his letters to Schiller.

¹ Æn. ix. 816.

² The *Hinter Rhine*. The *Vorder* and *Mittel* rises among the St. Gothard mountains.

in his Swiss journey. The various buildings associated with the University, though destitute of any architectural attraction, will interest the student; but the tourist, if such a phenomenon ever reaches Tübingen, will find nothing to make him stay, except the castle and the splendid landscape which surrounds it. If he is not merely a tourist, but a quiet lover of the beautiful, so far as hill, and wood, and valley—above all, the richest effects of wood—can form the beautiful, we can promise him, however, sufficient scenic interest and gratification in the neighbourhood. It is not too much to say that the walks are endlessly varied in landscape effect—the ridges of hills now lapping over one another, and now separating into single prominences with the most picturesque groupings—now, again, dipping into sweet, glad valleys;—wood everywhere, not in mere frequent patches, nor in broad, irregular masses, but in softly clustering diversified forms, filling and refreshing the eye, and touching the imagination with a quiet joy.

There is something singularly charming in the wooded scenery of the Suabian Alps. One does not analyse at first the peculiar sources of the pleasure which he receives. The hills are not lofty nor massive; they do not tower in bold and conspicuous summits; there are no lakes, nor even lakelets, lying among them: and the streams, while they run here and there mountain-coloured, with a clear mountain sound, are yet ordinary streams—seldom romantic in their course—only in one instance, near Urach, breaking into a striking, but slight fall; but withal the landscape effects are, after their kind, more richly perfect than any we have ever seen. From ridge to ridge, and valley to valley, the scenery renews itself with the same peculiar sense of completeness—each scene a divine miniature in itself—a living picture of varied yet compactly harmonious outline and colouring. The main cause of this, undoubtedly, is the peculiar care of the Suabian forester, who has converted his trade into an art. Nothing but artistic skill could have ever covered those

hills with such luxuriant charms of forestry, such delicious patches of wooded beauty, without a single scar or rugged aspect, without even an unhealthy tree here and there to mar the effect. To stand on any of the eminences around the Castle of Lichtenstein—a singularly striking and picturesque object, as it rises sheer from an isolated precipice, embosomed in wood,

“Aus einem tiefen, grünen Thal steigt auf
ein Fels als wie ein Strahl,
Drauf schaut das Schlösslein Lichtenstein
vergnügend in die Welt hinein.”

—an object scarcely less attractive within, from its remarkable collection of mediæval antiquities, and the quaint, richly historic taste with which its tiny rooms are decorated—to stand and contemplate the surrounding landscape, in its intermixture of hill and valley, lofty plateau, fertile corn-field, and thriving village, is as pleasant and fresh a reward for his frequent suffering as any wearied tourist can find; and, amid all the pleasure that awaits him on such a spot, the freshest and most delightful—the most quietly, deeply satisfying—will be the wonderful, the inexpressibly beautiful effect of foliage and forest that meet his eye.

So far as scenic attraction is concerned, there are few countries more beautiful than Suabia, and few neighbourhoods more delightful than Tübingen. If the town itself is uninteresting and presents but few social *agrémens*, the environs are charming. The student need never be at a loss for recreation. The country invites him everywhere. There is no road or turn he can take which does not open up some pleasing or grand prospect—a glimpse into some *riant* verdurous nook, or a distant view over hills purple and glorious in the evening light. Then, for the historical student, there is, about two miles off, the ancient monastery of Babenhausen, untenanted and partly dilapidated—the church having been destroyed, and rebuilt in a very poor fashion—but mostly standing as entire and noble as when it teemed with the industrious Carthusian Brethren, who, in the thirteenth century,

spread themselves through the Suabian valleys, and have everywhere left traces of their beneficent influence. The cloisters and the smaller refectory of this old monastery are particularly fine and perfect; and one wonders that, with its neighbourhood to Tübingen, it has not been turned to some educational purpose.

It is its educational activity that alone gives importance to Tübingen. Not only is it the sole university for Württemberg—a kingdom about as large in extent and importance as Scotland—but it has long been, as we have said, a famous theological school, to which students beyond Württemberg resort. Various causes have contributed to this. The ecclesiastical Protestantism of Württemberg is of a less definite and, so to speak, less party character than in other parts of Germany. It is Lutheran, without the more rigid peculiarities of Lutheranism. The vicinity of Switzerland appears to have operated with a moderating influence upon the ecclesiastical condition of the country from the time of the Reformation; and the result is that the Württemberg Church presents a curious and somewhat indefinite mixture of elements.

It has a gradation of clergy without "orders" in the usual Catholic or Anglican meaning. In a spiritual and ecclesiastical point of view all clergymen are equal—*pares inter pares*—the humblest Pfarrer and the so-called Decan and Prelat; but there is an official rank among them constituted by the Civil Government, and which has never professed to be derived from any higher or Divine authority, according to which the Decan has his diocese, within which he exercises a certain jurisdiction, and the Prelat his appropriate duties and privileges, one of which is a seat in the *Lower Chamber* of the legislative body of the country. Like other Lutheran Churches, that of Württemberg is thoroughly *Erastian* in the modern and somewhat abused sense of that word. It possesses no power of self-government. Not only does it receive its revenues from the State,

but the State regulates all its concerns, and may even impose a change of ritual, as it did to some extent about half a century ago.¹ The Consistory, or highest governing body of the Church, is not strictly an ecclesiastical assembly at all, although it embraces the prelates and other clergy among its members. It is nothing more than a special organ of the State, by which all its members are nominated, and from which it takes all its authority.

In its worship the Württemberg Church presents a similar combination of elements. It is liturgical, and yet, in the simplicity and meagreness of its ritual forms, it approximates to the Swiss or Reformed Churches. It has no prayer-book—only a *Gesangbuch*. Service is begun by singing, to the accompaniment of the organ, out of this *Gesangbuch*, and it concludes in the same manner. The *Gesänge* are not hymns, but a series of devotional chants, biblical in spirit, but not in language; many of them very impressive, but carrying neither the full charms of Scriptural nor of Catholic association. During the singing the preacher enters the pulpit, the people all rising as they see him advance from the sacristy, and remaining standing. The true service then commences by an invocation on the part of the preacher, followed by prayer from a book—which, however, is not in the hands of the people;—reading the Gospels and Epistles, according as it is morning or afternoon, in a certain order throughout the year (no other portion of Scripture being read); then sermon; and then concluding prayer. The sermon is generally long; and the prayers, like the singing, are deficient in Catholic suggestion and association. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more meagre service with any pretence to liturgical form. There is one part of it, however, as it appeared to

¹ A change out of which the singular community at Korntal, in the neighbourhood of Stuttgart, arose. This community is not formally separated from the National Church, but it preserves peculiar rites of worship, and especially is privileged to use the old Service-Book, the alterations in which created the dissatisfactions out of which it sprung.

us, very touching and beautiful. At the close of the first prayer by the officiating clergyman, he invites the people to join with him in silently repeating the Lord's Prayer. He turns to the side of the pulpit, kneels, and silently repeats it himself, while all do the same, reverently inclining their heads as they stand. Standing is the attitude of prayer, as it also is that of the clergyman, save when on this occasion he repeats the Lord's Prayer: sitting is the attitude in singing.

Such is the Würtemberg Church—Protestant, yet neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian; ritualistic after a fashion, yet without a complete liturgy or service-book. Besides the Protestant Church, however, it must not be forgotten that there is also a Catholic Church in Suabia, equally in the pay of the State, and nearly to the same extent under its control.¹

The education of the Protestant clergy is the main, and, it may be said, the governing idea of education in Würtemberg, and the effects of this are very significant. It has been influential, even more so than in other parts of Germany, in the production of a learned clergy. For there is not only here, as elsewhere, a careful and solid gymnasial training in Latin and Greek, but

there is moreover a class of institutions peculiar to Würtemberg, known by the name of "lower seminaries" (*niedere Seminaren*), to which the intending theological student is promoted by examination, and where he spends four years under special theological training for the university. There are four such institutions in various parts of the country: at Maulbronn, Blaubeuern, Schönthal, and Urach, about eight miles or so from Tübingen. There Hebrew is superadded to the continued study of Latin and Greek, with the result of thoroughly grounding the pupils in the original text of the Old as well as of the New Testament. They commence Hebrew with the first year of entrance, and prosecute it without intermission throughout their course of study. There are generally a few pupils in these seminaries who do not ultimately enter the Church, but the regular supply of pupils is derived from those who have this destination in view. They are promoted, so many a year, after examinations held in Stuttgart, and they are the pupils of the State from the time they enter—having not only their instruction free, but also their support. It may be easily conceived what a stimulus is thus provided for the manufacture of theologians in a comparatively poor country; and some of the most singular phenomena of German theology may be traced, not very indirectly, to this simple cause. When the State thus furnishes a liberal bounty on the production of theological speculation, who can wonder that this speculation should be fruitful in all forms of development?

Other features of these institutions have no less their influence. The pupils and teachers live together in half-monastic fashion; some of the institutions have, in fact, been old monasteries. They are under the control of a head or Ephorus, who is partly a theological teacher in the ordinary sense, and partly spiritual and material comptroller of the establishment. Bengel was, during the greater part of his life, Ephorus of a "lower seminary." Baur began his theological career in the same manner at Maulbronn. Nor does this mode of life cease with the preparatory

¹ The position of the Catholic Church in Würtemberg, and especially of the Catholic Faculty of Theology in Tübingen, is in some respects very interesting and instructive, although we have not dwelt upon it. Our thoughts were naturally more directed to Protestantism and the state of Protestant theology. It is invidious, moreover, to say much of living names. Suffice it to say that the Catholic Faculty of Divinity in Tübingen boasts at least two distinguished men—Dr. Kuhn, Professor of Dogmatics, and Dr. Hefele, Professor of Church History. Dr. Hefele is well known from his elaborate "Concilien Geschichte," and his edition of the "Apostolic Fathers," by far the most useful that exists. He is a most pleasing and attractive lecturer, as all will admit who have heard him. Dr. Kuhn is less known out of Germany, or beyond the range of German Catholicism; but his lectures on *Dogmatics*, so far as published, stamp him a man of first-rate speculative, as well as theological, ability. He belongs to the same liberal section of German Catholicism as Döllinger, and his dogmatic position has been the subject of violent attack by the extreme traditional school.

stage of the student's career. It is perpetuated at the University in a slightly modified form.

On the completion of his preliminary studies the student is promoted, after further examination, to what is called the *Stift*, at Tübingen. The *Stift* is an old conventual establishment, where the Protestant students live together under the most exact discipline, and which is, in fact, more truly than the University, their *alma mater*, if it merit so gracious a name. So essentially characteristic is this semi-monastic training of Wurtemberg theological education, that the Catholic students—which is, indeed, less to be wondered at—have a similar institution known under the name of *Convict* (*Convivium*). In these institutions everything in the shape of board as well as education is provided for the students. They have each a small separate apartment, in allotments of a dozen or so, with mutual access, and closely attached to the room of a minor superintendent and tutor (under the Ephorus) who goes by the name of *Repentent*, one of his chief functions being to repeat their various exercises—their Hebrew lessons, for example—with the students under his particular charge. They take their meals, of course, together, fare and utensils being of a very rough description—*rough* is the word rather than simple; and all is done under the vigilant eye of the Ephorus, who presides at the head of the room at a table apart. Baur was for many years, and at the time of his death, Ephorus of the *Stift*, and particularly distinguished for his conscientious and very strict discipline. Strauss was one of his pupils there; and so far was he from being a solitary example of the anti-Christian tendencies which may be nourished under all this artificial process of theological breeding that he belonged to a *Promotion*, as it is called, which sent forth a set of well-known men of similar opinions with his own, who are still influencing the progress of thought in Germany. To the *Stift* there is attached an excellent theological library; most of the theological lectures are given in its rooms; and, in short, it

is the centre of Protestant theological activity in Tübingen. A *Stiftler* is proud of his home and of his theological school; and, with the peculiar self-confidence characteristic of the German students in general, does not believe there is such an institution in any other country. It would be no matter that you hinted to him there might possibly be equally good institutions, or that certain things might be improved in the internal arrangements of the place. Your remarks would never ruffle his complacent self-consciousness. He knows nothing better; the coarseness of the food is native to him; and, beyond the range of *German* theological learning, he ventures to think there is nothing worth knowing. England especially, so far as any theological learning or activity of theological speculation is concerned, is a land of darkness and thick ignorance. The Church of England is a mere engine of State corruption, of idle and worldly luxury, or, at least, mainly this. The existence of any English theology worthy of the attention of a German divine, particularly of a *Stiftler* who has been trained to read Hebrew from his fifteenth year, is an idea which can scarcely find an entrance into his mind. Dr. Pusey is pretty well known in the world; his name has been stamped upon a great ecclesiastical movement of the time; wherever he is known his Hebrew scholarship is also known, and his work on the "Minor Prophets" is supposed to be a fair representation of such scholarship anywhere, ennobled by devout reverence and spiritual insight which no one denies to him, however much one may differ from him. The late Dr. Lee, of Cambridge, was also generally supposed to know something of Hebrew. But the young Suabian theologian never heard of either, is very much inclined to doubt their existence—so far, at least, as regards the Hebrew scholarship—and, not in the least ashamed of his ignorance, naïvely asks "if any Hebrew grammar has ever appeared in England?" Has Oxford or Cambridge ever reached such a pitch of Semitic scholarship as that? Of any of

the more distinguished names of English theology—Hooker, or Jeremy Taylor, or Barrow, or Bull, whose Latin might have been supposed to have made him intelligible—German theologians, as a rule, know nothing; and it is not to be expected that the young *Stiftler* can know anything. It is, in fact, an almost pervading belief in Germany, which even so great a man as Döllinger¹ does not rise above, that there is no country which has produced any modern theology except itself. And, undoubtedly, some of the most inveterate vices of German theological writers spring out of this complacent ignorance. Knowing only their own theological literature, and “comparing themselves with themselves,” they continue, most of them, to write in the same barbarous manner—a style which is really no style at all, destitute as it is of all form and grace; a cumbrous nomenclature bristling with formulæ and encyclopædic sub-divisions² unintelligible to any but the initiated; a mere amorphous mass of language in which the seeds of thought lie scattered as infrequent jewels to reward the patient digger. If they would only open their eyes a little wider, and make themselves familiar with some of the great masters of theological thought and expression in England, or with such masters as Pascal and Bossuet in France,³ they could not continue to use such a mere technical verbiage, the general currency of which has much to do with the peculiarities, and especially with the apparent profundity, of German theology. This profundity in great part is nothing but verbal obscurity and involution, which disappear at the touch of a really thoughtful and perspicacious intellect, which loves the light rather than the

darkness, and of all delusions is most impatient of the self-delusion which its own idol-forms so often impose upon it.

It may be gathered from our description what we believe to be the excellencies and what the defects of the Tübingen or Württemberg Theological Education. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the thoroughly scientific and scholarly training which the pupils of the “Lower Seminaries” and of the “Stift” receive. Such an effectual drilling in the original texts of Holy Scripture is the necessary basis of all profound theological culture, and a race of theologians can only be produced anywhere by such a process. Württemberg, accordingly, has been more fruitful in theologians, perhaps, than other parts of Europe. With every successive generation there springs up a new stock out of the old well-drilled soil, and the University throughout its history has almost never failed in distinguished or remarkable names. Only in two or three instances, perhaps, can it be said to have produced theologians who have really influenced the progress of Christian thought, and made themselves widely known beyond Württemberg, or at furthest Germany; but it has never wanted learned and able teachers in whom the science of their age was fitly, if not supremely, represented. But it is impossible, at the same time, not to feel that, while this learned basis is so necessary, and so surely fruitful in some directions, there are other conditions no less necessary to create the highest type of theological culture. Learning must not only be thorough and well-exercised, but, above all, must be living, aiming not merely at a technical proficiency in its own special department, but at a sympathetic affinity with all forms of knowledge and intellectual activity. It must be human in spirit, and not merely professional. The theologian still more than the philosopher must not isolate his work, and never look beyond it into the wide world of life and literature; but he must try rather to realize his calling in intimate connexion with every form of human aspiration, and to carry on his work in association with the general progress

¹ See his “Church and Churches.”

² It is not uncommon to exhaust successive alphabets—Latin and Greek—in the enumeration of sub-divisions, and to be obliged to have recourse to Hebrew letters.

³ It is a remarkable fact that the few German theologians who have done this write, for the most part, a clearer, purer, and higher style than is customary with their countrymen. There are living names (some of them significant and influential) of whom this is true.

of thought and of moral feeling ; otherwise, with the highest capacities, he will be found frequently "beating the air," living in a world of self-created abstractions, finding at once his own pleasure therein, and often waging a vehement and useless warfare with opposing abstractions quite as visionary as his own. This is the danger of making any study too professional, and certainly no study has suffered from it so much as theology. The great moving spirits of the practical world—men of action, men of literary and scientific instincts, who feel the reality, beauty, and power of the outward world in every moment of their life, and on all the most significant phases of individual or social development—are apt simply to ignore a branch of study which thus abstracts itself, and to look upon it as a cabalistic art from which ordinary minds are warned off as mere intruders. The great defect of the Würtemberg system of theological education is that it directly tends through all its stages to cultivate this one-sided professional bias. From the first, theology is regarded more as a craft, with whose special tools the student is to make himself thoroughly familiar as a means of advancing his professional career, than as a branch of general culture in affinity with other branches of liberal education, and only attaining to its richest and most influential results in connexion with these branches. The forcing of theological study by State donations calls many minds to the study who have no further aptitude for it than natural, intellectual vigour, and a precocious ability of mastering the learned languages. In the village schools and lower gymnasia there is a regular supply of such ability, which, in a comparatively poor country, with a simple form of government—half paternal and half constitutional—and no extensive departments of public service, finds no opening so accessible or congenial as the study of theology. The career of a peasant youngster who promises well as a scholar is made for him by the State from the time that he leaves the village school. It takes him by the hand, educates him, feeds him, drills him, and not

only so, but to a certain extent isolates him as one of a class of a select professional band, first in the "Lower Seminaries," and then in the "Stift," till the young theological recruit emerges in full panoply of theological armour, panting to give the world proof of his metal, and to flesh his theological sword in some opponent of his favourite dogmas. But, in the meantime, he has learned to know little or nothing of the world, not merely the world of contemporary history, which must remain somewhat hidden from all hard students during youth and early manhood, but the world of general thought and practical ability. He has *learned* everything—even his very manners, and very remarkable manners they often are—as a conscious task from books or preceptors. He has been drilled, schooled at every point ; he is a scientific proficient in his professional weapons ; but is he educated after all ? Certainly not on the old Ovidian principle—

"ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

This want of general culture, both personal and intellectual—such culture as not only softens the manners, but ennobles and humanizes the imaginative and social affections, and so enlarges the sphere of intellectual vision as to make one hold his own opinions, if not distrustfully, yet with some degree of meekness and sympathetic appreciation of the opinions of others—such a culture as this is not common among German theologians, and is certainly not to be acquired in the schools of Würtemberg. And the result is that, while there is great theological activity, and much conflict of Christian, or anti-Christian, opinion, there is comparatively little genuine theological progress. Theology holds its self-chosen course, but has hitherto failed to link itself on with the general progress of intellectual and social civilization.

German theology in general, and the Tübingen theology in particular, has had a predominant tendency to two extremes—biblical mysticism and speculative Rationalism. The one of these extreme schools knows nothing, and

cares for nothing but Scripture, or, more truly, its own excogitations of Scripture. It believes in its own singular capacity to explain (*erklärung* is its favourite weapon) not only Evangelical truth, but prophetic mystery. The inherited tradition of Catholic opinion has no value for it—the Catholic Church no honour as the vehicle of that tradition. Christian consciousness and Christian history are ignored as Divine witnesses. “The Bible, and nothing but the Bible,” is the watchword of this school—a noble watchword if its adherents had really any more power of reading the meaning of the Bible than others; whereas, *their Bible* is merely one side of the Divine Mind in Scripture, corresponding to their own preconceptions. Bengel may be taken as by far the most distinguished representative of this school. On the other hand, speculative Rationalism, of which Baur will be always held the great representative, recognises no peculiar Divine meaning in Scripture. The Bible is associated with, and in some degree recognised as, the origin of a great moral and intellectual development in history, and to the study of this development Baur gave himself with the most comprehensive, enlarged, and keensighted capacity. No mind of modern times, perhaps, has understood more thoroughly, or set forth with more mastery, certain phases of this development; but then the Divine facts which constitute the basis of this development were rejected or at least ignored by him. They refused to come within the canons of scientific explanation, and they remained, therefore, unintelligible mysteries to be set aside, or fables to be scorned. In speaking of the resurrection, he is reported to have been in the habit of saying to his class that he did not profess to instruct them as to whether it was a fact or not. The apostles, no doubt, believed in it; and from this belief, from their profound Christian consciousness on this subject, the great reality of the Church and the whole of Christian history had sprung. But the fact of the resurrection was a matter which concerned the Christian dogmatist or apologist rather than the his-

torian. And so it is that, while the Biblical mystical school make nothing of Christian history, or the living witness of the Church from the beginning, the Baurean theology makes history everything. The one knows nothing but the Bible according to its own version—the other only recognises the books of Scripture as links in a great march of thought, springing out of no specially Divine source! There is no progression with the one school, and they deal with Scripture as if the Divine Spirit did not live in the Church as well as in Scripture; with the other school there is nothing but progression—a line of thought the most distinctive, and of practical activity the highest that has ever influenced humanity—resting on nothing, or what seems to most minds nothing, apart from the Divine in Christ and in history. As every one knows, it has been the great aim of the critical labours of this side of Tübingen theology—the most powerful expression of Rationalism that Germany has witnessed, or can well be destined to witness—to explain the natural origin not merely of the Gospels (the special task of Strauss), but of the Christian Scriptures as a whole.

We do not mean at present to go further into the theological contrasts thus suggested, but merely to fix the attention of our readers upon the fact of such contrasts or extremes constantly repeating themselves in German theology. So true is this that, since the death of Baur, and even before, the old dogmatic mystical tendency which has been, upon the whole, the prevailing tendency in Tübingen, notwithstanding the evil name which it has acquired in England for Rationalism, has revived in great force and earnestness. The Baurean Historical Rationalism is already gone in the University which has given to it a lasting name. Puseyism is not more effete as a living influence at Oxford than the peculiar theology of Baur is now at Tübingen. The wave of rationalistic thought has dispersed from its origin into the Universities of Switzerland, leaving the bed of theological speculation there not dry, but

rapidly refilling from the old Biblical springs. This is, no doubt, a blessed change, in which all Christians must rejoice. So far as the interests of a genuine theology, and still more of genuine Christian life are concerned, there can be no fair comparison between the two tendencies we have ventured to characterize. The present school of Biblical theology in Tübingen is Christian in all its principles—deeply, devoutly earnest in its aims; but no less truly do we believe it to be exclusive and one-sided, more so perhaps than the preceding Evangelical schools of Bengel and of others. It undervalues, or rather entirely fails to recognise, the importance of Christian history—the great Catholic tradition of Christian doctrine—while it overvalues the capacity of private or individual interpretation of Holy Scripture. It is self-reliant in a remarkable degree—intensely dogmatic—unsympathetic, and ominously mystical. In short, it still shows, strongly, however fused down by the fire of noble Christian feeling, the influence of that arbitrary self-confidence which the gregarious and one-sided education of the Würtemberg theological seminaries has a direct tendency to foster. And so, too, it is destined to pass away before some new

arbitrary tendency of a novel, and therefore, temporarily, more powerful character.

This arbitrary *self*-element, under the guise of Protestantism or Biblicism, is, and has been, the subtle bane of Protestant theology everywhere, taking the type now of a proudly consistent and intolerant dogmatism, and now again of a still more proud and frequently quite as intolerant Rationalism. We are satisfied that there is a “more excellent way,” a true *via media* between these extremes, not plunging into—nor even approximating—the mere agglomerate traditionalism of the Roman Church, nor yet rejecting the Past in behalf of any self-created dogmatism—a stand-point at once biblical and historical, Protestant and Catholic, recognising the Divine in Scripture, yet no less recognising the Divine in Christian reason and history; a living, if not abstract harmony of doctrine, at once philosophical and scriptural, mirroring the Divine in its whole circumference, not adequately indeed—as there never can be an adequate intellectual representation of an infinite Truth—yet as adequately as the interests of Christian science and Christian life demand.

T.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF “AUSTIN ELLIOT,” “RAVENSHOE,” ETC.

CHAPTER L.

IN WHICH TWO BAD PENNIES COME
BACK.

WE stayed in the lodging which Miss Burke had so kindly found for us, in the Irish quarter of Palmerston, for a considerable time. We might have had quieter neighbours, I will allow; but it is impossible that we could have had kinder. We were free of the quarter—nay more, under the protection of the quarter. No one ever offered to fight us; and, as for the noise, why I have

heard noise enough in Lawrence-street, Chelsea, at times. We were quite used to that sort of thing, and got on most comfortably.

In some mysterious way our affairs seemed prospering, for I noticed that my father's calm, square face, so dear to me, so closely watched by me, grew brighter every day. The frequent interviews with the Hon. Mr. Dawson seemed to afford him great satisfaction. At last he came home one night, and said that we should have to prepare ourselves to go over yonder in a few months. On its being clamorously demanded of

him where that was, he merely replied, "Why, over yonder," and pointed to the right of the fire-place, in the direction, as I afterwards ascertained, of the South Pole.

My father was a great deal with Mr. Dawson now, and I and the rest of us guessed that Mr. Dawson was putting him in the way of some business. Tom Williams had got leave from my father to go to work with Trevittick at a forge in the town. I could have gone too, for I was fearful of getting behind in my work, and, though I was very fond of Tom Williams, yet I should hardly have liked to have him pass me; but Mr. Dawson would not allow me to go to work. He negatived the proposition flatly, and got my father to back him, by some gross misrepresentation or another.

I have said that my father was a great deal with the Hon. Mr. Dawson, but I think I ought to say that I was a great deal more with him. Every night, or nearly every night, as soon as it was dark, Mr. Dawson would come to our house and ask for me, and then he and I would go out alone together, up and down the most secluded outskirts of the city hour after hour. And, after a few of these walks in the dark, under the Southern Cross, among the whispering trees in the domain, by the still silent reaches of the river, or beside the rushing surf of the moonlit bay, I began to see a very great and noble soul, trying, through the fetters of ignorance and diffidence, to unfold itself before me. In these midnight walks, I heard, bit by bit, clumsily told, yet faithfully, the history of a man who had done good when he had had every temptation to do evil; who had consistently and pertinaciously followed the right—more, it somehow seemed to me, by some blind instinct, than by any intellectual conviction.

He had recognised my father's great worth at once, and had treated him as an equal and a friend. But with my father he never made any allusion to his origin. He was nearly as jealous of his position with him as he was with Pollifex or Morton. In me the good

man seemed to see his own youth reproduced, and he opened his heart to me. I was at that time just what he had been thirty years before—a young blacksmith apprentice. His confidences with me were little more than soliloquies at first. He had lived in and for himself all his life, and in me he saw the old self of his youth revived. And his great heart, unspoilt after so many fierce struggles with a world which had never had a chance of understanding him, began to unfold itself before the light of my youth and my love.

"Old chap," he said to me one night, among the silent, aromatic trees, "I've been fighting your battle for you."

"Yes, sir?" I answered.

"Ay. But I haven't altogether won it. I was trying to persuade your father to let you marry at once, whereas I have only beat him down to six months, or, to be correct, to five months and eight days. At the end of that time old fellow, you're to have your indentures give you, and to marry Martha; which is so far satisfactory, as Pollifex said when he had shot three of the bushrangers and the kangaroo-hounds had baited the fourth one up in the verandy."

I was in such a flutter of happiness at this most unexpected news—for we had *hoped* for three years—that, in trying to say something pretty to him, I found that I was nearly reduced to the old formula of "thank you." I think I decorated it a little; for my kind, good friend, who deserved the title of Honourable if ever a man did, laid his hand on my shoulder, and changed the subject for a time.

"Now, old fellow, it being dark, and Pollifex and Morton not looking out for us (and that is the reason I don't walk with you in the daylight), I'll just speak to you as one smith may to another. What am I to do about Trevittick?"

"About Trevittick, sir?"

"Ah! about Trevittick. I've put your father in the way of making his fortune in the trade. He is grateful enough about the matter; for your father is a true gentleman, Jim, mind that, but he is firm on that point."

I had to explain that I knew nothing. "Why, I have laid your father on to this job. The township at Port Romilly is just surveyed, and your father is going to set up his forge there. Port Romilly, which lies just under Cape Wilberforce, will be a great place, and your father will make his fortune. Lord bless you, I'll give six hundred a year for your father in six months. And your father says to me, as firm as a rock, 'If I ever get the chance, Mr. Dawson, I'll repay your kindness sevenfold; but, with regard to Trevittick, sir, that man stuck to me most noble when the whole world pretty nigh had left me, and I have took Trevittick into partnership; and in partnership he stays, sir, unless by his own act.'"

"But," I said, "my dear sir, I think Trevittick is very honest."

"Confound him, yes; that's the very worst of it. That's the very mischief, don't you see. That's just what makes one long to bang his curly head against that there wall. Two days ago, I laid that man on to a capital thing in the North; but no. Says he to me, as bold as brass, 'Sir, I thank you kindly; but the company of those Burtons has become necessary to me.' That's just the words he said to me, as cool as you like."

"He'll make a good partner to my father, sir," I ventured to urge.

"Maybe," said my honourable friend; "but I don't want him down South. Who is that Tom Williams? He seems very thick with him. If I could get that lad away, I expect Trevittick would follow."

"I daresay he would," I said; "but Tom, bless you! would be lost away from us. He won't go. My father took him from the parish."

"Eh?" said Mr. Dawson, with new interest.

"From the parish workhouse. Tooting, you know. Hadn't got any father and mother, as far as could be ascertained. At least, not worth speaking of. After father got hold of him, he grew six inches and increased one stone six in weight in the first year. Father used to

have him put opposite to him, to see him eat his victuals. That boy never had a kind word before he came to us; and since he has come to us, he has never had a cross one. He won't go, sir."

"Ought to be hung if he did," said Mr. Dawson. "A parish boy, eh? I say, old fellow, can you keep a secret?"

"I hope so."

"Why, then, I'm a parish boy," he said. "I who stand here, by God's mercy, a rich and honourable gentleman, was brought up in the workhouse of St. Nicholas Without, and, if that ain't the strangest thing ever you heard on, I should be glad to know it."

After a pause he went on: "We weren't farmed out like you was—I mean like Tom Williams was—and they were kind to us in the main. Yes, I think they were kind to me in the main. After forty years, Jim, I don't bear any malice to any one in that workhouse. When I left that house to be bound, I left it with a glad heart; and I turned round and shook my fist at the walls, and was going to curse it, and all the officers in it, save one; but I couldn't do it. All of a sudden the thought came over me that it had been my home for fourteen years, hideous and wretched as it was, and I burst out crying. After a year or so, my heart was softened, Jim, and I felt as if I must go back and see the officers, more particularly one I thought had always used me cruel. 'For,' I said, 'it's no doubt owing to his beating on me morning, noon, and night, with whatever came handy, that makes me so steady and industrious now.' He used to say there was Scripture for it. And I went back to shake hands with him. And he was dead. And I couldn't ask his pardon. And that's been a caution to me about bearing malice ever since."

When I thought of the tender mercies of Tooting, I guessed how much this good man had to forgive, and was silent.

"But the master," he continued, in a brisker tone. "There was a kind man for you. That man never gave me one hard word in fourteen year."

"Couldn't he have stopped old Hopkins from beating you, sir?"

"Lord bless you, he never know'd nothing of that. I never was a sneak. I'd have had my flesh cut to pieces before I'd have sneaked. And, when I was bound, the master he shook hands with me, and he says, 'You've been a good steady lad, Dawson.' And he gave me a shilling; and I bought a handkercher with it, which I've got now. And, when I die, Jim Burton, you take and put that handkercher into my coffin; or the money will do you no good."

We parted here, and I went homeward, thinking how it was that this man had not been thrashed into a savage and a criminal, and wondering whether some people were born so good that you couldn't spoil them; wondering also whether that calm gentle eye, that quiet face, and that complacent expression of strength in the whole figure, were cause or effect; and while thinking about it I got home, and found that there was company to supper.

Only one. A lady. Mrs. Quickly.

There she was, sitting opposite my mother, exactly the same as ever. As faultlessly clean and neat, with the same exquisite waxen-pale complexion, the same beautifully-parted chestnut hair, scarce sprinkled with grey; the same dark silk gown, fitting so perfectly to her neat slim figure; the same beautiful thin hands folded in her lap before her; the same snow-white handkerchief, neatly folded over her bosom; altogether the same ideal of spotless cleanliness and purity; slightly overdone perhaps, but still beautiful to look on, as of yore; with the very same prurient little devil sitting in the corner of her eye. Mrs. Quickly was there, not changed one bit.

