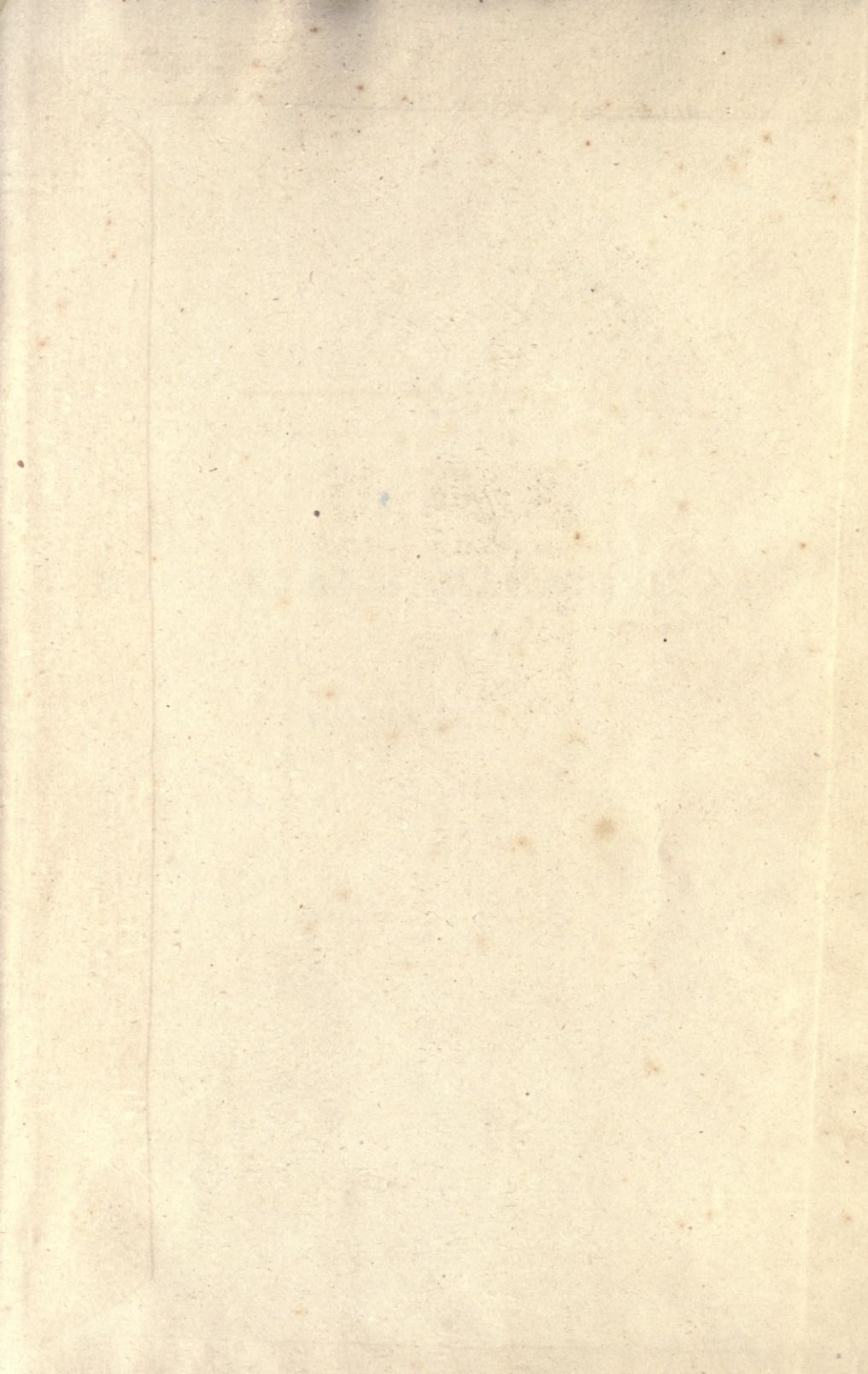






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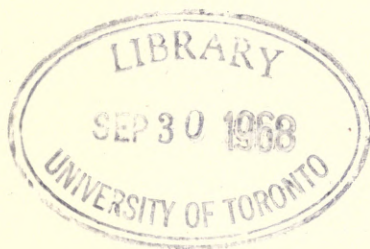
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1868.

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## LUCRETIUS.

By ALFRED TENNYSON,

*POET LAUREATE.*

---

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found  
Her master cold; for when the morning flush  
Of passion and the first embrace had died  
Between them, tho' he loved her none the less,  
Yet often when the woman heard his foot  
Return from pacings in the field, and ran  
To greet him with a kiss, the master took  
Small notice, or austere, for—his mind  
Half buried in some weightier argument,  
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise  
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past  
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls  
Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.  
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,  
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch  
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,

To lead an errant passion home again.  
 And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,  
 And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth  
 Confused the chemic labour of the blood,  
 And tickling the brute brain within the man's  
 Made havock among those tender cells, and check'd  
 His power to shape: he loath'd himself; and once  
 After a tempest woke upon a morn  
 That mock'd him with returning calm and cried,

“Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain  
 Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—  
 Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—  
 Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd  
 A riotous confluence of watercourses  
 Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,  
 Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams!  
 For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance  
 We do but recollect the dreams that come  
 Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd  
 A void was made in Nature; all her bonds  
 Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams  
 And torrents of her myriad universe,  
 Ruining along the illimitable inane,  
 Fly on to clash together again, and make  
 Another and another frame of things  
 For ever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it—  
 Of and belonging to me, as the dog  
 With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies  
 His function of the woodland: but the next!  
 I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed  
 Came driving rainlike down again on earth,  
 And where it dash'd the reddening meadow, sprang  
 No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,  
 For these I thought my dream would show to me,

But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,  
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made  
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse  
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.  
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me drove  
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again  
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—  
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the breasts,  
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword  
Now over and now under, now direct,  
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed  
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,  
The fire that left a roofless Iliion,  
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I woke.

Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,  
Because I would not one of thine own doves,  
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,  
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes  
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,  
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue  
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these  
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?  
Not if thou be'st of those who far aloof  
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,  
Live the great life which all our greatest fain  
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

Nay, if thou can'st, O Goddess, like ourselves  
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee  
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms  
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood  
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,  
 Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see  
 Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt  
 The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;  
 Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept  
 Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;  
 Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter  
 Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,  
 Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called  
 Calliope to grace his golden verse—  
 Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take  
 That popular name of thine to shadow forth  
 The all-generating powers and genial heat  
 Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick blood  
 Of cattle, and light is large and lambs are glad  
 Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird  
 Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:  
 Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

The Gods! and if I go *my* work is left  
 Unfinish'd—*if* I go. The Gods, who haunt  
 The lucid interspace of world and world,  
 Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
 Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
 Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
 Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
 Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,  
 Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,  
 Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain  
 Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!  
 If all be atoms, how then should the Gods  
 Being atomic not be dissoluble,  
 Not follow the great law? My master held  
 That Gods there are, for all men so believe.  
 I prest my footsteps into his, and meant  
 Surely to lead my Memmius in a train  
 Of flowery clauses onward to the proof



That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?  
I have forgotten what I meant: my mind  
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,  
Apollo, Delius, or of older use  
All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—  
Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,  
Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,  
That he would only shine among the dead  
Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth  
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox  
Moan round the spit—nor knows he what he sees;  
King of the East altho' he seem, and girt  
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts  
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs  
That climb into the windy halls of heaven:  
And here he glances on an eye new-born,  
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;  
And here he stays upon a freezing orb  
That fain would gaze upon him to the last:  
And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n  
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,  
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.  
And me, altho' his fire is on my face  
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell  
Whether I mean this day to end myself,  
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,  
That men like soldiers may not quit the post  
Allotted by the Gods: but he that holds  
The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care  
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,  
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink  
Past earthquake—ay, and gout and stone, that break  
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,  
And wretched age—and worst disease of all,  
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,

And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,  
 Abominable, strangers at my hearth  
 Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,  
 The phantom husks of something foully done,  
 And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,  
 And blasting the long quiet of my breast  
 With animal heat and dire insanity.

How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp  
 These idols to herself? or do they fly  
 Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes  
 In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce  
 Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour  
 Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear  
 The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they,  
 The basest, far into that council-hall  
 Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?

Can I not fling this horror off me again,  
 Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,  
 Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,  
 At random ravage? and how easily  
 The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,  
 Now towering o'er him in serenest air,  
 A mountain o'er a mountain, ay, and within  
 All hollow as the hopes and fears of men.

But who was he, that in the garden snared  
 Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale  
 To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—  
 For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus  
 Totters; a noiseless riot underneath  
 Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—  
 The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;  
 And here an Oread, and this way she runs  
 Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see—  
 Follows; but him I proved impossible;

Twy-natured is no nature: yet he draws  
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now  
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind  
That ever butted his rough brother-brute  
For lust or lusty blood or provender:  
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she  
Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,  
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,  
Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,  
Shameless upon me? Catch her, goatfoot: nay,  
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,  
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish—  
What?—that the bush were leafless? or to whelm  
All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,  
I know you careless, yet, behold, to you  
From childly wont and ancient use I call—  
I thought I lived securely as yourselves—  
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,  
No madness of ambition, avarice, none:  
No larger feast than under plane or pine  
With neighbours laid along the grass, to take  
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,  
Affirming each his own philosophy—  
Nothing to mar the sober majesties  
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.  
But now it seems some unseen monster lays  
His vast and filthy hands upon my will,  
Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils  
My bliss in being; and it was not great;  
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,  
Or Heliconian honey in living words,  
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew  
Tired of so much within our little life,  
Or of so little in our little life—  
Poor little life that toddles half an hour  
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end—  
And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,

Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,  
 Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—  
 What beast has heart to do it? And what man,  
 What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?  
 Not I; not he, who bears one name with her,  
 Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of kings,  
 When brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,  
 She made her blood in sight of Collatine  
 And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,  
 Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.  
 And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks  
 As I am breaking now!

And therefore now  
 Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,  
 Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart  
 Those blind beginnings that have made me man  
 Dash them anew together at her will  
 Through all her cycles—into man once more,  
 Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower—  
 But till this cosmic order everywhere  
 Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day  
 Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps  
 Is not so far when momentary man  
 Shall seem no more a something to himself,  
 But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,  
 And even his bones long laid within the grave,  
 The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,  
 Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,  
 Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,  
 My golden work in which I told a truth  
 That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,  
 And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks  
 The mortal soul from out immortal hell,  
 Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at last  
 And perishes as I must; for O Thou,  
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,

Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,  
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art  
Without one pleasure and without one pain,  
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine  
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus  
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not  
How roughly men may woo thee so they win—  
Thus—thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air.”

With that he drove the knife into his side:  
She heard him raging, heard him fall; ran in,  
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself  
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd  
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,  
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd, “Care not thou!  
What matters? All is over: Fare thee well!”

## LUXURY AND THE SCHOLAR.

AMONG the many complaints which men are all now urging against their countrymen, one that is heard, not most frequently nor most vociferously, but still from the kind of men who are best worth listening to, calls attention to the disappearance from among us of the Scholar—the man who loves learning and thinking beyond all other things on earth, and for themselves. Why, it is asked by men who pass no day without contemplation, and even sometimes by the better sort of secondary writers and bookmen themselves—why does England attempt so little in those wide fields of literature and philosophy where so much might be done that demands from the doer, not genius, nor any other miracle, but simply enlightenment and strenuous assiduity? The answer is not very difficult, nor the reason very far to seek. Perhaps the closeness with which the explanation lies to our hand accounts for its having been too much overlooked in favour of more ingenious theories. It is not because he is mainly Saxon, nor because he has learnt too much Latin and Greek and too little of other things, nor because we have no organized bodies for literary direction and guidance, that our average man of letters does so comparatively little for sound learning and wide thought. All these influences may enter into the result, and indirectly pave the way for it. But the immediate cause of what we may without ill-nature call the superficiality of so much of the mass of contemporary literary production is the increasing taste of the times for luxurious living. The present theory of life is that you should live in a very costly manner, and that you should work very hard in order to be able to afford to live in this manner. Such is the gospel of English industrialism, and the man of letters borrows it and acts upon it, with the singular and displeasing, but perfectly natural, consequence, that lite-

ature is more and more steadily becoming a purely industrial pursuit.

The writer, after all, is a man even as other men are. He is accessible to the temptations of the flesh like the mortal moulded of ordinary clay, and his fidelity to the Muses may be too severely strained by the attractions of the Graces of society. He is surrounded by the sight of luxury in every form: it comes so close to him. No longer relegated, as he was a hundred years ago, to the garret and the tavern and the ham-and-beef shop, he sits at the tables of rich and great people, learns to criticise a *menu*, and can discriminate to a nicety between the competing flavours of delicate dishes and expensive wines. He is no dim-eyed blockhead that he should be insensible to the graces of handsome glass and plate and sumptuous service. The advantages of fine rooms and splendid furniture are as visible to him as they are to other people. Then he knows people who have horses and carriages, and boxes at the opera, and, by seeing these things closely enough and yet not too closely, he soon discerns how pleasant they are to possess, while he does not know the sort of burdens they entail by way of compensation. Besides all this, he hears acquaintances talk of the joys of travel, how delicious Swiss landscape is, what treasures of art a man may behold at Florence, and Dresden, and Munich, and how the mind is refreshed by such changes of scene and circumstance. The more ready the welcome, therefore, which people who are well-to-do in the world now extend to the man who professes to purvey ideas and knowledge to them, the more inevitably has it brought him into contact with habits and customs that are amazingly graceful and fascinating, but which require a good deal of money every year to keep up in anything like a satisfactory or honest way. And then we come to the other change that

has so obviously taken place in literature. Society will not only ask the author to dinner, but they will read, or at all events they will buy, the books that he writes, provided the books do not fly too high, nor go too deep, nor extend over too many volumes. Thus the taste for fine things is stimulated, and at the same time the means for gratifying it are placed more or less abundantly within reach.