Not even in her cap, which you will notice that I have not as yet mentioned. The fact is that, although Mrs. Quickly was the very pink of prudish neatness in every point, yet still the good woman could not restrain herself in the matter of caps. I have no doubt she would have done it if she could, but the old

Adam was too strong in her. She had on a cap like a prizefighting publican's barmaid, which gave her very much the appearance of having broken out into blossom like an amaryllis; a plant of more than nun-like quietness of stalk and foliage, surmounted by a gaudy crimson-and-white blossom.

When Mrs. Quickly applied for the post of under-matron to Mrs. Broodhen, at Sydney, that experienced matron gave one look at her cap, and another at her eye, and ordered her out of the room. She forbade her to come near the place, and at last made Sydney too hot to hold her. Mrs. Quickly threatened to go to her lawyer, but didn't. There is no doubt that Mrs. Quickly, as she can prove to you any day, was shamefully used; but then Mrs. Broodhen was a woman of great sagacity and experience, and as a general rule knew immensely well what she was about, as many a poor friendless girl will testify with blessings. I traced the calumny of Mrs. Quickly's having been a nobleman's mistress, and of her having been so outrageously extravagant in dress as to half ruin Lord Holloway and oblige him to live abroad, to Tom Williams, and through him to that excellent, though indiscreet, busy-body, his present wife, formerly Miss Polly Ager, of this story. Really, even now, I do not know what to say about Mrs. Quickly. I am in a minority, but I can only say that when all was over and done, she made her story good to me. My wife says that she would do so to any man who was fool enough to listen to her.

But still, when I saw that woman sitting there, I felt a cold chill. When I thought of Mrs. Clayton (whilom Mrs. Bill Avery), and Mrs. Quickly living in the same town, I saw that at any moment an explosion might take place, which might bring infinite misery on the head of the innocent Clayton, and others. But then I said to myself that they could not involve us in it, further than as spectators. The Hillyars and the Burtons lived in an atmosphere of their own, an atmo-

sphere of innocent purity, and could not be involved in the troubles of such people as these. Alas!

"No," I repeated to myself next morning, "the innocent won't suffer for the guilty. My father kept the peace between her and her husband in Brown's-row sometimes, and, if anything leaks out, I hope he'll be handy to do it again. But we are safe; our course lies smooth and clear before us."

But, when I came round the corner sharp, the very next minute, on our worthy cousin Samuel Burton, sitting on a flour-barrel under a large umbrella, smoking a Manilla cheroot, in the real Australian way, with the big end in his mouth: then I was not quite so sure that it did.

CHAPTER LI.

TREVITTICK'S LATENT MADNESS BEGINS TO APPEAR.

THE fierce summer was blazing over head; the forests were parched and crisp; the plains were yellow and dry, and the rivers at their lowest: some barely whispering, others absolutely silent; as we passed away to the southward, towards our new home, and our strange new fortunes.

To the west and north of the town, the dun grey wolds rolled off in melancholy waves towards the great interior; but to the south, on our track, the vast wood-clad mountains, dimly visible in the south-west, had thrown out a spur, which carried the dark forest with it down to the sea, and ended not ten miles from the town in the two noble promontories, Cape Horner and Cape Huskisson; so that we had barely got clear of the enclosures when we found ourselves out of sight of the melancholy plains, travelling along a dusty winding track, fringed on each side with bracken fern, through a majestic open forest of lofty trees.

"I like this better than the plains," said Erne to me. "And yet I believe that I am going to live in the most dreary part of all the plains. The

secretary says that they have to send five miles for firewood."

"Then you have decided what to do, sir?"

"Yes, I was going to tell you as we started, but your natural anxiety about getting on horseback for the first time rendered you rather a bad listener. How do you feel now?"

"Comfortable enough for you to go on; time is getting short."

"Well, I am going to one of the stations belonging to Mr. Charles Morton for three years, to learn the squatting trade. The Secretary wanted me very much; but I took Morton's offer, because this particular station of his lies more in a particular direction than any one of the brother-in-law's; and the Secretary said one station was as good as another, though he was a little offended."

"I suppose it is nearer to us."

"It is *only* sixty miles; but it is nearer than any other."

"What did *she* say this morning?"

"The old word 'never,' Jim. She used the old argument about Joe's deformity, the impossibility of his marrying, and the necessity of some one devoting herself to him. And I said, 'Suppose that obstacle could be removed,' and she said there was a greater one still. She would never consent to drag me down to her level—that I was made for another sphere of life; and, when I impatiently interrupted her, she said, 'Mr. Hillyar, would Mr. Oxton or Mrs. Morton receive me? And don't you know that you would be cut off from the best society here by marrying me, and have nothing left but the billiard-rooms?' And I hesitated one instant, and she broke out into a little laugh at me. And she let me kiss her hand, and then we separated; and that is the end of all, my old Jim."

"Not for ever," I said. "If time or chance could remove those two obstacles ——."

"I am faithful for ever," said Erne, in a low voice, "but I am losing hope. If I did not know she loved me, I could bear it better ——."

I knew what was coming, from experience—a furious tirade against ranks

and proprieties ; but he was interrupted, for a horse came brushing rapidly along through the short fern, and rattling amongst the fallen bark, which lay about like vast sticks of cinnamon, and up came the Hon. Charles Morton at a slinging trot, on a big chestnut, with a blazed face, and four white stockings, a "Romeo." His shining butcher's boots fitted like a glove, or like Custance's; his spurs were fresh from the plate-brush ; his fawn-coloured breeches fitted to perfection ; his shirt was as white as the Secretary's, and his light drab riding coat (he wore no waistcoat) was met by a bright blue scarf, with a diamond pin, and his Indian pith helmet was wound round with a white veil ; his whiskers and moustache were carefully trimmed ; and altogether he was one of the most perfect dandies ever seen. This was Charles Morton of the towns ; Charles Morton of the bush—the pioneer—was a very different object.

"Hallo, Hillyar, my boy. Well, blacksmith, how are you to-day ? Confoundedly hot in these forests, is it not ? Hillyar and I shall be out on the breezy plains in an hour ; you will have forest for sixty miles or thereabouts."

I touched my hat for the information.

"You'll soon leave off doing that," he said, looking at me, laughing. And I thought if I never touched my hat to a less gallant-looking gentleman I should not care.

"I am sorry to advise you to come up country so soon," said Mr. Morton to Erne. "But, as my principal overseer in those parts is going back, it will be a great opportunity for you. He will introduce you to station after station on the road. He is not a gentleman by birth, but he is always received as one. I wish I could introduce you in those parts myself ; but, considering your close connexion with the Secretary, he will do as well. Clayton will prove your identity."

When I heard the name "Clayton," I gave a violent start, and cried out, "Good gracious," which made my horse move forward a little faster, and which, consequently, nearly laid me on my back

in the road. I lost both my stirrups, and hauled myself upright again by the reins. But my horse didn't care a bit. He only thought I was drunk. He was an aged stockhorse, which I had bought very cheap, as being a secure animal to begin with. He had been many years on the road, and had carried many stock-riders out of Palmerston, but never, hitherto, a sober one. He had been very much surprised at my not setting off full gallop for the first mile or two, yelling like a Bedlamite ; and had shown that he expected that to happen on two or three occasions, to my infinite horror. He had long since come to the conclusion that I was too far gone in liquor to gallop ; and, after my last reel, he concluded that I should soon fall off, and go to sleep in the road for an hour or two, after the manner of stockmen returning from town ; in which case he would have a quiet graze until I got sober. He was so fully persuaded of this that I had (with infinite caution, as though I was letting off a large and dangerous firework) to give him, now and then, a gentle reminder with the spur to make him keep up with the others.

"Hallo ! blacksmith !" said Mr. Morton. "We must teach you to ride better than that before we have done with you. But, Hillyar, you will find Clayton a very good, honest fellow. His wife is a woman of low origin, but well-behaved, who sings ballads, if you care about that ; there are no children, which, perhaps, you will be glad of. You will, however, find some books there. I am sorry to put you in a house where there is no society of your own rank ; but it was your choice, remember. As soon as you feel able to undertake the thing, I will put you in charge of one of the other stations thereabout, and then you will have a table and cellar of your own. It is time to say good-bye to your friend now ; here is Wattle Creek, and we take the road to the right ; I will ride on ; you will soon pick me up. Good-bye, blacksmith. God speed you heartily, my boy."

So, in his delicacy, he rode on, and left Erne and me alone together. There

were many last words ; and then the last of all—

“ Good-bye.”

“ Good-bye, my dear old Jim. Keep her in mind of me. Good-bye.”

And so he rode slowly away, and I saw him through a mist. When my eyes cleared again, I saw him passing on from sunlight to shade, from shade to sunlight again, through an aisle in the dim forest cathedral, whose pillars were trunks of the box-trees, and whose roof was their whispering foliage. Further and further yet, until he was lost among the thickening stems and denser boskage of some rising ground beyond. And then I sat upon my grazing horse, alone in this strange forest, foolishly wondering if I should see him, or any one I had ever known, again ; for all the past seemed more like reality than the present.

But I have noticed as a curious fact that town-bred blacksmith boys, however affectionate, are not given to sentiment ; and, the moment Erne was out of sight, and I had dried—blown my nose—I began to make such a series of remarkable discoveries that Erne, and the awful fact of his going to live in the house with Mrs. Clayton, sometime Avery, *née* Martin, went clean out of my mind. I gave myself up to the wild delight of being for the first time in a new and strange land.

Conceive my awe and delight at finding that the whole place was swarming with parrots. Hundreds of little green ones, with short tails, who were amazingly industrious and busy, and who talked cheerily to one another all the time ; others still more beautiful, with long tails (shell parrots, we call them, but now so popular in London as Zebra parakeets), who, crowded in long rows, kissed one another, and wheetled idiotically ; larger and more glorious ones yet—green, orange, scarlet, and blue (mountain blues)—who came driving swiftly through the forest in flocks, whistling and screaming ; and, lastly, gentle lories, more beautiful in colour than any, who sat on the Banksias like a crop of crimson and purple flowers.

Then I made another discovery. I crossed the creek, and, blundering up the other bank, struck my spurs deep into the old horse's sides, and away he went full gallop, and I did not fall off. As soon as I recovered my presence of mind, by using certain directions given me by Erne and others, I made the wonderful discovery that I could stick on, and that I rather liked it. I was in a colonial-made saddle, with great pads in front of the knee, and I found that by keeping my toes slightly in, and raising my heels, I could sit as easily as in a rocking-chair. I assisted myself with the *pom*—our space is limited—but I was most perfectly at home after a mile, and found it the most delightful thing I had ever experienced, to go charging on ten miles an hour through a primæval forest towards unknown surprises and unknown dangers.

Whether the old horse thought that my intoxication had, like some recorded cases of hydrophobia, broken out after a long period of incubation, or whether he thought that I was the victim of an acute attack of skyblues (as he would have called the malady known to the faculty as *delirium tremens*, could he have spoken), I am unable to say ; but he went like the wind.

The road turned and wound about very much among the tree stems, but the old horse took care of me. I was prepared for any adventure or surprise, from a lion downwards, when I was startled by the shrill cry of familiar voices, and, pulling up, found myself in the bosom of my family.

There were the dear old Chelsea group, a little older, sitting by themselves in this strange forest, just as they used to sit in old times in the great old room at home—my father and mother on a box side by side, Emma and Martha on the ground, with the children grouped round them, and Joe leaning against a tree, musing, just as he used to lean against the mantel-piece in old times.

“ And poor Reuben,” I thought, “ where was he ? ” But I said nothing. I asked my father how he found him-

self, and my father replied, "Bustin'"; and really the dear old fellow did look most remarkably radiant, as did the others, save Joe and Emma.

"We've been a having such a game a coming along, old man," said my father. "We seen a alligator as hooked it up a tree: didn't us, Fred?"

"And Harry, he's a drawn it in his book beautiful," said my mother complacently. "And now he's a drawing his own Jim a horseback, full gallop, as we see you a coming along just now. And Frank has been talking beautiful, and—"

I had dismounted, and Tom Williams had kindly taken my horse for me, and I was looking over my mother's shoulder at Harry's drawing of the great Monitor lizard and my humble self, rather uncertain, I confess, which was the lizard and which was me; but my mother had succeeded in getting my head against hers, and I asked in a whisper, "How are they?"

"Joe's terrible low," said my mother; "lower than ever I saw him. But Emma's keeping up noble. Did he send her any message?"

"No. How could he? He has got his final answer."

"I wish he had sent some message or other to her," said my mother; "for her heart's a breaking for him, and a few words would have been so precious. Couldn't you, eh, Jim—didn't he say anything?"

I did not wait for my dear mother to propose point blank that we should coin a message together, but I went over and sat beside Emma, and took Fred on my lap.

"He is gone," I said in a low voice.

There was only a catch in her breath. She made no answer.

"Shall I tell you his last words?"

The poor girl only nodded her head.

"He said, 'Good-bye, Jim. Don't let her forget me.' And no more I will."

There was the slightest possible suspicion of scorn in the look she gave me as she said, "Is that very likely?"

Perhaps I was nettled; perhaps it

was only owing to my clumsy eagerness about the matter which lay nearest to my heart. I cannot decide which it was, but I said,

"Would you not recall him now if you could?"

She did not answer in words, but she turned and looked at me; and, when she had caught my eye, she carried it with hers, until they rested on the figure of poor Joe, who had sat down on a log, with his great head buried in his hands. I understood her, and said no more, but quietly drew her to me and kissed her.

"If those two obstacles could be removed," I found myself saying a dozen times that day, and for many days.

We were travelling with a caravan of bullock drays, seven in number, each drawn by eight bullocks, all the property of our friend the Hon. Mr. Dawson, which were returning empty to one of his many stations, Karra Karra, after taking to Palmerston a trifle of fourteen tons of fine merino wool, to swell his gigantic wealth. It was a very pleasant, lazy way of travelling, and I think that, when the long 270 miles of it came to an end, there was not one of us who did not wish that we could have gone a few miles further.

If the road was smooth, you could sit on the dray. If it was rough, you could walk, and walk faster than the dray went; so much faster that some of us would walk forward along the track, which still wandered through dense and magnificent forest, as much as a mile or two, into the unknown land before us; and, forewarned of snakes, gather such flowers as we could find, which at this time of year were not many. We had very few adventures. Sometimes we would meet a solitary horseman; sometimes a flock of two or three thousand sheep going to market, whose three shepherds rode on horseback, and whose dogs, beautiful Scotch sheep-dogs, alert and watchful, but gasping with thirst, would find a moment to come to Fred or Harry and rub themselves against them complacently, and tell them how hot, hot, hot, it was

Sometimes again would come a great drove of fat cattle, guided by three or four wild-looking stockmen, in breeches and boots, which in this hot weather were the principal part of their clothing, for they had nothing else but shirts without any buttons, and hats generally without any ribbons. These men were accompanied by horrid great dogs, who cut Fred and Harry dead; but in spite of their incivility, their masters were very good-humoured and kind, keeping their cattle away from us with their terrible great stockwhips. The head stockman would always stay behind and talk to us—sometimes for a long while—generally asking us questions about England—questions which seemed almost trivial to us. I remember that one wild handsome fellow, who told Emma in pure chivalrous admiration, that looking at her was as good as gathering cowslips; was very anxious, when he heard we were from Chelsea, to find out if we had ever met his mother, whose name was Brown, and who lived at Putney. He was afraid something was wrong with the old lady, he said, for he hadn't heard from her this ten years, and then she was seventy-five. He would go home some of these days, he added, and knock the old girl up.

After a few of these expeditions, ahead of the drays, we began to take Trevittick the sulky with us. For Trevittick, thirsting madly after knowledge, in the manner of his blue-haired fellow-Phoenicians, had spent more than he could very well afford in buying a book on the colonial flora. He now began to identify the flowers as fast as we got them; and, as the whole of us went at the novel amusement with a will, and talked immensely about it afterwards, we attracted poor Joe's attention, and, to my great delight, he began to join us, and to enter somewhat into the pleasure with us.

The forest continued nearly level; the only irregularities were the banks of the creeks which we crossed at intervals of about ten miles—chains of still ponds walled by dark shrubs, shut in on all sides by the hot forest, so that no breath

of air troubled their gleaming surface. But, when a hundred miles were gone, the land began to rise and roll into sharp ascents and descents; and one forenoon we came to a steep and dangerous hill. And, while we were going cautiously down through the thick hanging trees, we heard the voice of a great river rushing through the wood below us. As we struggled through it, with the cattle belly-deep in the turbid green water, we had a glimpse right and left of a glorious glen, high piled with grey rocks, with trees hanging in every cranny and crag, and solemn pines which shot their slender shafts aloft, in confused interlacing groups, beautiful beyond expression. Only for a minute did we see this divine glen; instantly after, we were struggling up the opposite cliff, in the darksome forest once more.

"Why," I asked one of the bullock drivers, who volunteered that evening to show me a place to bathe, "why is the water so ghastly cold? I can scarcely swim."

"Snow, mate, snow. This water was brought down from Mount Poniatowski by yesterday's sun."

The next morning the scene changed strangely, and Trevittick walked like one in a dream. As we went up a hill we saw the light between the tree stems at the top, and the wind began to come more freshly to our cheeks. When we reached the summit the forest had come to an end, and we were looking over into Flinders Land.

A glorious country indeed; sheets of high rolling down, and vast stretches of table-land, bounded by belts of forest, and cut into by deep glens everywhere—channels for the snow-water from the mountains. Two great lakes gleamed among dark woodlands at different elevations, and far to the left was a glimpse of distant sea. A fair, beautiful, smiling land, and yet one of the most awful the eye ever rested on: for there was one feature in it which absorbed all the others, and made waving wood, gleaming lake, and flashing torrent but secondary objects for the eye to rest on—just as the ribbed cliffs of stone which form the

nave of Winchester, make the chantries of Wykeham and Edyngton appear like children's toys.

Far to the right, towering horrible and dark, rose, thousands of feet in the air, high above everything, a scarp of dolomite, as level as a wall; of a lurid grey colour with deep brown shadows. It dominated the lower country so entirely that the snow mountains beyond were invisible for it, and nothing gave notice of their presence but a lighter gleam in the air, above the dark wall. It stretched away, this wall, into the furthest distance the eye could penetrate. It had bays in it, and sometimes horrid rents, which seemed to lead up into the heart of the mountains—rents steep and abrupt, ending soon and suddenly—glens bounded with steep lawns of gleaming green. Sometimes it bent its level outline down, and then from the lowest point of the dip streamed eternally a silver waterfall, which, snow-fed, waxed and waned as the sun rose or fell. But there hung the great rock wall, frowning over the lovely country below; like Pitt's face at the last; reflecting in some sort of way smiles of sunshine and frowns of cloud, yet bearing the ghastly look of Austerlitz through it all.

So for twelve days this dark rampart haunted us, and led our eyes to it at all times, never allowing us to forget its presence. In the still cool night it was black, in the morning it was purple, at noon it was heavy pearly grey, and at sunset gleaming copper-colour. Sometimes, when we were down in a deep glen, or crossing some rushing river, we could only catch a glimpse of the level wall cutting the bright blue sky; sometimes, again, when we were aloft on a breezy down, the whole of the great rampart would be in sight at once, stretching north and south as far as the eye could reach; but for twelve days it bent its ghastly frown upon us, until we grew tired of it, and wished it would end.

At last it ended. Gradually, for three days, a peaked mountain grew upon our sight, until we reached it, and began passing over the smooth short

turf which formed its glacis; a mountain which rose out of the lower land in advance of, and separate from, the great wall which I have been describing; a mountain which heaved a smooth sharp cone aloft out of the beautiful slate country through which we had been travelling, and whose apex pierced the heavens with one solitary needle-like crag. It was the last remnant of the walls of the old lava crater, of a volcano which had been in action long after the great cliff, which we had watched so long, had been scorched and ruined into its present form. The men called the peak Nicnicabarlah; and, when we had rounded the shoulder of it we saw that our journey's end was near; for a beautiful fantastic mountain range hurled itself abruptly into the sea across our path, and barred our further progress, and as soon as we sighted it the men called out at once, "There you are, mates; there is Cape Wilberforce!"

"Cape Trap," growled Trevittick. "I'm blowed if I ever see such a game as this here. There should be *something* or another hereabout.—Tom Williams, don't be a fool, shewing off with that horse. He ain't your'n, and you can't ride him; so don't rattle his legs to bits."

Trevittick was always surly when he was excited, and, to lead away his temper from Tom, I began asking questions of the men.

"Where is the town of Romilly?"

"Down to the left, between the timber and the plain, alongside of the Erskine river; the little river Brougham joins it just above the town. The Brougham rises in the mountains, and comes down through Barker's Gap. This is Barker's Gap we are passing now, the valley between Nicnicabarlah and the Cape Wilberforce mountain. There was a great fight with bushrangers hereabouts a year or two back, when young Inspector Hillyar finished three on 'em single-handed. He was a sulky, ill-conditioned beast, but a good-plucked 'un. He married Miss Neville; he used to come courting after her to Barker's. That's Barker's down yonder."

He pointed to a cluster of grey roofs

in a break in the forest down below, and very soon after our whole caravan began to descend one of the steep, rocky gullies which led from the shoulder of the volcano towards the sea, and very shortly came into beautiful open forest-country, with a light sandy soil, the grass thin, but not wanting in abundance, and the ground intersected by innumerable dry water-courses.

There was a new mountain just in this place which attracted our notice—a little mountain, but wonderfully abrupt and picturesque, with high castellated crags. It was such a very lovely little mountain that Trevittick, Tom Williams, Joe, and I started off to go a little way up it.

A beautiful little mountain ; tumbled boulders round the base, and steep escarpments of grey stone above, feathered with those trees which the colonists call cherries, but which we will in future call cypresses, for the sake of English readers.¹ Trevittick got on the hill first, and, having taken up a bit of rock, said, "Well, I'm blowed," and seemed inclined to hurl it at Tom Williams, who was helping Joe to hunt a grasshopper about four inches long. To save an explosion I went up to him, and he unburdened his heart to me.

"Why," he said, "*it's granite.*"

I said I was very glad to hear it, but he turned on me so sharply that I was almost afraid I had made a mistake, and that I ought to have said that I had dreaded as much from the first. But after a somewhat contemptuous glance at me he went on—

"Yes, it's granite, or the substitute for it used in these 'ere parts. But it ain't felspathic-looking enough to suit *my* stomach, and so I don't deceive you nor no other man. Tom Williams, why be you hunting locusses instead of noticing how the granite has boiled up over the clay slates? Perhaps you'd like to see a plague of 'em ; though, for that matter, nine out of the ten plagues all at once wouldn't astonish the cheek

out of a Cockney, and the effect of the plague of darkness would be only temporary, and even that wouldn't only make them talk the faster."

Trevittick's ill-humour showed me that he was excited, although I did not in the least know why, or really care. I am afraid that at times I thought Trevittick, with all his knowledge, little better than a queer-tempered oddity. Perhaps what confirmed me in this belief, just at this time, was his way of expounding the Scriptures, which he did every Sunday morning, as I honestly confess, to my extreme annoyance. The moment that man got on the subject of religion, all his shrewdness and his cleverness seemed to desert him, and he would pour forth, for a whole hour, in a sing-song voice, a mass of ill-considered platitudes on the most solemn subjects ; in the which every sentence, almost every word, was twisted round to meet the half-dozen dogmas which formed his creed. After his exposition of the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah, Joe and I declined further attendance.

A pleasant road, winding for miles among gently inclined forest gullies, led us to our new home, and, while the sun was still alive in the topmost branches of the majestic trees, we came upon the inn where we were to stay for the present. There were this one inn and a few other huts and inclosed paddocks scattered in the half-cleared forestaround, but the sounds of nature, gentle and subdued as they were upon this quiet evening, far overpowered the faint noises of human occupancy. When the drays had gone on and left us, and the cracking of the last whip had died away in the wood, and the last dog had done barking from some little shanty far among the trees ; then the air was filled with the whistling of birds, and the gentle rush of the evening breeze among the topmost boughs ; for the little river Brougham, which falls into the larger Erskine here, had ceased to babble in the drought—was sleeping till the summer should end.

¹ *Exocarpus cupressiformis.*

CHAPTER LII.

CHANGES IN THE ROMILLY HOME.

VERY quiet was Romilly in those old days, so old, yet in reality so recent. Ah me, what a turn my world has taken since I stood in the dusty road that evening, with Emma leaning on my arm and saying—

“What a happy place, Jim. What a peaceful place. See there, there is the burial-ground through the trees. I would sooner be buried there than at Chelsea—but—it don't much matter where, does it? What was it Joe was reading to us out of the new book? Something—and there came

“And hands so often clasped with mine
Should toss with tangle and with shells.”

I cannot remember any more, but it was about hearing the feet of those who loved you pass over your grave.”

My father and mother were two people who carried home about with them. Those two people, sitting together, would have made it home, even on an iceberg. Their inner life was so perfectly, placidly good; the flame of their lives burnt so clearly and so steadily that its soft light was reflected on the faces of all those who came within its influence; and such virtues as there were among those who were familiar with them were brought into strong relief, while their vices retired into deep shadow. In a few words, they were good people, and, like all good people, to some extent made others good. Not only did we of the family fall into our quiet grooves at once, but this township of Romilly began to rally round my father and mother before we had been established a week. Began to call at all hours and waste our time, to borrow and lend pots and kettles; to give, to ask, but seldom or never to follow advice; to go on, in fact, much the same as the Chelsea people had done on the other side of the water. After the first week of the establishment of our new shop, the men came and leant in at the window, and sat on the anvil, and toyed with the

hammers, just in the old style; and, before my mother had been a week in the hastily-erected slab-house, the women began to come in, to flump down into a seat, and to tell her all about it. People in some ranks of life would be surprised at the facility with which the lower classes recognise thoroughly trustworthy and good people. My father and mother not only submitted to these levees, but felt flattered by them. Every woman in the township had declined to know much of Mrs. Pödder—who was known to have travelled for her sins—until they “met” her at Mrs. Burton's, standing against the fire-place, with her bare arms folded on her bosom, smoking a short black pipe. Mrs. Burton had “took her up,” and that was enough. Mrs. Burton was so big, so gentle, and so good, that even the little weasel-faced Mrs. Rance, with the vinegar temper, had nothing more to say. Again, my father made no difference between Jim Reilly and the best of them. Jim Reilly was free to come and go, and get a kind word at the forge; and the forge was neutral ground, and Jim was undeniably good company; and so Jim was spoken to at the forge, and if you spoke to him at the forge you could not cut him elsewhere. And so it came about that Jim found himself in respectable company again, and mended his ways (which wanted mending sadly), for very shame's sake. And in time the stories about Jim's “horse-planting” propensities got forgotten, and Jim rode his own horses only, and grew respectable.

So time began to run smoothly on once more, and a month began to slip by more rapidly than a week had used to do in more unquiet seasons. The week was spent in those happy alternations of labour and rest which are only known to the prosperous mechanic—alternate periods of labour, in which the intellect is half-deadened, because instinctive manual dexterity has, through long practice, rendered thought unnecessary, and of rest, when that intellect begins to unfold itself like some polypus, or sea anemone, and cast its greedy arms abroad in all directions to

seize and tuck headlong into its unsatisfied stomach everything not actually inorganic. "O dura messorum ilia! O delicious unsatisfied hunger! O blessed intellectual digestion! Did you ever read "Zimmerman on Solitude" and somebody's (goodness knows who's now) "History of the United States" through in one week? I did. And Jim Williams lay in the bed opposite, maddened and sulky with the few scraps I threw him about Saratoga and the *Macedonian*, Bunker's Hill and the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*.

Joe got horridly angry with Tom Williams and me on the subject of discursive reading. He (in the heat of the moment, I hope) said one day that he should like to see me wrecked on a desert island, with a year's provisions, and nothing to read but Gibbon and Mosheim. That, he said, was the only thing which could happen to me that would make a man of me. After dexterously recalling a few compliments he had paid to Mosheim a week past that very day, in answer I begged to be allowed his favourite copy of Rabelais. But he said that Rabelais would rise from his grave if he attempted any such profane act.

"Jim," he went on, "I am only chaffing; you are a better scholar than I am. You know men, and I only know works. Now see how much in earnest I am; I am come to you to ask you to decide a most important affair for me, and I bind myself in honour to abide by your decision. Tom Williams, old fellow, would you mind leaving Jim and me alone a little? I know you won't be offended, Tom."

Tom departed, smiling, and then I said, "Martha, my love, perhaps you had better go and help Emma;" but Joe rose in his stately way, and, having taken her hand, kissed it, and led her to her seat again. The blacksmith's hunchbacked son had gradually refined and developed himself into a very good imitation of a high-bred gentleman; and his courtesy somehow reflected itself on the pretty ex-maid-of-all-work, for she merely smiled a pleasant natural smile

on him, and sat down again. What could a duchess have done more? But then courtesy comes so naturally to a woman."

"I cannot go on with the business in hand, my sweet sister," continued Joe, "unless you stay here to protect me. You know my brother's temper; unless I had your sweet face between me and his anger, I should not dare to announce a resolution I have taken."

"Pray," I said, "keep alive the great family fiction—that, because I splutter and make a little noise when I am vexed, therefore I have a worse temper than others; pray, don't let that fiction die. I should be sorry if it did, for I reap great advantage from it; I always get my own way—if, indeed, that is any advantage. However, go on, Joe; if your resolution was not an infinitely foolish one, we should not have had all these words of preparation."

"Why," said Joe, "that is hardly the state of the case. In the first place, you are not going to have your own way this time, because I am going to have mine; and, my will being stronger than yours, you will have the goodness to go to the wall with as little noise as possible. In the next place, my resolution is not an infinitely foolish one, but an infinitely wise one. The only question about it is, Shall I be able to argue your fool's head into a sufficient state of clearness to see the wisdom of it?"

Whenever Joe and I came to what I vulgarly called "hammer and tongs," I always yielded. I yielded now with perfect good humour, I think, and laughed; though Joe was really ruffled for a minute.

"The fact of the matter is," he said, "that I have an offer of a place as second master in the Government School in Palmerston; and I have accepted it. In three years I shall be inspector."¹

I was really delighted at the news. I had seen a long time that Joe had been getting very discontented and impatient in consequence of the common-

¹ The educational arrangements in Cooksland are different from those in any of the other colonies.

place life which we were forced to lead. He was "chafing under inaction" (a phrase which expresses nothing save in its second intention, but is good enough, nevertheless). I was pleased with his news, but I was very much puzzled at the hesitation with which he communicated it.

I said, "Joe, I am sincerely glad to hear what you tell me. We shall miss you, my dear old fellow, but you will never be happy here. There is no doubt that if you once get the thin edge of the wedge in you will make a career for yourself. And, as far as I can see, you will have a good chance of getting the thin edge of the wedge in now. I don't like to tell you how glad I am, for fear you should think that I shall bear our separation too lightly; but I am very glad, and so I don't deceive you."

"So you should be, my faithful old brother. I should soon become a plague to you here. But have you no other remark to make about this resolution?"

"No. In *particular*, no. In a general way of speaking, I am glad of it. With regard to details—now, have you broke it to father?"

"No," said Joe, plumply; "you must do that."

I didn't see any great difficulty about that. I was beginning to say that he would require a regular fit out of new clothes, and that we could manage that nicely now, when who, of all people in the world, should put in her oar but Martha.

"I suppose you have told Emma," she said.

"There!" said Joe. "A woman against the world. That is the very point I have been driving at, and have been afraid to broach."

"Do you want me to break it to her?" I asked.

"Break it to her! Why, my dear brother, it is all her doing from beginning to end. She gave me the first intimation that the offer would be made me, and then quietly told me that she had been in communication with Miss Burke about it for some months. She began on Miss Burke. I honestly confess that

I should never have thought of debauching the leader of the opposition before I put in my claim to ministers, but *she* did. She began on Miss Burke for the mere sake of inducing her to keep the Irish party quiet about my appointment; in the which phase of her proceedings Miss Burke's love for Lady Hillyar was her trump card, with which card she seems to have taken several tricks. Meanwhile, only three weeks ago, finding that Miss Burke was staying down here at the Barkers, she contrived an interview with her; and not only did she completely stop any opposition on the part of Mr. O'Ryan, but she actually persuaded, induced, bamboozled—I know not what word to use—Miss Burke into making the matter in some sort a party question. As I stand here, Miss Burke has made Mr. O'Ryan go to Mr. Oxtan and say that, in case of my appointment to the inspectorship, not a word, on their sacred word of honour, either next session or any future session, should pass the lips of any son of Erin on the subject of the appointment of Billy Morton to the harbour-mastership. And that's your Emma!"

I thought it was my Lesbia Burke, too, but I didn't say so. And, indeed, I was too much engaged in wondering at what Joe told me about Emma to think much about Lesbia Burke just now. I confess that I was a little amazed at this last exhibition of cunning and courage in Emma. If I had not repelled her by a little coarseness of speech and a little roughness of temper, she would have confided in me more, and I should have noticed the sudden development of character which took place in her after our troubles—that sudden passage from girlhood into womanhood. But, indeed, it was only fault of manner on my part. And she loved me: she loved me better than all of them put together. Indeed she did.

"How do you want me to act in the matter, then?" I said.

"I want you to undertake father and mother. I want you not only to tell them of my appointment, but also to tell them this—that Emma has determined, under

their approval, of course, to come to Palmerston, and keep house for me."

I started as he said this. I was unprepared for it; and, as I did so, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, turning round, I saw that Emma was standing behind me.

"Emma," I said, "are you really going to leave us?"

She motioned me to come out with her, and we went out together and walked among the trees.

"You are not going to dissuade me from going, are you, my brother?" she said.

I was quite silent. She clasped her two hands together over my arm, and hurriedly asked me if I was angry.

"There is never any confidence given to me until all the world knows the matter," I said; "then, when it is impossible to alter matters, the affair is broken to me. Can you wonder that I am ruffled sometimes? I will not be angry now, but I will not allow that I have no reason."

"Only because I did not confide in you; not because you disapprove of our resolution?"

"Well, yes. I approve on the whole of your resolution; it is natural that you should be by his side for the present; though the time will soon come when he will not want you. You will be hardly ornamental enough to sit at a statesman's table, my poor, fat old thing."

Poor Emma was so glad to hear me speak in my natural tone that she threw her arms round my neck. I laughed and said,

"There is some one who don't think you a fat old thing, ain't there? When will you go?"

"Next week."

"So soon? Does Joe say it is necessary?"

"No," she answered with some decision; "he does not say it is necessary. But I urged him to go, and pointed out the reason, and he quite approves of my resolution."

"Erne will think it very unkind. It will be so marked, to go only a day or two before his first visit."

"Let him think it unkind. I know which is the kindest line of action. I shall go, Jim. This is a matter in which I must decide for myself. Why did you start? Have you seen anything?"

We had wandered away along a track in the forest till we had nearly come to a dense clump of the low tree called lightwood (sufficiently like an English bay tree), through which the road passed. The night was gathering fast, and, when we were within fifty yards of the dark place, my cousin Samuel emerged from the gloom and came towards us.

I walked straight on, with Emma on my arm, intending to pass him without speaking. I had never spoken to him in Palmerston, and she had never seen him there; so this was her first meeting with him since that dreadful night when she had rescued Reuben from that den of thieves into which he had drawn him. I was made anxious and angry by his sudden appearance here in Romilly, and I very much wished to avoid having anything to do with him.

Emma, however, would not pass him without a kind word, and so she stopped as he stood aside to let us pass him, and said,

"It is a long while since we met, cousin. I hope you have been well since I saw you."

"I have been very well," he answered, with a false smile wreathing on his thin lips. "I am very much obliged to you for speaking to me, for I was anxious to see you, and ask you a question."

"I shall be glad to answer it," she replied. "I am your debtor, you know."

"You are pleased to say so. I will go on, with your leave. I am exceedingly anxious and unhappy about my boy Reuben."

"On what grounds?" said Emma. "He is well, and is doing very well. I heard from him last mail."

"He preserves a dead silence towards me. I never hear a word from him. I have no answer to my letters. What is the meaning of this?"

By this time his voice had risen to a shrill treble, and he was waving his

arm up and down threateningly; his pinched features, his long nose, and his high sloping eyebrows began to form an *ensemble* which looked uncommonly vicious. He went on—

“He has been tampered with, his affections have been alienated from me, and his mind has been poisoned against me, by that scoundrel. How dares he? is he mad?”

I said that none of us had ever been so wicked as to stand between Reuben and his father.

“I am not talking of you, my lad,” he said in a quieter voice. “You and yours have always been what is kind and good. I am speaking of a scoundrel, a wretch, without decency, without gratitude—a monstrous mass of utter selfishness. But let him take care! Let him take care!”

And so he walked swiftly away under the darkening shadows, with his hand raised menacing over his head, muttering, “Let him take care.” And it came into my head that if I were the gentleman referred to I most certainly would take uncommon good care.

“It’s Morton, the keeper, he is so wild against,” I remarked. “I am glad that there is fourteen or fifteen thousand miles between them.”

“It must be Morton,” said Emma; “otherwise I might think it was Sir George. What a strange thing this is, his never coming near Stanlake! I wonder why?”

“I cannot think,” I said, as we turned homewards, “that Reuben is right in not writing to his father. I cannot understand it; it is unlike Reuben.”

“I do not understand it either,” said Emma. “I will certainly mention it to him the next time I write. Poor old Reuben! how I should like to see him again! How time goes on, don’t it, eh? Jim, I want to walk further with you in the dark, just one more turn.”

“Come,” I said, cheerfully. “I could

walk for ever in this delicious owl’s-light, with you beside me.”

I went on with her gently, whistling and waiting for her to begin. I was very anxious.

“I am going to ask half a dozen questions about Mr. Erne Hillyar. Is he ever likely to be rich?”

“I cannot see how. He gets some nominal salary where he is—two hundred a-year, I think; and, when he is out of his apprenticeship, I do not see how he is to start on his own account without capital. His share of the property would certainly be enough to make him rich here. But, as I tell you, he will die sooner than claim it.”

“A strange crotchet. But look here. He would take it in an instant if a reconciliation were brought about between him and his brother. Why could not that be done? Think of it.”

“What is the good? Erne here in Australia, and Sir George at Timbuctoo by this time, for aught we know! Nonsense. There are only two obstacles to prevent your accepting Erne, as you well know—the care of Joe, and your dread of lowering Erne. About the first obstacle I shall say nothing, but I certainly don’t want Erne to be raised away above our level once more, and so I tell you plainly.”

We said no more, but went silently in. I kissed her when we came to the door. Those sweet sister-kisses were becoming precious now, for was she not going to Palmerston to keep house for Joe? and one might not see her again for so long—certainly not till after I was married. There was between us one deep source of disagreement. I had set my heart on her marrying Erne, and she would have none of it. But still she was very, very dear to me—dearer perhaps and more valued since that cause of disagreement had arisen between us than she had ever been before.

To be continued.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. CHALMERS—PART III: HIS STUDIES, OPINIONS, AND SCHEMES.

IN my last paper I surveyed, more particularly, those eight years of Chalmers's middle life during which his position was that of a Glasgow parish minister, and his fame that of the greatest pulpit-orator of his country and generation. But in the year 1823, greatly to the surprise of the public, Chalmers gave up his Glasgow charge; and the remainder of his life divides itself into two portions, each having a certain distinctness. From 1823 to 1828, or from his forty-fourth year to his forty-ninth, there was a five years' interval of comparative quiet and seclusion, during which he recruited himself, after the fatigues and turmoil of Glasgow, in the Moral Philosophy professorship in his native University of St. Andrews. But again, in 1828, he reappeared in a station of central publicity by accepting the Professorship of Theology in the University of Edinburgh—a position involving a kind of honorary presidency over the whole Scottish Church; and from that date to his death in 1847, at the age of sixty-seven, he continued to reside in Edinburgh—for fifteen years out of the nineteen in the above-named professorship in the University, but for the last four years as Principal and Professor of Theology in the newly-founded college of that Free Church of Scotland which he himself had organized.

Well, what of the orator amid these changes? The most famous days of Chalmers's pulpit-oratory were certainly those of his parish ministry in Glasgow. But from first to last he was an orator. He carried the orator in him beyond the period of his celebrity in Glasgow, and to the last hour of his life oratory was his characteristic mode.

For one thing, he never quite gave up preaching. Both while at St. Andrews and while at Edinburgh he would occasionally appear in some pulpit, renewing for some in the crowded congregation that flocked to hear him the well-remembered sensations of his Glasgow preaching, and showing to others, beyond anything they had dreamt of, what great preaching might be. Then, again, though he had ceased to be a parish minister, he remained still, by Presbyterian rule and custom, a leader in the business of the national Church. He was a member of the successive General Assemblies or ecclesiastical Parliaments which met annually in Edinburgh; and in these Parliaments, and in public meetings connected with church-affairs, his voice now rang more loudly and frequently than it had done before. Especially from about the year 1830 onward through the stormy period which ended in the "disruption" of 1843, Chalmers's oratory was in request in behalf of the Church-policy which he then led. Moreover, even within the narrower bounds of his class-rooms in St. Andrews and Edinburgh, he was still uncontrollably the orator. While expounding Moral Philosophy to his students in the one University, or Theology to his students in the other, it was not in his nature to be purely and coolly didactic. The little audiences lay beneath him as material to be operated upon by his most ardent ideas—to be stirred and roused as well as taught. Finally, although in Chalmers at Glasgow there had been seen not only the pulpit-orator, but also that peculiar development of the orator which exhibits him as passing into the practical philantrop-

pist or statesman—although at Glasgow he had begun to publish his views on various social and political questions, and even to give effect to those views in schemes and institutions—yet it was in his subsequent life at St. Andrews and Edinburgh that he elaborated those views into their completest shape for general application. If under the name of orator you include him who by any means, by pen as well as by tongue, pleads and wrestles for certain modes of managing society and diminishing human wretchedness, then on this ground, as well as on the others, you may say that Chalmers was an orator to the last.

But, whatever a man may be, it cannot be supposed that at the age of forty-three the process of his mental formation stops; and hence, as we follow Chalmers from Glasgow on through the remaining twenty-four years of his life at St. Andrews and at Edinburgh, we do see his mind still subject to enrichments, compressions, fissures, and lateral fallings-in, according to the influences that acted on it. We see a continued accretion, variation, and consolidation of the matter of his oratory. As far as I can judge, the five years of his comparative rest and seclusion at St. Andrews were a period of peculiar interest in this respect.

When Chalmers left Glasgow in 1823, it was, as I have said, to the surprise of the public. It was, I may add, to the astonishment and consternation of his parishioners. What! give up his unparalleled position in Glasgow—that great city which he had swung round bodily from Moderatism to Evangelicalism by his preaching—in order to go into the retirement of a professor's chair in St. Andrews? A Moral Philosophy professorship! What was philosophy, moral or of any other sort, that a preacher of the Gospel—but, above all, a Chalmers—should shunt himself off in the middle of his ministry into such a miserable half-heathen siding? But Chalmers had reasons by which he justified the step to himself. It was not solely that he had become sick, body and soul, of the bustle and fatigue attendant on his monstrous popularity

in Glasgow—"a popularity," as he had himself described it, "more oppressive than gratifying; a popularity of stare and pressure and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings around its unfortunate victim; a popularity which rifles home of its sweets, and, by elevating a man above his fellows, places him in a region of desolation, where the intimacies of human fellowship are unfelt, and where he stands a conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice and envy and detraction; a popularity which, with its head among storms and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannahs of a drivelling generation." He could have borne up, doubtless, against the fatigues of even such a popularity for the sake of the opportunities of better influence which he knew to be involved in it. But his old longing for a quiet academic life had come back upon him, not merely with the old sense that such a life would be congenial to him in many ways, but with a conviction that at least a temporary retirement into such a life was necessary for the right ordering and knitting-up of his mind at the stage at which it had arrived. It was more than twelve years since the natural man, or old Adam, in him—his original devotion to mathematics, physics, chemistry, and political economy—had been wrenched or shattered by the great religious convulsion that had befallen him, and which he still acknowledged as a stroke from Heaven; and during these twelve years he had been borne on, a compound of his new self and of the wrecks of his old self, by the whirl of that convulsion. In the bustle of such a life as he had been leading in Glasgow, anything like a systematic reckoning with himself had been impossible. He had come to feel this, and to long for some situation of comparative repose, in which his mind might settle upon itself, come to an understanding with itself on points that had been reserved, and so deepen and extend its ideas by fresh ruminations as that something like a completed in-

tellectual system might be the result. Hence it was that he accepted the Moral Philosophy professorship at St. Andrews.

To a great extent his purpose was realized. In the venerable quiet of the little town which he knew so well, amid the scenes and memories of his youth, and in the cheerful society of not a few of his old friends, he was able to carry out a very characteristic plan of procedure on which he had resolved. What it was cannot be better described than in the words of a correspondent, who knew Dr. Chalmers well at this period, and who has favoured me with a communication respecting him. "I had the privilege," says the Rev. Dr. Macvicar, of Moffat, "of knowing Dr. Chalmers very intimately, especially during his last years in the University of St. Andrews—the very period of his life when, I think, all his faculties culminated, when he had learnt to breathe more freely than he had been able to do in Glasgow, when he had attained to a certain degree of intellectual repose, and had emancipated himself from many embarrassments. The fact is that the admirable man, shortly after his coming to St. Andrews, claimed for himself a new childhood in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He did not, like Des Cartes, propose to make a fresh start in thought by doubting everything; but he proposed to revise his beliefs, and co-ordinate them with those of the great minds of all ages. He had his set hour for Tacitus, his set hour for Leibnitz; and, when the hour for either came, he would leave a party in the drawing-room, be they who they might, and retire to his study." In short, Chalmers had at this time prescribed to himself—and with all that arithmetical exactness in the division of his day into separate portions for which he was remarkable throughout his life—a course of reading both in the works and in the biographies of certain select men of different lands and times, towards whom he felt an attraction either of affinity and admiration, or at least of curiosity. The

particular conjunction of authors mentioned by Dr. Macvicar is one which I should not have guessed. Leibnitz I should have expected to find at any time or at all times in Chalmers's list of authors, for there were few writers of whom he spoke oftener; but Tacitus rather surprises me. And yet this occurrence of Tacitus in the record is but a revelation of what I know otherwise to have been the fact—that, on some impulse or other, Chalmers would often betake himself with avidity to some book lying, as one would have thought, quite out of his way, and that in this manner he had acquired no inconsiderable acquaintance with a tolerably scattered group of writers. As to the particular readings in St. Andrews, beyond Leibnitz and Tacitus, I am left to conjecture. Omitting Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Scott, and some other English classics in prose and verse, to whom he paid his respects from time to time, and omitting also books of practical piety, casual theological treatises, and works of physical science or of current information, I find that among the authors of a more speculative order whom he had read, wholly or in part, about this time, were some of the French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century. Of German writers or German speculation he knew nothing—with the single far-back exception of Leibnitz, whom he had got at through the Latin or the French; and this defect of German (which, however, he shared with most of his countrymen of that day) was a great pity for him eventually, though it made things easier at the time. But Voltaire, Rousseau, Turgot, Condorcet, and other French writers of the same period, were familiar to him. There is a passage in which, speaking of Voltaire and Rousseau in language which shows how well he knew them, it is clear that, on the whole, he had the profounder feeling for Rousseau. Naturally, however, it was among British philosophical authors that he was most at home, and especially among those whom he might regard as his predecessors in those tracks of speculation over which he had to go in his class. Of Greek he knew little more

than of German, and he had but such dim ideas of what had been done by Plato and Aristotle, and the schoolmen of the middle ages, as had come strained to him through hasty representations in popular books, and through the common belief that Bacon had arisen, like a colossus, to divide the old world for ever from the new, and that, if one did take a peep back, through the arch made by this colossus, into the world of ancient philosophy, there was little to be seen in it but heaps of futile ingenuity and worthless word-spinning. For him the history of true Philosophy began with Bacon : to be a Baconian was to be intellectually sound. After Bacon, Samuel Clarke and Butler were great names in his books—Butler positively, Clarke rather negatively. Then, of course, for him, as for every one else over Europe undertaking a course of speculative thought, Hume furnished a necessary point of departure. To overcome the scepticism of Hume, to re-edify a solid system of human beliefs on the space which Hume's reasonings had leftscathed and desolate, and sown with salt—this was what Reid had set himself to do in Scotland, originating the modern Scottish philosophy, and what Kant, in a different way, had set himself to do in Germany, originating the modern German philosophy. Chalmers, while going back upon Hume for himself, made it his business not the less to become acquainted with the intermediate course of Scottish or English speculation on subjects which Hume had discussed. Hence readings or re-readings in Reid, Campbell, Adam Smith, and Dugald Stewart, and, with especial relish, in the English Paley. It so happened, however, that, just about the time when Chalmers went to St. Andrews, a new book appeared which made a great sensation in the philosophical world. This was Dr. Thomas Brown's "Lectures on the Human Mind," published from his manuscripts after his death in 1820. During the brief, but brilliant, career of Brown as successor to Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair in Edinburgh, the eloquence of his lectures, and the revolu-

tion they were to make in psychological science, had been matters of public talk ; and, consequently, when they were published, they were received with acclamation everywhere. For some twenty years Brown's reputation continued in Scotland, till Sir William Hamilton exploded it and reinstated Stewart and Reid in honour at the centre. But Chalmers had come in for the effect of Brown's fame at its fullest. He betook himself admiringly to Brown as the Benjamin among British metaphysicians.

Through some such course of reading as I have here described did Chalmers at St. Andrews pursue his plan of revising his foundations by the help of other minds, and "co-ordinating" his beliefs with theirs. Docile as he was, and extremely susceptible of admiration for whatever was powerful in thought or fine in expression, it must have been, in the main, a labour of enjoyment ; but, as, in the centre of all that was yet modifiable in his opinions, he carried a large amount of pugnacity in behalf of such convictions as were already determinately his own, there must have been occasions when, on hearing that he was shut up for the first time at the co-ordinating process with some new author, the feeling of those who knew him best must have been very much that of Sir David Baird's mother when she heard of her son's captivity, "Pity the man that has to be co-ordinated with our Davie." But, whether by the assimilation of opinions from other minds, or by conflict with them, Chalmers did contrive, during his five years at St. Andrews, to form for himself some such connected system of his views as that which he had desired to form, and with which he proposed, thenceforth, to walk through the world. The results were partly manifested in the courses of lectures which he delivered to his students—lectures so different from anything that had been heard from the Moral Philosophy chair in St. Andrews before, that the attendance in the classroom was doubled, and those five years of Dr. Chalmers's tenure of the chair are remembered yet as a period of golden

mark in the annals both of the University and the town. In these courses of lectures Chalmers voluntarily abandoned the practice, which had then become general in the Scottish Universities, of making the chair of Moral Philosophy a chair of universal Psychology or Mental Science generally. He reverted, as Adam Smith had done in similar circumstances, to the stricter view of the duties of the chair which regarded it as a chair of Moral Science proper, or Ethical Science ; and he followed Adam Smith farther in considering that a full course of Moral Philosophy in this stricter sense might include not only an exposition of the theory of right and wrong, but also the principles of Jurisprudence, Political Economy, and Natural Theology. But much of what he had elaborated, or begun to elaborate, in St. Andrews, was carried with him to Edinburgh, and served as the stock for whatever farther speculations occupied him during the remaining nineteen years of his life. Allowance being made for his unabated activity of mind, and also for the occurrence of new subjects to interest him during the final or Edinburgh period of his life, I should still suppose that, so far as Dr. Chalmers's views, as they are now to be gathered miscellaneously from the entire series of his writings, were ever drawn together by himself into some approach to a speculative system, this was done during the quiet five years he spent at St. Andrews after leaving Glasgow.

Chalmers's works, as finally collected and edited by himself, consist of twenty-five smallish octavo volumes ; to which were added, after his death, nine volumes printed from his manuscripts. The following is the scheme of the entire collection :—

ORIGINAL EDITION : 25 VOLUMES.

- Vols. 1— 2 Natural Theology.
 3— 4 Evidences of Christianity.
 5 Moral Philosophy.
 6 Commercial Discourses.
 7 Astronomical Discourses.
 8—10 Congregational Sermons.
 11 Sermons on Public Occasions.
 12 Tracts and Essays.

- Vols. 13 Introductions to Select Authors.
 14—16 Polity of a Nation.
 17 Church Establishments.
 18 Church Extension.
 19—20 Political Economy.
 21 The Parochial System.
 22—25 Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS : 9 VOLUMES.

- Vols. 1— 3 Daily Scripture Readings.
 4— 5 Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ ; or, Sabbath Scripture Readings.
 6 Posthumous Sermons.
 7— 8 Institutes of Theology.
 9 Lectures on Butler's Analogy.

Are Dr. Chalmers's works now read ? They are still bought, I should suppose, and placed on the shelves in certain quarters where the memory of him lasts ; but they are less read or looked into now than it might have once been expected that they would be. I, who so cherish his memory, have but one stray volume of them in my possession. Why is this ? Partly the reason is a general one. Who is read, in these days, after seventeen years ? We are already in Jeffrey's predicted era of "the three per cent. of Southey ;" and, if at all times the chance of interest with posterity has been rather a poor outlook for writers, the majority of them may now do well to block up that window entirely, and content themselves with Chaucer's consolation :—

"Sufficeth me, as I were dead,
 That no wight have my name on hond.
 I wot myself best how I stond.
 For what I dree or what I think
 I will myself all it drink,
 Certain for the more part,
 As far forth as I can mine art."

But there are differences in the posthumous interest of writers, depending rather on the differences of nature and form to be found among writings than on the degrees of total power exhibited by writers during their lives. Now, perhaps the most perishable of writings are those of that oratorical order to which Chalmers's mainly belonged. They are addressed to moods and emergencies, and moods and emergencies pass away. Vehemence is their characteristic, and the continued gesture of

vehemence, after the occasion for it is out of sight, offends rather than pleases. Of all the parliamentary oratory of the last century, that of Burke alone had the qualities necessary to give it permanence in our literature. Far beyond oratory in general, the oratory of Chalmers did, as I believe, possess qualities entitling it to notice as an addition to the literature of his time. If it is part of the business of the student of literature to take account of any influx into the general stream that has a colour of originality, even should that originality be a little uncouth and Scythian, then I should regard the omission of Dr. Chalmers's writings from a survey of the British literature of the first half of the present century as a very considerable oversight. There was always substance in what Chalmers spoke or wrote; nothing that he spoke or wrote but was the result of real cogitation; no mind was more incapable of commonplace even for an instant, or moved more habitually on the wheels of generalizations. If the presence of important thought in oratory is what gives it literary value, then on this ground there might be far worse reading for leisure hours even now than the writings of Chalmers. Add the abundant illustrations of a rich imagination, and no small amount of the miscellaneous variations that give pleasure in literature—here some memorable felicity of phrase; there a stroke of humour; again a touch of pathos; anon a blaze of indignation so vivid that you see the scowl and the flush on the writer's face; nay, sometimes (what passes all else in effect, and comes but from the spirits of the rarest) a sudden tone, high, solemn, and indescribable, as from listening to the song of the archangels before the throne. And yet with all this there are drawbacks sufficient to explain why it should be that the interest in Chalmers's writings and the attention now given to them should be far less than might seem due to the worth of the living man. In proportion to the success with which a man of his stamp may have exerted himself while

alive may sometimes be the inattention of his admirers to his literary remains after his death. He may have expounded his ideas so well, may have so worked them into the very fibre of those about him, that they at least do not require to read his writings after his death, or, if they do read them, feel no rousing of novelty, but only a sense of going over beaten ground. As an effective expositor of his ideas in discourse from the pulpit or the chair I have never known any one comparable to Chalmers. He went at his point again and again; he iterated and reiterated; he illustrated the thing first this way and then that, the thing itself remaining the same for a whole hour; his grand figure of speech was repetition. He would rather nauseate the few, he used himself to say, than not gain the intelligence of the many. He used to tell of an interview he had with Coleridge. "He entertained me, sir, with a monologue of two hours. When we came away, I said to Edward Irving, 'who was with me, 'With the exception of a few lucid intervals, I have not understood anything of what he has been saying.' Irving said to me, 'Dr. Chalmers, I like to see a bright idea looming through the mist.' I replied, 'Well, I don't, Mr. Irving; what I like is to get round about it, and round about it, and round about it.'" As this habit of going round about it and round about it was carried by him into all his spoken prelections, and as he always contrived in any considerable course of these prelections to bring in the whole series of his most favourite notions, those who were much in contact with him could not fail to become familiar with these notions to their uttermost significance. Hence, for all such now surviving, the recollection of his living expositions must be sufficiently strong to save the necessity of much reference to his writings. But what of the larger public to whom the knowledge of him might come fresh for the first time even now through these writings? Well, for the more fastidious among them, that habit of iteration and reiteration which

made him so resistless as an expositor of his ideas to general audiences must interfere, in most of his writings, with the sense of sweetness, calmness, and quiet artistic evolution which makes continuous reading pleasant. When, in the reading of a book, one has caught the wink of a meaning, the flash of the fin above the surface, it is generally enough; and, as one goes on, one desires cogitative progress, rapid and subtle changes of suggestion, and, if not the flash of a new fin in each successive sentence, at least reappearances only at finely-calculated distances. But in Chalmers all is above-board; reading him is like being belaboured with a meaning through many pages, rather than being quietly presented with it in one paragraph and invited on to something else. There is, to be sure, abundant variety in the expression and subsidiary illustration; and, where the meaning itself seems important, the large surface it occupies may seem good for others, if not for oneself. But, for those cultured readers whose judgments determine what is classic in literature, there can be no doubt that the result of a casual reading in Chalmers must so often be fatigue that he will have but small benefit from their suffrages. He had not himself that varied scholarship or culture that might have sown his writings with the learned little metonymies that enrich the pages of some authors. And, connected with all else that was characteristic in him, was the peculiarity of his style. It was a style thoroughly self-made, splendidly mechanized for his purposes, and with a logical accuracy of texture, amid all its strength and passion, that will bear very close inspection; but it was very far from being a classic style. It was really a kind of Scythian style—a style which might be described as the English of the eighteenth century first made tempestuous and then again ruled into cadence by the energy of a new intellect that was at once vehement and methodical.

After all, however, what determines the readableness or durability of writings is their still unexhausted relation to

the needs and uses, and to the deeper culture, of the community that inherits them. Tried by this test, how will Chalmers's writings fare? Better, on the whole, I should suppose, than those of almost any other British clergyman of his generation, writing in his character as a clergyman, and putting forth in that character a philosophy of Religion and of Society. Purer and more classic as was the style of Robert Hall, there is no comparison now, in respect of intellectual interest, between his works and those of Dr. Chalmers; and it would be only, as I think, the most extreme ignorance as to what constitutes mental power, or the most obstinate Anglican prejudice, that would name the shrewd hard-headedness of a Whately in the same day with Chalmers's large and discursive genius. But this mention of Whately does suggest something to the *per contra* side of the account; and, if we mention in addition such other English contemporaries of Chalmers as Dr. Arnold and Father Newman, the suggestion becomes more startling. There can be little doubt that many a well-educated person, abreast with the latest information and ideas of his time, would find matter to suit him in the writings of Whately, for whom Chalmers, opened at hap-hazard, might seem obsolete. Still less doubt can there be of a kind of vital adaptation to the cultivated British spirit of this age to be found in some of the late Dr. Arnold's views, and also, it seems, in that strange Berkeleyanism of Father Newman, the like of which is not to be found in the corresponding views of Dr. Chalmers. Much of this difference is to be accounted for by recollecting what was Chalmers's era and what were his circumstances. Though he survived Arnold five years, he was born fifteen years sooner; and he was Newman's senior by twenty-one years. Time, therefore, had given him different stuff to work with speculatively—stuff farther removed from the present. But more important than the agency of time in his case was that of place. He was a North British, and not an English clergyman; his inheritance in the way

of material was the popular Scottish Theology in connexion with the traditional Scottish philosophy; and, as his learning was less than that of many of his far inferior countrymen, he remained in considerable ignorance to the last of forms and tendencies of thought even in England that were not represented in the life around him. If, as Mr. Matthew Arnold maintains, England is but a province in relation to Europe at large, and all her speculative productions are marred by the signs of provincialism or distance from the centre, the chances are surely great that the speculative productions of one who was emphatically a North Briton of the last age should now, whatever may have been his native genius, seem to critics at the centre but irrelevant gyrations in a far-off corner. Something of this feeling exists among those who do not attempt to give any such theoretical expression to it. They have simply a conviction that, the Scottish Church and Scottish Theology having been what they have been, it is *à priori* inconceivable that any set of speculations very relevant to the deeper thought of the present time, even in England, can have come from a Scottish clergyman of any late generation. This feeling was recently expressed to me very decisively by one of the ablest and most liberal Englishmen I know, himself a writer and thinker of great influence. Speaking of British theology generally, and referring casually to Scotland, he said that his own conclusion, like that of everybody else, was that there had been no Scottish churchman in this century that any one need pay the least attention to as a thinker, unless it might be Dr. Chalmers; and that, for his part, he was not sure that there was much in Dr. Chalmers to the purpose. I feel bound to repeat this to my North British friends, and I hope it will beneficially irritate them. Of course, I did not feel myself bound to agree with the opinion; and if, refraining from the general question, I had pursued the argument only about Dr. Chalmers, I believe I should have proceeded very much as I mean to do in the rest of this paper, and

attempted a summary reference or two (1) to Chalmers's metaphysics, in the broader sense of the term, as including his views and argumentations of a philosophical or theologico-philosophical character, and (2) to his views and efforts on important social and economical questions.

Chalmers's speculative or metaphysical views are interblended with all his writings, his sermons and practical treatises as well as the rest; but they may be gathered most expressly from such of his works as his *Natural Theology*, his *Evidences of Christianity*, his *Lectures on Butler*, and his *Moral Philosophy*. Now, it is here, as I think, that it would have to be confessed that he was so affected by the influences of his time and locality, by the nature of his inheritance in the shape of the already formed tissues and habits of opinion given him to work upon, and by the limited extent of his own supplementary culture, that there is less of vital adaptation in his arguments now to the critical spirit of a new time than might have been desired from so much strenuous exertion by a soul so fervid. A place might, indeed, be assigned to Chalmers in that series of Scottish philosophers which was called into existence by Hume. Of this series were Reid, Stewart, James Mill, Mackintosh, and Brown. But, besides that in the labours of these philosophers, with all their various merits, there was on the whole a defect of profundity, so that it required the appearance of a Sir William Hamilton, with his knowledge of all European speculation, to recast the aggregate and bring it forward to the goal whence there might be a new departure—besides this, Chalmers's place in the list was but a minor and incidental one. He was intermediate between Stewart and Brown, and he helped himself to the speculations of both, as well as of Reid, with a frequent preference for Brown as the younger and bolder analyst. He also dashed these speculations with corrections and modifications of his own. But, on the whole, his performances as a psychologist were but desultory, and

he had not time or occasion to go over the whole ground systematically in the track of these philosophers. One can even see that he had not been sufficiently awakened to some of the essential problems of philosophy, as they might have been forced on him by Reid and Stewart in their differences from Brown, and that he had not wrought some of his own views into due consistency. Thus, having apparently never realized to himself the supreme importance of the controversy between the school of necessary, structural, or *à priori* beliefs, and the school which resolves all into sense or experience, we find him often alternating between the two camps—at one time denouncing the excess of the *à priori* spirit and laughing at its vagaries, at another hugging Leibnitz to his bosom ; at one time exulting in the supremacy of plain experience with all the stalwartness of a Norfolkshire farmer, at another contending for the expectation of nature's uniformity as a necessary principle of human nature, or arguing against the Utilitarians on behalf of the instinctive character of conscience and the eternal distinction between the sciences of the *Quid est?* and the science of the *Quid oportet?* So far, therefore, as clear decision on this controversy down to its very roots may be required of a writer ere he can be admitted to affect what is now central in pure thought, Chalmers will not be found to answer the requirement. The truth is, whether owing to the constant social activity of his career, or owing to the character of his mind, which would at any time seize on a useful proximate generalization rather than have none, it was in mixed or applied metaphysics that Chalmers excelled. Not so much the *lumen siccum*, or dry light, as the *lumen madidum*, or light drenched in the affections, is to be sought for in his works. Leaving cool and lynx-like investigation in psychology to Reid, Stewart, Brown, and whoever might succeed them, it was enough for him, with the best notions he could get from these or any other quarters, and with whatever philosophical cogitations he could supply of

his own, to go forth on the work of his life—the championship of Theism and of Christianity against a scepticism which he saw sapping men's minds everywhere, and the recovery of a world over which his soul yearned to peace and a right moral rule. How he laboured in this no tongue can tell. When I think of Chalmers as he so laboured, his life seems to me the noblest rebuke I have known to that *blasé* and pusillanimous notion of the powers and duties of a life which is now everywhere in the ascendant. He did not hang back ; conscience made no coward of him. He came forward ; such as he was, he declared himself ; he hung over the world wistfully, longingly, appealingly ; he invoked, he argued, he implored, he held up his fist and threatened ; I have seen the tears on his grand old face—tears as of a return of that divine pity that surveyed Jerusalem and wept ;—in him, of all men that I have known, was the sorrow of the rejection of what he taught like the sorrow of a great disaster.