In the old days, to have exhibited to the writer the luxuries of the rich would have been to open a glimpse of Paradise to him, and then instantly to kick him downstairs to the dulness of the hard earth again. It is no longer so. The writer has only to make his commodities of the marketable kind, and send them to market, and he is sure to receive as fair a day's wages for his day's work as if he were offering tallow or calico for sale. Of course, he never makes such incomes as may be made in trade, but money enough is within his reach if he likes to stretch out his arm for it, to give him command of a good many luxuries and an occasional extravagance. He may keep a horse, and belong to a good club, where now and again he entertains in a sufficiently liberal style, and may take his trip in foreign parts like another. His life cannot by any means be described as "plain living and high thinking," but it is very comfortable and very innocent, and must be pronounced a singularly marked improvement upon the manner of existence of such of his predecessors as Dryden, and Goldsmith, and Johnson. And all this time the writer's work is good and useful work. It is eminently desirable that the journalistic business of a country where the influence of journalism is so strong as it is in England should be done by men of cultivation, mixing in humanizing society, and accustomed to something better than the old Bohemian way of viewing things. When people try out against clever and instructed men frittering their brains away in the production of periodical literature, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the waste-paper basket, they forget that after all,

as periodical literature is that which reaches the greatest number of minds, its worth is in exact proportion to the number of good men who contribute to produce it, and the more good men there are thus engaged, the more generally wholesome is the influence of the press upon public opinion. Journalism is the very last kind of literary production which should be abandoned to weak-headed writers, without capacity or instruction enough for more enduring work. It is a matter for distinct congratulation for the public when a writer of great ability and cultivation happens to select journalism for his walk in life. Improvement in the amount of cultivation, thoughtfulness, and high intelligence brought to bear in periodical writing, is an indispensable element in a progressive and improving popular opinion. Candid Americans, for example, deplore the excessively low average of culture among their journalists, though there are perhaps one or two at the head of the profession not much below the superior London average. Low class journalists are every bit as mischievous among a reading population as an ignorant clergy is among a population theologically minded. It would be more reasonable, therefore, in people to complain not that so many, but that so few, able and highly instructed men waste their time in writing ephemeral pieces, instead of making the best of it by composing great books. At any rate, if it be an evil that so much literary power is expended in criticism of passing events, or in the non-exhaustive treatment of big subjects, at least the evil is not by any means without compensation.

The misfortune about the present position of literature is that the luxury of the times, by the temptations of example, draws not only clever and intelligent men to the more popular, and therefore the more remunerative, kinds of production, but men with qualities somewhat beyond cleverness, and that sort of intelligence which is naturally most useful in popular writing. In constructing a Utopia that should meet the requirements of the modern time in

a rich country like our own, there should be in the literary hierarchy at least two orders. First, there should be the popular and popularizing writer, who might make as much money as he likes, and spend as much as he makes. Second, the scholar proper,—a man superior to the fascinations of luxury, not dependent on much income and much outlay for his happiness, and being rich, if not in the abundance of his possessions, at least in the fewness of his wants; therefore able to pursue habits of studious acquisition and ripening meditation, without too much regard to the quantity of grist which such habits might bring to the mill. Scholarly subjects will certainly not be the means of earning enough money for the writer who handles them in a scholarly manner to clothe himself in purple and linen and to fare sumptuously every day out of the proceeds. A man must be either independent of the sale of his works, or else he must produce marketable stuff, to be able to emulate the pleasant habits of those who live in kings' houses. A book about Averroes and Averroism appears in France and not in England, because such a book will not fetch the writer three hundred and sixty-five mutton-chops per annum; perhaps barely as many glasses of small ale. How much less then will it supply him with the more delicate meats and choicer drinks which the English author has taught himself a taste for?

If a book, even on an elaborate subject, rises to the place of a standard work, then its sale, spread over a long course of years, may eventually make it remunerative. But in point of standard works in the main roads of history and philosophy, English literature is not very badly off. It is in the by-paths, which only the student and the scholarly person traverses, unaccompanied by the general reader, that we are left too much without competent guides. And work in these comparatively untrodden regions, lying away from the great tracks, must always, at all events in an industrial country, be a labour of love. This brings us to

another consideration. The prevalent habits of luxury not only lead men who are more or less dependent for incomes upon what they can earn, to the more remunerative kinds of literature: they also spoil the climate for men who have a fervent love of learning and thinking, and an adequate independence of money to gratify their tastes. For it may be safely said that to do the best things in literature—in the literature that is not of the grand creative kind, one should say—simplicity of life is, to a certain extent, an indispensable qualification. The reason is plain. The more a man lays himself out for external things, then clearly the less undivided is the energy which is left for ideas and inward contemplation. If his mind run much in the direction of good dinners and agreeable company, and fine turn-outs and expensive gardens, it will run by so much the less in the direction of more incorporeal matters. If his "life with cook and groom is too much drest," then too little of it is given to thinking and to books. It is no rare thing for a love of good eating to go with a strong affection for Latin and Greek, and even theology. But then, in people who thus unite the scholar and the gourmand, scholarship takes rank only with the good things of the palate, and not before them, as one would suppose it ought to do. A delightful book occupies the top level along with a delightful sauce. The one is quite as serious an object of attention, criticism, and sympathy as the other. And we cannot deny that a devotion to books, even of this divided and semi-fleshy kind, is a creditable and harmless thing. It is better than that absorbing and irrational passion about horses, by which so many hundreds of Englishmen habitually make fools of themselves. It is better than the untempered and essentially meaningless hunt after wealth which is another characteristic national folly. But the kid-gloved fancies of the *dilettante* contribute very little, if indeed they contribute anything, to the formation of that sort of literature of which we are



talking. They may preserve the traditions of an elegant sect, and keep up the not unserviceable breed of literary exquisites; and this is all for which they are of any use. It is not such help nor such defenders that literature needs. It needs men who are willing to descend into dark pits, and there to dig and delve like the Roman slave in the mines. The power of graceful movement counts for little when there is the work of the hodman to do. It is the defect of so many writers that they do not fully and justly realize how much hodman's work is to be done before you can rear ever so modest a structure, provided the structure is meant to outlive the year. A good book is like a gem, which to those who do not know, tells no tale of the toil that brought it out of the depths. The author with a conscience, and with an appreciation of what is required for the production of the kind of books that our literature needs, and that our people need to be instructed to like, is or ought to be prepared for labours, always as hard, often as mechanical, and usually held in as low estimation as those of the navy—our great type of a certain stamp of effort.

What the average modern English book lacks is thoroughness. Calling ourselves a practical nation, we are in books, as probably in many more other things than we suspect, the least practical people in the world. Look at a German, how he pries aggressively into every nook and corner of his subject, how he tries every spot of the ground with his pick, if peradventure any morsel of treasure should lie hidden anywhere; how deep he digs, how much he brings up out of the earth, even if he does not always arrange his great heaps as neatly and compactly as one could wish. Why does not your practical Englishman go and do likewise, instead of just scratching the earth as with the foot of a fowl? or perhaps only mixing a little water with what matter he has got, and making mud-pies? Or even take the too-underrated Frenchman. Take up *Ortolan's* edition of *Justinian*, with its splendid and complete apparatus

of introduction, analysis, translation, exhaustive annotation, and everything else that the most exacting student could need or desire. Then take the current English edition, which, to begin with, is to *Ortolan* as one of our ordinary new and original dramas is to the French play from which it is adapted. The English "*Justinian*" is not bad, but then by the side of the French edition it is only a shadow, and an uncommonly attenuated shadow into the bargain. This is only an instance out of a hundred. Of course there are French books fully as shallow and flashy as the shallowest and flashiest of English books. But few other men assault big subjects with the levity and slender equipment that one may see in English writers. Instead of gravely sitting down to count the cost of the siege which they meditate, they are constantly seen to fly at it with an unwise intrepidity, hardly surpassed in the Spanish *Don's* onslaught on the windmills, and their object is far less chivalrous and creditable, being much too often not a desire to do a piece of thoroughly good work, but to scramble up by means of very indifferent work to some coveted position either inside or outside of literature. They are considerably more anxious to knock up a mere rope-ladder for themselves than to erect any monument more enduring than brass for mankind. For this purpose it is clear that a thin and vapid book will not only do as well as, but better than, a more substantial work. It will be understood that all this is not meant for an exhaustive description of the universal condition of English literary workmanship. Masterly works are produced among us now as at all times, and this too in every order of subject. Within the last ten years we have seen such monuments of industry illumined by genius as *Mr. Maine's* book, and, still more distinguished, *Mr. Darwin's* two works. Even in a field where Germany usually reigns with no rival, we have seen such incomparably good work as *Mr. Munro's* edition of *Lucretius*, and *Mr. Robinson Ellis's* edition of *Catullus*. We are now speak-

ing of the average of literary production in this country, of unavoidably second-rate work. The ground of complaint is that the authors of books only meant to be second-rate are content to bring to them labour and devotion not adequate for more than fifth-rate.

One effect of this is worth noticing as we pass. Contemporary literature is full of speculation, and, as speculation expands, the knowledge from which only truly valuable speculation can issue seems to shrink and contract: speculation—of a sort—is so easy. You may find theories of history scattered through the pages of periodicals and books as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa. But the number of men with anything like a systematic knowledge of the solid facts and frame-work of history receives no proportionate increase. The old accusation, that we only care for hard facts, and are indifferent to ideas, has ceased to have any truth in it. We have suffered ourselves to be influenced with an enthusiasm for ideas, and have become a little cool in the pursuit of an accurate knowledge of the circumstances of which the idea is only a complex and synthetic expression. A writer would nowadays think but little of himself if he could not sketch you forth in an airy, graphic manner the outlines of human civilization from the time of the Assyrians down to the fall of the Bastille, within the space of about ten pages of this Magazine. Provided one does not happen to know too much real history, the development of a scheme of this sort is as easy as blowing soap-bubbles, if you have only plenty of suds in the shape of technical philosophic phrases. It is a little odd that one of the several causes for this prevalent love of constructing theories of history—philosophical castles in the air—must undoubtedly be sought in the influence of one of the most accurate, unwearied, and laborious of all living authors. Mr. Carlyle can afford to despise Dryasdust and Smelfungus, because he works hard enough to beat them in their own line, to say nothing of what he can add in his own line, which is not as theirs. Rash men read all this, take his

contempt on trust, and then proceed to write history out of their own heads—with what disastrous results is known of all men. Every puny writer thinks he can bend the bow of Ulysses; and the worst of it is, that in literature the suitor can very well go on believing that he hits the mark as brilliantly as the great Ulysses himself. Nothing particular happens to undeceive him. And the same influences which have made so many writers prefer the airier kinds of speculation to the grinding search after the foundation-stones of speculation, have bred in readers a corresponding partiality. Then popular taste reacts again on the author, completing a vicious circle; hypothetical explanation of all the transactions that have taken place in the world gradually superseding in the minds of many writers, and more readers, the proper weighty and minute interest in the actual details of these transactions themselves.

This, however, is only an illustration of that taste for short cuts to literary fame and position which is the natural result of the love of the new literary prizes which such a position confers. The Muses are believed to receive unexampled honour in our time, because authors were never so much asked out to dinner. It is not in such form of honour that they can take delight. The air of gilded saloons gives no kindly nourishment to those habits of sober thought, genial, grave meditation, elevated serenity, and industry, which it should be the scholar's steady aim to cultivate. To him the pomps and vanities of the world are as noxious as they used to seem to the old saints. One need take no impossibly ascetic view of things for the world in general to perceive that to him, at all events, the graceful levities, the time-wasting diversions, the spirit-breaking dulnesses, of general society, are discordant and futile.

What, then, it may be said, is Apollo never to unbend the bow? Is the scholar to be inhuman? This he is assuredly not to be. But it is far from clear that the frivolous associations of

the miscellaneous dinner-party or rout tend to foster strong human feeling. Participation in conventional festivities is not the surest means of kindling or stimulating one's social propensities. Nobody can keep his mind healthy who does not interest himself actively in the concerns of mankind, and it is difficult for all but a small minority of persons of rare original vivacity of spirit to maintain this interest without a good deal of the direct intercourse in which face answereth to face. And, besides, it is obvious how congenial fellowship refreshes the heart and braces the understanding. But conventional gatherings do not give us congenial fellowship, and face only answereth to face in the implied sense that mind does *not* answer to mind. The folly of this, as of all other times where wealth has accumulated without a corresponding growth in ideas and cultivation, lies in the habitual supposition that outlay can secure sociability, and that luxurious spending of money can bring people together in the only manner in which it is worth while for them to be brought together. And it is hopeless to convince idly opulent persons of their fallacy. Of course, argument is lost in persuading people who know that they find pleasure in display that there is in fact no pleasure in it; their own experience tells them that this is the highest form of pleasure they have; and the verbal teachings of the moralist count for little against the more striking and constant testimony of daily experience. The point worth arguing and proclaiming is that display, in other words dependence on outside fine things, is especially a foreign and intrusive element in the character of the student. Simplicity of life is the secret of most virtues; men do not often think how much that is precious is bound up in it. To the scholar it is as the breath of his nostrils. It is the indispensable condition of industry, if it were nothing besides. The uninterrupted clearness of brain needed for study is not favoured by the irregular hours and the artificial excitements of

what is known as Society. Even if there were no question of time, these occupations distract or fret. They do not leave the mind fresh and tranquillized for the labours of the morrow. Gibbon found this out before he had a long farewell to the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*, and retired to Lausanne. There he led a life which may be a pattern to scholars. His notion of mental ease and refreshment did not include dull or epigrammatic dinner-parties at seven or eight o'clock. "By many," he says, "conversation is "esteemed as a theatre or a school: "but, after the morning has been occupied by the labours of the library, I "wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind; and in the interval "between tea and supper I am far from "disdaining the innocent amusement of "a game of cards." In the last winter of all, many evenings were borrowed from these social pleasures, and in his eagerness to conclude his great task he broke his usual rule of concluding his studies after "the long but temperate labour" of a morning. "I may believe "and even assert," he says, instructively, "that in circumstances more indigent "or more wealthy I should never have "accomplished the task, or acquired the "fame of an historian; that my spirit "would have been broken by poverty "and contempt; and that my industry "might have been relaxed in the labour "and luxury of a superfluous fortune." The luxury would have been equally fatal to the achievement of his task, whether practised and supported out of his own fortune, or springing from his participation in the luxurious superfluities of other people. A greater than Gibbon, the ever-memorable Spinoza, "although often invited to dinner," as his biographer says, "yet preferred the "scanty meal he found at home to "dining sumptuously at the expense of "another." "On looking over Spinoza's "papers after his death," Mr. Lewes tell us, "it was found that one day "his expenses amounted to three half-pence for a *soupe au lait* and a little "butter, with three farthings extra for

“beer; another day gruel, with butter and raisins, which cost him twopence-halfpenny, sufficed for his epicurism.”