Well, but as to the worth of the formal reasonings in that mixed metaphysics, as I have called it, which Chalmers put forth in his generation ! It was very good mixed metaphysics in the main. When I read some of the apologies for orthodoxy that have been put forth of late against recent forms of scepticism, it seems to me that they are so inferior to Chalmers's similar writings in power, and contain so little that is new in matter, that in the interest of orthodoxy it might have been better to reprint these writings and circulate them afresh. There can be no doubt, however, that, in consequence of the change that has taken place in the tone and manner of philosophical thought, resulting partly from the influence of new conceptions of physical science, much of the Natural Theology of Chalmers is not now in such a strain as would penetrate most keenly what is peculiarly anti-theistic in our age ; and, similarly, there can be no doubt that, from the same cause, and from the new developments of historical criticism, many of Chalmers's expostitions of the Christian Evidences and the

authority of Scripture would fail to meet with precision the present forms of doubt or unbelief on these subjects. I remember in this connexion an out-of-the-way expression of Hobbes. Speaking of Algebra, in comparison with his darling Geometry, he said that, with all the trumpeting he heard of the new method, and what it was to do, he could not take to it, for he could not make it *bite* like the other. If we forget Hobbes's particular application of the word, and keep the word itself, it is a very good word. That is the best reasoning which *bites* best into what is opposed to it—which bites most exactly, as it were, into the very nape, or spinal marrow, or other most vital part. I doubt whether Chalmers's reasonings did bite at the nape of British speculation when they were first published. I am sure that, whether from the shifting of the nape since then or not, they do not do so now.

His *Natural Theology*, for example, published in 1836—in which is incorporated his Bridgewater Treatise of 1833, on "The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man"—is, in its main extent, a development of that "argument from design" of which Paley had been so able an expositor. Chalmers's admiration of Paley was remarkable in one so largely endowed with those faculties of passion and ideality which were absent in Paley; and he has expressed it in more than one passage describing Paley at length. His was a mind, he says, "altogether of a decidedly prosaic or secular cast;" he had "neither the organ of high poetry nor of high metaphysics;" he was "never to be found in the walk of sentiment or of metaphysics, or indeed in any high transcendental walk whatever;" he was "a painter of the Flemish School;" his was a mind of that English type which proceeds at once to reason on the matter on hand, and has no taste or inclination for the "reflex process," so natural to Scottish thinkers, of first "reasoning about reasoning" under the idea of clearing the way. Such was the man, added Chalmers, of whom "it would not be too much to say that he

"had done more than any other to accommodate the defence both of the Natural and the Christian Theology to the general understanding of our times." "For, if he had not genius, yet in the whole staple and substance of his thoughts there was something better than genius—the home-bred product of a hale and well-conditioned intellect that dealt in the *ipsa corpora* of truth." And this obeisance to Paley on Chalmers's part was heartfelt. His own Natural Theology is essentially after Paley's method—a development, though mainly in a new region of topics, and certainly in a new style and with abundance of most un-Paleylike conception by the way, of that famous "argument from design" which Paley had elaborated so interestingly in the special topic of the anatomical structure of animals. First, indeed, there is a preliminary book, devoted to an exercise of that "reflex process" of "reasoning about the reasoning" which he holds that Paley would have thought unnecessary, criticising both the *à priori* and the *à posteriori* methods of proving the existence of a God, and offering a strenuous refutation of Hume's metaphysical denial of the applicability of the *à posteriori* argument to such a matter at all. But, having here avowed his preference for the *à posteriori* method, vindicated its applicability, and discarded the other, Chalmers proceeds, through the rest of his treatise, to apply his method. He gives a general view of the "proofs for the being of a God" to be derived from the evidences of design, chiefly the astronomical and the geological, in the material world; he then similarly surveys, in so many general glimpses, the constitution of the human mind; next there comes the special matter of his Bridgewater Treatise, finding evidences of Deity in the adaptation of the material world to the mental and social; and he winds up with some appended speculations, in which, weighing the dim teachings of mere Natural Theology respecting Deity, and respecting such subjects as the immortality of man, the origin of evil, and the consistency of prayer with the belief

in nature's uniformity, he draws aside the curtain that conceals a fuller blaze, and bids us behold Revelation. It is really a splendid treatise. Were a jury of some of our best speculative and scientific minds impaneled to sit in judgment on its merits, I am pretty sure that they would declare that there has been no treatise of similar aims, by any recent British theologian, showing nearly the same sweep of mind or the same mastery of the generalizations of science. Even that particular objection to the argument from design which may be deduced from Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of species—to wit, that, as creatures have been able to continue to exist only in as far as their structure has been able to modify itself to the progressive conditions of existence, adaptation to existence simply *means* existence, and there can therefore be no argument from special modes of existence as distinct from existence conceived primordially, universally, and in the lump—even this objection will be found recognised in the treatise and discussed in a certain manner. And yet the reasoning, for a great part, is of the kind that does not now "bite," or at least that does not bite at the very nape of the opposition. That the Paley style of argument may at one time have had a certain fitness for the British mode of thought on the matters in question, is conceivable, and may perhaps be assumed. But modes of thought change, and it is now the conclusion that this style of argument in proof of a Deity is too mechanical for its purpose—that it is like trying to achieve palpably by levers and pulleys an effect that can only be achieved by an action as of those swifter and subtler imponderables that course and tremble invisibly among the interstices of things. Once let the belief of Deity be in the soul, and then all these instances of design will be accepted as illustrations of Him, and fillings-up in detail, and every fact or arrangement in the universal world of phenomena will be sacramental and hieroglyphical as a sign of the unseen Father. But to hoist the idea of Deity into the soul where it

already is not—by no such machinery as that of the Bridgewater argument can this be accomplished. Rather there might be force to this effect now in some form of that very *à priori* argument which Chalmers discarded at the outset of his treatise, notwithstanding that it had come recommended to him by the names of Clarke and Sir Isaac Newton—an argument which should demonstrate the idea of a God as bound up among the structural and logical necessities of the human mind. But, this form of argument having been discarded, and the other only pursued, the result is, in parts, notwithstanding all Chalmers's eloquence and the frequent gorgeousness of his incidental conceptions, a certain feeling as if one were only brought into an atmosphere of splendid Anthropomorphism—as if that superb sphere of stary space which Chalmers's large mind embraced and carried with it as its image of the universe were not wholly filled by the Deity which his mechanical argument had conjured up, but were only traversed here and there by the shadow of a vast operative and corporeal figure.

Were we to follow Chalmers into his *Christian Evidences*, we should find, in addition to certain deficiencies arising from imperfect scholarship, something of the same reliance on external or mechanical means for the production of states of belief likely to be brought about only by forces more intimate and spiritual. There is a most characteristic letter in this bearing among his correspondence. Mrs. Grant of Laggan having written to him from Italy, requesting his advice as to how it might be proper to reason with a young Italian artist in whom she took much interest, but who was unfortunately imbued with sceptical opinions on religion, he replied as follows: "I must confine myself to "the recommendation of certain books "which, if not read and studied by "him, really make the task put into "my hand in every way as hopeless as "that of teaching optics to the blind "or philosophy to children—Taylor's "Process of Historical Belief; Taylor's "Transmission of Ancient Books to

“Modern Times;’ Paley’s ‘Evidences of Christianity;’ Lardner’s ‘Credibility;’ Lardner on Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Gospel;’ Paley’s ‘Horæ Paulinæ;’ Butler’s ‘Analogy;’ Leslie’s ‘Short and Easy Method with the Deists;’ Littleton’s ‘Conversion of St. Paul.’ I hope that the perusal of these may have a favourable effect, though I must confess that the union of so much confidence with so much ignorance tempts me to despair.” All allowance being made for circumstances of the case which may have been communicated to Chalmers, but of which we are ignorant, and also for the utility of such a substantial course of reading wherever it might be undertaken, there is something almost astounding in the simple-mindedness that could think of medicating the sick soul of a dark-eyed Italian by setting before him such a trunk-full of English books. More effective, one fancies, would have been some soft magnetic touch, such as might have come over his spirit in listening in one of his own Italian churches to even the semi-sensuous music of the Latin hymn—

“Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius.”

In short, one is reminded, in many parts of Chalmers’s speculative writings, of his own saying about himself, that he preferred gravitation to magnetism, and that it was by a kind of general energy as of gravitation, and not by a special influence like that of magnetism, that his mind worked. Occasionally, at least, there would have been power in the mystic spiritualizings of an Irving, or in the transcendental philosophizings of a Coleridge, to stir minds that Chalmers’s argumentations had left obdurate.

But, having redeemed my promise that I would be as critical and judicial in my estimate of the value of Chalmers’s ideas as my love for his memory would let me be, I must again refer to those very writings of his mixed metaphysics as not the less proving his extraordinary

power, and as well worthy of attention still. Often the formal reasonings *do* bite, and bite powerfully; even where they do not, the nature of the man is always felt to be greater than the reasonings, and to act with large spiritual effect over them, under them, and through them; and there are many passages which might be separated from the context and placed in a book of extracts, not only as good specimens of Chalmers’s style, but also as specimens of admirable thought for general philosophic use.

When we pass from those portions of Chalmers’s works which present us with what I have called his mixed metaphysics into those other portions, about equal in quantity, which present us with his views and projects on social and economical questions, we find, as I believe, reason for even less limited respect and admiration. Among his works expressly of this order are his *Political Economy*, his *Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation*, his *Lectures on Church and Collegiate Establishments*, his *Lectures on Church-Extension*, and his *Sufficiency of a Parochial System*; but there are dispersed discussions on the same topics through his minor discourses and his other writings. Much of his life also consisted of public oratory over his own little country in behalf of his views on practical questions, and of schemes and administrative efforts to give these views shape. Nature had built him to be an *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, or manager of men, giving him even the large head, large chest, and general physical look that befit the part; and his position as a churchman was favourable to his acting the part within the limits of Scotland. Since the abolition of the separate Scottish autonomy by the Union, it may be said that the greatest opportunities of such governing action as may be exercised by individuals in any free country in such circumstances have been possessed by the clergy, and that, owing to the peculiar democratic constitution of the Scottish Church, with its system of perpetual deliberative meetings of mixed clergy and laymen, the amount of such remanent governing action within Scot-

land itself, apart from what is sent north from Westminster, has been much greater than Englishmen might suppose. Through this agency, along with others, Chalmers, at least, had mounted, long before the end of his life, into the position of a national chieftain, or statesman. There was no reason, indeed, in the nature of many of his economical notions, why they should stop at the Border. On the contrary, as they were founded on general reasonings, he thought most of them quite as applicable to England as to Scotland, and he was unusually anxious for their acceptance by English theorists and men of influence. His visits to England were frequent ; he professed a greater congeniality in many things with the English character than with the Scotch ; when he talked of the great English Universities or of the English Cathedrals, it was almost with a rueful regret that Scotland had nothing to match them ; and, altogether, there was far less in him of the spirit of Scottish separatism, whether in the shape of rampant zeal for Presbyterianism, or in any other shape, than in most of his countrymen. Still Scotland was mainly the theatre of his personal influence. Again and again, on some public crisis, the phrases that ran through the land defining the crisis, and the watchwords and directions for use in it, came from him. More than once, too, it may be said that he decreed a tax of the whole people for national objects of his own discovery or contrivance, and that by his own exertions he levied, collected, and applied this tax. Thus, between the years 1835 and 1841, in prosecution of a scheme of church-extension which he had devised and undertaken, he added to the visible apparatus of the Scottish Establishment 222 new churches at an expense of 306,000*l.* voluntarily subscribed in answer to his appeals—an increase amounting to one-fifth of the entire Establishment. But even this was eclipsed by the final effort of his life in the foundation and organization, between 1843 and 1847, of the Free Church. In these four years a sum of

a million and a half was raised for the purposes of the new institution, while, by the arrangements of what was called a "Sustentation Fund," its future annual revenues were provided for—a pecuniary exertion on behalf of an "idea" unprecedented, it is believed, in the annals of a small people. And yet, with all these efforts of Chalmers, and his successes in carrying out particular schemes, it happened with him, as with other rulers and statesmen, that it was but a fraction of his ideas, and that not the dearest to himself, that he was able in any form to realize, and that, driven hither and thither by the blasts of circumstance, and forced often to exchange the work he desired to do for the work that was necessary to be done, he had to leave the general scheme of his ideas merely on record. In other words, if Scotchmen were to study Chalmers's politico-economical writings, they would find a great deal more in them than the theory of the Free Church, or of any church in particular ; and, if Englishmen were to look into them, they would find much, easily separable from the writer's Scottish churchmanship, that would help to organize and perhaps to improve their views on questions of national interest.

Chalmers was, on the whole, a moderate Conservative in politics. All his life a free-trader and advocate for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and a zealous advocate also for Catholic Emancipation when many Conservatives stood out against it, he had yet no liking for the Reform Bill, and would have preferred a measure rectifying some of the abuses of the old system without inculcating so much trust in mere extension of the suffrage. But this was not from a want of belief in the virtues and capabilities of the great body of the people, or from a habit of under-estimating their importance in the commonwealth. On the contrary, as the thoughts and labours of his own life were, from first to last, chiefly with them, and for them, and among them, so he believed that the true progress of any society would show itself, and would even consist, in a progressive increase of comfort in the con-

dition of this its largest number. The greatest happiness of the greatest number was as constantly in his mind as the paramount object of all aspiration and all statesmanship, as it was in the mind of Bentham. Moreover, he firmly believed in the possibility of a great progress in this respect. "There will, I prophesy," he said, "if the world is to stand, there will be a great amelioration in the life of general humanity. The labouring classes are destined to attain a far more secure place of comfort and independence in the commonwealth than they have ever yet occupied." Now, as he was a firm Malthusian—as resolute a believer as Malthus himself, or as Mr. John Stuart Mill, in the truth of the Malthusian law, and as merciless a denouncer of the utter futility of all schemes of philanthropy that ignored that law—this prediction amounted to a declaration that he expected a time when, along with whatever increase might be effected by improved science and improved industry in the general resources, there should be the spectacle of a labouring population that had learnt to keep its own numbers well within the limits of these resources. Emigration, changes in the representative system, free-trade itself, money-votes for relief on a large scale in times of distress, and all possible improvements in the system of taxation—including one favourite project of his own for the "commutation of all taxes into a territorial impost," to the importance of which he did not anticipate that there would be any awakening even among Political Economists till long after he was dead—all these he regarded only as so many palliatives, or rests to take breath, while the great lesson of permanent social well-being should be learnt. "There is no other way of achieving a better economical condition," he repeated over and over again, "than by means of a more advantageous proportion between the food of the country and the number of its inhabitants." In his ideal of a happy country we always see him fancying a population all the less numerous, provided that each individual had elbow-

room and a certain amount of leisure, rather than a population swarming up to the utmost possibility of mere life on a given extent of surface, and in which, consequently, while the highest should have great fortunes, the lowest strata of life should be but as vermin. But it was not to the direct preaching of the Malthusian principle, nor to such compulsory exactions of obedience to it as some have proposed, that he looked for the accomplishment of the great amelioration. "There is no other way," he said, "of securing this proportion (the more advantageous proportion of the food of a country to the number of its inhabitants) than by the growth of prudence and principle among the inhabitants themselves. It will be the aggregate effect of a higher taste, a higher intelligence, and, above all, a widespread Christianity, through the mass of the population." Here also Chalmers, with only slight variations, used the very formula of all his brother-Malthusians. *They* speak of the permanent attainment by the labouring-classes of a higher standard of enjoyment as the only true economical consummation, and *he* would have accepted their phrase as equivalent to his own. He differed from most of them only in his notion of the means by which this consummation was to be reached. That all legislation should be unswervingly in accordance with the Malthusian principle seemed to him as essential as that architecture should be in accordance with the laws of pressure and of the strength of materials; but direct enactments that the Malthusian principle should be obeyed under penalties were not to his taste. There was one great matter, indeed, in which he thought that the blundering legislation of centuries had already involved most of Britain in such a coil of complicated evil, that only by a vigorous exercise of legislation, directly undoing its own work, could there be recovery for a fair start. This was the matter of the Poor Laws. He abominated the Poor Laws. All the adjectives of horror and reprobation in the dictionary brought together could not

express the vehemence of his loathing of the Poor Laws. The principle, in force in England since the time of Elizabeth, of the legal right of paupers to be supported out of rates levied compulsorily from the rest of the community, seemed to him a principle perfectly diabolic in its action, and almost the one down-dragging encumbrance of a great and glorious nation. Political Economists who share his feeling can now express it very forcibly. They can point to the fact that England, the country of all others where the very name of Socialism excites the greatest horror, is the only country in the world where Socialism, in a distinct form, has been for centuries the law of the land. Chalmers did not use this form of expression, for the word Socialism had hardly become common in his days. But he expressed his feelings as strongly in his own way. The relief of distress, he declared, had been assigned by the constitution of human nature to the principle of voluntary benevolence ; in a normal state of society this principle would always be found sufficient for any demand upon it, if only there were arrangements for bringing its objects within acting-distance of it ; and to transfer to justice or legal obligation the proper work of benevolence was to traverse the laws of human nature, and so, on the one hand, to deaden and dry up the finest springs of affection in the body-politic, and, on the other, to accumulate in society an increasing deposit of shameless and angry and ravenous pauperism. The abolition of the Poor Laws where they were established, and the security of any territory where they were not established against the invasion of so foul and pestiferous an influence, seemed to him the *sine quâ non* of a fair start towards social prosperity. Whether, as regards England, he would have agreed with Malthus's summary practical proposition on the subject I do not know. This was to the effect that, in order to the quiet extinction of the Poor Law, the Legislature should decree that for all born on or after a certain fixed day the legal right to be supported by the community should no longer exist,

that this enactment should be read on the occasion of every marriage-ceremony after the said date, and that it should be punctually and ruthlessly observed. There may be some mention of the proposition in Chalmers's works which I have forgotten. At all events, he considered the abolition of the English Poor Law, in some way or another, however difficult the way might be, a positive necessity for England. With respect to Scotland his course was easier. Till the year 1702 there had been but three parishes in Scotland assessed for the poor. When Chalmers began his career, the English system of assessment was known only in the parishes nearest the Border and a few town-parishes ; and, as late as his mature life, there was still hope, though the English system was gradually creeping northward, and it was finding favour with men of authority and influence, that it might be driven back. To his last gasp, though then almost with the agony of despair, Chalmers fought for this object.

The thorough Christianization and education of the whole people—this, then, which was Chalmers's supreme desire for other reasons than the economical, was also that one prescription of his for the economic well-being of society to which he made all his notions of political remedy subservient. But he did not believe in the possibility of any efficient process of this kind from the operation of the mere voluntary principle, or principle of supply meeting demand. He drew a philosophical distinction between the class of cases where this principle may be relied on for the doing of all that is necessary, and the class of cases where it may not. Where the supply of bread, or beef, or any such material necessary of life, is short, this shortness of supply, he argued, will cause a corresponding anxiety to obtain more of the article ; but it is different with spiritual commodities. Where they are concerned the law is reversed, so that, wherever the supply of knowledge or education is least, precisely there the demand for it is also least. Hence, he

concluded, a correct theory of politics should dictate a very different amount of central action, or action by the State, in the spiritual and intellectual concerns of the community from that requisite in the concerns of its trade or commerce. In this last order of concerns the minimum of Government action, consistent with the securing of freedom to all, was the thing desirable; but not so in the other order of concerns. To an extent that till of late would have placed him in direct opposition to the prevailing current of opinion — though now again there are symptoms of a return to his way of thinking in influential quarters — Dr. Chalmers was an advocate for the necessity of State action, and of a generous expenditure of public money, in behalf of popular education, and of all high intellectual ends. “We confess,” he wrote in his *Political Economy*, while speaking of what he considered an excess or misdirection of the policy of Retrenchment, “we confess that, on this subject, we have no sympathy with what is called the spirit of the age. The very worst effects are to be dreaded from it. Everything is now made a question of finance; and science, with all which can grace or dignify a nation, is vulgarized and brought down to a common standard — the standard of the market and the counting-house. It does look menacing, to take one example out of the thousand which may be specified, that it hinged on one solitary vote whether the trigonometrical survey of our island should be permitted to go on — a work which, like the Domesday-book of England, might, after the lapse of a millennium, still survive as a great national index for the guidance of our most distant posterity. It makes one tremble for some fearful resurrection of the old Gothic spirit amongst us, when one thinks that we were within a hair’s-breadth of this noble enterprise being quashed. And this is the spirit of the age! — an age of unsparing retrenchment, a regime of hard and hunger-bitten economy, before whose remorseless pruning-hook

“lie withering and dissevered from their stem the noblest interests of the commonwealth; a vehement, outrageous parsimony, which, under the guise of patriotism, so reigns and ravens over the whole length and breadth of the land, and cares not though both religion and philosophy should expire, if but some wretched item of shred and of candle-end should be gained by the sacrifice; — this, though now the ascendant polity of our nation, elevated into power by the decisions of the Legislature, and blown into popularity by the hosannas of the multitude, will be looked back upon by posterity as an inglorious feature of the worst and most inglorious period in the annals of Britain, the befitting policy of an age of little measures, and of little men.” In accordance with which strongly-expressed sentiment, Chalmers, in the particular matter at present under notice, was one of the most strenuous advocates of his age for a national or endowed Church, and also for a system of national schools, supported partly, but not wholly, by state-endowments. Though no man had taxed the voluntary principle more than he, or had made it yield more largely, and though he was of opinion that, in the absence of State aid, there might be organisations by which Voluntaryism might be made to do wonders, yet, to the end, he did not believe in the sufficiency of Voluntaryism. As to the question of the particular Church to be endowed and made the national Church in any country, he was, within the bounds of his notion of anything like sound Christianity, as liberal as possible. For his own nation, such a Presbyterian Church as that which had seemed to suit her best, but this, if possible, so broadened as to include and win back all forms of Evangelical Dissent; for England, a continuation, in like manner, of that Episcopal Church which accorded with her character and traditions, but this, also, if he might venture to make a suggestion on such a subject, broadened to recover the English Non-conformists, and not kept

apart from other Churches by any doctrine of exclusive apostolicism. Of course, liberal as Chalmers was, as far as his religious beliefs permitted him to be, in this matter of the Church of the Future, it would be possible to be more broad and liberal still in perfect accordance with the policy of his principle.

So much for his views in general outline. But what was the precise mechanism on which he relied? Here his views summed themselves up in one formula, which was almost the formula of his entire practical life—the incomparable excellence and the absolute sufficiency of the Parochial System. The division of the country at the last stage into small manageable districts, called parishes, each with its church-going bell, and its due apparatus of schools and the like—this simple territorial division which had come down from time immemorial in Christian lands seemed to him the very perfection of invention for both spiritual and economical ends. Use could never wear it out; time and all the vicissitudes of human history could never supersede it. Only because the parochial system had been suffered, in consequence of the great increase of population in modern times and the growth of large towns, to shrink miserably within the limits of national requirements, instead of being kept in constant repair according to the rate of these requirements, had its efficacy passed out of sight. Chalmers's own idea of a manageable parish was that it should never contain more than 2,000 souls; and, surveying Britain with this measure in his hand, he found its existing parochial system monstrously out of accord with the perfect image of the system. The two parishes in which he was himself successively minister in Glasgow consisted each of between 10,000 and 12,000 souls; and from them, and from surveys of the states of large towns generally, he collected those terrible statistics as to the extent to which population had outgrown all the existing means of education, whether religious or secular, with which he appalled his contemporaries, and which,

after serving himself as arguments for church-extension, have been handed on to our day. But such was his faith in the parochial system that he believed, on first coming to Glasgow from his quiet little country parish of Kilmarnock, that by zealous and proper arrangements even the largest city-parish might be grasped and managed by the same mechanism that worked an agricultural parish so easily. To the demonstration of this he consecrated an amazing amount of energy during his eight years in Glasgow. His first principle was the superiority of the aggressive over the attractive in the work of Christianization. He was in the habit of actually assigning, in his half-humorous mathematical fashion, the numerical ratio of this superiority as he had deduced it from one instance—stating, if I remember rightly, that the aggressive principle surpassed the attractive in the ratio of 427 to 81. In other words, his notion was that, in a great parish the immense majority of the population of which consisted of the poor and outcast, the parish-church ought to be a home-mission, going out upon the people and offering them instruction rather than waiting for them to come and ask it. He himself undertook and accomplished, in each of his Glasgow parishes, by systematic daily instalments, a house-to-house visitation of all its families. Then, with a staff of efficient assistants, he entered upon the more thorough work of which these surveys by himself were but the general announcement. Here again his principle was subdivision—the confining of the care of each working assistant to a definitely mapped-out locality, including a certain number of families and no more. What Chalmers achieved in this way for the spiritual tillage and supervision of his two parishes of the Tron and St. John's—in particular, what new week-day schools he erected, bringing a good education at a cheap rate within the reach of the poorest children among his respectable parishioners, and what a machinery of Sunday-schools he set a-going for those who were still

left out—may be read in the records of his Glasgow life. There also may be read in detail how in these parishes, but more especially in that of St. John's, where circumstances enabled him to carry out his experiment more thoroughly and independently, he persevered in managing the pauperism within his bounds entirely on his parochial system for the administration of voluntary benevolence, and without the least assistance from a poor-rate. As early as the year 1814, he had ascertained that, whereas all the pauperism in his small parish of Kilmany was properly provided for by a sum of 24*l.* annually out of the voluntary offerings at the church-door, the pauperism of an English parish of exactly the same dimensions, and as nearly as possible in the same circumstances, but managed on the poor-rate system, cost 1,260*l.* He had then concluded that this might be about the measure of the difference of expense between the two systems. His experience in Glasgow corresponded. By that exact and peculiar inspection of every individual case of alleged pauperism which his plan of the minute subdivision of his parish permitted, it was found that the number of the real cases of pauperism requiring relief was enormously reduced, with great reflex benefit to the moral tone and industry of families who would otherwise have succumbed to the temptation of alms, while of the real cases that remained so many were provided for by a little easy ingenuity in finding work, or by an appeal to the proper feeling of better-off relations, that a mere fraction of the money accruing from the voluntary collections at the church-doors sufficed in the last resource for the inevitable residue. What Dr. Chalmers exulted in, however, was not so much the greatly-reduced cost at which pauperism could be managed by voluntary benevolence on the parochial system, with as much real comfort to the recipients of charity as under the other system. He exulted more in the restoration of his parish by his method to a healthy moral state, in which benevolence, and the family affections, and

prudence, and a wholesome dread of dependence were again doing their proper work, and there was a sweetening of the relations between different classes of society. His agents for the economical management of his parish, the inspection and investigation of the cases of pauperism, and the distribution of alms when necessary, formed a distinct body from that which assisted him in the spiritual charge of his parish, though the two bodies co-operated. They were called by him his Deacons; and he ascertained that, when once his system was in working order, the time required by a deacon for the most painstaking discharge of his duties among the poor averaged only three hours a month. Chalmers's experiment in the management of the poor of St. John's, conducted as it was amid incredulity, and under the severest scrutiny of advocates of the contrary system, used to be cited by himself to the last as a positive demonstration of the soundness of his views of pauperism, and of the possibility of averting from Scotland the curse of the English poor-law system. His organization of St. John's parish remained in force eighteen years after his removal from Glasgow, but then sank under the encroachments of the adverse surrounding element.

With this sketch of Chalmers's views and efforts on social and economical questions I have mingled no criticism. There are, I may add, points at which I can see that criticism might be usefully applied. But, on the whole, taken as a combination of the sound and noble in moral dynamics with the expert and exact in moral mechanics, I fancy that Chalmers's system of social views may still be worthy of study; and, for myself, looking abroad on the world where so much is still out of joint, and remembering the gigantic force with which the author of this system of views wielded it in his own life, I cannot but feel, even were my sense of *his* deficiencies greater than it is, and my sense of the power and virtue of some of his successors less than it is, "O for an hour of blind old Dandolo!"

TWO DORSETSHIRE POEMS.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

V R O M H I N T O N .

TWO SPEAKERS.

- (1.) An! then at the feást, at the cool evenentide,
I walk'd on wi' you, an' zome mwore at my zide:
Your cousin, an' Harry, an' Meäry that died,
- (2.) In zummer wi' dew.
- (1.) An' there we did zing all the way down the hill,
To Pentridge, along by the moon-sheáded mill,
Where water, a-flouzen, did leáve the wheel still.
- (2.) In zummer wi' dew, where cows wer at rest ;
An' over the water, an' over the grass,
An' over the road where ageän we do pass,
Did zweep the soft wind o' the west.
- (1.) The house that, at Pentridge, did then gi'e a smoke,
Wer mossy's the elem, but firm as the woak,
A-screenèn the glossy-heäir'd heads o' young vo'k,
- (2.) In zummer wi' dew.
- (1.) But now vor the house-climbèn vine is noo wall ;
An' now vor the cribs o' sweet hay is noo stall ;
An' where the barn-vloor wer a-sheenèn do vall
The cwold zummer dew ; (2.) an' gilcups be bright ;
An' still by the rushes, an' still by the zedge,
An' still by the path vrom the river's green edge,
Do zweep the soft wind o' the night.
- (1.) An' now I mid goo where the hill do zink low,
An' on where the clote-ridden river do flow,
An' over the yields that my bwoyhood did know,
- (2.) In zummer wi' dew.
- (1.) But whither? the house is a-gone, ev'ry stwone.
To whom? where the vo'k be noo longer my own.
Vor what? where my callèn wer never a-knownn,
- (2.) In zummer wi' dew, wi' zwallows on wing,
While still by the stile, an' along by the bank,
And along by the leáne wi' the elems in rank,
Do zweep the soft wind o' the spring.

THE LITTLE HWOMESTEAD.

WHERE the zun did glow warm vrom his height,
On the vo'k, at their work, in white sleeves ;
An' the goold-banded bee wer in flight,
Wi' the birds that did flit by the leaves ;

There my two little childern did run,
 An' did rile, an' did roll, in their fun:
 An' did clips, in their hands,
 Stick or stwone vor their play:
 In their hands, that had little a-grown;
 Vor their play, wi' a stick or a stwone.

As the zun down his high zummer bow
 To the west o' the orcha'd did vall,
 He did leäve the brown bee-hives, in row,
 In the sheäde o' the houses grey wall;
 An' the flowers, a-sheenèn in bloom,
 Zome a-lighted, an' zome in the gloom,
 To the cool o' the air,
 An' the damp o' the dew:
 O' the air, vrom the apple-tree sheädes,
 An' the dew, on the grasses' green bleädes.

An' there wer my orcha'd a-tined
 Wi' a hedge on a steep-zided bank,
 Where the ivy did twine roun' the rind
 O' the wood-stems, an' trees in high rank;
 Vor to keep out the wide-lippèd cow;
 An' the stiff-snouted pigs, that would plough
 Up the nesh-bleäed grass,
 By the young apple-trees:
 The grass, a-grown up to good height,
 By the trees, that wi' blooth wer all white.

O when is a father's good time,
 That do pay vor his tweil wi' mvozt jay?
 Is it when he's a-spendèn his prime
 Vor his childern, still young in their play?
 Or when they've a-grown to their height,
 An' a-gone vrom his heärèn an' zight,
 Wi' their mother's woone voice
 A-left hwome at the door:
 A voice that noo longer do zing,
 At the door that mwore seldom do swing?

BODIES AND SOULS: A DISCURSIVE PAPER.

WITH GLIMPSES OF THE CITY OF BATH.

"BODIES" are in this title advisedly and intentionally placed first. Not, God forbid! in any materialistic denying of the soul, or sensuous Greco-heathenish exaltation of the body; but in simple, religious recognition of the fact that it has pleased the Maker of both to put the soul into the body; to

cause the soul to be worked on through the body; and, whether we ignore it or not, to continue for good or for evil that intimate union until it is dissolved by the mysterious change which we call Death.

Mystics may deny and defy it; poets may despise it; devotees may ignore it;

and some few saints and martyrs may rise superior to it, but there the practical truth remains. Our body is our body, to be made—very much of our own will, or what seems to be such—either a useful, suitable dwelling for the soul to live and work and do her temporary duty in, or a cumbersome, wretched, ruined mansion in which she wanders miserably, capable of nothing, enjoying nothing, and longing only for the day when the walls shall crumble, the roof fall, and the prisoner be set free.

“When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay:
’Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.”

So it is, God knows; and He, who never leaves Himself without a witness, gives us continually noble instances in which the divine inmate has so completely triumphed over the frail and perishing tabernacle, as to make the sick-room the brightest room in the house. But there are also other cases when, *before* that “languor and disease” invaded and took captive the entire domain, the wretched struggles of the ill-used and ill-regulated body were mistaken for the writhings of the soul; when many an “earnest student”—*vide* one lamentable instance in a book of that name—goes on half-killing himself with study, and then sets down what every sensible person would call dyspepsia, or liver disease, as “convictions of sin,” the “wrestling of the flesh against the Spirit.” Or else come alternations of terrible religious doubt, and agonized remorse for the same. In short, all that morbid introspection by which a certain order of pietists who call themselves “miserable sinners” gratify at once their conscience and their egotism by dwelling continually on these said sins, flaunting them, as the Irish beggars do their rags and wounds, in the face of society, by diaries, letters, conversations, instead of keeping them for the sole ear of Him unto whom alone we, who know ourselves so little and our fellow mortals still less, arc—we thank and bless Him—however

miserable sinners we be, wholly and perfectly and compassionately known.

It is, therefore, in no irreligious spirit, but the contrary, that we put forward a word or two for the doctrine, too apt to be forgotten, of Bodies and Souls, which God has, in this state of being, so mysteriously joined together that no man can put them asunder; no more than we can, however some of us think we can, shut Him out of a portion of His own world by dividing it into secular and religious, sacred and profane. But this is not a question to be entered on here, where all that is wished is to throw out a few suggestions, *apropos* of a few facts, on the great subject of taking care of the body for the sake of the soul, and of getting at men’s souls in the way which Providence seems to point out as the true and lawful way,—*through* their bodies.

I have been led to these reflections by a few walks round about a city, probably one of the most religious cities in the kingdom, at least externally. And why not in reality? since its population mainly consists of those to whom religion must necessarily be the sole consolation: the aged, who have lived long enough to see the vanity of all things; the infirm and feeble; and the incurable invalid, whose life is and must be passed, not in the wholesome sunshine of ordinary existence, but in a long pale twilight of suffering, slowly darkening into that solemn night of which the day-dawn is immortality.

For these, and such as these, the city I speak of opens her friendly arms, and extends to them all her comforts, physical and spiritual. Probably in no given area of town habitations are so many churches and chapels; all of which, it must be owned, are continuously and devoutly filled. And in many of the faces you there meet—queer, withered, and world-worn though they be—is an expression of earnest piety that cannot be sufficiently respected, ay, whatever form it takes, High Church or Low Church, Methodism, Calvinism, Tractarianism, Unitarianism, or any other of the innumerable -isms which, despite all

their differences, include, to His eyes who seeth not as man seeth, His universal Church. You cannot pass along the streets about eleven on a Sunday morning and mark the grave, respectable, decorous throng which defiles severally into its several places of worship, each ready no doubt to thunder anathemas on every other place of worship, yet devoutly and earnestly bent upon serving God in its own fashion, without feeling certain that somewhere, under or above all these jarring creeds, must lie His Divine Truth; which He is able to take care of; to impress upon every human soul according to its temporary needs, and ultimately to demonstrate, perfectly and everlastingly, in His own time and way.

One word about the city herself, as she appears on such a Sunday morning as this, when her clean pavements are covered with an ever-moving decent church-going throng, and her bright, sunshiny atmosphere, rarely either foggy or smoky, is filled with the sound of the "church-going bell." Truly she is a fair city. She sits like a lady in the centre of her circle of protecting hills, white and smiling, aristocratically still and calm. No ugly trade defiles her quiet streets; in her green environs no chimneys blacken and no furnaces blaze. For she is a lady city. She does not work at all, or seems as if she did not. She sits at ease on her picturesque site; so small that almost at every street corner you can catch a glimpse of green hills; looking outwards and upwards from her pleasant nest upon a country that for richness is the very garden of England.

The West of England, for most people will have recognised this beautiful city as Bath. Our island can boast none fairer, except, perhaps, Edinburgh, which in degree she resembles, though with a difference. Edinburgh, bold and manly, sits throned on the hill-tops and commands the valleys; Bath, lovely and feminine, nestles down in her valley and looks up at the hills. But there is in both the same picturesqueness of situation, the same compactness and elegance,

the same atmosphere of white quietness, idleness, and ancient, historical, dignified repose.

Many a mutation has Bath gone through since the days when she was no city as yet—but a mere morass, spreading over the bottom of that circular valley or basin, in which bubbled up—as they do still, without change of temperature or diminution of quantity—those mysterious hot springs, which always seem to the stranger as something "uncanny"—something unconsciously reminding us of that Abode beneath which some people seem to believe in far more religiously and eagerly than in the Abode above. *Where* can be—*what* can be that wondrous, inextinguishable fire which boils this unlimited supply of hot water, as it has done for thousands and thousands of years?

Strange it is to picture this heated morass as, according to mythic legend, it was first discovered by the leper-prince, Bladud, and his leprous swine. More difficult still to conjure up the Roman city there built, and called by the foreign civilizers *Aqua Solis*—a city coeval with Pompeii and Herculaneum, and, doubtless, equally perfect and luxurious, to judge by the fragments of pavement, the remains of houses, temples, baths, which are even yet disinterred from the buried town—buried many feet below the surface of this our modern Bath. Bath, which owed its name to Hæt Bathan, the substitution for *Aqua Solis* by the plain, rough Saxon conqueror, who set up his barbaric state there on the relics of refined and poetic Rome. What stories could not these hills tell—the unchangeable hills—of all the grim Saxons who abode or visited here—Osric the Monk, Offa the Thane, Ethelstane and Edgar the Kings.

And so through mediæval centuries, these hot springs kept flowing; used, as the names of the baths indicated, by kings, queens, abbots, and lepers: afterwards, as the "horse bath" implies, sinking to the use of brute beasts. But at this point of decadence, in the Elizabethan age, which had wisdom enough to care for bodies as well as souls, the

Queen elevated the half-forgotten city by granting her a charter, and assigning "of her Majesty's abundant grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion," "all and singular such and the same waters, baths, &c." to the "mayor, aldermen, citizens, and to their successors, for ever." Which "for ever" still remains in force, one only exception being made—the Kingston or Roman bath, which is private property.

The next notice of Bath is by old Samuel Pepys—who certainly had no slight regard for *his* body, whatever he might have had for his soul—"Looked into the baths and find the King's and Queen's full of a mixed sort of good and bad—and the cross only almost for gentry. So home with my wife : and did pay my guides, two women 5s. and one man 2s. 6d." Henceforward Bath gradually became a fashionable resort : for the sick to gain health, for the sound to enjoy it. Every pains was taken both to preserve and to entertain those frail bodies, so troublesome yet so dear to us all: Souls, it is to be feared, were rather at a discount—at least to judge by Miss Burney's, Miss Austen's and Miss Ferrier's novels, and by the historical and biographical records of the time—probably less veracious than these admirable fictions.

Yet even then and there—though society was at its lowest ebb of frivolity—must have existed much of that large, loving, noble human nature which is found everywhere indestructible. How many a touching and heroic episode may, nay, must have been enacted along these very streets, and within those squares and crescents of dignified old-fashioned houses—whose frontage of white Bath-stone is darkening slowly into sombre harmonious grey. Young gentlewomen, who, in spite of hoops, sacques, paint, and patches, made the tenderest of nurses to exacting old age : young gentlemen, who under flowing wigs, and ruffled shirt-breasts carried sound heads and faithful hearts—and made honest love to those said gentlewomen along Pulteney street, the Circus, or the Paragon ; yes, or even in the

Pump-room itself—or opposite the wonderful "Jacob's ladder" which makes the curious ornamentation of the Abbey door.

All, all are away : dropped with their numberless, forgotten joys and sorrows into the peaceful dust. Their life is now—as each of ours shall soon be—

"No more than stories in a printed book."

But the city still remains—though changes have come over her too—and in the gradual ebbing of the tide of fashion, Bath has for many years been left, like a faded beauty, to devote herself no longer to the decoration and disportation, but to the sanitary preservations of bodies—and also souls.

For she is, as before stated—a most religious city. *Laborare est orare* is certainly not her motto. Most of her inhabitants have nothing in the world to do, except to pray. That they do pray, and very sincerely,—none would wish to deny. But it might be as well for them, as for most other religious communities, if they would mingle with their orisons a little less of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and a little more of that most excellent gift of charity. Then they would cease disputing about the respective virtue of closed pews and open pews, lecterns and reading-desks :—and a "kettle-drum"—(an innocent afternoon party, in demi-toilette, for sociality, music, tittle-tattle, and tea,) would be esteemed no more irreligious, possibly a little less so, than those extraordinary and anomalous dissipations—technically termed Bible routs—where the *élite* of pious Bath assembles in full dress for scripture reading and expounding—coffee, ices, conversation, psalms and prayers.

Nevertheless, Bath is a fair, virtuous, decorous city ; containing the average, or beyond the average, of good and kindly people—or so it appears, to judge by her long list of charities. Rarely has any city, so small, so many apparent outlets for her benevolence. These comprise ancient foundations : Blue Alms, Black Alms, Grammar and Blue Coat Schools ; Hospitals, modern and

mediaeval, a Penitentiary, and so on. Add to these, that every one of the numerous churches and chapels has its own working schemes of schools, district-visitings, Dorcas and other charities, and we may conclude that the poor of Bath are tolerably well cared for.

Shall we see how? It will take but a short walk, this sharp but cheery winter day; the narrowness and compactness of the city's limits being a great advantage to us as well as to its charities.

Let us begin at the very beginning. How shall we attack poor people's souls—*through* their bodies, mind—except by the first principle of purification—cleanliness, which is emphatically pronounced to be “next to godliness?”

I have always had a deep faith in that virtue. I believe earnestly the saying, that a man is not near so ready to commit a crime when he has got a clean shirt on; and that the sense of self-respect and inward purity which accompanies a well-washed body, generally, more or less, communicates itself to the soul. A working-man is always more of a man, more decent and well-conducted, more fit to go to church, or go a-courting, after he has “cleaned himself;” and a working-woman—a respectable mechanic's wife, or civil maid-servant—will be none the less civil and respectable for assuming, toil being over, a tidy apron, face and hands. So let our first peregrination be to certain baths and laundries, built close by the river side, in Milk Street—a street which might have been especially chosen for the purpose, as it and the adjoining Avon Street are principally inhabited by sweeps.

It was not always so. This region, now the lowest in Bath, was, not so very long since, noted for handsome residences. Kingsmead House, which still remains, forming one portion of Kingsmead Square, must have been the finest of all, and its gardens are said to have extended down to the river side, over the area now occupied by these low streets and a sort of quay. We knock at a humble door (a very humble door, for the originator of the scheme, Mr. Sutcliffe, was too

truly benevolent to waste money upon architecture), with “Bath and Laundries” thereon inscribed. It is opened by an honest-looking, respectable man, as he has opened it for the last seventeen years—ever since its foundation, indeed.

He is the whole of the staff—governor, housekeeper, secretary, accountant. He lives in two or three small rooms attached to the establishment, and devotes his whole time to its management. He had a wife to help him, but she is no more; now he does it all himself. “Bless 'ee, I like it,” says he. “It's busy work enough, for I never go out except a Sundays: haven't taken a walk three times these seventeen years. But I like it.” Easy to see that this manager is a very intelligent man of his class; working with a will—the root of all really good work. It can do him no harm to set down here his honest name—Cox.

Cox is evidently a character. He takes us into his little parlour—very tidy, and adorned with all sorts of curiosities—and, as preliminary information, gives us a printed paper, on which we read as follows:—

“Bath and Laundries, Milk Street.—The Committee have adopted the following low scale of charges, being far below the rates in most places, with a view to extend the benefits of the Institution to the largest possible number of persons. Charges in the wash-house.—For the use of a tub and boiler, one halfpenny per hour. Drying and ironing (small articles), one halfpenny per dozen; ditto, ditto, large, one farthing each. N.B.—One penny must be paid on entrance, and the remainder before the clothes are taken away. Charges for Baths.—First-class (hot or cold), threepence; second-class (ditto, ditto), twopence. N.B.—The baths for women are in a separate part of the buildings, and are provided with female attendance. A female bather may take one child under seven years of age, into the bath with herself, without additional charge.”

Very simple, cheap, and admirable arrangements—with which, on more investigation, we are the more pleased. The baths are as good as any ordinary

bath-room in a private house. We enquire who are the sort of people that avail themselves of such an easy luxury? Sweeps? "No," replies Cox, gravely; "we had only two sweeps the whole of last season." "And the poor people in the streets hereabouts—do they come?" "Never. Our bathers are chiefly mechanics, shop-girls from Milsom-street, and domestic servants. Not at all the class for which the place was started. They won't come. It's a great pity. Still, one sort or other, we get about thirty bathers a day; an average of 6,000 in the course of the year." Well, 6,000 clean-washed folks are not a bad thing. But the other statement only proves more and more that the lower a human being sinks, in moral and physical degradation, the greater is his aversion to water. Let the rising generation take from this a wholesome warning—and a daily bath.

But the laundry, Cox said with pride, is much more popular—and among the class for which it was intended. One can imagine the comfort it must be to any poor woman, whose whole establishment, perhaps, consists of but one room—to be supplied with all the materials for a family wash—except soap—and to be able to take back her poor bits of "things" at the day's end, dried, ironed, and aired; no incumbrance of wet, flapping clothes, or damp smell of hot water and soap-suds, to irritate the tired husband and drive him to the public-house. Those women—seventy I believe there were—upon whom we opened the door, and gradually distinguished them through the steaming atmosphere—each busy in her separate division—looked thoroughly comfortable, though many of them were very ragged, worn, and poverty-stricken. 8,000, Cox informed us, was the yearly average who used these wash-houses; by which we may reckon 8,000 little or large families made comfortable and decent, so far as clean linen will do it.

"And do they always conduct themselves decently—these women, who bring no certificate of character, no warrant of admission except their need and their entrance-penny? Do they never quarrel,

or use ill-language, or steal one another's property—as must be so very easy to do?"

Cox shakes his head smiling. "We have had only two dismissals for bad conduct in my time. As for stealing—sometimes there are mistakes, but the clothes are always brought to my room for fair exchange. For bad words—I never hear nothing, except now and then one of 'em will begin humming a little tune to herself; that's no harm, you know."

Certainly not, quite the contrary.

We do not stay long in our examination; the machinery of the place being much as it is in all public establishments; water heated by steam, stoves for the irons, and hot air presses for the drying. Besides, we cannot quite feel that we have any right to stare at or hinder these decent women who have paid their honest pennies for liberty to do their honest work. We pass on to the big coal-cellar, which feeds the big steam-engine, which supplies the working power of all these arrangements. And there we are considerably amused to find, lying on the warm roof of the engine, a very good plaster nymph, with several extrinsic arms and legs, the work of a sculptor—I think we may say *the* sculptor of Bath—to whom Cox has long allowed the liberty of drying his casts here. Cox has evidently a taste for art; for he takes us into another room—his own work-room—which contains the labour of his life; a gigantic chair all encrusted with shells, the two arms formed in imitation of the sea-serpent, and the back of an equally ornamental and original design; more original than comfortable, we should suppose. A chair, not beautiful, but very curious, and exactly suited for a presidential chair of the Conchological Society, if there was one. Cox unveils it, and regards it with lingering affection.

"Yes, it took me many years and much labour, for which I shall never be paid, of course. I was advised to present it to the Prince of Wales, but, bless you, he'd never have it. It, and the fountain you see"—another enor-

mous specimen of this shell-work—“would do well in some big lord’s conservatory; but who is to make ’em known, or who will come and buy them of a poor man like me? Well, I enjoyed working at ’em,” says Cox with a patient sigh, as he covers up his labours of many years.

We hope he may find a purchaser, for really the lovers of the grotesque and ingenious might do worse than buy. And so with hearty good wishes we leave worthy Cox, his baths and laundries, and make our way through the cutting east wind, which rushes like a charge of bayonets at every street corner, to the next place for advantaging poor folks’ bodies—the soup kitchens, belonging to the “Society for improving the condition of the working classes in Bath.” No doubt one of the best ways of doing this is by feeding them; not by promiscuous charity, which lowers independence—that honest independence which is the best boast of both poor and rich—but by some means of supplying want, and obtaining for the same benefit fair payment. The soup-kitchens do this. At the head establishment, in Chatham Row, Walcot, and at the seven branch establishments distributed about the city, there is an uniform tariff of prices; one penny the half-pint and so on, when paid by the working-man himself, which price is doubled, when the expenditure is made in tickets to be given away as charity. And the Society especially begs that purchasers will not distribute these tickets promiscuously to beggars, but to the needy and deserving poor of the town.

Any one who considers how extremely difficult it is for a poor labouring man, or even a respectable mechanic, to get a hot, wholesome, well-cooked dinner at all, will understand that it was a satisfactory sight, on this bitter winter noon, to see those long lines of decent-looking men eating their steaming portions off a clean, tidy board. A cheap dinner—a penny bowl of soup and a halfpenny roll—and yet it was substantial enough for any man’s needs—any gentleman’s, either. “I assure you,” said a very

civil personage, who looked like a cook in his white apron and sleeves, but received us with an air of dignity and authority which betokened something higher, “I assure you, many a colonel and general have been here and made their dinners off it, and declared they never wished to dine better, and only hoped they might never dine worse.” In which sentiment, having tasted the soup, we heartily agreed with those respected military officers.

The interior working of soup kitchens is pretty well known—this of Bath is like most others. Meat is procured daily from six or seven of the most respectable butchers of the city, cut up in fragments, mixed with vegetables, and thrown into the great boilers which, during the winters of 1861-2 engulfed—how much, think you?—11,433 lbs. of beef, 35½ sacks of onions, 107½ sacks of peas, and of salt more than a ton. Out of this *matériel*, how many a hungry mouth must have been filled, and how many a busy workman sent cheerily back to his work all the better fitted to earn the family bread. And if, in truth, the nearest way to a man’s heart—not to say his conscience—is through his stomach, the police-sheets of the Bath magistrates may have been lightened according as these soup-boilers were filled and emptied. They are, the attendant told us, emptied every day, and newly supplied with fresh meat and vegetables, lest the poor should imagine—as they are so prone to do—“Oh, anything is thought good enough for us.”

At this head kitchen all the soup is made, and thence distributed, in enormous cans, to the various branch depôts. People can either consume it on the spot, or carry it away with them. Last winter, from November, 1862, to April, 1863, the consumption was 73,080 quarts, and the number of consumers was 36,333—average 300 per diem: the greatest number who ever came in one day being 563. The receipts across the counter amounted to 90,945 penny pieces—that is, 378*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*—while 163*l.* 19*s.* was realized by the sale of tickets for benevolent distribution. This combined sum

is more than sufficient to defray all expenses, and, with the addition of subscriptions and donations, has enabled the Committee to lay by a saving's-bank fund for future expenses.

These plain facts are better than any poetical descriptions, and so we may safely congratulate the fair city of Bath on the care she takes of bodies as well as souls—suggesting, *en passant*, to her pious inhabitants, the administration of soup-tickets at least as numerous as of tracts; and the advising of poor women to attend the baths and laundries as regularly as church, chapel, or prayer-meeting. “This do, not leaving the other undone.”

And now let us see what Bath does for those frail and dilapidated bodies to which neither food nor water can give health or soundness—perhaps never again. There are several hospitals, but the Mineral Water Hospital, peculiar to this city, is the only one I can speak of here. It was meant “for the relief and support of poor persons from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, afflicted with complaints for which the Bath waters are a remedy;” and its foundation-stone was laid by the Honourable William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, in 1737, nearly a hundred and thirty years ago.

At that time there were in Bath three remarkable men—Richard Nash, Ralph Allen, and William Oliver. The first is known as Beau Nash, Master of the Cerémonies, for many years: gifted with gentlemanly manners, somewhat lax principles, an easy conscience, and a very kindly heart. The second raised himself from very humble origin to be thus written of by his friend Alexander Pope:—

“Let low-born Allen, with ingenuous shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

and to be likewise immortalized by his other friend, Henry Fielding, in the character of *Squire Allworthy*.¹ The

¹ For this, and much other information, the writer is indebted to a recent valuable and exceedingly erudite “Historic Guide to Bath,” by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A.

third has gone down to posterity as the originator of that excellent Bath food, Oliver's biscuits, and as the first physician of the Mineral Water Hospital. To these three worthies it owes its foundation. Beau Nash, whose liberal hand was always in his own or other people's pockets, collected large sums of money; Ralph Allen bestowed, out of his quarries on Combe Down, the stone for building, and 1,000*l.* besides; Dr. Oliver contributed all that a wise physician could, skill, advice, influence, and personal supervision. Thus, in May, 1742—that frivolous and yet stormy era—just before the memorable '45, was opened that admirable institution; and, from the date of its opening to its anniversary in May, 1862, it either relieved or cured, out of admitted patients, a proportion of 40,780 persons.

With a feeling of due respect, we stand before its door at the foot of Milson Street, not the original door, but that of the new wing, which in 1861 was added to the original building. A hospital is never a cheerful place to visit: but this being for chiefly chronic diseases, such as rheumatism, gout, palsy, and cutaneous disorders, is less painful than most. For the inmates are rarely in their beds; the large, clean, lofty dormitories are nearly empty; and even in the day-rooms, the women's especially, we find many patient-looking patients, busily pursuing, with as much activity as their complaints allow, many useful avocations. Knitting and sewing with the one side, draught-playing, reading, and mat-making with the other, appear to be the favourite occupations. As we pass through them, guided by the resident surgeon, at whose coming all faces seemed to brighten as if he were a general friend, I noticed how much more cheerful the women looked than the men. Not wonderful, considering how many, nay, all of the latter, are taken from active trades or agricultural day-labour, and shut up here, helpless but not hopeless: for the deaths, or those dismissed incurable, bear an infinitesimal proportion to the number “discharged cured.”

We heard many little episodes, more comical than doleful, of hospital-life. How respectable elderly patients have sometimes, after leaving, evinced their gratitude by sending proposals of marriage, not invariably declined, to the equally respectable elderly nurses; and how other patients, suddenly inheriting money, have thankfully and gladly contributed portions of it for the benefit of the hospital. One man who was in this fortunate position, we passed, eagerly writing letters in the seclusion of the sleeping-ward; while in another, by the quiet, solitary fire, sat another patient, and beside him his pleasant-looking wife, who, for six weeks, had been allowed to come every day and nurse him through some accidental, acute illness. "Do you often allow this, doctor?" "Always, when needed; it is such a comfort to them." It must be.

The doctor told us another episode of a very eccentric patient, by name Kihiringi Te Tuahu,—a New Zealander. He spoke not a word of English; but still he managed to make himself a general favourite in the ward. His chief difficulty was smoking. He would creep down to forbidden rooms, obtain cigars, and carry them, still lighted, under his sleeve all chapel-time, then exhibit his unlawful booty with an innocent pride which disarmed all punishment. He was indeed, like all half-savages, very much of a child; and when, much better, he left the hospital, it was with an outburst of perfectly childish tears. "In fact," added the doctor, "I never did see any man who cried so much."

Generally, no doubt, the tears are few; the patients have an aspect of quiet endurance and familiarity with pain. They are on the whole an extremely respectable class. And yet nothing is required for entrance, no presentation or applications through subscribers: simply a letter from any medical man, stating the case and its necessities, to which is returned a blank certificate, to be filled up and signed by the clergyman and others, in the parish to which the applicant belongs. Beyond this is required to be deposited a sum of

three pounds, if the applicant comes from any part of England; five pounds if from Scotland or Ireland, to be kept as "caution-money," intended to defray the expenses of homeward journey, or possible death, or great destitution as to clothes. If not wanted for any of these purposes the whole sum is returned to the party or parties who provided it.

On this simple plan the hospital works, and has worked—these hundred and thirty years. We went all over it—the wards, baths (with most admirable and ingenious contrivances for the feeble and the crippled), the kitchens, laundries, cellars, up to the chapel, which is so beautiful as to be almost a flaw in the establishment. One cannot but think that an additional ward would have served God much better than a richly-ornamental chancel and seven gorgeously-painted windows, illustrating, out of Bible history, the use and benefit of water. But let us not grumble. People have a right to confer their benefits in their own way. And certainly here bodies are never neglected for the sake of souls. Let us hope that to hundreds and thousands of poor men and women this brief haven of rest, in an admirably well-conducted hospital, may be good for both bodies and souls.

We end our investigations in the board-room, round whose oaken table a century's meetings have been held. What tales it could tell of those old worthies whose portraits alone now look down upon their successors' deliberations. Besides a very imaginative likeness of Hygeia, a buxom young woman who flaunts it over the fire-place, there is a curious picture of Dr. Oliver and Mr. Peirce, the first physician and first surgeon to the hospital, examining patients affected with paralysis, rheumatism, and leprosy—a subject that, in spite of its repulsiveness, is interesting, and well painted. The painter is W. Hoare, R.A., who also leaves his own portrait, a thoughtful head, somewhat after the manner of Opie. Others besides adorn the walls; Mr. Morris, the first apothecary, his father, mother, and wife—Mr. Morris, senior, being a meek old gentle-

man, and Mrs. Morris, senior, a large grim woman, in ruffles and mittens, who looked as if she had ruled with a rod of iron both spouse, son, and daughter-in-law. There, too, smirks poor Beau Nash's jovial countenance, with the round cheeks (nearly all the men of that period seem to have been jolly and round-cheeked) and the weak irresolute mouth; just like him who was, as the saying is, "Nobody's enemy but his own." And there also is the thin, acute, kindly face of good Ralph Allen, who was everybody's friend, and whose palatial home, at Prior Park, still remains as one of the most magnificent yet forlorn

mansions in England. It and Beckford's Tower gaze at one another across Bath, from opposite hills, strange monuments of the passing away of all human things. As one looks round at these faded and fading portraits, and thinks of the living men who week by week assemble at this table beneath them, one by one disappearing thence, to reappear but as silent portraits on the wall, the deep truth of the oft-quoted yet ever beautiful rhyme forces itself for the hundredth time upon one's mind:—

"Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

MR. TENNYSON'S "NORTHERN FARMER."

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

At the Academy dinner in the spring, the Archbishop of Canterbury had the candour and the good nature to single out the "little lady" in Mr. Millais' "Second Sermon," as preaching wholesome truth to himself and his clerical brethren. But what a sermon, what a lesson, to "priests and people" is contained in Mr. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer!" Though the author is considerate enough to note himself that his personage is one of the "old style," who can doubt that substantially he has embodied for us, in thought and feeling, a type—ay, and an ennobled one—of full four-fifths of the present agricultural population of England, below the so-called "gentleman-farmer?" That type, no doubt, is passing by, so that one can but rejoice that it has now been cast in perennial verse, but it will be years, decades, perhaps more than a century, before its last lineaments have dissolved away. Till now, at any rate, it has its representatives in every county, probably in every rural parish. Look on it, and you will see what Christianity, civilization, and Protestantism combined have done for the English agriculturist, up to well into the nine-

teenth century after Christ, the fourth from Gutenberg, from Luther. A creature whose last thought on his death-bed is of his ale, of which he has had his pint every night, his quart every market night; whose last feeling towards God is one of rebellion against Him for taking away the wrong man, and at the wrong time; whose only notion of the clergyman is that of a man who reads one perfectly incomprehensible sermon a week, and comes to visit the sick when he wants his tithe from them; whose only idea of his rights as a freeborn Englishman is that of "voating wi' squoire an' Choorch an' Staäte," and never voting down church-rates; whose highest view of morality consists in maintaining his bastards; a believer in "boggles," *i. e.* ghosts; a disbeliever in the steam-engine; a many-acred flunkey, content to find his supreme honour in the smiles of "quolity" as they see him passing by; "muddled" only by the thought of whom his absent squire after his death will choose to toss to, as a bone to one among a host of hungry curs, that land on which he has spent his life!

Such is one whole side of the picture ; but look now on the other. What makings of a man may you not find in this grovelling clod ! The words—

"Git me my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy"

are not the last hiccough of the drunkard, the wild despairing shriek of the sensualist. The man is no drunkard ; he has known all his life when to drink his pint and his quart. He is looking death steadfastly in the face, like any old Viking, disdaining to turn out of his way for the sake of the King of Terrors :—

"Git me my yaäle, for I be'ant a-goin to breäk my rule."

He is no more afraid of death than he is of "boggles," however firmly he may believe in the latter. The "boggle" in Thornaby waste, he has heard it often,—“about and about.” Yet he was not to be hindered by a “boggle” from doing his life's work of breaking up the waste. He has thrust it out of his way like a rock or a stone :—

"But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raaved an' rembled un oot."

He believes in God, though he may not tremble before Him like a devil. He knows He is "Godamighty." He rebels against His wisdom, in not rather taking away Jones, who "ant a' aäpoth o' sense," or Robins, who "niver mended a fence." His idea of God has clearly not risen above that of a great Might above—stern, inflexible, inscrutable, unreasonable seemingly. Yet that Might is not envious, malignant, spiteful—not a devil under another name, like that of too many a profusely pious Christian ; it is Some One who will bear being spoken to, will bear no grudge to those even who grumble when He calls.

He has learned little from parsons or from any other teachers, and therefore thinks he has but little to learn. He has had but few thoughts to fill up his rugged old life. And yet two grand thoughts—rooted so deep that they seem mere instincts of spontaneous growth—have spread all through it, the two thoughts which, more than any others,

make the hero—Duty and Work. He has paid tithe to the parson on his death-bed, because it was his duty. He has maintained a child which was fathered on him, because it was his duty, though the mother "wur a bad un." He has done his duty by the squire in voting for him, managing for him, "come Michaelmas thirty year," tho' "Squire's in Lunnon," and he is here. He has done his duty, he thinks, to all. Nay, doing his duty himself, he gives other men, on the whole, credit for doing theirs. When "parson" was booming away over his head those incomprehensible sermons, he still "thowt a 'ad summut to säiy," nay, "thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said." He believes that "squire" will not give the land after him to senseless Jones or thoughtless Robins. He believes that "quality" do justice to his own worth.

Only other men's duties seem to him thin and slight, compared with his. The parson "reäds wonn sarmin a weëak"—he has "stubb'd Thornaby waäste." For, above all, he has done his duty by the land. That duty is for him the measure of all the others :—

"I done my duty by un as I ha' done by the land."

There lies his pride, his treasure, his heart. If he finds fault with "God-amighty," it is simply that, in calling him away, instead of Jones or Robins, He does not shew sufficient appreciation of good farm-work.

"I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an yonder a peä."

that is his title to consideration in God's sight. The hardship of dying is mainly that God must—

"Taäke ma now,
Wi' auf the cows to cauve, an Thornaby holms
to plow,"

that he has not been able quite to finish the one great work of his life, that which he has carried out hitherto in spite of "boggles" and men, the stubbing up and ploughing of Thornaby waste. What a noble, honest, ay, artistic pride in his survey of that work—

"Dubbut looäk at the wääste ; theer warn't
not feäd for a cow :
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz . . .
. . . an' now theer's lots o' feäd,
Fourscore yows upon it, an' some on it doon
in seäd."

And what an honest pathos in the regret
at leaving it unaccomplished—

"Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to ha'
stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow
thruff it an' all,
If Godamighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let
ma aloän. . . ."

Observe that this love, this well nigh
worship of "the lond," is almost utterly
unselfish. He knows well that the bulk
of what he farms is not his ; that it will
be disposed of to others by another.
He is to himself but as it were the
fore-ordained cultivator, fertilizer of the
land for others' benefit ; a wonderful
first-rate tool, which he rather fancies
has fallen into careless hands. He thinks
nothing of his own future ; but he thinks
of the annoyance to his squire of losing
so good a farmer—

"An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear
a' dear !"

He thinks of the odious—

"Kittle of stëam
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the
devil's oän tëam,"

And that is the one thought which
reconciles him to dying—

"But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn
abear to see it."

So that, in short, the more one looks
into the face of this ale-drinking clod,
the more there disengages itself the
figure of a grand old heathen, a wor-
shipper of Tellus and Hertha,—whose
bodily motions may take place in the
sphere of nineteenth century civiliza-
tion, but over whose spirit, as I said
before, eighteen centuries of Christianity
have passed in vain. Of a Father in
heaven, of a Saviour of mankind, of a
Holy Spirit, he knows literally nothing,
—the cockchafer booming of the parson
has utterly failed to convey to his mind
the slightest idea of these. The great
Power in heaven, whom he acknow-
ledges to rule even over his own dear

goddess Hertha, "Godamighty," appears
to him rather in the light of a Supreme
Landlord, and not a very discriminating
one. Of that Gracious One whom Bar-
nabas and Paul preached to his fellow-
heathen at Lystra, the giver "of rain
from heaven and fruitful seasons," the
God who filleth "our hearts with food
and gladness," of that Near One whom
Paul preached to his fellow-heathen at
Athens, whose offspring we also are,
not a glimpse has come to him over the
ages.