At the present time it is not particularly desirable that philosophers and learned men should limit their expenditure to twopence-halfpenny a day. But we may be sure that a man who could be as frugal, *mutatis mutandis*, as Spinoza was, or be content with the pleasing tranquillity that satisfied Gibbon, would feel a respect for himself which would be eminently fertile in fine literary qualities. Tranquillity lies about the roots of the literary virtues: of concentration, assiduity, broad, steady outlook and vision. Frugality is the prime guarantee for a man's ability to live in his work; the measure of his real estimate of the value of his work; and in most cases the essential condition of that work being well and exhaustively done. In a word, what the scholar needs is independence, using this word in its broadest sense—freedom from the manifold tyrannies of a disposition that places its aims and likings in external small things. In the presence of luxury and display, the man who knows how to value himself and the work of his days may best say—

“Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.”

Obviously, however, this is one of the thousand matters in which preaching is more likely than not to be absolutely useless. The moralist, after all, is not a very influential personage. Just as in ethics the first and most

difficult thing is to persuade people to care about being virtuous at all, so in the lessons of authorship, all is gained when the author possesses the prime endowment of reverence and honour for his work—a feeling that he is not as a manufacturer of toys and trinkets, but follows a mistress for whose sake it is a worthy and privileged thing to make sacrifices, and these in the light of such a sentiment are seen to be no longer sacrifices. What we need in this decisive conviction. So much of the service that authorship receives is insincere. Beneath the most vehement protestation that the craft of the author is among the highest, and fit for the highest, there lurks the insidious and paralysing notion that, after all, the only pursuits worthy of a man with his wits about him are those which bring him either wealth or power, or some position that would justify him in a coach and six. Nobody who has not trampled out even the unseen but not unperceived germs and seeds of such a conception of things need trouble himself with the qualifications of the scholar, for he lacks the most elementary of them all. Wordsworth nobly said, “It is such an animating sight to see a man of genius, regardless of temporary gains, whether of money or praise, fixing his attention solely upon what is interesting and permanent, and finding his happiness in an entire devotion of himself to such pursuits as shall most ennoble human nature. We have not yet seen enough of this in modern times.” Alas, nor even yet.

## R E A L M A H.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was a sunny morning, and several of us were sauntering in the garden for a few minutes before breakfast-time, when Sir John came up to us.

*Ellesmere.* Mind, you must all be "as civil as an orange" to Milverton to-day. If he gives us a reading, you must swear that it is excellent. He has been in such a rage with me.

*Lady Ellesmere.* How wrong of you, John, to vex Leonard in this way.

*Ellesmere.* I assure you I did not mean it. Unfortunately we began talking about the Ainah; and I reminded him of his original description of her. Now you know he has been getting more and more enamoured of her; and, if he had to describe her again, she would be a perfect beauty. You will see that he will add all manner of beauty to her countenance, if he talks about her again. There will come charming smiles and dimples, and I know not what besides.

Here Mr. Milverton joined us; and there was an embarrassing silence.

*Milverton.* I see that Ellesmere has been telling you of the nonsense he has been talking. I did not mean, I did not say, that her hands were extraordinarily large; but, contrasting her in my mind with the high-bred Talora, I was obliged to confess that there were some drawbacks upon her beauty. Hers was one of those countenances which require nice and loving observation to perceive all the merits and the beauties in them. There was a constant play of beautiful expression; there were exquisite dimples; and—

*Ellesmere.* Ha-ha! Did I not tell you so? Am I not a true prophet?

[Here Sir John began dancing about in the wild manner that he frequently indulges in when he is triumphant in some argument.]

*Milverton.* This dancing dervish is not always wrong when he gives us a taste of his prophetic powers.

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In one word, the Ainah's was a *very marrying face*.

*Cranmer.* What do you mean, Milverton?

*Milverton.* Why, don't you know, or didn't you know, Cranmer, when you were younger?

You went into a ball-room, and saw two or three great beauties. Haply your eyes fell upon a cosy young couple in some corner. You asked about them, and were told that they were engaged. The girl was not beautiful; but you said to yourself, "The man is right. He is a sensible man: that girl will make a good wife. She will always"—

*Ellesmere.* Make marriage somewhat less painful and disagreeable than it is its nature to be. Now here is a face

[He came behind Lady Ellesmere, and inclosed her face in his big hands—for he has got big hands.]

which would insure a happy marriage. You see in it that assurance of perpetual provocation which will not allow a man time to think whether he is happy or not, for he will be in a constant state of warfare. And that is one form, perhaps the best, of happiness for some men.

Here Lady Ellesmere disengaged herself somewhat hastily from his grasp, and we all went to breakfast, laughing heartily.

There is some celebrated story of a young man who exclaimed, "And I, too, am a painter!" So now I may say, "And I, too, am an author!" It happened in this way. I had been speaking of some of the curious superstitions which exist in a remote part of Scotland where I had been, when a boy, to visit my relations, who were poor fishing people in that district. Upon this, Sir John Ellesmere declared that Sandy could write a tale if he chose, and that Sandy must choose to do so. It would be a very good thing to employ his

mind in that way, and would prevent his spoiling "Realmah" by persuading Milverton to introduce foolish chapters about love.

This was two or three weeks ago. I tried very hard to think of a subject for a story; but, think as hard as I would, no subject for some time occurred to me. At last, one night, an idea for a story of the supernatural kind did strike me. I told it to Mr. Milverton. He approved of it, and said he would aid me; and so I wrote my little story. I was very shame-faced and nervous when I came to read it before such an audience; but I managed to get through the reading somehow, and my story was much praised. Of course they said everything they could to encourage me. I shall not venture to trouble the reader with the story; but I mention the fact of having written it, as, without doing so, the following conversation would not be understood.

To-day there was a good deal of talk about my story, and afterwards about those strange fancies which have occupied so many minds in all ages, endowing men with gifts and powers in addition to those which they actually possess. Mr. Mauleverer, of course, maintained that this was a proof of the wretched state of man. Sir Arthur declared that it was an instance of the abounding imagination and poetry that there are in all men, women, and children; while Mr. Cranmer contended that these fancies were rather irreverent; that men had better be contented with what they are, and make the best of that, and not indulge in fancies that could never be realized. Sir John Ellesmere asked whether Mr. Cranmer was prepared to move for the destruction of all fables and of all fairy-stories, and whether all imagination was to be employed in inventing lies about matters of business?

Before recounting any more of the conversation, I must describe the spot where it took place. At the bottom of the hill there is a little rivulet, which, indeed, becomes a river in winter, and which, even in the driest summer, is a

reedy, rushy sort of place, through which meanders a little stream three or four feet in width, and about nine inches in depth. Mr. Milverton delights in this spot, though it is said to be rather malarious. On one side, the rivulet is inclosed by a high grassy bank, upon which there is a very comfortable seat. I will now continue my account of the conversation.

*Milverton.* I cannot agree with you, Cranmer, about the irreverence you assign to these fancies. We must close our eyes completely to all the forms of life which surround us, and which are so suggestive, if we are never to fancy that we might here, or hereafter, be endowed with other gifts than those which we now possess.

I have been very fortunate in life as regards friends and acquaintances. I have known poets, historians, philosophers—

*Ellesmere.* Observe where the fellow puts historians, because he happens to dote upon history.

*Milverton.* Poets, historians, philosophers, statesmen, men of science, artists, doctors, lawyers, and merchants, but I was never fortunate enough to know any man who had made the insect world his study. I am sure I do not know what is the proper name for such a man—I suppose an entomologist. Well, I was never fortunate enough to know an entomologist.

If we had such a man with us now, what interesting things he could tell us about the myriads of inhabitants of this rushy streamlet. I believe there are creatures below us there, which can both crawl and hop, and fly and swim; which possess eyes by the score; can weave and spin, and build nests, in water; which, in short, embody all the vagaries of the most fanciful person; and about which, by the way, if they were familiar to us, fables and stories might be written having much more pith and diversity in them than those about dogs, bears, wolves, elephants, and foxes, which, after all, are poor simple creatures like ourselves, being seldom able to do more than one thing very well.

*Ellesmere.* I do not think much of your entomologist. I do not want him here at all. He would merely shy barbarous words, half-Latin, half-Greek, at us, and bother us about "genus" and "species," and other things, for which we should not really care one solitary dump.

Besides, we should have to hear all about his grand discovery of the *onomatoscyllax*,

some pestilent little creature that hops, and runs, and bites, and wriggles, and turns up its tail spitefully at you. No; give me the man who can talk well about anything if you only give him a rough bit of a brief to talk upon. Just read to me, or any other lawyer, a little chapter in any book about insects, and we will argue their case in a manner that will bring round any jury to think whatever we are instructed to make them think on behalf of our clients. There are creatures, are there not, who pop out of their shells to take the air, and then other creatures pop into the vacant shells; and when the softies come back, they find their houses occupied, and the doors bolted against them. What a good case for an action of ejectionment!

*Milverton.* Mark you, I do not mean to say that I have not known men such as Carlyle, Kingsley, and Emerson, who have been able to talk admirably about all forms of nature, from the highest to the lowest. As I think I have told you before, I never heard a more exquisite conversation than one in which Carlyle and Emerson, both of them nice and patient observers of all natural objects, discoursed upon the merits and beauties of common grass. A walk, too, in the country with Kingsley is something to remember; but still I say, as I said before, I should like to know a real entomologist, a man who had lived a great deal with insects—

*Ellesmere.* The Patronage-secretary of the Treasury!

*Milverton.* —and who could tell me all about the *onomatopylex*, which *Ellesmere*—

*Ellesmere.* No, no; if you are scientific, be accurate—*onomatocylax*.

*Milverton.* —which *Ellesmere* affects to scorn, but which I have no doubt, if well studied, would afford the human race many a good lesson in the arts of life. Very probably he is a great architect. The arch was constructed by insects long before it was known to man.

*Mauleverer.* Talking of men who have studied these minor creatures, there is Mr. G. H. Lewes. You know him, *Milverton*?

*Milverton.* Yes; but he is too gelatinous. He describes admirably; is as clear as the sky at Avignon; but his talk is of molluscs, sea-anemones, jelly-fish, and other flabby, pulpy creatures, squeezable as Ministers of State. I want a man who has lived with well-developed, shrewd, masterful, designing insects.

*Sir Arthur.* I do not say we wander from the subject, because the fact of these insects possessing multifarious powers is very suggestive. But I want to know why

it is irreverent to imagine men to be endowed with other powers or means than those they now possess. I feel rather guilty in this matter, if there is any guilt, as I was the first to tell you a story of the kind which Mr. Cranmer must disapprove of. I mean my sleep story. I intended that to convey some sound doctrine.

*Ellesmere.* Yes; that pleasant tale was nearly suffocated by morality. It was far too moral to be interesting. And observe this, Cranmer, that in almost every story in which extraordinary powers are given to a man, that poor man is sure to come to grief.

Even in that dear “Arabian Nights,” the unfortunate “gins,” or genii, always get the worst of it, being bottled up for a thousand years, or otherwise maltreated. We make a point of pouring misfortunes with a liberal hand upon the head of any creature whom we admit for a moment, even in fancy, to be a more gifted being than man.

*Milverton.* Well, I have a fanciful idea which, indeed, has been in my mind for many years, and which I fear Cranmer would blame, for if realized it would give a great, and, as I think, a most delightful increase to human power.

*Ellesmere.* Let us guess. The philosopher's stone? The power of always reasoning rightly? Long life? A knocker that would knock down all disagreeable people who came to visit you—the postman and telegraph-boy included? A power of eating three dinners a day? A self-upholding umbrella? A supernatural knowledge of trains, so that you could defy Bradshaw and all his books? A perfectly well-built house, built after a model of some insect establishment? A winged paper-cutter that would always fly to you when you whistled for it?

No; I have it! It is never to be seasick!

*Milverton.* No, you have not. You certainly have imagined sundry very delightful appurtenances, such as your discriminating knocker, self-upholding umbrella, and flying paper-cutter.

*Sir Arthur.* Is it the power of seeing clearly into other men's minds?