Let the clergy look to it, I say. Here
is solemn warning for them. Not only
on this account, that such spiritual
types of laymen as the "Northern
Farmer" correspond necessarily and
essentially to that of the "parson" who
"reads wonn sarmin a weëäk," and only
visits men on their death-beds to
torment them with reproofs for their
past sins. That type, let us hope, is
fast passing away. But on this,—that
as respects sermons—the "Northern
Farmer" is by no means an exceptional
type of feeling. There is probably
hardly a layman in the British Isles, if
he be honest enough to confess it, to
whom those words do not come home
by manifold experience :—

"An I eërd un a bummin' awäy loike a buz-
zard-clock ower my head ;
An' I niver know'd whot a meän'd, but I
thowt a 'ad summot to säy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an'
I comed away."

How much of the devotion of the
most devout portion of the most devout
congregations rises any further than the
dull, well-behaved assumption that the
minister (ay, and of any denomination, in
church or chapel, on either side of the
Tweed or the Irish Channel) has said
what he ought to have said. I fear there
are but few congregations where the pro-
portion of the truer worship would be
more than a slender one, could As-
modeus turn spiritual statistician to
reckon it. We are impatient in civil
life of a speech which does not rise
above mediocrity. We are thankful at
our public worship for a sermon which
does not fall below it. And who can

wonder that those who are conscious in themselves of powers made fruitful already, of which no one has taught them to see the source above—nay, who have been expressly taught by their very clerical instructors to look upon these as "worldly," as "natural," as within the sphere of human capacity, —should leave their place of worship with feelings of proud contempt exactly akin to those of the "Northern Farmer," though the grounds of such pride may vary *ad infinitum*—

"A reäds wonn sarmin a weaäk, an I ha' stubbed Thornaby waäste?"

Such is a little of the deep truth which lies beneath the surface of this wonderful poem,—beneath that thick crust of broad humour which makes the reading of it to some, otherwise by no means unappreciative admirers of its author, one long convulsive laugh. Never, surely, has Mr. Tennyson written anything of its kind so perfect. It is no pen-and-ink sketch, but an etching, bitten in with *aqua fortis* into the metal of the character itself which he has sought to represent. "St. Simeon Stylites" is, perhaps, as searching; but there is no comparison between that exceptional morbid subject and the broad, healthy, living truth of this. Not a touch in the whole picture is superfluous or unsteady; not a line goes one hair's-breadth beyond reality. One hardly knows what to praise in it specially—unless it be the consummate art which manages to throw in the exquisitely poetic touch, so thoroughly in keeping with the whole character, of the murdered man falling

"Doon i' the woild enemies"

(recalling exactly the line of the "Nibelungenlied" on Sifrit's murder—

"Do viel in die bluomen der Chriemhilde man"
man

"Then fell among the flowers Chriemhild's husband"),

and, again, that of the steam engine

"Maäzin' the blessed feälds"

—an instance of the "poetic fallacy" which may be recommended to Mr. Ruskin, the next time he chooses to write more fallacies himself on that subject.

The diction, again, is of itself a subject for study. Nothing can shew better than this piece that the chances of a dialect rising into a language are simply those of a man of genius rising to write in it. Had our own ordinary English had no literature till now, and an Alfred Tennyson had at last appeared on earth to write the "Northern Farmer," it is beyond doubt that he would have fixed its dialect as *the* standard language of England; just as the great Italian poets of the 13th and 14th centuries fixed their Tuscan dialect as the standard language of Italy,—and as the many talented poets of Provence, their elders and contemporaries, did *not* fix the Provençal as the standard language of France, for want of one single man of genius among the whole brilliant crew of the Troubadours.

One painful consideration is, indeed, connected with the poem,—that of the shoals of imitations in all manner of uncouth, unintelligible, and spurious jargons which it is safe to bring forth. For these Mr. Tennyson will "sewer-ly" have to bear a heavy responsibility,—to be shared, indeed, by Mr. Lowell and his Yankee masterpieces in the "Biglow Papers," old and new,—by Mr. Kingsley and his "Buccaneer,"—and by Thackeray and his cockney verse, which, however, remains always within the domain of the purely comic. But such attempts should really be left to masters only,—sports for the gods,—pastimes for Valhalla.

A SON OF THE SOIL

PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE fatigue of sight-seeing, wound up by a frantic rush to the railway to be in time for the train, which after all was a train quite at leisure, as most passengers are in Italy, was too much for the early budding of Colin's strength, and laid him up for a day or two, as was only natural; an occurrence which had a curious effect upon the little household. To Lauderdale it was a temporary return into those mists of despair which, partly produced by the philosopher's own sad experience, had made him at first come to so abrupt a conclusion touching Colin's chances of life. When he saw him once more prostrated, Lauderdale's patience and courage alike gave way. He became like a man in a sinking ship, who has not composure to await the end which is naturally at hand, but flings himself into the sea to meet it. He talked wildly of going home, and bitterly of the utter privation of comfort to which his invalid was exposed; and his heart was closed for the moment even to the approaches of Alice. "If it hadna been for you!" he said within his clenched teeth, turning away from her; and was not safe to speak to for the moment. But, oddly enough, the effect of Colin's illness upon the others was of an entirely different character. Instead of distressing Meredith and his sister, it produced, by some wonderful subtle action which we do not pretend to explain, an exhilarating effect upon them. It seemed to prove somehow, to Alice especially, that illness was a general evil distributed over all the world; that it was a usual thing for young men to be reduced to weakness and obliged to be careful of themselves. "Mr. Campbell, you see, is just the same as Arthur. It is a great

deal commoner than one thinks," the poor little girl said to Sora Antonia, who had charge of the house; and though her feelings towards Colin were of the most benevolent and even affectionate description, this thought was a sensible consolation to her. Meredith regarded the matter from a different point of view. "I have always hoped that he was one of the chosen," the invalid said when he heard of Colin's illness; "but I found that God was leaving him alone. We always judge His ways prematurely even when we least intend it. We ought to thank God that our dear friend is feeling His hand, and is subject to chastisements which may lead him to Christ."

"Callant," said Lauderdale fiercely, "speak of things ye understand; it's not for you to interfere between a man and his Maker. A soul more like Him of whom you dare to speak never came out of the Almighty's hands. Do you think God is like a restless woman and never can be done meddling?" said Colin's guardian, betrayed out of his usual self-restraint; but his own heart was trembling for his charge, and he had not composure enough to watch over his words. As for the sick man, whose own malady went steadily on without any great pauses or sudden increase, he lifted his dying eyes and addressed himself eagerly, as he was wont, to his usual argument.

"If any man can understand it, I should," said Meredith. "Can I not trace the way by which He has led *me*?—a hard way to flesh and blood. Can I not see how He has driven me from one stronghold after another, leaving me no refuge but in Christ? And, such being the case, can you wonder that I should wish the same discipline to my friend? The only

thing I should fear for myself is restoration to health ; and are you surprised that I should fear it for him ?”

“I am not surprised at anything but my ain idiocy in having any hand in the matter,” said Lauderdale ; and he went away abruptly to Colin’s room with a horrible sense of calamity and helplessness. There was something in the invalid’s confident explanation of God’s dealings which drove him half frantic and filled him with an unreasonable panic. Perhaps it was true ; perhaps those lightnings in the clouds had been but momentary—a false hope. When, however, with his agitation so painfully compressed and kept under that it produced a morose expression upon his grave face, he went into Colin’s room, he found his patient sitting up in bed, with his great-coat over his shoulders, writing with a pencil on the fly-leaf of the book which his faithful attendant had given him to “keep him quiet.”

“Never mind,” said the disorderly invalid. “I am all right, Lauderdale. Give us pen and ink, like a kind soul. You don’t imagine I am ill, surely, because I am lazy after last night ?”

“I’ve given up imagining anything on the subject,” said Colin’s grim guardian. “When a man in his senses sets up house with a parcel of lunatics it’s easy to divine what will come of it. Lie down in your bed and keep quiet, and get well again ; or else get up,” said Lauderdale, giving vent to a sharp acrid sound as if he had gnashed his teeth, “and let us be done with it all, and go home.”

At this Colin opened his quiet brown eyes, which were as far from being anxious or depressed as could well be conceived, and laughed softly in his companion’s face.

“This comes of Meredith’s talk, I suppose,” he said ; “and of course it has been about me, or it would not have riled you. How often have you told me that you understood the state of mind which produced all that ? He is very good at the bottom, Lauderdale,” said Colin. “There’s a good fellow,

give me my little writing-case. I want to write it out.”

“You want to write what out ?” asked Lauderdale. “Some of your nonsense verses ? I’ll give you no writing-case. Lie down in your bed and keep yourself warm. You’re awfu’ fond of looking at your ain productions. I’ve no doubt it’s terrible rubbish if a man could read it. Let’s see the thing. Do you think a pareel of verses in that halting *In Memoriam* metre—I’m no saying anything against *In Memoriam*—but if I set up for a poet, I would make a measure for mysel—are worth an illness ? and the cold of this wretched place is enough to kill any rational man. Eetaly ! I wouldna send a dog here, to be perished with cold and hunger. Do what I tell you, callant, and lie down. It shows an awfu’ poverty of invention, that desire to copy everything out.”

“Stuff !” said Colin ; “you don’t suppose it is for myself. I want to give it to somebody,” said the young man, with a conscious smile. And to look at him with his countenance all a-glow, pleasure and fun and affection brightening the eyes which shone still with the gentle commotion of thoughts terminating in that writing of verses, it was hard to consider him a man whom God for a solemn purpose had weighted with affliction—as he had appeared in Meredith’s eyes. Rather he looked, what he was, one of God’s most joyful and gifted creatures ; glad without knowing why ; glad because the sweet imaginations of youth had possession of him, and filled heaven and earth with brave apparitions. Love and curiosity had introduced into the heart of Lauderdale, as far as Colin was concerned, a certain feminine element—and he laughed unsteadily out of a poignant thrill of relief and consolation, as he took the book from his patient’s hands.

“He’s no a callant that can do without an audience,” said Lauderdale ; “and, seeing it’s poetry that’s in question, no doubt it’s a female audience that’s contemplated. You may spare yourself

the trouble, Colin. She's bonnie, and she's good; and I'm no free to say that I don't like her all the better for caring for none of these things; but I see no token that she'll ever get beyond Watts's hymns all her days. You needna trouble your head about writing out things for her."

Upon which Colin reddened a little, and said "stuff!" and made a long grasp at the writing case—which exertion cost him a fit of coughing. Lauderdale sat in the room gloomily enough all day, asking himself whether the colour was hectic that brightened Colin's cheeks, and listening to the sound of his breathing and the ring of his voice with indescribable pangs of anxiety. When evening came the watcher had considerably more fever than the patient, and turned his eyes abroad over the Campagna, with a gaze which saw nothing glorious in the scene. At that moment, the sun going down in grandeur over the misty distance, which was Rome—the wonderful belts and centres of colour in the vault of sky which covered in that melancholy waste with its specks of ruin—were nothing in Lauderdale's eyes in comparison with the vision that haunted him of a cosy homely room in a Scotch farmhouse, full of warm glimmers of firelight and hearth comforts. "He would mend if he were but at home," he said to himself almost with bitterness, turning his eyes from the landscape without, to which he was indifferent, to the bare white stony walls within. He was so cold sitting there, he who was well and strong, that he had put on his great-coat. And it was for this he had brought the youth whom he loved so far away from those "who belonged to him!" Lauderdale thought with a pang of the Mistress, and what she would say if she could see the comfortless place to which she had sent her boy. Meanwhile the patient who caused so much anxiety, was, for his own part, very comfortable, and copied out his verses with a care that made it very apparent he had no intention of coming to a speedy end, either of life or its enjoyments. He

had not written anything for a long time, and the exercise was pleasant to him—and when he had finished he lay back on his pillows, and took the trouble to remark to Lauderdale upon the decorations of the poor bare stony chamber which the philosopher was, cursing in his heart.—"We are before them in some things," said Colin, reflectively, "but they beat us in a great many. See how simply that effect is obtained—just a line or two of colour, and yet nothing could be more perfect in its way." To which observation Lauderdale responded only by an indescribable growl, which provoked the laughter of his unruly patient. The next observation Colin made was, however, received with greater favour, for he asked plaintively if it was not time for dinner—a question more soothing to Lauderdale's feelings than volumes of remonstrances. He carried Colin's portion into the room when that meal arrived from the Trattoria, scorning female assistance, and arranging everything with that exquisite uncouth tenderness which, perhaps, only a woman could do full justice to; for the fact is that Colin, though ravenously hungry, and fully disposed to approve of the repast, had a momentary thought that to have been served by the little housekeeper herself, had that been possible, would have been ever so much pleasanter. When the darkness had hushed and covered up the Campagna, and stilled all the village sounds, Lauderdale himself, a little flushed from an address he had just been delivering to Meredith, went in and looked at the sleeping face which was so precious to him, and tortured himself once more with questions whether it might be fever which gave colour to the young man's cheek. But Colin, notwithstanding his cold, was breathing full long breaths, with life in every inspiration, and his friend went not uncomforted to bed. While Colin lay thus at rest, Meredith had resumed his writing, and was working into his current chapter the conversation which had just taken place. "The worldly man asks if the afflictions of the just are signs of favouritism on

God's part," wrote the young author, "and appeals to us whether a happy man is less beloved of his Father than I am who suffer. He virtually contradicts scripture, and tells me that the Lord does *not* scourge every one whom He receiveth. But I say, and the Holy Bible says with me, Tremble, oh ye who are happy—our troubles are God's tokens of love and mercy to our souls." As he wrote this, the young eyes, which were so soon to close upon life, heightened and expanded with a wonderful glow. His mind was not broad nor catholic, nor capable of perceiving the manifold diversity of those ways of God which are beyond the comprehension of men. He could not understand how, upon the last and lightest labourer, the Master of the vineyard might bestow the equal hire, and—taking that as the hardest labour which fell to his own share—was bent at least on making up for it by the most supreme compensation. And, indeed, it was hard to blame him for claiming, by way of balance to his afflictions, a warmer and closer share in the love of God. At least, that was no vulgar recompense. As for the "worldly man" of Arthur's paragraph, he, too, sat a long while in his chamber, not writing, but pondering—gazing into the flame of the tall Roman lamp on his table as if some solution of the mysteries in his thoughts was to be found in its smoky light. To identify Lauderdale in this character would have been difficult enough to any one who knew him; yet, to Meredith, he had afforded a perfect example of "carnal reasoning," and the disposition which is according to the flesh, and not according to the Spirit. This worldly-minded individual sat staring into the lamp, even after his young critic had ceased to write—revolving things that he could see were about to happen, and things which he dreaded without being able to see; and more than all wondering over that awful mystery of Providence to which the young invalid gave so easy a solution. "It wouldna be so hard to make out if a man could think he was less loved than his fellows, as they thought lang-

syne," said Lauderdale to himself, "or more loved, as, twisting certain scriptures, it's the fashion to say now; but it's awfu' ill to understand such dealings in Him that is the Father of all, and makes nae favourites. Poor callant! it's like he'll be the first to find the secret out." And, as he pondered, he could not restrain a groan over the impending fate which threatened Meredith, and on the complications that were soon to follow. To be sure, he had nothing particular to do with it, however it might happen; but every kind of Christian tenderness and charity lurked in the heart of the homely Scotch philosopher who stood in Arthur Meredith's last chapter as the impersonation of the worldly man.

Next day Colin reappeared, to the astonishment of the brother and sister. Let us not say, to their disappointment—and yet poor little Alice, underneath her congratulations, said to herself with a pang, "He has got well—they all get well but Arthur;" and, when she was aware of the thought, hated herself, and wondered wistfully whether it was because of her wickedness that her prayers for Arthur were not heard. Anxiety and even grief are not the improving influences they are sometimes thought to be—and it is hard upon human nature to be really thankful for the benefits which God gives to others, passing over oneself. Meredith, who was the sufferer in his own person, could afford to be more generous. He said "I am glad you are better" with all his heart; and then he added, "The Lord does not mean to leave you alone, Campbell. Though He has spared you, He still continues His warnings. Do not neglect them, I beseech you, my dear friend"—before he returned to his writing. He was occupied now day and night with his "Voice from the Grave." He was less able to walk, less able to talk, than he had been, and now, as the night came fast in which no man can work, was devoting all his time and all his feeble strength to this last message to the world.

It would have been pitiful enough to any indifferent spectator to note the

contrast between the sick man's solemn labour apart, and the glow of subdued pleasure in Colin's face as he drew his seat in the evening towards the table which Alice had chosen for herself. The great bare room had so much space and so many tables, and there was so large a stock of lamps among the movables of the house, that each of the party had a corner for himself, to which (with his great-coat on or otherwise) he could retire when he chose. The table of Alice was the central point; and, as she sat with the tall antique lamp throwing its primitive unshaded light upon her, still and graceful with her needlework, the sight of her was like that of a supreme *objet de luxe* in the otherwise bare apartment. Perhaps, under due protection and control, the presence of womankind, thus calm, thus silent—letting itself, as the old maxim commanded, be seen and not heard—is to men of sober mind and middle age—such as Lauderdale, for example—the most agreeable ornament with which a room could be provided. Younger individuals might prefer that the tableau should dissolve, and the impersonation of womankind melt into an ordinary woman. Such at heart was the feeling of Colin. She was very sweet to look at; but, if she had descended from her pedestal, and talked a little and laughed a little, and even perhaps—but the idea of anything like flirtation on the part of Alice Meredith was too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. However, abstracted and preoccupied as she was, she was still a woman, young and pretty—and Colin's voice softened and his eyes brightened as he drew his chair to the other side of the lamp, and looked across the table at her soft, down-cast face. "I have something here I want you to look at," said the young poet, who had been used to Matty Frankland's sympathy and curiosity; "not that it is much worth your while; but Lauderdale told you that writing verses was a weakness of mine," he went on, with a youthful blush and smile. As for Alice, she took the paper he gave her, looking a little frightened, and held it for a moment in her hand.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Campbell; am I to read it?" she said, with puzzled, uncertain looks. Naturally enough she was perplexed and even frightened by such an address; for, as Lauderdale said, her knowledge of poetry was confined to hymns, over which hung an awful shadow from "Paradise Lost." She opened Colin's "copy of verses" timorously as she spoke, and glanced at them, and stumbled at his handwriting, which, like most other people's in these scribbling days, was careless and indistinct. "I am sure it is very pretty," faltered Alice as she got to the end of the page; and then, more timidly still, "What am I to do with it, Mr. Campbell?" asked the poor girl. When she saw the sudden flush that covered his face, Alice's slumbering faculties were wakened up by the sharp shock of having given pain, which was a fault which she had very seldom consciously committed in the course of her innocent life.

Colin was too much a gentleman to lose his temper; but it is impossible to deny that the effort which he had to make to keep it was a violent one, and required all his manhood. "Keep it if you like it," he said, with a smile which thinly covered his mortification; "or put it in the fire if you don't." He said this as philosophically as was possible under the circumstances. And then he tried a little conversation by way of proving his perfect composure and command of his feelings, during which poor Alice sat fluttered and uncomfortable and self-conscious as she had never been before. Her work was at an end for that night at least. She held Colin's little poem in her hand, and kept her eyes upon it, and tried with all her might to invent something gracious and complimentary which could be said without offence; for, of course, carefully as he imagined himself to have concealed it, and utterly unconscious of the fact as Lauderdale remained, who was watching them, Alice was as entirely aware of the state of Colin's mind and temper at the moment as he was himself. After a while he got up and went

to Meredith's table by the fire; and the two began to talk, as Alice imagined, of matters much too serious and momentous to leave either at leisure to remark her movements. When she saw them thus occupied she left the room almost stealthily, carrying with her the tall lamp with its four tongues of flame. She set down her light in her own room when she reached that sanctuary, and once more read and pored over Colin's poem. There was nothing about love in it, and consequently nothing improper or alarming to Alice. It was all about the Pantheon and its vespers, and the echoes in the dome. But then why did he give it to her? why did he look so much disturbed when she in her surprise and unreadiness hesitated over it? Such an offering was totally new to Alice: how could she be expected to understand exactly how it ought to be received? But it is impossible to describe how vexed and mortified she was to find she had failed of what was expected of her, and inflicted pain when she might have given pleasure. She had been rude, and to be rude was criminal in her code of manners; and a flutter of other questions, other curiosities, awoke without any will of her own in the young creature's maiden bosom; for, indeed, she was still very young, not nineteen, and so preoccupied by one class of thoughts that her mind had been absolutely barred against all others until now. The end was that she put Colin's poem, not in her bosom—which, indeed, is an inconvenient receptacle, and one not often chosen now-a-days even by young ladies—but into the private pocket of her writing-case, the very innermost of her sanctuaries. "How clever he is," Alice thought to herself; "how odd that such things should come into any one's head; and to think I had not even the civility to say that it was beautiful poetry!" Then she went back very humbly into the sitting-room, and served Colin with the last cup of tea, which was the most excellent. "For I know you like strong tea, Mr. Campbell," she said, looking at

him with appealing eyes. "It feels quite strange to think that we should know you so well—you who can write such beautiful poetry,"¹ she managed to

¹ Miss Matty had been so good an audience that Colin at this time of his life was a little spoiled in respect to his poetry, which, however, after all, he did not consider poetry, but only verses, to amuse himself with. The little poem in question, which he had entitled "Vespers in the Pantheon," is, for the satisfaction of his friends, given underneath:—

"What voice is in the mighty dome,
Where the blue eye of heaven looks through,
And where the rain falls, and the dew,
In the old heart of Rome?

On the vast area below
Are priests in robes of sullied white,
And humble servitors that light
The altars with a glow—

Pale tapers in the twilight dim,
Poor humble folks that come to say
Their farewell to departing day,
Their darkling faith in *Him*.

Who rules imperial Rome the last:
The song is shrill and sad below,
With discords harsh of want and woe
Into the music cast.

But in the mighty vault that bares
Its open heart into the sky
Vague peals of anthem sounding high
Echo the human prayers.

Oh solemn shrine! wherein lie dead
The gods of old, the dreams of men,
What voice is this that wakes again
The echoes overhead,

Pealing aloft the holiest name—
The lowliest name, Rome's ancient scorn—
Now to earth's furthest boundaries borne,
With fame above all fame?

Is it some soul whose mortal days
Had known no better God than Jove,
Though dimly prescient of a love
Was worthy higher praise?—

Some soul that late hath seen the Lord:
Some wistful soul, eager to share
The tender trust of Christian prayer,
Though not by wish or word:—

By homage inarticulate:
Murmurs and thunders of sweet sound:
And great Amens that circle round
Heaven's liberal open gate?

Great singer, wert thou one of those
Spirits in prison whom He sought,
Soon as his wondrous work was wrought,
Ending all doubts and woes?

Alone? or comes there here a throng?
Agrippa—he who built the shrine—

say later in the evening. "I have always supposed a poet so different."

"With wings, perhaps?" said Colin, who was not displeased even with this simple testimony.

"Oh no," said Alice, "that is impossible, you know—but certainly very different; and it was so very kind to think of giving it to me."

Thus she made her peace with the young man—but it is doubtful how far she promoted her own by so doing. It introduced a new element of wonder and curiosity, if nothing more, into her watching life:

CHAPTER XXXII.

"It would be a great satisfaction to me," said Lauderdale, "to have some understanding about their relations. There's few folk so lonely in this world but what they have some kin, be they kind or not. It's awfu' to look at that poor bit thing, and think how forlorn she'll be by and by when——"

"When?" said Colin—"what do you mean? Meredith is not worse, that I can see. Is *that* what you are thinking of?"

"Its an awfu' gradual descent," said Lauderdale; "nae precipices there, and pitiful to behold; but he's making progress on his way. I'm no mistaken, callant; a man like me has seen such sights before. It looks as if it could go on for ever, and nae great difference perceptible from day to day, but the wheel's aye turning and the thread spinning off, and nobody can say for certain what moment it may break, like glass, and the spinning come to an end. Ay, its an awfu' mystery. You may break your heart thinking, but you'll come to no solution.

And men who groped for the divine
Through lifetimes hard and long?

Great Romans! to this vault austere
'Tis meet ye should return to tell,
Of that which was inscrutable,
That God hath made it clear.

So we, still bound in mortal pain,
Take courage 'neath the echoing dome,
In the dear heart of this sad Rome,
To give you back—Amen!"

I've tried it as much as most men, and should ken;—but that's no the matter under consideration. I would be glad to know something about their friends."

"I don't suppose they have any friends," said Colin, who had by this time forgotten the suggestion of his English acquaintances. "He would never have brought his sister here with him alone if he had had anyone to leave her with—that is, if he believed, as he says he does, that he was going to die—which words," said the young man, with a pang of fellow-feeling and natural pity, "are terrible words to say."

"I'm no so sure about either of your propositions," said Lauderdale; "I've very little objection to die, for my part. No to speak of hopes a man has as a Christian—though I maybe canna see them as clear as that poor callant thinks he does—it would be an awfu' satisfaction to ken what was the meaning of it all, which is my grand difficulty in this life. And I cannot say I am satisfied, for that matter, that he brought his sister here for want of somebody to leave her with; she's a kind of property that he wouldna like to leave behind. He was not thinking of *her* when they started, but of himself; nor can I see that his mind's awakening to any thought of her even now, though he's awfu' anxious, no doubt, about her soul, and yours, and mine. Whisht! it's temperament, callant. I'm no blaming the poor dying lad. It's hard upon a man if he cannot be permitted to take some bit female creature that belongs to him as far as the grave's mouth. She maun find her way back from there the best way she can. It's human nature, Colin, for a' you look like a glaring lion at me."

"I prefer your ordinary manner of expounding human nature," said Colin. "Don't talk like this; if Miss Meredith is left so really helpless and solitary, at all events, Lauderdale, she can rely on you and me."

"Ay," said the philosopher shortly; "and grand protectors we would be for the like of her. Two men no her equals in the eye of the world—I'm no heeding your indignant looks, my

friend; I'm a better judge than you of some things—and one of us no of an age to be over and above trusted. A lad like you can take care of a bit thing like her only in one way; and that's out of the question under present circumstances—even if either of you were thinking of such vanities, of which I see no sign."

"None whatever," said Colin, with a momentary heat. "She is not in my way; and, besides, she is greatly too much occupied to think of any such vanities, as you say."

"Hallo," said Lauderdale to himself; and he cast a half-amused, suspicious look at his companion, whose face was flushed a little. Colin was thinking only of Alice's want of comprehension and sympathy on the previous night; but the touch of offence and mortification was as evident as if she had been unkind to him in more important particulars.

"Being agreed on that point, it's easier to manage the rest," Lauderdale resumed, with the ghost of a smile; "and I dinna pretend, for my own part, to be a fit guardian for a young leddy. Its a' very well for Telle-machus to wander about the world like this, but I'm no qualified to keep watch and ward over the princess. Poor thing!" said the philosopher, "it's awfu' early to begin her troubles; but I would be easy in my mind, comparatively, if we could find out about their friends. She's no so very communicative in that particular; and she has her bit woman's-wiles, innocent as she looks. She'll give me no satisfaction, though I'm awfu' cunning in my questions. What was it yon silly woman said about some Meredith of some place? I'm no without suspicions in my own mind."

"What sort of suspicions?" said Colin. "She said Meredith of Maltby. I wrote it down somewhere. There was a row about him in the papers—don't you remember—a few years ago."

"Oh ay, I remember," said Lauderdale; "one of those that consume widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. The wonder to me is how this callant, if he should happen to be such a man's son, did not take a sickening at

religion altogether. That's the consequence in a common mind. It gives me a higher notion of this poor lad. He has his faults, like most folk I ken," said Lauderdale. "He's awfu' young, which is the chief of all, and it's one that will never mend in his case in this life; but, if he's yon man's son, no to have abandoned a' religion, no to have scorned the very name of preaching and prayer, is a clear token to me that the root of the matter's in him; though he may be a wee unrighteous to his ain flesh and blood"—the philosopher went on philosophically—"that's neither here nor there."

"If religion does not make us righteous to our own flesh and blood, what is the good of it?" said Colin. "To care for souls, as you say, but not to care for leaving his sister so helpless and desolate, would be to me as bad as his father's wickedness. Bah! his father!—what am I saying? He is no more his father than the Duke is mine. It is only a coincidence of name."

"I'm making no assertions," said Lauderdale. "It may be or it may not be; I'm no saying: but you should aye bear in mind that there's an awfu' difference between practice and theory. To have a good theory—or, if ye like, a grand ideal—o' existence, is about as much as a man can attain to in this world. To put it into full practice is reserved, let us aye hope, for the life to come. However, I wouldna say," said Colin's guardian, changing his tone, "but that kind of practical paradox might run in the blood. Our friend Arthur, poor man! has no meaning of neglect to his sister. Do no man injustice. Maybe the other had as little intention of cheating them that turned out his victims. An awfu' practical accident like that might be accompanied by a beautiful theory. Just as in the case of his son—"

"Stuff!" said Colin, who thought his friend prosy. "Why will you insist on saying 'his son?' Meredith is not an uncommon name. You might as well say Owen Meredith was his brother."

"There's nothing more likely," said

the philosopher, composedly ; " brothers aye take different roads, especially when they come out of such a nest."

" Don't talk nonsense," said Colin : " the nest is entirely problematical, and your reasoning is—Scotch, Scotch to the heart, deductive, and altogether independent of fact. You might as well say, because this is an Italian landscape we are looking at, because these grey trees are olives, and that plain the Campagna, that it cannot be Prince Charlie who lies down yonder under shelter of that shabby dome. What a sermon it is ! I wish I could preach like that when I come to my pulpit ; but the burden, I fear, would be—' What does it matter ? what is the good of labouring, and fighting, and conquering, winning battles or losing them ; Great Hadrian is all dissolved into patches and tatters yonder ; and here is Charles Stuart in a stranger's grave.' On the whole, it is the man who has failed who has the best of it now. It is odd to think of the perseverance of the race, and how any man ever attempts to do anything. Let us lie down here and dream till we die."

" Its awfu' to be a poet," said Lauderdale ; " the poor callant contemplates more verses. That kind of thing is well enough for bits of laddies at Oxford and Cambridge, but we've no Newdigates in our university. Dinna you fash your head about the race. I'm no a man that believes in sermons myself, whether they be from your lips, or from the Campagna. Every man has his own affairs in hand. He'll pay only a very limited attention either to it or to you—but listen now to what I have got to say."

What Lauderdale had to say was still upon the subject of which Colin by this time had got tired—the supposed connexion of the brother and sister with the famous, or rather notorious Meredith of Maltby, who was one of the great leaders of that fashion of swindling so prevalent a few years ago, by means of which directors of banks and joint-stock companies brought so many people to ruin. Of these practitioners Mr. Meredith of Maltby had

been one of the most successful. He had passed through one or two disagreeable examinations, it is true, in Insolvent Courts and elsewhere ; but he had managed to steer clear of the law, and to retain a comfortable portion of his ill-gotten gains. He was a pious man, who subscribed to all the societies, and had, of course, since these unpleasant accidents occurred, been held up to public admiration by half the newspapers of Great Britain as an instance of the natural effect produced upon the human mind by an assumption of superior piety ; and more than one clever leading article, intended to prove that lavish subscriptions to benevolent purposes, and attendance at prayer meetings, were the natural evidences of a mind disposed to prey on its fellow-creatures, had been made pointed and emphatic by his name. Lauderdale's " case" was subtle enough, and showed that he, at least, had not forgotten the hint given in the Pantheon. He told Colin that all his cunning inquiries could elicit no information about the father of the forlorn pair. Their mother was dead, and, as far as she was concerned, Alice was sufficiently communicative ; and she had an aunt in India whom Lauderdale knew by heart. " A' that is so easy to draw out that the other is all the more remarkable," said the inquisitor ; " and its awfu' instructive to see the way she doubles out when I think I've got her in a corner—no saying what's no true, but fencing like a little Jesuit—that is, speaking proverbially, and so vouching for my premises, for I ken nothing about Jesuits in my ain person. I would like to be at the bottom of a woman's notions on such subjects. The way that bit thing will lift up her innocent face, and give me to understand a lee without saying it—"

" Be civil," interrupted Colin ; " a lie is strong language, especially as you have no right whatever to question her so closely."