*Milverton.* No, you will never guess it.

*Ellesmere.* Tell us, then.

*Milverton.* I shall have some difficulty in explaining. I mean that there should be a double soul, taking the word “soul” to include all powers, both of thought and feeling, so that you should be able to give one of these souls perfect rest. They should be so intimately in unison, that what one thinks, or feels, or says, or does, should be admitted to be thought, and felt, and said, and done by the other who is absent. There must be

no separate interest, no possibility of reproach. There should be a spare body, so that the one soul could go and recreate itself while the other was fighting the direst battle.

*Lady Ellesmere.* There must be a woman equally gifted to correspond with this man. Conceive a double Sir John! when *one* is enough to drive a poor woman distracted.

*Ellesmere.* As the soundest theologians and metaphysicians have proved conclusively that women have no souls, if we give them one, that will be doing the fair thing. But this new possession would embarrass them very much. They would lose all that power of governing, so dear to them. Unreason always governs. *Nothing prevents your having your own way so much as being at all amenable to reason.*

*Lady Ellesmere.* Women have just that small portion of irrationality, and only that, which enables them to understand the immense irrationality of men, and so to steer clear of it, or to guide it.

*Sir Arthur.* Well said, Lady Ellesmere! He does not gain much by attacking women in your presence.

*Milverton.* But think of the advantages of my fancy, if it were realized—all the regrets, and vexations, and remorse being partaken by another soul who would occasionally come fresh to the work, and bear the burden which its exhausted compeer and partner was almost fainting under. Such a man, so gifted, would rule the world. Observe the lives of all great men. They will go on working at a moment when the powers are enfeebled. Imagine Napoleon the First with two such souls. Send one of them to vegetate in the country, while the other is conducting the retreat from Moscow, and you would find that the total Napoleon would never have been sent to Elba. Mark you, the two, when combined, are not to have double power.

*Mauleverer.* I am delighted with Milverton's idea of a double soul. It proves to me that he sees that the single soul cannot possibly bear up against its misfortunes.

*Milverton.* No, Mauleverer, you press my words too far. It is but an occasional, and even rare, relief that I imagine is so much wanted for the soul. Have you not known occasions in which you have said to yourself, "I would give anything to have another *me*—to take up the burden for this day only—to attend this funeral—to meet those men upon that painful business in which my feelings are so likely to overcome my judgment—to fight that battle which I could fight so well if the gaiety of heart which is requisite were not altogether want-

ing, while I could, as it were, retire into private life, and collect my thoughts, my energies, and my hopefulness, which, at this critical moment, have deserted me?"

*Sir Arthur.* Really, Mauleverer, I agree with Milverton that you have pressed him too hard. It might not be more than twenty times in one's life that one should want to be absent in the spirit though present in the body; and when one should be so glad to have another soul, a second self, to represent one fully.

I wonder, by the way, whether any of you feel with me that you would like to have been in a different sphere of life.

*Ellesmere.* The life of a sweeper of a crossing used to be my ideal. But I have changed my mind. I should like to have been a waiter at an inn. "Coming, coming, coming." One would thus see a good deal of life without much trouble. I should observe the different tastes of our customers: how this old gentleman likes to have his mutton-chops well done: how that customer rejoices in baked potatoes; and how the other is offended, if, when he calls for a newspaper, one does not give him the paper which is *his* paper.

I would be very kind, too, to the young people, who are always a little afraid of waiters.

I would be unmarried, because my ideal would be to be free from all responsibility.

Gradually I should have amassed a large sum in savings—say two hundred and seventy pounds—and then my plan would be to retire with my sister, a housekeeper in a good family, to our native village of Mudby Parva, which, by the way, would be intolerable to us from the alterations that had been made in it, and from the railway that would pass through it.

But, in reality, we should never realize our great plan of retirement, and I should die in harness, or rather in white tie and seedy black dress-coat.

*Mauleverer.* Think of Ellesmere as a waiter, with no power of interrupting the conversation of the customers! How little men know of themselves! What a miserable mortal he would be!

*Sir Arthur.* And what would you have been, Mauleverer?

*Ellesmere.* Let me answer for him, for I know. He would like to have been the *chef* in a great kitchen—at some club, for instance—where he could have wandered amidst groves of beef-steaks, and forests of mutton-cutlets, followed by a legion of cooks, giving them orders fraught with culinary wisdom.

*Sir Arthur.* And you, Cranmer?



*Cranmer.* I should like to have been a mail-coachman in the olden times.

*Ellesmere.* Of course he would choose something official. How punctual he would have been! How fussy and important about His Majesty's Mails! He would have insisted upon being guard and coachman too.

*Sir Arthur.* And you, Milverton?

*Milverton.* Well, I am not so humble as the rest of you. I should like to have been a colonist—to have conducted a body of settlers to Paraguay. That part of the earth, from what I have heard of it, and read about it, takes my fancy more than any other. Almost every known product is to be found there.<sup>1</sup> Then there are great rivers, and vast parks reminding one of English scenery; and withal, a charming climate. Moreover, one would get free, I think, both from European and North American disturbances. Insects, I believe, are not intolerable there. Volcanoes are unknown; and, in fact, it seems to me that it fulfils the idea of an earthly paradise.

Then I think I should like the business of managing a settlement. I should not take out any lawyers with me—only a

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Milverton afterwards read to us this extract from some historical work:—

“The most important products of the world can be grown there—sugar, maize, tobacco, cotton; and it has peculiar products of its own, such as the Paraguay tea. It is not volcanic, and has not to dread the catastrophes which have often overwhelmed the Spanish cities on the other side of the Andes. . . .

“It has lakes, rivers, and woods; and, in the character of its scenery, much resembles an English park. It is rich in trees of every description—cedars, palms, balsams, aloes, cocoa-trees, walnut-trees, spice-trees, almonds, the cotton plant, the quinaquina that produces the Jesuits' bark, and another tree, of which the inner bark is so delicate and white, that it can be used as writing-paper. There is also the ceyba tree, which yields a soft woolly substance of which the natives make their pillows.

“The fruits of this most fertile land are oranges, citrons, lemons, the American pear, the apple, peaches, plums, figs, and olives. The bees find here their special home. The woods are not like the silent forests of North America, but swarm with all kinds of birds, having every variety of note and feather, from the soft colours of the wild dove to the gay plumage of the parrot; from the plaintive note of the nightingale to the dignified noise of those birds which are said to imitate the trumpet and the organ. A few Indians, rarely to be seen, and appearing like specks in the landscape, roam over this vast plain, which a modern traveller has well said might be ‘the cradle of a mighty nation.’”

notary or two. I should try and get a good many young doctors, and a few very carefully-selected clergymen. Carpenters, sailors, and navvies should form the bulk of the common people I would bring with me.

*Mauleverer.* Should you take out a newspaper editor? Because I should rather think that would interfere with the paradise.

*Milverton.* No; I should be my own editor, so that I could represent my own quarrels (for quarrels there would be) in my own paper, the only one in the colony, in my own way.

*Sir Arthur.* Would you have an architect, Milverton?

*Milverton.* Yes: I should not object to having one. We should overpower him, and compel him to make plans to please us, and not according to his own preconceived notions.

*Ellesmere.* Should you take out any women?

*Milverton.* Yes: thirty cooks, who would, of course, marry off like wildfire. The rest of the men must marry the women of the country, so as to secure alliances.

*Lady Ellesmere.* And what would you have been, Sir Arthur?

*Sir Arthur.* A painter.

*Ellesmere.* House?

*Sir Arthur.* No: history. You see there is such a happy mixture of manual and mental work in a painter's career. I learnt that long ago from one of Hazlitt's essays. And then, too, what a pleasure to see the work grow under your hand! A book is a thing much further from you than a picture. I look with peculiar tenderness upon a picture, the work of any great painter. I think how it has lived with him—with what fond and anxious looks he has regarded it in early morning and late evening—what joy and sorrow have gone into it—what great men, his friends, have come to look at it.

Suppose it to be a Titian: Charles V. has come to look at his friend's work; and has given anxious, judicious, and affectionate criticism about it. Then, too, the painter's loving wife and daughters have given from day to day their criticisms, being most careful to give at the same time due encouragement and admiration. In fact, the thing which we see now, has been, for the time, a sort of domestic idol.

Yes, I should like to have been a painter, even if I had been one of only moderate endowments.

*Ellesmere.* Sentiment, sentiment, sentiment! Think, on the other hand, what you would have suffered from art critics.

*Mauleverer.* It is idle talking of what we should like to have been. There may

be some wisdom to be gained from contrasting different situations in life—comparing what one is oneself with what another person is, and so deriving wisdom from the contemplation of the contrast. But I rather agree with Cranmer, that these imaginations lead to nothing.

*Ellesmere.* I don't agree with Cranmer; but I do see, with Mauleverer, that it may be a wise thing to consider what good qualities are developed in positions in life different from our own, and adopting them into our own.

Milverton *once* said a shrewd thing. Years ago, he remarked to me, that a man generally fulfilled best that position in life for which he was apparently most unfitted by nature. He illustrated it by numberless instances. He said that Lord Althorp was a most successful minister, and *primâ facie* he had none of the qualities for a minister. Milverton added, I remember, that the best clergymen were those who had some qualities that were somewhat unclerical. I quite agree with him.

You see, old fellow, if you ever do say a good thing, I make a point of remembering it.

*Sir Arthur.* Talking of contrasts of situation, I will tell you the most remarkable instance that ever occurred to me.

I went to see one of the most notable personages in Europe, not on any political errand, but merely as a private friend. Now I shall veil what I am going to tell you as thoroughly as possible, for it is wrong to betray one's friend's moods to any stranger. You will conjecture; and your conjectures will most probably be utterly wrong. Well, when I entered his cabinet, I saw, at a glance, that he was sunk in the deepest dejection. He gave me a short sad smile, shook hands cordially; but seemed to have nothing to say. At length, however, I persuaded him to tell me what ailed his mind. He was misunderstood, he said; his policy was misrepresented everywhere: he was weary of the never-ending labour and struggle. "See the hideous calumnies that are current about me," he exclaimed. "What is life worth? What a dreary farce it all is!"

*Ellesmere.* Well, and what friendly stings, my dear fellow, did you add?

*Sir Arthur.* I took an uncommon, but, as I think, a judicious course.

I did not say one word in contradiction to his statements. How could I? They were true. I did not urge, that if he had met with great failures, he had enjoyed great successes. I did not attempt to soothe him by showing what a potent personage he was.

I Mauleverized, if I may coin a word, to explain shortly what I did.

I simply dwelt upon the huge amount of misery and disappointment in the world. To illustrate this, I fell into a strain of quotation. The personage I addressed knew many languages.

I reminded him of the saying of Petrarch: "*Initium cecitas: progressio labor: error omnia.*"

I quoted your favourite bit, Milverton, from Disraeli: "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret."

That made me think of Sir George Lewis's "Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures."

The great man smiled at that, which encouraged me to give a slightly different version of my own—namely: "Life would be intolerable, but for its absurdities." He was pleased to smile at that too.

Then I quoted from Pascal—I forget what. Then from Rousseau.

Then I ventured humbly to say that I thought that some of the greatest men in the world had been the great writers; and that it was found, as in the case of David and Solomon, that when they were monarchs as well as writers, their writings did not the less betray their misery.

I showed him that Horace, notwithstanding his Chloes, and Lesbias, and myrtle coronets, and Chian wine, was a melancholy individual:

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni," &c.

—also Pope, Swift, Byron, Shelley, Cowper, and the rest of them. I gave him Tennyson's

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.

Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes  
In looking at the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Of course, I brought in my Browning bit about the greatness of the mind being shown by the shadow which it casts.

I need hardly say I touched upon Cervantes and Shakespeare,

"But thou would'st not think how ill all's  
here

About my heart: but it is no matter."

And again:

"'Tis but a tale,  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

Then thinking I had not treated him with any Italian, I gave him this passage from Leopardi: "*Ma io, quanto a me, con licenza vostra e del secolo, sono infelicissimo; e tale mi credo; e tutti i giornali de' due mondi non mi persuaderanno il contrario.*" The latter bit about the newspapers amused him greatly.

I longed to give him De Quincy's magnificent passage about "Our Lady of Sorrow," but I could not recollect it.

Finally, I wound up with Sir William Temple, "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

I think my conversation had, as was natural, a cheering effect for the time. He thanked me very much: something that would have been tears in any other man rose over his expressive countenance, and I withdrew. As I did so, however, I am afraid I noticed in a parting glance at him, as he sank back in his chair, that his melancholy was not so easily to be baffled, but that it only waited for my departure to seize upon him again.

*Ellesmere.* Well, but the contrast? I suppose you saw a happy beggar at the gate, munching an unexpected crust, or revelling in an unaccustomed sausage.

*Sir Arthur.* No; it was not so commonplace as that. I went away by train. In the carriage were a young man and his wife, not a newly-married couple. They were the very types of round, smiling, smooth-faced insignificance. But how they did enjoy their excursion! They sucked the same orange: they bit at the same cake. Though they evidently were never parted, they had an unceasing flow of utter babblement to interchange. They put me so much in mind of two monkeys! Their talk, though exquisitely silly, was irradiated—really made beautiful—by happiness. They minded me no more than if I had been a bit of the woodwork of the carriage. No reticence had they in their joy, and in their supreme satisfaction with each other.

When I contemplated them, and when I thought of the great man I had left sunk in gloom and dejection, I felt that happiness was not equally distributed to all, as people sometimes perversely contend. By the way they spoke of the great personage—very kindly too, which won my heart; but as being one who had infinite oranges and cakes, and who had no need to save up for three months, in order to afford such a delightful outing as theirs was to be.

*Ellesmere.* It would have been very

wicked; but I should like to have heard what they would have said if you had Malverized them.

*Sir Arthur.* I would not have done so for the world; I declare I would rather have stolen their money, and spoiled their excursion in that way.

*Ellesmere.* But to return to the main subject. Do keep to the point, my excursion friends.

I could make the greatest possible improvement as regards your wish for a second soul, Milverton. You want that soul to be exactly like your own. I would have it the complement to your own. Where you are soft, it should be hard; where you are sympathetic, it should be cold; where you are simple and stupid, it should be astute and alert, and then indeed it would be of some good to you. In fact, you ought to have mine as a second soul to yours; and we should fight the battle of life triumphantly. I think I hear the Milvertonian soul saying to the Ellesmerian, "You must fight these fellows to-morrow, for I really cannot;" and the Ellesmerian soul would rejoice in the contest. Perhaps the day afterwards some judicious man would remark, "What a much cleverer fellow Milverton is than I thought; you see we could not take him in at all, he was down upon us in a moment: and so good-humoured too, whereas I always thought he was an irritable, over-sensitive person. No fussy particularity either; not at all the fellow to be for ever washing his own soap."

One thing, however, you would have to do, Master Milverton: you would have to manage Lady Ellesmere for me; and I have no doubt she would say, not knowing of the interchange of souls, "How manageable John is to-day! not quite so bright as usual, but how much more my slave; and he seems to think exactly what I think," for you would have the art, of which I have none, to persuade her that your thoughts were hers, and that when you were acting most completely on your own hook, as the saying is, you were but using her bait. Oh dear, what a surprise it would be to her when the real Ellesmere came back to undertake the management of my lady!

*Sir Arthur.* I think I have heard something like your idea before, Milverton, in some French story.

*Milverton.* No, Sir Arthur, you have not, I assure you. I know what you are thinking of—one of Eugène Sue's novels. In that, an artisan enters into the body of a marquis, and has to go through some very uncomfortable scenes. But the marquis is totally unconscious of the change; and the

artisan is not aware, while he is a marquis, that he has another form of existence. It is only when he comes to himself again that he knows that he has had for twenty-four hours the experience of a marquis's life. Eugène Sue's object was, doubtless, to show the poor man how great a mistake it often is to envy the rich man. There was no increase of power given to the individual soul.

Now, I really do not see, taking into consideration the infinite variety and beneficence manifested in creation, why in some happy planet there may not be a great increase of power given to a creature something like man.

*Ellesmere.* I am not so taken as the rest of you with Milverton's fond imaginations. I see fifty objections to his grand idea. If the other soul is to be of any real use or comfort, it must have individuality. If it has individuality, it will differ in opinion with Soul No. 1.

Again, you may talk about joys being doubled, and sorrows being halved; but I do not take much interest in things that are done in committee. The whole affair is too much of a joint stock transaction.

*Milverton.* I am going to tell you something, which perhaps has some application to Ellesmere and to the critical race generally—a little simple story which I have often longed to tell when Ellesmere has been taking points and making endless small objections.

*Ellesmere.* Oh, we are a little nettled now, are we? Nothing makes a man more cross than when a really kind friend shows him that his poetry won't scan. The same thing when it is shown him that what he thinks to be his most poetical ideas are all awry, as it were, and won't bear looking at. Pray tell your story, though.

["Ch, yes, pray do," said the others.]

*Ellesmere.* How delighted you all are at any attack being made upon me! Everybody seems to rouse up all of a sudden; and Fairy, perceiving a general movement, makes a circuit round us, as you see, and sniffs and snuffs as if there was a rat or a badger near, to be hunted or baited. Tell your story; do not spare my feelings. I like to see people happy. This sort of thing pleases you, and it does not hurt me.

*Milverton.* When there is a nursery in a house, everybody must admit that the pleasantest meal in the day is nursery-tea. I always contrive to become sufficiently familiar with the nursery authorities to be admitted. The mistress is never more agree-

able than when presiding at this tea. The master gets away if he can from his sporting friends and their eternal talk about horses, dogs, and partridges; and enjoys the high paternal pleasure of playing at pick-a-back with his little boys. The children are much more pleasant and natural at this tea-time than when they are brought down in their best nursery-frocks after dinner.

*Ellesmere.* Ugh: this nursery story, which is to confound all judicious critics, including myself.

*Milverton.* Well, I was assisting at one of these pleasant nursery teas in a country house. One of the children present was a pretty little girl about three years old, who had a nurse, especially devoted to her, of the name of Maria.

By the way, I may mention that some baked apples had made their appearance at this nursery tea, which in consequence may be considered to have been what the fashionable world calls "a high tea."

Suddenly, at a pause in the conversation, the little child, putting down a piece of bread and butter, exclaimed, with a very distinct utterance, "*Ma-i-vey say 'happles'; fool she are.*"

Maria, a jolly country girl about fifteen years old, blushed, but looked quite pleased that Miss Gertrude was so clever, and said, "You dear little thing."

The mamma was "shocked" at such a "naughty word" as "fool" being used to "good kind Maria."

Miss Gertrude having uttered her "judicious" criticism, was not much dismayed by mamma's remonstrance.

I thought of Ellesmere and of his flock of critics whom he delights in.

You see the small critic pointed out, with great satisfaction, a little over-indulgence in the use of the aspirate on the part of poor Maria; but was perfectly unconscious that in her own six words she had committed four errors.

*Ellesmere.* How do you make out four?

*Milverton.* "Maivey" for "Maria," "say" for "says," "are" for "is;" and surely you would admit that the use of the word "fool" is thoroughly inappropriate. People who misplace their aspirates are not necessarily fools.

But does not Miss Gertrude's criticism remind you all, not only of Ellesmere's way of exercising his critical faculty, but also of other criticisms not heard in nurseries, but in the high courts of literature and politics? Have you never found the critic disclose four errors on his own part for one that he delights to point out in the sayings or doings of the person he criticises? You may be

sure that something very nearly akin to "Ma-i-véy-say 'happles ;' fool she are," has been uttered in very high places this very day, and not by children of three years old only.

*Ellesmere.* Absolutely malignant ! He has bottled up this story to be told against me on some great occasion. I believe it has been impending over my devoted head for the last two years. I really was not particularly vexed, as people always are when the ideas which they are very fond of, but which are not a little rickety, come to be examined by the drill-sergeant, or rather by the Medical Board.

*Sir Arthur.* It is an excellent story.

*Lady Ellesmere.* I shall never forget it.

*Ellesmere.* I know that ; I shall be bored by my lady with the story all my life. And as for Sir Arthur, he was sure to delight in it. He has undergone a little criticism himself in the course of his life—totally unjust, no doubt ; for as I heard him say to Milverton the other day, " Criticism is for the most part so thin." What he meant I do not know, but the two authors chuckled over the phrase, and seemed to think it so condemnatory and so clever.

*Sir Arthur.* Milverton has silenced Ellesmere. I am, however, going to revive Sir John, and I shall do so by returning to our original subject. Have you never felt over-wearied yourself, Ellesmere ; and as if you would give anything to have another Sir John to take up the work for you ? In no great case that you have had to argue ?

*Ellesmere.* I am a sensible man ; and I do not allow myself to fret myself to fiddle-strings. Sometimes, after a weighty consultation, I have found myself lying awake, and scheming and planning how to conduct a case. On such occasions I do everything I can to break up such trains of thought. I say to myself, " My health and spirits belong to my clients ; there is nothing so important for their interests as that I should be strong and in good nerve to-morrow."

Only think if race-horses, the night before the Derby, knew about to-morrow's race, how the more nervous and sensitive spirits among them would fret, and fuss, and lose their sleep, and fail to answer, when called upon to make their final effort.

When I was in the — case, one of the heaviest I was ever engaged in, I found myself at this planning of my course of argument the night before, and becoming cold, and nervous, and miserable. I got up, and lit a fire, and set to work to read a volume of Victor Hugo's novel, " Les Misérables." That great book has, happily,

certain long parenthetical discussions which are not very exciting. I fell upon one of these, and in half an hour I was in a sweet and composed state of mind, and I had five hours' good sleep that night.

My client was a dear friend as well as client, and when I saw his anxious face next day in court, I should not like to have told him that I had read " Les Misérables" the previous night, in order to get rid of him and his cause from my thoughts. But it was the best thing I could have done for him.

You see, therefore, that you do not take much by appealing to me to back up Milverton's " fond imaginations," for so I must call them.

*Milverton.* My dear Sir Arthur, you cannot bring Ellesmere round, when he has once taken up a side against you. Let us change the subject. Ellesmere's reference to " Les Misérables" has put me in mind of what he said some time ago about novels. Do you remember the fun he made of his " Edwin and Angelina ?" But if he meant to run down the works of fiction of the present day, I am sure he is not warranted in doing so. I have just been reading a number of the " Last Chronicle of Barset." What an excellent novel it is ! How true to life are the conversations, and the letters ! Now I maintain that no age has been so rich in good works of fiction, and perhaps in good writing of all kinds, as ours. Ellesmere will, I dare say, declare that, in a future age, almost all the present writers will be quite forgotten. I do not know, but I cannot imagine that Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Bulwer, and Thackeray and Trollope, and the great feminine writers, the authoress of " The Mill on the Floss," the authoress of " Jane Eyre," or of " John Halifax, Gentleman," and many others, will cease to be valued and their works read.

I think the same may be said of the great historical writers—such as Hallam, Grote, Macaulay, Carlyle, Milman, Froude, and Merivale.

I don't venture to speak much about the writers of other nations, but I think it will be a long time before Emerson and Hawthorne and Prescott will be forgotten in their own country.

Now I have not brought this subject on the *tapis* merely for the sake of getting a change of subject, but I have something very important to say about it. I see, though, Ellesmere is impatient to have his say.

*Ellesmere.* " Blow the trumpets, sound the drums !" Milverton is going to say

something at some future time which will be worth hearing.

You began by talking about the "Last Chronicle of Barset." I am sorry to say that I fear that my relations with the distinguished author of that work will be considerably changed for the worse. I cannot be friendly with him any more, if Lily Dale——. No, I shan't tell you what I was going to say: you would only laugh at me.

*Milverton.* How men may misunderstand one another! I really do believe that, if Ellesmere were to meet Mr. Trollope, he would be very cold or cross to him if Lily Dale marries John Eames, or if she marries Crosby, or if she does not marry him, or if she does not become an old maid, for I am sure I do not know what Ellesmere wants her to do.

Trollope would go away thinking that he had somehow or other offended Ellesmere, or was greatly disesteemed by him; whereas Ellesmere would be paying him the highest compliment that could be paid to a man of imagination.

Here is this severe, satirical, case-hardened lawyer, and he is so possessed by a phantom of the novelist's brain, that he is positively prepared to be enraged if this she-phantom does not act exactly as he would have her. What's Lily Dale to him, or he to Lily Dale?

*Ellesmere.* Well, she is more to me than many a character I read of in history. Your historical characters are such fleeting things nowadays. I used to dislike Nero. I am now told that he was a most estimable gentleman, and has been quite misunderstood until the present time. *If he fiddled at all, it was not during the fire, but after the fire, to collect subscriptions for the sufferers.*

But what was the important thing that you were going to tell us, Milverton?

*Milverton.* I do not care how much you ridicule me, but I do maintain that ours is a notable age for its richness in literary skill. Look at the excellence in the daily and weekly press, and in these innumerable monthlies. It is a perpetual source of astonishment to me to see how many people can write well, and have really a great deal to tell you.

I know that Ellesmere will say that I am always unreasonably prone to dwell upon the merits of everything and everybody; but upon the other hand, I think I am very critical about the writing of English.

A few minutes ago, I mentioned several names of men eminent in literature. But I could add many others. There are Henry Taylor, and Ruskin, and Kingsley, and John

Mill, for instance: I pity the man who has read their works, and has not been able to learn a great deal from them, and to appreciate the goodness of the writing.

Amongst our statesmen, too, there are men who would have been very considerable writers, if they had not devoted themselves to statesmanship. Lord Russell's "Europe since the Peace of Utrecht" is a very well-written work. Mr. Disraeli's novels are remarkable productions. I read his "Contarini Fleming," as a youth, with immense admiration; and I read it again, last year, with great pleasure. Mr. Gladstone, also, and the Duke of Argyll, are men who have shown that they can leave their mark in literature.

Whatever you may say, I do maintain that ours is a great age as regards power of thought and expression.

Now, what I want you to notice is, that the great men who have made the age pre-eminent were all born, or at least nurtured, and the direction of their talents given to them, in a time of profound peace. The great strides in European civilization, whether in arts, in science, or in literature, have been made in consequence of there having been such periods. I wish we could have Buckle back again in life here with us, for I am sure he would——

At this moment the postman made his appearance with the second delivery of letters, which the old man asked us to receive, in order that he might be saved the trouble of going up the hill. Now Sir John is furious about this second delivery. It is no joke with him: he is really very angry.

*Ellesmere.* Have you no conscience, George; are you dead to all the finer feelings of humanity, that you molest us twice a day? I must come to some understanding with you. Your proper Christmas-box from me is two hundred and forty pence,—that is, if you do not bring me any letters during the time that I am here. For every letter you bring, I must deduct a penny, and if the balance turns against you, you must give me a Christmas-box. I do believe you have brought me two hundred and eighty letters this time, consequently you owe me forty pence, which, when I was a National School-boy, used to amount to three shillings and fourpence, the sum, Mr. George, you are now in debt to me.