" I said nothing about lies," said Lauderdale ; " I say she gives me to understand a lee without saying a word that's no true, which is not only an awfu' civil

form of expression on my part, but a gift of womanhood that, so far as I ken, is just unparalleled. If it weren't instinct it would be genius. She went so far once as to say, in her bit fine way, that they were not quite happy in a' their connexions—'There are some of our friends that Arthur can't approve of,' said she, which was enough to make a man laugh, or cry—whichever he might be disposed to. A bonnie judge Arthur is, to be believed in like that. But the end of the whole matter is that I'm convinced the hot-headed callant has carried her off from her home without anybody's knowledge, and that it's an angry father you and me will have to answer to when we are left her protectors, as you say."

"I hope I am not afraid to meet anybody when I have justice on my side," said Colin, loftily. "She is nothing more to me than any other helpless woman; but I will do my best to take care of her against any man whatsoever, if she is trusted to me."

Lauderdale laughed with mingled exasperation and amusement. "Bravo," he said; "the like of that's grand talking; but I'll have no hand, for my part, in aiding and abetting domestic treason. I'm far from easy in my mind on the subject altogether. It's ill to vex a dying man, but it's worse to let a spirit go out of the world with guilt on its head; I'm in an awfu' difficulty whether to speak to him or no. If you would but come down off your high horse and give me a little assistance. It's a braw business, take it all together. A young woman, both bonnie and good, but abject to what her brother bids her, even now when he's living, and us two single men, with nae justification for meddling, and an indignant father, no doubt, to make an account to. It's no a position I admire, for my part."

"It was I that drew you into it," said Colin, with some resentment. "After all, they were my friends to begin with. Don't let me bring you into a responsibility which is properly mine."

"Ay, ay," said Lauderdale, calmly, "that's aye the way with you callants.

If a man sees a difficulty in anything concerning you, off you fling, and will have no more to do with him. I'm no one to be dismissed in that fashion—no to say that it would be more becoming to consider the difficulty, like reasonable creatures, and make up our minds how it is to be met."

"I beg your pardon," said Colin, repentant; "only, to be sure, the imprudence, if there was any imprudence, was mine. But it is hard to be talking in this manner, as if all was over, while Meredith lives, poor fellow. Such invalids live for ever, sometimes. There he is, for a miracle, riding! When summer comes he may be all right."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "I make no doubt of that; but no in your way. He'll be better off when summer comes." Meredith turned a corner close upon them as he spoke. He was riding, it is true, but only on a mule, jogging along at a funeral pace, with Alice walking by his side. He smiled when he met them; but the smile was accompanied by a momentary flush, as of shame or pain.

"The last step but one," he said. "I have given up walking for ever. I did not think I should ever have come to this; but my spirit is proud, and needs to be mortified. Campbell, come here. It is long since we have had any conversation. I thought God was dealing with your soul when I last talked to you. Tell me, if you were as far gone as I am—if you were reduced to *this*"—and the sick man laid his thin white hand upon the neck of the animal he was riding—"what consolation would you have to keep you from sinking. It may come sooner than you think."

"It is not easy to imagine how one would conduct oneself under such circumstances," said Colin; "let us talk of something else. If it were coming—and it may be, for anything I can tell—I think I should prefer not to give it too much importance. Look at that low blaze of sunshine, how it catches St. Peter's. These sunsets are like dramas, but nobody plans the grouping beforehand," said the young man, with an

involuntary allusion which he was sorry for the next moment, but could not recall.

"That is an unkind speech," said Meredith; "but I forgive you. If I could plan the grouping, as you say, I should like to collect all the world to see me die. Heathens, papists, Mahometans, Christians of every description—I would call them to see with what confidence a Christian could traverse the dark valley, knowing Him who can sustain, and who has preceded him there."

"Yes, that was Addison's idea; but his was an age when people did things for effect," said Colin: "and everything I have heard makes me believe that people generally die very composedly upon the whole. We who have all possible assurances and consolations are not superior in that respect to the ignorant and stupid—scarcely even to the wicked. Either people have an infinite confidence in themselves and their good fortune, or else absolute faith in God is a great deal more general than you think it. I should like to believe that last was the case. Pardon me for what I said. You who realize so strongly what you are going to should certainly die, when that time comes, a glorious and joyful death."

At these words a cloud passed over the eager, hectic countenance which Meredith had turned to his friend. "Ah, you don't know," he said with a sudden depression which Colin had never seen in him before. "Sometimes God sees fit to abandon His servants even in that hour; what, if after preaching to others I should myself be a castaway?" This conversation was going on while Alice talked to Lauderdale of the housekeeping, and how the man at the Trattoria had charged a scudo too much in the last weekly bill.

"Meredith," said Colin, laying his hand on his friend's arm, and forgetting all the discussion with Lauderdale which had occupied the afternoon, "when you say such words as Father and Saviour you put some meaning in them, do you not? You don't think it depends upon how you feel to-day or to-morrow whether God will stand by his children

or not? I don't believe in the cast-away as you understand it."

"Ah, my dear friend, I am afraid you don't believe in any castaways; don't fall into that deadly error and snare of the devil," said the sick man.

"We must not discuss mysteries," said Colin. "There are men for whom no punishment is bad enough, and whom no amount of mercy seems to benefit. I don't know what is to become of them. For my own part, I prefer not to inquire. But this I know, that my father, much less my mother, would not altogether abandon their son for any crime; and does not God love us better than our fathers and our mothers?" said Colin, with a moisture gathering in his brown eyes and brightening his smile. As for Meredith, he snatched his hand away, and pushed forward with a feverish impulse. A sound, half sigh, half groan, burst from him, and Colin could see that this inarticulate complaint had private references of which he knew nothing. Then Lauderdale's suggestion returned to his mind with singular force; but it was not a time to make any inquiries, even if such had been possible. Instinctively, without knowing it, Meredith turned from that subject to the only other which could mutually interest men so unlike each other; and what he said betrayed distinctly enough what had been the tenor of his thoughts.

"She has no mother," said Meredith, with a little wave of his hand towards his sister. "Poor Alice! But I have no doubt God has gracious purposes towards her," he continued, recovering himself. "This is in the family, and I don't doubt she will follow me soon."

It was thus he disposed of the matter which for the strangers to whose care he was about to leave her, was a matter of so much anxious thought.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER this Meredith's malady made gradual but rapid progress. When Colin and his friend returned from

Rome in the evening, after their expeditions there, they imagined themselves to be conscious of a difference in his looks even from the morning. He ceased to move about; he ceased to go out; finally he ceased to get up from his bed. All these changes were accomplished very gradually, with a heart-breaking regularity of succession. Alice, who was constantly engaged about him, doing every kind of office for him, was fortunately too much occupied to take full cognizance of that remorseless progress of decay; but the two friends, who watched it with eyes less urgent than those of love, yet almost more painfully pitiful, could trace all the little advances of the malady. Then there came the time, the last stage of all, when it was necessary to sit up with him all night—an office which Colin and Lauderdale shared between them, to let the poor little sister have a little reluctant rest. The season had warmed into May, of all seasons the sweetest in Italy. To see the sun shine, it seemed impossible to think that it would not shine for ever; and, when the window of the sick room was opened in the early morning, such a breath of life and happiness came in—such a sweet gust of air, wild from the great breadth of the Campagna, breathing of dews and blossoms—as felt to Colin's lips like an elixir of life. But that breathing balm imparted no refreshment to the dying man. He was not suffering much, he was only weary to the bottom of his soul—languid and yet restless, eager to be moved, yet unable to bear any motion. While little Alice withdrew behind them for a chance moment to shed the tears that kept always gathering, and say a prayer in her heart for her dying brother—a prayer in which, with a child's simplicity, she still left room for his restoration, and called it possible—the two others watched with the profoundest interest that which was not only the dying of a friend, but the waning of a life. To see him so individual and characteristic, with all the notable features and even faults of his

mind as distinct and apparent as if he had been in the strongest health, and yet so near the end, was the strangest spectacle. What was it the end of? He directed them all from his death-bed, and, indeed, controlled them all with a will stronger than ever before, securing his own way in face of all their remonstrances, and, indeed, seemed to grow more and more strong, absolute, and important, as he approached the final stage of weakness, which is a sight always wonderful to see. He kept on writing his book, propped up upon pillows, as long as he had strength enough to hold the pen; but, when that power too failed him, the unyielding soul coerced itself into accepting the pen of another, and dictated the last chapter, at which Alice laboured during the day, and which occasionally, to beguile the tedium of the long night watches, his other attendants were permitted to carry on. The nights grew shorter and shorter as the season advanced, and sometimes it was by the lovely light of the dawning morning, instead of the glimmer of the lamp, that these scattered sentences were written. At other moments, when the patient could not sleep, but was content to rest, wonderful scraps of conversation went on in that chamber of death. Meredith lay gaunt and wasted among his pillows—his great eyes filling the room, as the spectators sometimes thought; and by his bedside sometimes the gigantic figure of Lauderdale, dimly visible by means of the faint night-light—sometimes Colin's young softened face and air of tender compassion. It did not occur to any of the three to ask by what right they came together in relations so near and sacred. The sick man's brothers, had he possessed them, could not have watched him with more care, or with less doubt about his right to all their ministrations: but they talked with him as perhaps no brother could have talked—recognising the reality of his position, and even discussing it as a matter in which they too had the profoundest interest. The room was bare enough, and contained little comfort to English eyes—uncarpeted, with bare tiles under-

neath the feet, and scantily furnished with an old sofa, a chair or two, and a table. There were two windows, which looked out upon that Campagna which the dying man was to see no more, nor cared to see. But that great living picture, of no benefit to him, was the only one there; for poor Meredith had himself caused to be taken down from the wall a print of the Madonna, and the little cross with its basin for holy water underneath, which had hung at the head of his bed. He had even sent away a picture of the Crucifixion—a bad, yet not unimpressive copy. “I want no outward symbols,” said the sick man; “there will be none where I am going,” and this was the beginning of one of those strange talks by night.

“It’s awfu’ difficult to ken,” said Lauderdale. “For my part it’s a great wonder to me that there has never been any revelation worthy of credit out of that darkness. That poor fellow Dives, in the parable, is the only man I mind of that takes a Christian view of the subject. He would have sent one to tell. The miracle is, that nae man was ever permitted to come.”

“Don’t say so,” said Meredith. “Oh, my dear friend! if you could but know the joy it would give me to bring you to Christ before I die—to see you accept and receive Him. Has not He come to seek and to save?”

“Callant,” said the watcher, with a long drawn breath, “I’ve longer acquaintance with Him than you can have; and if I didna believe in Him I would hang myself, and get to an explanation of all things. If it was not for Him, wherefore should I, that have nobody dependent on me, endure the mystery? But that’s no answer to my question. He came to put a meaning to the world that has little enough signification without Him, but no to answer a’ questions that a human spirit can put to heaven and earth. I’ve heard of bargains made between them that were to die and them that had to live.”

“You put it in a strange way, Lauderdale,” said the dying man; “most people would say, those who had to die.

But what can any one want beyond what is revealed—Jerusalem the golden? How strange it is to think that a worm like me shall so soon be treading those shining streets, while you—you whom the world thinks so much better off—”

“Whisht,” said Lauderdale, with a husky voice. “Do you no think it would be an awfu’ satisfaction to us that stay behind if we could have but a glint of the shining streets you speak of? Many a long day we’ll strain our eyes and try hard to see you there, but a’ to little purpose. I’m no saying I would not take it on trust for myself, and be content with what God pleased; but it’s hard to part with them that belong to us, and ken nothing about them—where they are, or how they are.”

“They are in Heaven! If they were children of God they are with Him,” said the sick man, anxiously. “Lauderdale, I cannot bear to think that you do not believe—that perhaps I may not meet you there.”

“Maybe no,” said the philosopher; “there’s the awfu’ question. A man might go ranging about the shining streets (as you say) for ever, and never find them that belonged to him; or, if there’s no geographical limits, there may be others harder to pass. It’s awfu’ little comfort I can get for my own mind out of shining streets. How am I to picture you to myself, callant, when I take thoughts of you? I have the fancy in my mind to give you messages to friends I have away yonder; but how can I tell if you’ll ever see them? It’s no a question of believing or not believing. I put little faith in Milton, and none in the good books, from which two sources we draw a great part of our talk about Heaven. It’s no even to ken if they’re happy or no happy that troubles me. I’ve nae hesitation to speak of in leaving *that* in God’s hand. It’s but to have an inkling ever so slight where ye are, and how you are,” said Lauderdale, unconsciously changing his pronouns, “and that ye keep thought of us that spend so many thoughts on you.”

After this there was a little pause, which fell into the perfect stillness

of the night outside, and held the little dim-lighted chamber in the midst of all the darkness, like the picture of a shadowy "interior," with two motionless figures, the living and the dying, painted upon the great gloom of night. Meredith, who, notwithstanding the superior intensity of his own thoughts, had been moved by Lauderdale's—and who, used as he was to think himself dying, yet perhaps heard himself thus unconsciously reckoned among the dead with a momentary thrill—was the first to speak.

"In all this I find you too vague," said the patient. "You speak about Heaven as if you were uncertain only of its aspect; you have no anxiety about the way to get there. My friend, you are very good to me—you are excellent, so far as this world goes; I know you are. But, oh, Lauderdale, think! Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Before you speculate about heaven, ask yourself are you sure to get there?"

"Ay," said Lauderdale, vaguely, "it's maybe a wee like the question of the Sadderuces—I'm no saying; and it's awfu', the dead blank of wisdom and knowledge that's put forth for a response—no any information to you; nothing but a quenching of your flippant questions and impident pretensions. No marrying nor giving in marriage there, and the curious fools baffled, but nae light thrown upon the darkness! I'll have to wait like other folk for my answer; but, if it's according to your new nature and faculties—which surely it must be—you'll not forget to give us a thought at times. If you feel a wee lonely at the first—I'm no profane, callant; you're but a man when a's done, or rather a laddie, and you'll surely miss your friends—dinna forget how long and how often we'll think of you."

"Shall you?" said the dying man. "I have given you nothing but trouble ever since I knew you, and it is more than I deserve. But there is One who is worthy of all your thoughts. When you think of me, O love Him, my dear friend, and so there will be a bond between us still."

"Ay," said Lauderdale once more. It was a word he used when his voice could not be trusted, and his heart was full. "Ay," he repeated, after a long pause, "I'll no neglect that grand bond. It's a bargain between you and me no to be broken. If ye were free for such an act, it would be awfu' friendly to bring me word how things are," he continued, in a low tone, "though it's folly to ask, for if it had been possible it would have been done before now."

"It is God who must teach and not me," said the dying man. "He has other instruments—and you must seek Him for yourself, and let Him reveal His will to you. If you are faithful to God's service, He will relieve you of your doubts," said Arthur, who did not understand his friend's mind, but even at that solemn moment looked at him with a perplexed mixture of disapproval and compassion. And thus the silence fell again like a curtain over the room, and once more it became a picture faintly painted on the darkness, faintly relieved and lighted up by touches of growing light, till at length the morning came in full and fair, finding out as with a sudden surprise the ghostly face on the pillow, with its great eyes closed in disturbed sleep, and by the bedside another face scarcely less motionless, the face of the man who was no unbeliever, but whose heart longed to know and see what others were content in vague generalities to tell of, and say they believed.

This was one of the conversations held in the dead of night in Meredith's room. Next evening it was Colin, reluctantly permitted by his faithful guardian to share this labour, who took the watcher's place; and then the two young men, who were so near of an age, but whose prospects were so strongly different, talked to each other after a different fashion. Both on the brink of the world, and with incalculable futures before them, it was natural they should discuss the objects and purposes of life, upon which Meredith, who thought himself matured by death, had, as he imagined, so much advantage

over his friend, who was not going to die.

"I remember once thinking as you do," said the dying man. "The world looked so beautiful! No man ever loved its vanities and its pomp more than I. I shudder sometimes to think what would become of me if God had left me to myself—but He was more merciful. I see things in their true light now."

"You will have a great advantage over me," said Colin, trying to smile; "for you will always know the nature of my occupations, while yours will be a mystery to me. But we can be friends all the same. As for me, I shall not have many pomps and vanities to distract me—a poor man's son; and a Scotch minister does not fall in the way of such temptations."

"There are temptations to worldliness in every sphere," said Meredith. "You once spoke eagerly about going to Oxford, and taking honours. My dear friend, trust a dying man. There are no honours worth thinking of but the crown and the palm, which Christ bestows on them that love Him."

"Yes," said Colin; "but we are not all chosen for these. If I have to live, I must qualify myself the best I can for my work. I should like to be of a little use to Scotland, if that was possible. When I hear the poor people here singing their vespers—"

"Ah, Campbell! one word—let me speak," said his friend. "Alice showed me the poem you had given her. You don't mean it, I know; but let me beg you not to utter such sentiments. You seem to consent to the doctrine of purgatory, one of the worse delusions of the Church of Rome. There are no spirits in prison, my dear, dear friend. When I leave you, I shall be with my Saviour. Don't give your countenance to such inventions of the devil."

"That was not what I intended to say," said Colin, who had no heart for argument. "I meant that to see the habit of devotion of all these people, whom we call so ignorant, and to remember how little we have of that

among our own people, whom we consider enlightened, goes to my heart. I should like to do a priest's duty."

"Again!" said Meredith. "Dear Campbell, you will be a minister; there is but one great High Priest."

"Yes," said Colin, "most true, and the greatest of all consolations. But yet I believe in priests inferior—priests who need be nothing more than men. I am not so much for teaching as you are, you know; I have so little to teach any man. With you who are going to the Fount of all knowledge it will be different. I can conceive, I can imagine how magnificent may be *your* work," the young man said, with his voice faltering, as he laid his warm young hand upon the fingers which were almost dead.

Meredith closed his hand upon that of his friend, and looked at him with his eyes so clear and awful, enlarged and lighted up with the prescience of what was to come. "If you do your work faithfully it will be the same work," he said. "Our Master alone knows the particulars. If I might have perhaps to supplement and complete what you do on earth!—Ah, but I must not be tempted into vain speculations! Enough that I shall know His will and see Him as He is. I desire no more."

"Amen," said Colin; "and, when you are in your new career, think of me sometimes, worried and vexed as I know I shall be. We shall not be able to communicate then, but I know now beforehand what I shall have to go through. You don't know Scotland, Meredith. A man who tries any new reformation in the Church will have to fight for trifles of detail which are not worth fighting for, and perhaps get both himself and his work degraded in consequence. You will know no such cares. Think of me sometimes when you are doing your work 'with thunders of acclaim.' I wonder—but you would think it a profanity if I said what I was going to say."

"What was it?" said Meredith, who, indeed, would not have been sorry had his friend uttered a profanity which

might give him occasion to speak, for perhaps the last time, "faithfully" to his soul.

"I wonder," said Colin, whose voice was low, "whether our Master, who sees us both, though we cannot see each other, might tell you sometimes what your friend was doing. He, too, is a man. I mean no irreverence, Meredith. There were men for whom, above His tenderness for all, He had a special love. I should like to think it. I can know nothing of you; but then I am less likely to forget you, staying behind in this familiar world."

And the two youths again clasped hands, tears filling the eyes of the living one, but no moisture in the clear orbs of him who was about to die.

"Let us be content to leave it all in His hands," said Meredith. "God bless you, Colin, for your love; but think nothing of me; think of Him who is our first and greatest Friend."

And then again came silence and sleep, and the night throbbled silently round the lighted chamber and the human creatures full of thought, and again took place the perennial transformation, the gradual rising of the morning light, the noiseless entrance of the day, finding out, with surprised and awful looks, the face of the dying. This is how the last nights were spent. Down below in the convent there was a good friar, who watched the light in the window, and pondered much in his mind whether he should not go thither with his crucifix, and save the poor young heretic in spite of himself; but the Frate was well aware that the English resented such interruptions, and did better for Arthur, for he carried the thought of him through all his devotions, and muttered under his breath the absolution, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted window, and prayed, if he had any credit in heaven through the compassionate saints, the Blessed Virgin, and by the aid of Him whose image he held up towards the unseen sufferer, that the sins which God's servant had thus remitted on earth might be, even without the knowledge of the penitent, remitted in heaven. Thus

Colin's belief in priests was justified without his knowing it; and perhaps God judged the intercession of Father Francisco more tenderly than poor Arthur would have done. And with these private proceedings, which the world was unaware of, night after night passed on until the night came which was to have no day.

They had all assembled in the room, in which it seemed before morning so great an event was to happen—all worn and tired out with watching; the evidences of which appeared upon Colin and Alice, though Lauderdale, more used to exertion, wore his usual aspect. As usual, Meredith lay very solemnly in a kind of pathetic youthful state in his bed; struggling for every breath, yet never forgetting that he lay there before heaven and earth, a monument as he said of God's grace, and an example of how a Christian could die. He called Alice, and the others would have withdrawn; but this he would not permit. "We have no secrets to discuss," he said. "I am not able to say much now. Let my last words be for Christ. Alice, you are the last. We have all died of it. It is not very hard; but you cannot die in peace, as I do, unless you give yourself to Christ. These are my last words to my sister. You may not live long—you have not a moment to spare. Give yourself to Christ, my little Alice, and then your death-bed will be as peaceful as mine."

"Yes," said the docile sister, through her sobs, "I will never, never forget what you have said to me. Oh, Arthur, you are going to them all!"

"I am going to God," said the dying man; "I am going to my Lord and Saviour—that is all I desire to think of now."

And there was a momentary breathless pause. She had his hand in both of hers, and was crying with an utter despair and abandonment to which she had never given herself up before. "Oh, Arthur—papa!" the poor girl said, under her breath. If they had been less interested, or if the stillness had been a degree less intense, the voice was so low

that the two other watchers could not have heard her. But the answer was spoken aloud.

"Tell him I forgive him, Alice. I can say so now. Tell him to repent while there is time. If you wish it, you can tell Colin and Lauderdale—they have been brothers to us. Come here, all of you," said Meredith. "Hear my last words. Nothing is of any importance but the love of Christ. I have tried everything in the world—its pleasures and its ambitions—and——But everything except Christ is vanity. Come to Him while it is called to-day. And now come and kiss me, Alice, for I am going to die."

"Oh, no, Arthur. Oh, Arthur, do not leave me yet!" cried the poor girl. Lauderdale drew her gently away, and signed to Colin to take the place by the bed. He drew her hand through his arm and led her softly into the great empty *salone*, where there was no light except that of the moon, which came in in broad white bars at the side windows. "Whist! it'll no be yet," said the kind guardian who had taken possession of Alice. No mother or lover could have been tenderer with the little forlorn creature in this hour which was the most terrible of all. He made her walk softly about with him, beguiling her awful

suspense a little with that movement. "A little more strength, for his sake," said Lauderdale; "another trial—and then nobody shall stop your tears. It's for his sake; the last thing you can do for him."

And then the poor little sister gave utterance to a bitter cry. "If he would say something kind for papa, I would not care," she said, smothering her painful sobs; and Lauderdale drew her closer on his arm, supporting and soothing her, and led her about, slowly and noiselessly, in the great empty room, lighted with those broad bars of moonlight, waiting till she had regained a little composure to return to the chamber of death.

Meredith lay silent for some time, with his great eyes gazing into the vacancy before him, and the last thrill of fever in his frame. He thought he was thus coming with all his faculties alert and vivid to a direct conscious encounter with the unknown might of death. "Get the book, Colin," he said, with a voice which yet possessed a certain nervous strength; "it is now the time to write the conclusion"—and he dictated with a steady voice the date of his last postscript:—"Frascati, midnight, May 16th.—The last hour of my life——"

To be continued.

THE MOVEMENTS OF PLANTS.

BY DR. T. L. PHIPSON.

How many reflections are suggested by the word *movement* to those who are daily scrutinizing the varied phenomena of Nature! All we can do, however, is to observe, and sometimes to measure, this movement, when it happens to come under our notice. No one can explain the movement of the earth, the planets, or the sun; no one can mount to the cause of the contractions of the heart, which determine the blood to circulate; or of the constant motion of those vibratile cilia which cover the mucous membranes

of every animal, from the lowest animalcule to man himself. In a word, *motion, like matter, is universal*. Everything that exists is constantly changing its place—there is nothing quiet in Nature, not even stagnant water! Absolute repose is impossible. The moon revolves round the earth, the earth round the sun; the sun, with all the planets of our system, is transported in space, turning probably around some other sun, as we find certain fixed stars endowed with a secular motion of

rotation around each other. Moreover; all these celestial bodies revolve upon their own axes. And, as for the matter of which planetary bodies are composed, is it not in continual vibration? The phenomena of light, heat, electricity, &c.—are they aught but vibrations?

A great amount of motion may be easily recognised; but a still greater quantity, probably, escapes us completely. We can see, for instance, and measure the motion of a great body transported from one place to another; by the aid of the microscope we can observe a minute infusory moving about with rapidity: but when shall we possess the means of rendering visible the molecular movements of this great body, or the thousand motions which are hidden from our gaze in the bodies of the infusoria?

In the beings we call plants, which appear so perfectly still, and seem to be essentially distinguished from animals by the very fact that they remain fixed to their places, whilst the latter transport themselves from one locality to another—in plants we recognise a great variety of movements. If we could only account for the action of the nerves which preside over muscular motion in animals, or if we could explain that “force” which causes the organic fluid of one cell to pass into the adjacent cell (endosemosis), we should possess, perhaps, a few data by which to elucidate the movements of plants, where we find no nerves, and where there appear to exist so many movements which are independent of endosemosis.

As the science of electricity became more and more perfect, a great number of unaccountable phenomena were attributed to this agency, and plant-movements appeared, at one time intimately connected with electricity. The electric state of the atmosphere appears to affect them; the chemical changes in the tissue are promoted or checked by similar influence; moreover, every motion recognised in a plant appears to depend, directly or indirectly, upon endosemosis—that peculiar property of membranes, discovered by

Dutrochet, and turned to such useful account by Graham. The old experiments of Porret have shown that phenomena analogous to endosemosis occur when a liquid is divided into two halves by a membrane or porous diaphragm, whilst one of the poles of an electric battery passes into one half of the liquid, and the other pole into the liquid on the other side of the compartment. But, the more we have observed, the further off has appeared the object of research; and soon electric action proved incapable of explaining any one of the phenomena.

Let us be contented, then, with the simple facts as they present themselves in nature, and not weary our minds with vain theories.

In the first place, a plant *grows*. A certain observer wished to see a plant grow, if it were only the grass of the meadows! It was Cavanilles, the well-known Spanish botanist, who first thought of pointing a powerful astronomical telescope, furnished with micrometric threads, towards the end of a young shoot of a *Bambusa*, and afterwards to the extreme point of the stalk of an aloe (*Agave Americana*), a plant known to grow with extraordinary rapidity—in order to see these points elongate themselves under the vital influence, and reach gradually from one micrometric thread to the other, in the same manner as one may see crystals of tartaric acid *grow* under the microscope, progressing from one side of the field to the other as the solution evaporates.

But, of all external motions of plants, none are more curious than the well-known movements of the Sensitive (*Mimosa pudica*), whose leaves move spontaneously on the most tender touch, and bend down completely at the slightest shock. The *mechanism* of these wonderful movements has been studied attentively by several observers, but their *cause* remains hidden completely. It is curious to observe, as recognised formerly by Dutrochet, that the excitement transmits itself along the leaves and stems of the Sensitive, exactly as an irritation is carried along the nerves of an

animal, only the transmission is very much slower. When the terminal foliole of a leaf is struck, or submitted to heat by means of a burning glass, or scorched by an acid, &c. it bends itself down, and all the others drop *in succession*, as the excitement produced at the extremity of the leaf is carried along by some mysterious power. Numerous experiments tend to show that the irritation progresses along the fibrous tubes which envelop the pith of the plant and appear to act, in this case, like nerves.

This kind of movement is not rare in the vegetable kingdom. The leaves of almost all the Leguminosæ, such as the *Acacia* for instance, droop at night and expand themselves in the morning. In some species of *Oxalis* this motion is very striking. Towards evening, some time before sunset, the folioles, or divisions of the leaves, bend down on to the stalk, giving to the little plant a mournful aspect, as if it lacked moisture. *Trefoils* and the common *Bean*, on the contrary, bend their leaves upwards at night, like the closed wings of a butterfly, and spread them out again in the morning.

The *flower* of different plants, which, as morphologists are well aware, is composed of modified leaves, shows similar movements. The little blue *Veronica* (*V. chamædrys*), for instance, so remarkable in the day time by its bright blue flower, can scarcely be discerned in the evening, when all its flowers are closed. So many flowers have been observed to show this periodic motion that it would be tedious, perhaps, to enumerate them here. A species of *Marigold* (*Calendula pluvialis*) closes its corolla as soon as the sun is veiled by a cloud which threatens a shower of rain. The flower of the *Crocus* is also very sensitive.

The spontaneous motions of the stamens and pistils of plants are no less curious. If a little insect, wandering about in the flower of the *Barberry tree* (*Berberis vulgaris*) happen to touch the base of one of the stamens, it bends forward suddenly, as if a spring had been touched, and strikes its head, like a hammer, against the pistil. In a short

time it regains its former position, and the experiment may be repeated once or twice. In that beautiful little plant, *Parnassia palustris*, the five stamens may sometimes be seen to spring one after the other upon the pistil without the intervention of any foreign irritation. In the *Jungermannia*, plants very similar to mosses, we see the spores, or seeds, projected at certain epochs by the effect of a natural spring, of a spiral form, enclosed in a long tubular cell—a mechanical action in every respect similar to what occurs in the toy called a “Jack-in-the-box.” A similar structure is observed in many other instances. In *Hedysarum gyrans*, or *Oscillating Sainfoin*, the leaves are composed of three folioles, the centre one very large, forming the extremity of the leaf, the two others much smaller, and lateral, like some kinds of clover leaf. The large foliole bends down at night and expands again in the morning, presenting sometimes also a slight oscillation from right to left. But the small lateral folioles are in a perpetual state of oscillation; they never cease to rise and fall alternately. This curious movement appears to be quite independent of any external influences. The entire oscillation, up and down, is accomplished in the space of one or two minutes, and continues during the night as well as by day. In the rays of a scorching sun, however, it stops, and then all the three folioles are seen with their points fixed towards the sky. The mechanism of this wonderful motion and that of the *Sensitive* have been well investigated by Dutrochet in his fine memoir, “*Sur l’Excitabilité Végétale*” (in his “*Mémoires réunis*,” 1837, p. 269), but still further observation is required to elucidate this mystery. As with so many other vital phenomena, its explanation is quite out of our reach. A similar oscillation has been observed in the flowers of some species of *Orchids*, where the quarter division of the corolla rises and falls alternately at irregular intervals.

What happens with leaves may naturally occur in flowers, since the latter are merely modified leaves. This interest-

ing discovery was made by Goethe in 1790, when he published his pamphlet, "*Zur Morphologie*," translated into French, and published at Geneva in the year 1829, by Frederic de Gingins-Lassarez. A singular plant, *Dionæa muscipula*, which has been named "the fly-catcher," bends up its leaf by the middle as soon as an insect places itself upon the surface, so as to shut in the little creature and imprison it completely. These curious plants may be met with in the hot-houses of many of our public gardens. But I must pass over a great number of spontaneous motions occurring in various parts of vegetables and at certain periods of the year, that I may have more space for what follows.

In the male organs of every plant—for instance, in the stamens of superior species, and in the antheridia of mosses, ferns, *equisetaceæ*, *marchantiæ*, &c.—we find a peculiar liquid called *fovilla*, and in this liquid a powerful microscope discovers quantities of extremely minute filaments, or cilia, rolled up like watchsprings, the end of each filament having a sort of transparent head or cell. As soon as these filaments are expelled with the liquid they move about spontaneously, and with great rapidity, for a certain time. Their motions resemble those of the most minute and active of infusoria. Alcohol, acids, alkalies, &c. put a stop to this motion immediately. Now, these remarkable vibrating corpuscles, the nature of which is completely unknown, are found in the male organ of every plant. They have had many names given to them; that of *spermatozoids* is, perhaps, the least objectionable. But a very curious motion has been observed in the female organ of certain inferior plants; the fresh-water *algæ*, for instance, which are so common in ditches and streams. The spores, or seeds, of some of these belonging to the genera *conferva*, *chatophora*, *vaucheria*, as soon as they are expelled from the cells of the mother-plant, move about in the water like so many animalcules; they are, moreover, seen, at this period, to be possessed of vibratile cilia, by the aid

of which they displace themselves. This extraordinary phenomenon lasts for about two hours, when the spore fixes itself to some solid object under the water, its cilia fall off, and germination sets in. This reminds us of the gyratory motion observed in the *vitellus* of the eggs of fresh-water snails about the middle of spring.