*George.* Oh, your honour would not be so hard on poor old George, that has known you these twenty years, and such a snowy

winter, too, as last winter have a been. 'Sides I must do what the missus (the postmistress) tells I to do.

*Ellesmere.* It is no excuse, George! If we do all that our "missuses" tell us, we shall most of us come to the gallows.

*George.* Ah, you be allus so jokous, Lawyer Ellesmere; but you know we must. (And saying this, the old man took off his hat, and making a general bow to us, trotted off.)

*Ellesmere.* Do you see Peter Garbet's house in the distance—that wretched hovel surrounded by other hovels, on the top of Mendmore Hill? I am sorry to tell you that old Peter and two of his children are ill of the fever, and that Mrs. Garbet is nearly distracted.

*Mrs. Milverton.* I knew all about it, John. I have done everything I could for her.

*Ellesmere.* I know you have, my dear Blanche, and so have I in my little way; but how can we counteract the post-office?

*Milverton.* What nonsense, Ellesmere! I am sure old Peter has not received three letters in the course of his life.

*Ellesmere.* Considering that you pretend to have a great admiration for history, you are certainly a very shallow fellow, my dear friend, and never look far back enough to causes.

Who in modern times invented the post-office? As Macaulay would have said, "Every schoolboy knows that."

Why, Louis the Eleventh: just like him, is it not? Everybody who has seen Charles Kean in the character of Louis the Eleventh would know that that crafty, cruel, unprincipled king would, of course, invent the post-office system.

What did he say to himself?—"Despatches make my life miserable; my subjects shall have a taste of them too. Besides, they will not look so sharply into my proceedings, if they have their own letters to molest them every day."

What happens? By these means Louis the Eleventh crushes his nobles, and increases the kingly power to an enormous extent. Louis the Fourteenth, the Regent Orleans, and Louis the Fifteenth abuse this kingly power outrageously. France is rendered miserable; and, in good, well-meaning Louis the Sixteenth's time, comes the French Revolution.

Out of the French Revolution, by necessity, comes Napoleon the First.

By an equal necessity, England and Pitt must have a set-to with Napoleon the First.

Hence four hundred millions of debt.

Hence window-tax and excise duty on bricks.

Consequently Peter Garbet's cottage is built with one side against a damp hill to save bricks, and has a window only eighteen inches square. Hence dampness and insufficient ventilation, and hence poor Peter Garbet and his two children lie ill in that miserable hovel.

*Milverton.* I am sorry to say anything against a series of statements and conclusions which are so admirably set forth by our learned friend; but Louis the Eleventh did not establish the post-office in the sense which Ellesmere understands it. He established a series of posts for the Government and for the Court, but it was not adopted by the community in general till Richelieu's time.

*Ellesmere.* The same thing. Richelieu was but Louis the Eleventh in cardinal's petticoats.

*Milverton.* I am sorry to intrude with unpleasant facts, but Richelieu was not the prime agent in this matter. It was done by the Duc d'Epéron, when Richelieu was for a year or two in retirement.

*Ellesmere.* What wretched pedantry all this is! It is clear that the cruel Louis the Eleventh was the inventor of the system. You admit that he applied it to his Court. The Court in those days comprehended the principal men in the kingdom. Well, then, this system was enlarged in Richelieu's time. Do you think it was done without his approbation, or continued without his consent?

Practically speaking, it is a device of tyranny. After you have passed the immature age of twenty-three, does anybody write to you but to annoy you about something?

*Mauveverer.* I think Ellesmere is quite right. All the clever inventions of man only lead to increased misery.

*Milverton.* What do you say to the use of chloroform?

*Ellesmere.* They do not apply it to the right people. Anybody who is about to write a letter to a lawyer in vacation should be chloroformed, and the trance should be made to last for two years at least.

Here Sir John, who had an immense number of letters to-day, got up and walked away. The rest of us did the same, and so the conversation ended.

We had only just begun our walk, when we heard Sir John calling after us. When he came within speaking distance, he shouted out to us, "Mind,

I don't agree with Milverton about his eminent men being born and nurtured in times of peace. I am prepared to maintain the exact contrary, only I haven't time just now. Old George, the villain, came at the exact moment to save Milverton, that peace-maniac, from a sound intellectual drubbing. Good-bye." And so saying, he rushed up the hill again, while we proceeded on our walk towards the town; Mr. Milverton merely remarking, "What a contentious creature it is! But I never thought he would let that pass."

### CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning I awoke at seven o'clock, and saw a tall figure very busy at my drawers. "Who is that?" I exclaimed.

"It's me," replied a voice which I recognised as Sir John Ellesmere's.

*Ellesmere.* I say "It's me" advisedly; and am prepared to maintain that it is good grammar to say so.

What am I about? Why, I am rectifying my frontiers in the article of cricket-balls. Little Tommy Jessom has got a whole holiday, and has honoured us by a visit. A quarter to seven is not a strictly fashionable hour for making a morning call upon a respectable family; but boys are privileged beings. The minute but persevering Tommy insists upon our having a game at cricket, and I am going to give him an innings. I saw you put away a well-greased ball in one of these drawers the other day.

Hallo! emerald studs! and very pretty ones, too. What young woman has been foolish enough to see anything in your lengthy face, Sandy, and to give you these studs? I see I must "execute the provisions of a treaty" in regard to these studs—a treaty to be signed by the small Tommy and me, which, being rightly interpreted, will be found to provide that, under pain of being thrashed himself, he shall come into your room, carry off the studs, and present them to the other high contracting party. You shall then complain to me of Tommy; and between us we will execute the provisions of another treaty, and carry off Master Tommy's bat and stumps. We want stumps sadly; and should not be the worse for a spare bat. Thus everything will be arranged satisfactorily, according to the

latest and best construction put upon international law.

So saying, Sir John, having, to use his own phrase, "rectified his frontiers" by seizing upon my pet cricket-ball, strode out of the room to play with Tommy Jessom.

An hour or two after breakfast we all went to the summer-house to have another reading of Realmah.

*Ellesmere.* Tommy, I have a serious word to say to you. You are an incomplete, imperfect boy; in fact, a mere eidolon, or spectrum, or larva, of a boy. The perfect boy has always in his pockets a ball of string, a lump of beeswax, thirty-seven marbles, two alley-taws, and a knife with six blades, a gimlet, a punch, a corkscrew, and a little saw. I regret to say that you were found to be deficient in all these articles this morning. Proceed at once to Mother Childman's in the town, and buy them forthwith. (Here Ellesmere gave the boy some money.) Away! Avaunt! "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ!" Vanish.

[*Exit Little Tommy.*]

The boy would be bored to death by our reading and our talk. By the way, he has made me very unhappy this morning.

*Milverton.* Why he is the best of little boys—a perfect boy, notwithstanding the absence of beeswax and string.

*Ellesmere.* I am in a sort of a way his godfather. Poor S—, my cousin, was his godfather; and now that S— is dead, I consider that I take his place. Consequently, I thought it my duty, in the intervals of cricket, to talk to him a little about his lessons. It is the same sad story as it was in our time. Hexas and pens for to-day: alcaics and Latin theme for Monday; in fact, a painful and laborious gathering together of useless rubbish.

*Johnson.* What are hexas and pens, Sir John?

*Ellesmere.* You have not been brought up, Sandy, in the groves of Academus, or you would know that hexas and pens are the short for hexameters and pentameters.

Hereupon ensued a conversation of the most animated description. I could not have thought that any people would have been so excited about the question of boys making Latin verses. The most uncomplimentary speeches passed between Mr. Cranmer and Sir John, Mr.



Cranmer insinuating that Sir John would have been a much more polished individual if he had made more Latin verses in his boyhood, and Sir John insinuating that Mr. Cranmer would not have been quite so much given to routine, and so narrow-minded, if he had made fewer Latin verses.

Mr. Milverton—an unusual thing for him—rushed in to aid Sir John; upon which Sir Arthur came down upon *him*, not in his accustomed dignified way, but with great warmth and vehemence, declaring that, if these new ideas were to prevail, all elegance and scholarship in literature would pass away. Mr. Mauleverer sneered a little at both parties, but rather inclined to Mr. Cranmer's view of the question, from his hatred of anything new. For some time they all talked at once, and I cannot give any account of it.

When the fray had a little subsided, Sir Arthur and Sir John were left in possession of the field. Sir John demanded of Sir Arthur a distinct enumeration of the advantages to be gained in education from the making of Latin and Greek verses. Sir Arthur did not hesitate to accept the challenge, and enumerated these advantages one by one. Sir John pointed out the fallacy in each case, dwelt upon the loss of time, the loss of real knowledge, and the cumbering the mind with what is useless, occasioned by the present system of classical education. I thought he had much the best of the argument, though Sir Arthur was very eloquent and very adroit.

At length the conversation was broken off, as they thought that Tommy Jessom would soon be back upon us again; and Mr. Milverton commenced reading another portion of *Realmah*.

## THE STORY OF REALMAH.

### CHAP. XXI.

#### THE REVOLUTION.

GOVERNMENT is a most mysterious thing. There are constitutions which seem as if they would last for ever, being

well-constructed, reasonable things; but they do not last;—and there are others full of anomalies, abounding in contradictions, which persevere in living, however unreasonably. Thus it was at Abibah. The least-foreseeing of prophets might have prophesied that in a nation where the supreme power was divided amongst four chiefs, the government would be sure to be soon broken up. This strange government, however, had lasted for several generations.

A time was now approaching when this government would be sorely tried. The scarcity of provisions made men sour, and ready to blame their chiefs with or without reason. The immediate cause of danger, however, arose from a most trivial circumstance. There was a day of festival in honour of Salera, the goddess of the waters. At this festival it had been customary for the inhabitants of the town to appear in festal dresses totally different from their ordinary costume; but both as to form and colour each individual might follow his, or her, own fancy. It happened, however, that on one occasion, a few years previously, a large family of children had been dressed out with blue scarves, while those of a neighbouring family had been dressed with red scarves. There was great contest in the particular neighbourhood as to which set of children had been most becomingly adorned. Gradually the dispute spread into other quarters of the city, and eventually the population were divided into those who wore blue scarves at Salera's festival, and those who wore red. Feuds, similar to those of the circus at Constantinople, which shook the thrones of emperors, arose about these colours; and the red and the blue factions hated one another with a fell religious hatred.

The chief of the West had incautiously proclaimed himself an ardent partisan for the Blues, and had earned the intense dislike of the Reds. It happened that he had lately issued some regulations about the distribution of food, which, though very reasonable, had given great offence to his quarter of the city. The Red faction were crafty enough to

drop all allusion to their hatred to him as a strong partisan of the Blue faction, and to dwell merely upon that which was a subject of general offence to both factions.

This chief of the West was one of those unfortunate rulers who seem to be born at the wrong time ; and whose virtues, no less than their errors and their vices, contribute to their misfortunes. In this dispute between the Red and Blue factions, though, as I have said above, he was an ardent partisan of the Blue faction, he had never favoured them in the distribution of offices ; being too just a man for that. He was therefore neither valued as a friend, nor feared, however much disliked, as an enemy. He was very much the prey of the last speaker, and so his policy was never consistent ; being alternately strict and lax, bold and timorous. A simple-minded, good, honest man, having every wish to govern rightly, he could scarcely be said to govern at all. It seems as if such men were sent into the world, and placed in power just at a time of crisis, in order that it might be rendered absolutely certain that the crisis should be developed into great disaster, or at least great change.

Realmah knew the character of this man well, and from that knowledge foreboded calamity.

It was peculiarly unfortunate that the poorer inhabitants of Abibah should have congregated in the Western quarter of the town. It was there that the weavers dwelt, who were always inclined to be a turbulent body ; and who were the first to suffer from any scarcity of provisions, as men can dispense with weaving, and go on with their old garments, when threatened by want of food. From the Western quarter the disaffection spread ; and great political discussions arose throughout the whole city as to their present form of government. Any person, or thing, much discussed, is sure to be much vilified ; and this quadrilateral government, when once it had to endure discussion, offered many points for attack and depreciation. Moreover, there were not wanting amongst the

Sheviri ambitious men anxious for a more republican form of government, and who looked forward to a position of power and profit, if that mode of government should be established. Their scheme was to form a council of twelve, by election, who should have supreme power for five years, three members of this council being allotted to each division of the city.

Disaffection grew to a great height, and a dissolution of the present constitution was imminent.

It is not to be supposed that men like Realmah, belonging to the ruling families, were unobservant of this dangerous state of public opinion. In fact Realmah was perfectly certain that there would be a revolution, and he began to prepare for it. The main thing that he was afraid of was that, in some popular tumult, a capture of himself, or of any of the principal people on his side, would be effected by his opponents. He was determined to profit by the revolution, but to have no hand whatever in making it. He wished that whatever step he might take, should appear to have been forced upon him. The main terror of his life, as we know, was lest the tribes of the North, already possessing the knowledge of iron, should come down upon his nation, and enslave it before he had completed his manufacture of iron. He had long come to the conclusion that a despotism would be preferable to that. The preparations that he made to prevent his being suddenly captured, were these. In his principal room he secretly contrived that, near the entrance, a part of the flooring should descend into the water upon his cutting a cord. This was for his enemies. For his own escape, he made a trap-door at the further end of the room. Beneath this opening he had a boat suspended. There was room between the lower flooring of some of the better houses in Abibah (and Realmah's was one) and the water, to navigate a boat, pushing it along from one pile to another. By these means he would be able to reach the water-stairs of the residence of his uncle, the chief of the East.

He knew from his spies the very day upon which a general outbreak was intended to be made. Early on that day he took care that the whole of the guard should be assembled in the guard-room attached to the house of the chief of the East. Realmah remained in his own house, resolved to take no active part until some step of violence had been taken by the other side. On some pretext he contrived to remove Talora to the house of his uncle, while he and the Varnah remained at home waiting the event.

The opposite side were well aware of the sagacity of Realmah, and had arranged that a party of their adherents should attack him in his house, and that two of their principal partisans should pay him a visit of courtesy an hour before the attack was to be made, in order that they might be sure of knowing where he was, and of being able to secure him. Accordingly, in the evening, these two noblemen, Tapu and Paradee, paid their ceremonial visit. The crafty Realmah contrived to place them immediately over that part of the floor which he could make descend into the water. The guests talked upon indifferent subjects, and then afterwards ventured to discuss the dangerous state of political affairs. Realmah went on discoursing platitudes and keeping up the conversation in an easy manner. Soon the noise of a great tumult was heard. The revolution had broken out before the appointed time. Indeed, revolutions are seldom conducted with the needful punctuality. Some of the rioters had made at once for Realmah's house, had broken through the outer doors, and now rushed into the apartment. The two guests then changed their tone, and demanded that Realmah should surrender to them. Having gained what he wanted, namely, this overt act of rebellion, he let the flooring drop beneath them; and, in the confusion that ensued, he and the Varnah escaped in the manner he had planned to the house of his uncle, the chief of the East.

Realmah then hastened to put into

operation the plan that he had long determined upon. There were certain officers in the state whose functions cannot be better described than by saying that they were like those of Spanish alguazils. Realmah's scheme was to arrest the principal conspirators by means of these alguazils (whose fidelity he had taken great pains to secure), giving to each one of them a guard of ten men. Those attendants he had furnished from the tribe of the fishermen and of the ironworkers, who were devoted to him.

The conduct of Realmah at this crisis was widely different from that of Athlah; and a philosophic student of history, a kind of person not known in Abibah, might have added to his store one more notable instance of the way in which revolutions are made, and of the kind of characters which guide them.

Athlah, as we know, was not merely a stalwart man of war, but also a very considerable person in council and debate. At any rate, he had always something to say, and people were always willing to hear what he said.

Those chiefs who were loyal to the present system of government, when the tumult had begun, rushed to the house of the chief of the East. An irregular sort of council was held. Realmah briefly explained his long matured plan. Athlah raised all manner of objections — not that he wished to object, for he was sincerely anxious to find a remedy for the present state of things. But when the time for swift action came, this bold hardy man, an excellent lieutenant in war, could not see his way to a course of action; and his mind was filled with doubts, scruples, and difficulties. "They had no authority," he said, "to interfere with the other quarters of the town. The West was to govern the West, just as the East governed the East, without interference. The proceedings suggested by Realmah would be a perfect breach of the constitution. He, for one, could not take such responsibility upon himself." He did not use such a fine word as responsibility. The equivalent for it in

their language was "tying a knot," and Athlah said he could not tie such a knot.

The truth is that Realmah could tie a knot, a feat which the daring Athlah could not accomplish.

Realmah replied, "The counsel that I gave, will not be the counsel that I should give when that water has ceased to pour.<sup>1</sup> It must be taken at once, or rejected for ever. Great Lords, Dividers of Bread, I see that you agree with me; and I hasten to execute your commands." So saying, Realmah quitted the room. The great Lords, Dividers of Bread, were secretly glad that anybody would take upon himself the burden of tying a knot, and save them the agony of deciding what should be done at this dangerous crisis. There were not wanting some of the baser sort who said to themselves that they could hereafter declare that they had not assented to Realmah's counsel, and so they should be safe, whatever might happen.

Perhaps Realmah's well-devised plans might altogether have failed but for a piece of singular good fortune. A violent storm of wind and rain came

<sup>1</sup> They measured time by the falling of water from a vessel with a small hole in it, resembling the klepsydra.

on that evening. Revolutions require, before all things, fine weather. The populace gradually dispersed. In that part of the town which was subject to the chief of the East, the alguazils and their body-guards succeeded in capturing, by domiciliary visits, the chief conspirators, of whom Realmah had long ago made a careful list.

The other quarters of the town were not so well managed. The chief of the West was slain at the first outbreak; and the chiefs of the North and the South had, in a most dastardly manner, fled. The moment that the capture had been made of the principal conspirators in the eastern quarter, Realmah felt himself strong enough to pursue the same system in the north and in the south. Before day-break, three-quarters of the city owned the rule of the chief of the East, that is, practically speaking, of his wise and energetic nephew, Realmah. A sharp encounter took place between the insurgents in the western quarter and the troops who remained faithful in the other three quarters of the town, in which contest the insurgents were completely worsted.

*To be continued.*

## THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

BY E. A. ABBOTT.

THE following remarks, concerning the teaching of English, can lay no claim whatever to attention except so far as they are the results of experience. It will, therefore, be best to entrust the care of theories to the more able hands of Professor Seeley, whose suggestions originated the practice described below; and, plunging at once into work, to imagine our class before us, the books open (say a play of Shakespeare, Richard II. for example), the boys expectant, and the master ready. It is quite certain, however, that the latter fiction—I mean the readiness of the master—will depend to some extent upon the distinctness of his conception of his object. Let us, therefore, apologize for keeping the class and our visitors a few moments waiting while, without theorizing whether the study of English be desirable, or necessary, or worthless, we ask ourselves what object we wish to attain by this study.

I answer, not the knowledge of *words*, or of the laws of *words* (except in a secondary degree), but, in the first place, the knowledge of *thoughts* and the power of *thinking*, and, in the second place, the attainment of the idea of “a book,” as a work of art.

If English is to be regarded merely as an instrument for training boys as the classical languages train them, from that point of view English does very imperfectly what Latin and Greek do far more perfectly; and, should I ever be converted to that belief, I would at once give up English studies altogether.

There has been a great deal of exaggeration on this subject. The merit of the classical languages, as a method of training, when tolerably well taught, is precisely that which Mr. Lowe, in his remarkable speech at Liverpool, refused to recognise in them. They force boys to “weigh probabilities.” Out of the

ten or twenty meanings of the Latin word “ago” found in a dictionary, a boy must select the right meaning by “weighing probabilities” and pondering the context. Inflections give additional scope for the hunting and digging faculties. A boy has to disentomb nominatives, hunt after accusatives, eliminate all manner of other possible constructions of a dative until he is forced to the “*dativus commodi*,” and the like. Surely no one will maintain that in these respects the training afforded to English boys by their own uninflected language is equal to the training afforded by Latin or Greek.

Hence the study of English as a study of *words* will be, comparatively speaking at all events, a failure, and likely also to superinduce a petty word-criticizing spirit of reading which is to be avoided. For these reasons, both etymology and grammar ought, in the study of English, to be kept in strict subordination to the study of thought. The great question ought always to be, “What does the author mean?” and the continual requirement from the pupils ought to be, “Put the meaning exactly into your own words.” Of course, directly the question is asked, “What does the author mean?” grammar and etymology will at once step in under their proper ancillary character, doubly valuable because used as servants. They will not merely afford their usual mental training, they will also disabuse boys of the notion that grammar and etymology are infernal machines destined for their torture.

Wherever grammar and etymology illustrate the laws of thought, there they have their place in English studies; but where they do not illustrate, or cannot be made to appear to boys to illustrate thought (as for instance where

etymology simply illustrates the laws of euphony, they ought to be carefully kept out of sight. Thus, if we take Richard II. act i. sc. 2,—

“Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,”

I should think the derivation of “miscreant” far more important than that of “traitor,” and the process of thought traceable in the former (or even in the latter) word far more important than the law which drops the *d* in both words. In the same passage, a few lines above,

“Each day still better other’s happiness,”

if you were to ask young boys what is the meaning of the verse, and then, when some careless boys would show (as I think some would show, and know that some have shown) that they had misunderstood it, were to ask them to parse “better,” I think even the average boy, instead of feeling aggrieved by the question, would have a new light shed upon parsing and grammar, on finding their aid useful for the understanding even of his native language.

But now I come to the great objection, which is, as I think, felt by many old experienced schoolmasters. “There is no work,” they say, “no digging, in all this; the boys cannot get it up; there’s nothing to get up—no lexicon to be turned over, no grammar to be thumbed; the masters must lecture the boys; the boys are merely the recipients, and, at best, repeaters of what they have received.”

I don’t think this is so. It is true there will be comparatively little turning over dictionaries and very little use of grammars in preparing an English lesson. But is it not a most valuable result that boys should be taught that the mere looking-out of words does not constitute mental work? Is it not work for boys that they should be forced to *think*, that they should be obliged to turn over, not lexicons, but *thoughts*, and perpetually be compelled to ask themselves, “Do I understand this?”

But it may be said, “You cannot get boys to do this.” On the contrary, —and this is almost the only point on

which I speak with perfect confidence, —I am sure you can. Boys may not do it at first; but as soon as they perceive the kind of questions which they must be prepared to answer, they will work most thoroughly and satisfactorily in preparation. The great business of the master will be to prevent them from working too hard, and from accumulating a number of pieces of philological and grammatical information which, as not tending to illustrate the meaning of the author, must be stigmatized as *cram*. The derivations alone of the words in a single scene of a play of Shakespeare would take several hours of a boy’s time. Therefore the master will not merely, with great self-denial, suppress his rising inclination to pour out his own superfluous knowledge, and to convert words into pegs whereon to hang his dissertations, he will also encourage his pupils to keep to the point, and nothing but the point, directing their labours (and this will be absolutely indispensable at first) by giving them at the conclusion of every lesson some indications of the difficulties which they must be prepared to solve in the next lesson. In a word, there must be this understanding between master and pupils: that the former, though he may ask more, is to be contented if the latter shows that he understands exactly what his author means, and has formed an opinion about the truth or falsehood of it. Other questions may be asked, but warning should be given of them beforehand.

And now let us return to our pupils whom we left patiently perusing their Richard II. Last week they received notice of the questions that would be asked, with the exception of those that arise naturally from the passage, most of which they are expected to anticipate without warning. I turn to the bottom boy.

“The which he hath detain’d for lewd employments.”

“What was the original meaning of the word ‘lewd’?” He answers, or ought to answer (for notice has been given of

this question), as his dictionary tells him, "connected with the laity." "What process of thought is traceable in the change of meaning which the word has undergone?" He cannot answer: the question passes to the top, and you are told that "it was thought that the laity were not so good as the clergy, and so the name came to be considered a reproach." Perhaps you extract from another boy that "by degrees the word came to express that particular kind of badness which seemed most unclerical."

That is of the nature of a luxury. We pass to a more solid question.

"We thank you both: yet one but flatters us  
As well appeareth by the cause you come."

"Explain the construction in the second line. Put the argument into the form of a syllogism, showing the suppressed major. Is it correct or incorrect?" This question brings a clear-headed boy to the top, or near it, and we pass on.

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently like a traitor coward  
Sluic'd out his innocent blood."

"Illustrate, by the derivations of the words, the Shakespearian use of 'suggest' and 'consequently.'"

"That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts."

"Give reasons for justifying or condemning this maxim. What are the two faulty extremes between which lies the virtue patience? What is the mean between cowardice and the other faulty extreme?"

"Yet can I not of such tame patience boast."

"What is the difference between 'patience' and 'tameness,' 'tameness' and 'cowardice'?"

Then come two questions of which notice has been given. "What marked difference is there between Richard's language before and after his return from Ireland? Explain it. What is there in common between Hamlet and Richard?" After obtaining satisfactory answers evincing thought and study, and coming not far short of the mark, you

can, if the class seems worthy of the information, guide them, by a series of searching questions carefully arranged, to a more complete answer than they have been able, unassisted, to give.

Then, passing to the subject of rhythm—

"As near as I could sift him in that argument."

"Is there any rule with reference to the number of syllables in a Shakespearian line? How would you scan this verse?—

"Setting aside his blood's high royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him.  
Call him a slanderous villain and a coward,  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot," &c.

"Analyse this sentence, pointing out the main proposition or propositions, parsing 'setting' and 'let,' and expressing the whole sentence in a number of affirmative and conditional sentences."

"Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble  
wrong  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear," &c.

"Expand the metaphor contained in the two first lines into its simile. Is it in good taste? Give reasons for your answer. Explain the meaning of 'feeble wrong.' Give the derivations and meaning of 'parle.' What is the metaphor in 'sound so base a parle?' What is the derivation of 'motive,' and how does the derivation explain the Shakespearian and the present use of the word?"

I have foreborne, for space' sake, to show how the answers to such questions, even when not entirely satisfactory, would give evidence of preparation, above all of mental not merely manual book-thumbing preparation, and would afford to the teacher a test of the diligence of his pupils as well as a means of developing their intelligence. Many may think these questions absurdly easy. I should be glad if they were found so; but my experience indicates that boys ranging in

age from thirteen to sixteen will not find such questions too easy, and that for younger boys much easier questions would be necessary.

It may be well here to add that though a knowledge of Latin has been presupposed above in our imaginary class, and must always be most useful in an English lesson, yet it is not necessary. It is no more, or but little more, useful for such a purpose than a knowledge of German. It is certainly possible so to teach English even without the aid of Latin or German as not to leave one's pupils at the conclusion of the lesson under the impression that they have been studying "a collection of unmeaning symbols." The boys may be told the meanings of the roots "fer," "scribe," "sent," and hence led on to infer, from the knowledge of these roots and of a few prefixes, the meanings of the compound words "refer," "suffer," "infer," "consent," "dissent," "assent," "resent," "subscribe," "inscribe," "describe;" and there is no more difficulty in learning English thus than there is in learning Latin thus. There is less difficulty, for side by side with this method another can be employed. Boys who know nothing but the vernacular can be trained to explain many words, such as "contract," by themselves suggesting different uses of the word: "I contract my expenditure," "I contract for the building of a bridge," "I contract a debt." Then from these meanings they can eliminate what is accidental in each, and leave behind that which is common to all, the essence of the word. The former is the deductive, synthetic, and shorter, the latter is the inductive, analytic, and more natural method. A teacher may justify his preference, but not his neglect, of either.