What I have just related concerning the spores of fresh-water *algæ* occurs for the *entire plant* in the *diatomaceæ*—if, indeed, these singular beings are really plants. As I have stated elsewhere,¹ it is impossible to say with certainty whether these diatoms are plants or animals; and, as a proof of this, we see the most distinguished observers divided in opinion regarding them: one side supporting their vegetable nature, the other claiming for them a more elevated rank. For myself, I have passed hours in watching their movements in a drop of water upon the glass slide of the microscope, without being able to declare myself for one opinion rather than for the other. The diatomaceæ generally resemble a ship's compass-needle, flattened, broader in the centre, and often (like the opinions of philosophers concerning them) divided into two halves by a medial line. Sometimes, instead of being pointed, they are square at both extremities. But, whatever their shape, they are constantly seen in motion. They cross the field of the microscope in a straight line, and with an oscillating motion to the right and to the left; this oscillation does not interfere with the rectilinear direction of their course. Then, they come back again in the same direction, and without turning round, the oscillating motion continuing as before. The presence of vibratile cilia has been recognised in some species, but it requires a very powerful instrument to perceive these cilia. The body of diatoms is sometimes of an emerald green colour, sometimes brown or yellowish-brown,

¹ "Protoctista; ou, la Science de la Création aux points de Vue de la Chimie et de la Physiologie." (*Journal de Med.* Bruxelles, December, 1861).

and sometimes nearly colourless; they contain a considerable proportion of *silica*. At a period when I regarded diatomaceæ as essentially of vegetable nature, I fancied that those filled with green colouring matter were living, whilst those of a brown colour were dead. But the brown individuals move quite as rapidly as the green ones, sometimes more so.

This leads us naturally to speak of the *oscillaria*. Here, it may be thought, there is no longer any doubt. The *oscillaria* are certainly plants. But no plant resembles them entirely, not even the tubular *Algae*, with which they might be confounded on a superficial examination. The *oscillaria*, like the *diatomaceæ*, belong evidently to the *Protoctista*, a name given by J. Hogg to that numerous class of lower organisms which we cannot class with certainty either as plants or animals. The *oscillariæ* form long tubes filled with green colouring matter, very finely striated; it requires, indeed, a tolerably powerful glass to see these stripes, or *striæ*. It has been stated that they possess vibratile cilia at the extremity of the tubes, but they can only be seen (if they really exist) under the most powerful microscopes. These curious beings derived their name from the fact that they are constantly in a state of oscillation, balancing themselves backwards and forwards, from right to left and from left to right, during the whole period of their life. I have more than once assured myself of the existence of this motion, and am satisfied that it is directly connected with vital action, and is not owing, as some have supposed, to mechanical or external influences. *Oscillariæ* are commonly found at the bottom of damp walls, and near pumps and cisterns, where they form dark green, olive, or nearly black patches. When placed under the microscope with a little water, it is easy to perceive that each tube displaces itself at irregular intervals, and more or less suddenly. One extremity of the tube generally remains fixed whilst the remainder oscillates like the needle of a watch; the needle will go, for instance, from twelve

to two o'clock, and then back to twelve rather slowly. It will then, after a short interval, start off again as far as four o'clock, and, after remaining in that position for some time, will gradually return again to two or twelve. This singular motion appears, therefore, very irregular. The phenomenon, as it occurs, is precisely as if some large infusoria out of the field of the microscope were moving about among the numerous filaments under inspection, and causing by their movements the abrupt displacement of the latter. But I have assured myself that such is not the case; for I have seen isolated tubes oscillate in the manner above described when no infusoria were present in the water.

But, of all the marvellous phenomena of vegetation, none, perhaps, are capable of exciting more interest than the wonderful circulation observed in the cells of many plants, and supposed to exist in all. It can only be compared to the circulation of the blood in animals. Nothing can give us a better idea of the incessant movement reigning in the vegetable world, which, in its outward aspect, appears so still. In animals the blood leaves the heart as the latter contracts and dilates periodically, and appears to propel the vivifying fluid into all the vessels of the body. But in plants, where we find no heart, this vital motion is still more mysterious. The discovery of this beautiful phenomenon is attributed to Bonaventura Corti, who observed it in 1772 in a species of *Caulinia*, and in several species of *Chara*. In the latter, which are not uncommon in ponds of clear water, in limestone districts, the cells of the plant are very large; and the circulation of the liquid contained in them can be seen with a very feeble microscope. The liquid which circulates is colourless, and we should scarcely perceive the movement but for the great number of green granules or nuclei which are carried along by the current, showing its force and direction. If we take *Chara* (*Nitella flexilis*), or any other plant of this family, and place it with water upon a glass

slide under the microscope, we may observe the circulation for a very long time if the plant is not allowed to become dry. I have thus observed this circulation in the transparent portions near the roots of *Chara fetida* for days together; for the movement continues as long as the plant lives, and ceases only with death. Since the time when Corti made his observations, the same rotation of the liquid contained in the cells has been observed in several other plants, especially in *Vallisneria spiralis*, whose long ribbon-like leaves flourish in the rivers and canals of Southern Europe. Here we have two kinds of cells. Those in the centre of the leaf are long, quadrangular, or hexagonal cells, very large; and those of the epidermis, which are more or less hexagonal and much smaller. In both we distinguish innumerable granules of a beautiful emerald green colour, in active motion round the sides of each cell; the circulation in one cell taking generally an opposite direction to that in the cell immediately adjacent. The phenomenon is best seen in the large central cells; but nothing can be finer than the circulation in the smaller hexagonal cells when it is rendered active by warmth, and viewed under a high magnifying power. At General Sabine's soirées at the Royal Society, the circulation in these smaller cells has been exhibited under a power of 1,300 diameters. It is perfectly visible with a magnifying power of 250. When the phenomenon is sluggish, or does not appear, it can be brought on by applying a gentle heat to the plate which holds the section of the plant under observation. The same movement of the liquid contents of the cells is also beautifully seen in *Anacharis alinastr.* a fresh water plant common in most of our stagnant shallow ponds around London, which appears to have been introduced into England about twenty years ago, and is now so common that hardly a pond or canal is without it. It is easily recognised by its pale stalk, generally about a foot long, and small, delicate-looking leaves, arranged three and three along the stalk. When

one of these leaves is pulled off and placed under the microscope with a little water, an active circulation is seen, especially in the longer cells near the centre of the leaf, and in those adjacent. If no movement is observed, a little warmth will soon cause it to manifest itself.

Again, in *Stratoites aloides*, a plant which is found in the ditches of fortified towns and in ponds of stagnant water, the same intercellular circulation has been observed by Dr. Hannon, of the Brussels University, and I believe by others. This plant is recognised by its leaves—somewhat similar in appearance to those of the aloe. But the same beautiful phenomena may be also seen in *Najas major*, *N. minor*, in *Hydrocharis morsus-ranæ*, and probably in several other water-plants, where vegetation is active. A somewhat similar motion of the contents of the cell has been lately observed in those singular beings called *Closterium*, belonging to the family of *Desmidiæ*; some of which resemble microscopic crescents of a bright emerald green colour (*C. lunula*). They are sometimes also straight, and are found among the *Conferve* and *Algæ* of our fresh-water ponds and ditches. Lastly, in the *Algæ* called *Achylæ prolif.* which grow upon the bodies of dead insects or hang as minute green tubes from the gills of dead fish, a very remarkable current has been witnessed by several observers.

When this intercellular rotation is observed in *Vallisneria*, *Chara*, *Anacharis*, &c. we find that the green granules move for the most part close alongside the walls of the cell, the motion being generally in opposite directions in two contiguous cells. We remark also a *luminous stratum* along which the green globules move, which is such as would be produced by the action of cilia projecting from the cell-wall. Such cilia have not, however, been distinctly seen by any physiologist up to the present time.

All the plants above-named, in which the circulation is so evident, are water plants. It is in these, on account of the size of the cells and the rapidity of

their vegetation, that the phenomenon in question is most easily witnessed. But the same wonderful motion has been observed in several land plants also. In 1807 Treviranus accidentally discovered this circulation in plants, without being aware of Corti's previous observations. And in 1820 Dr. Schultz, of Berlin, discovered a progressive motion in the vessels which contain the peculiar yellow juice in *Chelidonium majus*, a common plant which grows along hedges and walls, near villages, known by its bright yellow flower, and the brilliant yellow caustic juice which exudes from the stalk when broken. In 1829, Amici had his attention drawn to the same subject; and at present we know several terrestrial plants in which the circulation can be put in evidence with as much ease as in water plants. In *Chelidonium majus* the phenomenon described by Schultz is observed in the *laticiferae*, or vessels which carry the latex (yellow juice). By placing a fragment of a young leaf of this plant, moistened with water, under the microscope, and placing the instrument in the direct rays of the sun, we observe in the yellow vessels a very rapid movement, but a movement which differs essentially from that observed in the cells of *Chara*, *Anacharis*, &c. Dutrochet has endeavoured to show that the phenomenon described by Schultz is an optical illusion, and that no current exists really in these vessels of *Chelidonium majus*. I have satisfied myself that the phenomenon in question, whether it be a real circulation or an optical illusion owing to interference of the sun's rays, can only be seen when the microscope is placed in the

sunshine, and the direct light of the sun reflected upon the leaf by the mirror. In these circumstances a movement, a kind of vibration resembling a very rapid current, is distinctly seen; but I have not been able to assure myself whether or no a current really exists, and it appears to me that the drawing of this phenomenon given in Adrien de Jussieu's "Elemens de Botanique" is not taken strictly from nature.

In a thin slice of the bark of the *Sycamore*, after the epidermis has been removed, large cells containing granules of chlorophylle, similar to the smaller cells of *Vallisneria*, are seen; and some botanists assure us that, when such a slice is taken from a very young branch, or from any part in active vegetation, the motions of the green globules indicate a rotatory current like that observed in the plants above-named. The same organic current is well seen, it is said, in the stipules of the leaves of several fig-trees, notably in those of *Ficus elastica*, &c. We are assured likewise that a kind of circulation has been observed in the corolla of the large white *Convolvulus* so plentiful in some of our hedges; also in the hairs which are found upon the calyx and flower of *Tradescantia virginica*, where we see the current start from a nucleus, flow about the cell in several directions, and return again to the nucleus. Lately it has been asserted that the hairs of every plant, when sufficiently magnified (and warmed, probably), show the same phenomenon, especially those of *Plantago media*, &c.; but I find no such current in the hairs of the *Nettle*.

CHÂLONS—THE CAMP, AND FETE NAPOLEON.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

SATURDAY, August 6.—By train from Paris to Châlons-sur-Marne. Little notice in the earlier part of the journey. The country flat, uninteresting, and, like England at the present time, very dry and burned up. Advancing onwards, I was much pleased at the vast extent and continuous succession of hills and slopes, largely covered with vines (most of them for champagne wine), or divided into thousands and tens of thousands of small patches of all kinds of crops. As may be expected from the system of subdivision of property from generation to generation, they are becoming smaller and smaller, even to such a degree that many of them looked no bigger than a strip of carpet ready for a common-sized room. The parallelogram is the favourite shape.

I am told that the grapes are not only plentiful this year, but likely to afford a first-rate vintage, from the heat of the continuous sun. But even the vines want rain; a most rare circumstance at this time of the year.

I always like old French towns; and the large number of them with which I am familiar has rather increased than diminished my interest in them. Accordingly, I was much gratified to find ourselves lodged in one of them for the Sunday, and at one of those really old-fashioned hotels of which travellers at the present time, as they fly from one grand city to another, know so very little. There were the large French windows, with their red hangings, tassels, and cheerful white muslin curtains—the bed in the recess—the mirrors, and comfortable chairs, with their red-stuffed cushions and backs. There was the dinner-bell, soon after we had arrived, inviting to the *table d'hôte*—the varied provision of all kinds on the table, with-

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out any care or trouble in the ordering, and the kindest and most friendly attention from all in the establishment. All this was quite inspiring to an old French traveller, and truly glad was I to have the opportunity of showing it to my young companions, for the first time in such a scene. In travelling at the present day it is very easy to find the *new-grand* hotels—like the *Louvre* at Paris, with all its pompous and mechanical system, railroads and stations, and railway-carriages—very much like one another all over the world, *et cætera ejusmodi*; but one often at present fails to realize even the smallest and most passing experience of the old locomotive system, or of former receptions in inns or hotels. For instance, here it was that I saw the first specimen which I had yet met on this journey in France of the old continental diligence. I duly explained and expounded it in its various compartments, arrangements for luggage, &c. &c., as a vehicle wherein I had passed many, many hours in former days, and travelled many hundreds of miles before rails had been laid down in the land. In vain, however, should I have looked for a still greater curiosity—a live French postilion of old times, with his glazed hat, sounding whip, and enormous iron-hooped jack-boots, laid at the side of his horse, and into which he walked before mounting, to make ready for a fall off one of the old white cart-horses which it was his lot to ride, at about five miles an hour, along the straight, white road.

The hotel at which we were bears the extraordinary name—Hôtel de la haute Mère de Dieu. It is the only instance in which I remember to have met the appellation; and I was really at first almost unwilling to pronounce it, and

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could scarcely conceive that I was right, on having it recommended to me while on the line. The name, however, on the omnibus at the station, as well as in large letters on the wall, soon proved its accuracy.

Châlons is by far less altered than most French towns of equal size and distinction. So much the better, in my opinion, for its interest to the traveller. The cathedral is a poor, unsatisfactory structure, looks tumbling down, and is in much need of restoration. This, to a certain degree, is going on. The church of Notre Dame, near the Hôtel de Ville, is a far superior and really magnificent old structure both within and without. It has been so admirably restored that it is absolutely difficult to distinguish the new from the old portions. It would be a noble edifice for reproduction as a grand church in our own or any other land, if the purse and liberality of the builder were equal to it, and an architect would allow it instead of his own design, with very rare self-denial and modesty. I just throw out the suggestion. At the west entrance there is a very noble Gothic organ, richly carved in oak, and so arranged as not to darken the light from the window. It lines the wall on each side, so that the two portions of the organ face one another, and the painted glass appears between them.

From one of the turrets of this church a lovely and most musical chime sounds at six in the morning and nine in the evening. It is produced by a curious and very intricate piece of mechanism. I was told that it was formed of fifty-six bells. There is a marvellous delicacy and sweetness in the tone—quite unearthly. It sounds from on high, as beckoning heavenwards, and reminds one of the bells and music on the other side of the river in the "Pilgrim's Progress," when the new-comers "thought they heard all the bells therein to ring," welcoming them to the city. These soft and most melodious tones offered a strong contrast to the abounding noises of a French town—many of them pleasant and inspiring enough to those who are not nervous; others quite the contrary.

Chimes are not common with us. There are none of which I am aware, even in Oxford, that city of bells; but there is one in my neighbourhood—I mean at Woodstock. I remember them as more frequent in Belgium than anywhere else.

Sunday.—As in Paris, so, I believe, throughout all the towns and country of France, the Fête de Napoleon—*i.e.* in honour of the Emperor's birthday—is kept with all kinds of shows, holiday-making, religious services, illuminations, &c. Masses are said for him in the churches, and the melodious steeple-bells rang out loudly in their most jubilant tones. The tricolour flags were hung out from the Hôtel de Ville, and from all the other public establishments; and many smaller flags of the same hue decorated the hotels, coffee-houses, and many private shops and dwellings. We saw something of the French services and gorgeous ceremonies attending them. The Bishop of Châlons died lately, and no successor has yet been appointed. Three priests, in long, splendid yellow garments, ministered at the cathedral. The music was very sweet—the organ blending, as usual, most harmoniously with the voices and instrumental performance.

On inquiry as to English residents and Protestant worship, we could hear of very few of our countrymen. It does not seem a place to which they resort. Sometimes one or another comes on *champagne* matters, on the way to the camp, or to break the long journey from Paris.

Near the station, a small "Temple"—Protestant church—has been opened through the care and liberality of Madame Jackson, wife of the chief wine merchant, whose cellars are a "lion" here, and, I understand, very well worth a visit. We attended, but, missing our way, through a wrong direction given, came in late. The clergyman, of whom I heard a high account, was away. When we went in, a scripture-reader was reading a French tract or book to the few assembled worshippers. It was an evangelical statement on the distinction between the Law and the Gospel, but delivered with-

out the least emphasis or apparent endeavour to impress by the voice and manner. A hymn followed; then a prayer, like ours, for "all conditions of men;" then the benediction. We returned home under the welcome shadow of the houses. The day very sultry, and dust lying thickly all around. No season with so little rain has been remembered in France. It is here as with us; and, as I hear, through Italy, Spain, and the greatest part of Europe. But the air is clear as crystal; and the moon and the sunset, day after day, divide between them the evening hours. Happily, a light breeze is continually playing, and I cannot say that there is anything close or sultry to oppress.

In the evening there was a procession of music, torches, and lanterns. It issued from the Hôtel de Ville, and proceeded round the chief streets and places of the town, accompanied by large, well-behaved crowds; but it was a very poor affair, though apparently welcome to the inhabitants as a part of the Fête Napoleon.

Monday.—The bells rang out joyously, loud and long, at five this morning. The more noise, it seems, the better and more welcome to French ears.

At about 6 A.M. I went by train to the Camp, taking my ticket to the neighbouring station of Marmelen. A large crowd attended from Châlons and elsewhere. On leaving the train I mounted one of the crowded vehicles in waiting, and was driven through a vast multitude of tents; and, after a most dusty transit of about two miles, I reached an eminence, where some very neat permanent brick buildings are erected, which I conclude are the quarters of the officers in chief command. I saw no edifice of any peculiar distinction for the Emperor, though, of course, such may exist without my knowing anything about it from my short visit. Near this was erected a small covered platform, very plain, with an altar upon it, facing the troops, who were gathered together this morning in full military order to hear mass for the Emperor. Immediately behind this structure were two large

circles of soldiers, who were to perform the music of the ceremony. At about half-past eight o'clock, a priest in his official robes, and accompanied by two attendants, mounted the platform. A band of sixty musicians played, and a cannon was occasionally fired to mark certain parts of the service. After the musicians had done their part, there was a chant by another circle of soldiers, with a leader in the middle. This military choir appeared to me to amount to several hundreds in number. The hymn was very beautifully sung, and without the aid of any musical accompaniment. The service lasted about an hour. In a line with the platform, and stretching some way behind it, was a large crowd of spectators. They were well-behaved, but were moving about, and talking freely, and it was only here and there that I observed any marked signs of devotion or religious attention to the proceedings.

Immediately in front of the platform stood the Marshal in command—M'Mahon, Duke of Magenta—with his staff of officers. On conclusion of the service, the Marshal and his staff mounted their horses, and a scene very pleasing to me as an Englishman occurred.

I had heard the words "militaires Anglais—officiers Anglais," frequently repeated by the soldiers in the various groups near me, and had recognised at an earlier period of the morning the well-known full-dress red of our army, worn by two fine soldier-like gentlemen. One who, as appeared afterwards, must have been highest in rank, was, so far as I could judge, about sixty years of age. I have not the least idea who he was. Marshal M'Mahon, followed by his staff and some Egyptian officers, mounted on their small but beautiful Arabs, now rode into the inclosed grounds where these two officers were, and soon issued forth again. The only one by his side was one of these Englishmen. I saw the Marshal salute him, speak to him with all cordial attention; and, on breaking into the canter, which was done close to me, he appeared to bow

for his assent, and tell him of the pace intended, that he might not be taken by surprise.

Probably I shall make some blunders in a military point of view—even in the few statements now made—but I shall just describe the scene as it appeared to me.

The Marshal first took up his position at a spot perhaps about three hundred yards opposite the little chapel and neighbouring eminence, where the crowd of spectators was chiefly gathered. His *suite*, the Turkish or Egyptian officers and other attendants, were arranged partly in a parallel row and partly behind him, the two English officers occupying the chief post of honour immediately at his right hand. Their red looked very handsome, not to say conspicuous, in contrast with the dark hue forming the foundation-colour of the French regimentals. Right opposite the Marshal and his staff, and between him and us on the eminence, a very large military band was drawn up, which took an active part in the proceedings of the day, and played various pieces during the whole review.

Thirty-two thousand soldiers now passed in succession, all of them at a very rapid step or rate. First came the infantry; and, as each division marched on, the general in command of the division, with his staff, rode forward in front of the soldiery, saluting the Marshal as he passed, then wheeling round in a semicircle, and taking up his place, till the whole division had passed by, right opposite the Marshal, so that the troops passed on between them.

The day was very brilliant with sunshine, and a fresh breeze played around. This latter was very favourable to the spectacle, since, had there been none, the immense quantity of dust on the plain would have utterly wrapped and concealed the whole body of troops in

motion, the Marshal, band and all. "Never," the common remark was, "anything like such a dust since there had been the camp." And I can well conceive it. Even when the infantry marched by, they were much obscured in the cloud raised by their step; and by and by, when cavalry and artillery passed at a gallop, there were literally periods when you could not see them at all. But the breeze blew the dust speedily away, and cleared the ground in time for the appearance of each succeeding regiment. Two or three times there was a most curious sight—the sun glistening brightly on the helmets of the cavalry as they galloped by in long ranks, and producing the effect of a flashing line of light shining out from the dust and passing by at the utmost speed, while nothing else to cause it was visible.

The whole review took about an hour. All who were engaged in it passed on with much rapidity to their quarters; the crowd melted away; and I returned to Châlons, after the enjoyment of a most interesting and peculiar spectacle, and only wishing that it could have been shared by some military friend at my side. The number of troops engaged, though small in comparison with that often brought under review, was far larger than that which can be seen in our country, and there were special circumstances attendant on the ceremony very striking to an English spectator.

I had one companion only in the railway carriage home. We had some conversation, chiefly about the camp and scene in general. He was a high-bred officer, apparently about sixty years old. On arriving at Châlons, I saw him step into a carriage awaiting him, from which he made me a most polite salute, hat in hand. On inquiry, I found that he was the prefect and a general of division.

CORRUPTION AT ELECTIONS AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

BY W. D. CHRISTIE.

A MOVEMENT for restraint of bribery and expenditure at elections, which has found favour with several earnest and several practical men, and which has been warmly advocated in this Magazine by Mr. Maurice, has met with ridicule and unfair treatment from a writer in the *Saturday Review*.

Mr. Maurice's article in the July number of this Magazine, which has been reprinted by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, spoke of "a cry from the deep heart of the nation," which, he trusted, would come forth against the great evil of bribery at elections. He said:—

"Cries arise from the deep heart of a nation, for the removal of abuses which it has tolerated—which it has, at last, discovered to be absolutely incompatible with its honesty and its freedom; which it is determined, at all costs, and with deep repentance for its participation in them, to have done with for ever. Those cries, more deep than loud, in which the true spirit of a land comes forth, are not understood in a moment by its representatives; are drowned, it may be, some time, by the shriekers, or laughed off by the scorers. But when the shriekers are hoarse, and the wit of the scorers is dry, these are found to have a meaning in them which must be heeded. Legislation obeys an impulse which it was unable to create. The evil, a few petty details of which could not be touched without much fear, under many protests, with a reasonable expectation of disappointment, is torn up by the roots."

The writer in the *Saturday Review* is exceedingly witty and absurd upon this. He says:—

"Mr. Maurice proposes to elicit 'a cry from the deep heart of the nation,' by which 'the evil will be torn up from the roots.' What a cry from the deep heart of the nation may be like—what a deep heart is like—whether it is a form of that organ known to anatomists—whether deep hearts have a faculty of 'crying,' which is certainly denied to hearts of a more common-place shape, and why the metaphorical heart of the country is supposed to be

afflicted with this curious form of disease—are questions into which we shall not attempt to enter. We have no doubt—as Mr. Maurice tells us so—that a cry from the deep heart of a nation is admirably adapted for tearing up an evil by the roots."

It will be observed that the writer has honourably taken trouble to bring together from distant sentences the two expressions, "a cry from the deep heart of the nation," and "tearing up an evil by the roots," in order to make a foundation for his wit. Mr. Maurice is a master of the English language, who, it may be supposed, is not justly open to this ridicule. And why not a cry from the heart? May not a cry come from the heart as well as speech. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And may not a heart be deep as well as abundant, and may not a nation have a heart as well as voice?

A paper which I had the honour of reading at a meeting of the Jurisprudence Department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has been the origin of the movement which the *Saturday Reviewer* derides; and he makes some remarks on passages of my paper quite worthy of his criticism on Mr. Maurice's metaphor. He says of me:—

"He (Mr. Christie) recommends that candidates intending to contest a borough or a county should be *required* to enter into an agreement with each other to abstain from corrupt practices; and under this name they *must* mutually promise to abstain, and to *force* their supporters to abstain, from all attempts on the part of customers to influence tradesmen, and on the part of landlords to influence tenants."

I have put into italics the words *required*, *must*, and *force*. This is the critic's misrepresentation to make way for his criticism. I have never said

anything about *requiring* such agreements, which would have been simply absurd, as being altogether impracticable. What I have said is, "Endeavours should be made everywhere to procure agreements between opposing candidates and opposing leaders of parties in constituencies to abstain from bribery and to limit expenditure." And again, "I propose to invite and incite candidates through the country to co-operate and combine." And again, "Every one in becoming a member of the Association would thereby pledge himself to abstain from corrupt expenditure by himself or friends, and to do everything in his power to discourage and prevent it." This is not "requiring;" there is no "must" here, nor "force."

The Saturday Reviewer proceeds:—

"It occurs to Mr. Christie that a candidate might sometimes lose his seat by an indiscreet adherence to this promise; but then he suggests that it is probable that the defeated candidate's party might gain a seat somewhere else, under the same system—supposing it to be adopted there also. This, Mr. Christie appears to think, will be a great consolation to the defeated candidates."

I have said nothing about "consolation to the defeated candidates." What I have said is this, and I think it is a fair subsidiary argument to address to political parties:—

"In many cases, parties will remain in the same relative position in constituencies after such an agreement. Candidates will save their money, the cause of public morality will gain, and the result of the election be the same. In other cases where a candidate could only gain his end by bribery, he and his party will make up their minds to lose by the agreement only what could not be securely won (for there always remains the danger of an election petition and its consequences); and what one political party loses in this way in one constituency the other will probably lose in another. The balance of parties will probably be little affected on the whole. In some of the many boroughs, where parties are nearly balanced, and a small corrupt phalanx turns the scale (and some of these are among the worst cases of corruption), there will probably be compromises, by which each party will obtain an uncontested seat. Here again the cause of public morality will gain, and the peace of the borough will be secured; and in these cases of nearly balanced parties a large minority, which a few accidents or more care in succeeding registrations might convert into

a majority, has a fair claim to a share of the representation. Such compromises occurring in several constituencies would probably not disturb in the end the balance of parties. This may be considered a low mode of treating the subject, but it is well to endeavour to conciliate political partisanship."

The writer proceeds, in a passage of which it is hard to say whether the ribaldry or the nonsense is greater, to recommend that this plan of agreements should be carried further, and "applied to other vices which depend for their vitality on the fact that they are equally agreeable to those who sin and those who are sinned against." It is enough to say that the agreements recommended are not between briber and bribed, but between competing bribers.

I said in my paper:—

"To return to the subject of agreements to abstain from corruption: where any candidate or his committee should refuse, on being formally applied to for the purpose, to join in such an agreement, he will be an object of suspicion. Amid the hubbub of a general election, the suggested association may be a central eye to watch everywhere, and a central head and hand to aid in exposure and punishment through existing laws."

The meaning of this is clear—that an association, making it its business to watch elections through the country, will keep a special look-out on the proceedings of a candidate and his friends who shall have refused to make an agreement to abstain from corruption, with a view to employing the existing machinery of penal laws, petitions, and parliamentary commissions. The Saturday Reviewer, however, thinks this very absurd, and gives vent to his wit in language which he will probably feel proud to see reproduced.

"But the difficulty occurs, that the candidate may decline to make the promise, and may persist in availing himself of the advantages which his money gives him. What will Mr. Christie do with a benighted candidate of this kind? His answer is ready. 'He will be an object of suspicion,' &c. The mind staggers at the contemplation of the awful condition of that man who should be an object of suspicion to the National Social Science Association."

This is very funny.

The writer has his serious as well as sportive vein. It is very likely my

fault, but I find it much more difficult to understand his serious reasoning than his wit. But what I understand him to say in his serious mood is this—that there is no real harm in the practice of bribery; that bribery, bribing or being bribed, is "an offence created by "act of parliament," and "can claim "little other moral assistance than that "which may be furnished by the fear of "the punishment that it inflicts;" that it is not more wrong of an elector to take five pounds for his vote than for Mr. Dutton, the member for Hampshire, to have voted, in the great division of last session, for Lord Palmerston, "not because he approved his policy, but out "of feelings of neighbourly regard" (this is of course assuming that such was Mr. Dutton's motive; and, if his motive was entirely and exactly as represented, most people would say that he was wrong, as the man who receives five pounds for his vote is also wrong); that "neighbourly regard is a very "innocent feeling, but so is the desire "for five pounds;" that "it is some- "times attempted to eke out the case "by the assertion that bribery pro- "duces demoralization, over and above "the demoralization which is always "entailed by a conscious breach of the "law"—but, adds this wise writer, with great cautiousness, you must prove this before you can argue upon it. "The "point, if true, would be material, but "it cannot be argued upon until it has "been ascertained to be a fact." The Saturday Reviewer thinks that there is a great deal of confusion between bribery and other incidents of a contested election. "The demoralization," he says, "if that name may be given to "the saturnalia which usually accom- "panies¹ the exercise of constitutional "rights, has more to do with the "treating and the general excitement "than with direct payment of money. "All occasions on which large bodies of

"Englishmen are gathered together, "with a good deal of time on their "hands, are apt to end in 'demoraliza- "tion;' but an election is not much "worse than a race or a fair."

And is this *Saturday Review* political morals and philosophy? Is it then all right when "an election is not much worse than a race or a fair?" Our legislation has gone against treating as well as bribing. Is there no medium between festive conviviality and bribery and treating? Cannot the "annual dinner" be separated from the "septennial bribe?"¹ Is it a right state of things when a sensible member of Parliament seriously puts forth as an argument for excluding the Judge of the Admiralty Court or the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons, that there is "much done at every contested "election which it is not becoming for a "judge of the land to engage in?"² Is it right that the "divine idea" of the State should be drowned at elections in bribery, rioting, and drunkenness?

Am I called upon to prove that the giving or receiving of a bribe to determine a vote is an evil in itself, independently of act of parliament?

The plan which is now proposed, and which the *Saturday Review* derides, of an appeal to the moral sense of the community against bribery and profuse expenditure at elections, was recommended by an eminently practical man, Sir Robert Peel:—

"In every borough there are certain individuals who take a lead in all political matters, and altogether influence the electors in their respective places. Now, I believe that, if these influential persons of both parties in boroughs set their faces against bribery, and came to an understanding to discourage all unnecessary expenses, they would do a great deal more towards the suppression of the evils complained of than all the acts of the Legislature. I do not therefore underrate the law; but I think that good example and improved habits will more effectually lead to the diminution of bribery—its extinction I scarcely hope for—than any legislative enactment whatever, and I do hope that the leading men of the country

¹ It is singular that the severe critic of Mr. Maurice's metaphors should have been so little mindful of his own grammar; and it is difficult to see how a logical writer can think of giving the name *demoralization* to saturnalia, though demoralization may be the effect.

¹ "The annual dinner and septennial bribe."
Crabbe.

² Lord Hotham, March 3, 1853.

will set their faces so effectually against it that after the next general election, come when it may, there shall be little or no cause to complain on the score of bribery."¹

The Saturday Reviewer has chosen to describe the present movement as emanating from a Committee consisting of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Chadwick, and myself, and has thought proper, with a peculiar taste, to add the name of Miss Emily Faithfull, who is the printer and publisher for the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, as she is also "printer and publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty," and who has no more to do with the proceedings of the Association than the printer of the *Saturday Review* with the authorship of its articles. But the Saturday Reviewer thinks it becoming to try to turn ridicule on this movement by sneers at the lady-printer. Mr. Chadwick also is sneered at. Yet Mr. Chadwick has done more than most men in practical social reform, and has been honoured within the present year by being chosen

¹ Hansard, June 6, 1842.

by the French Institute as one of the foreign members of its academy of moral and political sciences, in the place of Archbishop Whately. The names of Mr. Mill, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Chadwick, will probably command respect from the intelligent public. The Saturday Reviewer has written for the ignorant and vulgar. But it may be stated that the Committee is not confined to the four gentlemen named, and that it comprises several leading public men of both Houses of Parliament, and of both parties, and has already obtained the co-operation of others. Among those who have originated or promptly joined the movement are Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Russell, Lord Lyttelton, Sir John Pakington, Lord Stanley, Mr. Napier (the late Irish Chancellor), Mr. E. Baines, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Arthur Mills, Lord Robert Montagu, Mr. Chambers (the Common Serjeant), and Mr. Thomas Hughes. It is hoped that honest men of all political parties and sections will continue to favour this movement, and that in time it will produce some good effect.





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