For young boys (between eleven and fourteen suppose) it is scarcely possible to frame too easy questions. One point never to be lost sight of is to make all the questions illustrate the sense; and one danger never to be forgotten is the danger of insisting on too much. Let your young pupils read the whole of their play for the sake of the story;

expect them, if you like, to be able to tell you what they think of King Richard and of Bolingbroke, but do not let them prepare—do not let them imagine they can prepare—more than fifty or sixty lines critically in the course of a school-term, so as to understand and explain the text thoroughly. For such a class questions on the meanings of words will constitute a large part of our English lesson, and will reveal deep abysses of ignorance.

"First heaven be the record to my speech!  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,"  
&c.

Let us suppose you have already asked the pupils to parse "be,"—not, I fear, an unnecessary question. "What is the meaning of the word 'precious'?" "Nice." "Dear." "Good." "Kind." You might annihilate the last answer by eliciting from the class that a jewel is called "a precious stone;" but as the word is somewhat disused, except in that kind of maternal colloquy which probably originated some of the above-mentioned answers, I think you would be forced by the want of materials for analysis to fall back on "price," and teach synthetically. But it is different when you come to ask, "What do you mean by 'record'?" Your answers will come fast and thick, and, amid a heap of nonsense, you will pick out "monument," "book," "history." Then, by suggesting the office of the "recorder," and asking the class whether they have ever seen the "Record Office," you will at last extract from some one that "as a man takes down the notes or record of a speech that it may be afterwards remembered, so the Power who rules in heaven is asked to register the words of Bolingbroke that they may never be forgotten." Then if you like (but it is a luxury, or at all events, not a necessary) you can, should your class be learning Latin, point out to them how much trouble they would have saved themselves if they had remembered that "recorder" means, "I call to mind," and hence "record" signifies that by which one causes oneself



or others to recollect. The same use first of analysis, then of synthesis, first of induction, then of deduction, may be made in eliciting the meaning of "devotion."

Beside being subjected to such examinations, the pupils ought also to read passages in class, having their faults pointed out to them, and receiving marks for correctness, clearness, and taste. Recitations, essay-writing, and paraphrases are also most useful.

I cannot quit this part of my subject without expressing my very strong belief that a knowledge of the processes of induction and deduction, and of the relation between a metaphor and simile, and the manner in which the latter is expanded into the former, ought to be communicated to boys earlier than is now customary. We want to teach boys to think. Now thought has metaphors for its materials, logic for its tools. And therefore to set boys on the study of thought without a knowledge of logic or of metaphor is to set them building a castle of shifting sand,—soon built, soon unbuild. It is possible to teach (1) the processes by which we arrive at the knowledge, or what we call the knowledge, of general and particular propositions; (2) the stages of such processes in which we are most liable to be deceived; (3) a few of the commonest fallacies corresponding to those different stages, without making boys "smatterers;" and if a teacher knows what he wants to teach, and confines himself to it, it may be taught in an hour and a half, and tested every day throughout the term. As regards metaphors, boys should be made not merely to get up the definition of "metaphor" and "simile," which is of little or no use by itself, but, as soon as they have attained the idea of proportion, to expand each metaphor into its simile by supplying the one or two missing terms of the proportion. Thus, "the ship ploughs the sea." "How many terms are here given?" "Three." "How many do you want for the simile?" "Four." "Supply the missing term, and give the whole proportion." "As

the plough is to the land, so is the ship to the sea." And in "the mountain frowns," the two missing terms could of course be supplied in the same way. This might be taught thoroughly to upwards of sixty boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, in less than half an hour; and it would be difficult to overvalue such a stimulant and test of intelligence.

After receiving this preliminary information, a boy would need nothing more in order to prepare for his English lesson but a dictionary and a handbook. I daresay it is possible to find many faults in all existing dictionaries and handbooks, particularly in dictionaries; but still, with such treatises as Dr. Angus's "Handbook" and Chambers's "Etymological Dictionary," a teacher can work away pretty well. And when I hear the cry for English teaching met with the cry for English text-books, I am tempted to think of the old proverb about the workman who found fault with his tools.

This brings us to the question of text-books, by which I mean authors edited with notes. I frankly avow that, unless they give very little and very carefully-selected information, they seem to me worse than useless. Of course I admit that for Early English or even for Elizabethan writers text-books are desirable. But it is evident to me that, if an English book is edited with answers to all questions that can fairly be asked, all obscurities explained, all necessity for thought removed, then, though such books may exactly suit crammers for Civil Service examinations, they are useless for us; there is an end of the training which we desire. The notes ought only to illustrate historical questions, explain archaic words or idioms, give parallel passages, and now and then hints to direct the reader to the meaning of a very difficult passage. They ought not to explain fully any obscurities, nor paraphrase any sentences, nor completely elucidate any thoughts.

I do not believe in "extracts" or "specimens," except where Early English

is being studied more for the words than the thoughts. In different schools the matter may present itself under different aspects; but at many middle-class schools there must always be a great number of boys who may get no idea of literature or of the meaning of "a book" at home, and it therefore seems necessary that they should have the opportunity of acquiring that idea at school. Even in the lowest classes I should prefer to use a book that should contain tales or poems complete in themselves, however short.

For the same reason, I should not trouble myself much about the "History of English Literature," at all events till the pupils had reached the highest classes in the school, when such a study would imply something more than mere cram. I cannot help thinking that, in the middle and at the bottom of most schools, the study of a "history of literature" would be little more than ornamental cram. Besides, there is the question of time. If it could be combined with the study of authors, well; but where could you find the time?

I would have each of the lower classes working at two subjects, one a longer book for home reading, the other a short poem, for school-work. The home book should be studied for the book as a whole; boys should not be troubled with detail, but merely be examined occasionally in the plot, characters, &c. in such a way as to bring out for them the drift of the book and purpose of the author. The shorter poem should be thoroughly studied with all minutest details. The home-work should teach boys what is literature, the school-work what is thought. A beginning might be made with "Robinson Crusoe" and Byron's "Sennacherib," or some other short, intelligible, and powerful poem; then "Ivanhoe" and the "Armada;" then Plutarch's "Coriolanus" and the "Horatius Cocles," Plutarch's "Julius Cæsar" and Gray's "Ruin seize thee;" Plutarch's "Agis and Cleomenes" and the "Battle of Ivry;" then "Marmion;" then the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," or "Comus;"

then (in the class in which those boys leave who are intended for commercial pursuits) Pope's "Iliad;" then part of the "Paradise Lost;" then part of the "Fairy Queen;" then Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" or Dante's "Inferno" (in English), or the "In Memoriam," or some of the poems of Dryden, Pope, or Johnson. It would be well, if time could be found for it, to include in the subjects of the highest class some specimens of Early English. For though the study of Early English approximates to the classical studies, yet it cannot be denied that the philological knowledge obtained from the study of Early English pronouns, and of the employment of the subjunctive, and an acquaintance with the obstacles, impediments, and barrenness which made Early English what it was, contribute in no slight degree to the exact understanding of the expressions of Elizabethan and of Modern English.

A play of Shakespeare might be read during another term throughout almost every class in the school. Shakespeare and Plutarch's "Lives" are very devulgarizing books, and I should like every boy who leaves a middle-class school for business at the age of fifteen, suppose, or sixteen, to have read three or four plays of Shakespeare, three or four noble poems, and three or four nobly-written lives of noble Greeks and Romans. I should therefore like to see Plutarch's "Lives" in the hands of every English schoolboy; or, if it were necessary to make a selection, those biographies which best illustrate one's "duty toward one's country."

Now let me answer one objection. It may be said, "The object you have described is desirable, but can be attained by the study of Latin and Greek, and does not necessitate the study of English. There are metaphors and syllogisms, thoughts as well as words, in the classical languages, and not in English merely. Why cannot all this be done in Latin and Greek?"

I answer, "Is it done?" Can any classical master deny that often, when he has wished to elucidate the thought

of his author, some enveloping difficulty of *ov* or *μη* has extinguished the thought in a mist of words? Of course you meant to point out to your pupils that, from one point of view, the Ilissus is as important as, or more important than, the Mississippi; that, whether it be Brasidas with five hundred men, or Napoleon with five hundred thousand, it matters nothing as regards the principles on which cities and battles are won or lost: you intended, no doubt, to make your pupils feel the exquisite Sophoclean irony which sets poor strutting *Cedipus* spinning like a cockchafer for the amusement of gods and men; but did you? I am afraid that you have almost persuaded yourself that you did; but a regard for truth must induce you to confess, on second thoughts, that Brasidas was smothered in his case, and the Sophoclean irony extinguished by a tribrach in the fifth foot. Or, if you thought of it, you found it was getting late, and you could not do your forty lines, or your page and a half, unless you "kept to the point."

Classical scholars are like Alpine travellers, who ascend a mountain on the pretext of a glorious prospect, or scientific observations; but ninety-nine out of a hundred climbers find that when they have reached the top they are too tired to see anything, and that it is so late that there is nothing to see;

and then, coming down again by the most difficult way they can select, they secretly confide to their most intimate friends their private conviction that the exercise is the great thing after all.

No doubt Latin and Greek might be taught much better than they often are. I do not envy the teacher who can teach them, without obliging his pupils to "weigh probabilities;" but, for the study of thought, English is evidently more ready to our hand, because in other languages that study cannot commence till they have been translated into English.

I do not think that English can ever supersede or do the work of Latin and Greek, even for boys who leave school at the early age of fifteen. But, on the other hand, I venture to suggest that Latin and Greek may be unable to do the work of English. I am convinced that the study of English may be undertaken so as to interest, stimulate, and develop the student; that it is perfectly compatible with the discipline and competition of very large classes; that its success, as also the success of other studies, depends, to some extent, upon the way in which it is taught, but that, even when taught tentatively by those who will be very glad to receive hints how to teach it better, it may produce results not altogether unsatisfactory.

## A CITY AT PLAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"*Les Anglais n'aiment pas s'amuser, n'est-ce pas, madame ?*"

This remark (which at once removed the pleasing delusion as to my own French, which her amiable politeness had caused) was made to me by a respectable, middle-aged Parisienne, of the bourgeois class, perhaps a little below it—for she wore no bonnet, but one of those snowy white caps, which no English laundress could hope to rival. She and I stood together, clinging to the railings of the high walk which bounds the Jardin des Tuileries, and looking down the Rue de Rivoli towards the Place de la Concorde, across which the procession of *le Bœuf Gras* was to pass. For this was the second of the three days of Carnival; and though it was still *grand matin*—not much past nine A.M.—and the sharp east wind shook angrily the black trees behind us, and there was not a ray of sunshine even in sunshiny Paris,—nevertheless all the Parisian world and his wife, and especially all their children, were abroad—"pour s'amuser."

Of course, business still went on down the Rue de Rivoli, at least in the centre of it. There were the usual heavy country carts drawn by white Norman horses, queerly caparisoned, driven by blue-bloused peasants, who looked as if they had never been in Paris before; the lumbering omnibuses, also with white horses (I think nine-tenths of the French horses are either white or grey); the incessant *remises* and *fiacres*, and the occasional carriages. But down each side of the street flowed a continual stream of people, apparently idle people. At every convenient corner they gathered into groups, and all along the Tuileries railings they hung in a row, like pins stuck on a pin paper, wedged as close as they could be.

I had tried to be polite to my right-hand neighbour, but she was grumpy—the only grumpy Frenchwoman I ever met. Perhaps she thought herself in too low company, for she was a shade higher in rank than my left-hand friend: she wore a bonnet, and a velvet one, too. My meek attempts at conversation she altogether snubbed, and when I dared to borrow a handbill she carried—a *Promenade du Bœuf Gras*, with a description (my own had none)—and began copying it in pencil on my knee, she eyed me with exceeding distrust, as if I were plotting something against the State. With her imposing size—she was decidedly fat—she contrived to render my footing so insecure that I certainly should have slipped down from the railings, had it not been for my good-natured friend on the other side, the *bourgeoise* aforesaid.

Consequently, the good woman and I entered into sociable conversation about the *Bœuf Gras*, the coming procession, and the Carnival in general, which, I had heard, was expected to be particularly good this year.

My neighbour shook her head: "Ah, if madame had seen it, as I remember it, twenty years ago!" And she kept repeating the words—"il y a vingt ans"—with a lingering emphasis; then burst into a voluble description of what the Paris Carnival was then, in the midst suddenly making the remark with which I have began this paper.

I quite agreed with her in her opinion concerning our nation, but said, laughing, that some hereditary French blood made me an exception to the rule, and though I was an Englishwoman, I very much liked to—but how shall I translate that quite untranslatable verb, *s'amuser*? It does not mean "to be amused," that is, by other

people—the dreariest sort of amusement I know; still less does it imply “to amuse oneself,” in a solitary, selfish spirit. I take it to express most nearly the occupation of children at play, not bent upon any special entertainment, but simply catching the humour of the moment; snatching the present as it flies, and looking neither behind nor before. A condition of mind not only harmless, but often excellently wise, and which my Parisienne was quite right in supposing was with us English only too rare.

Yes, as a nation we certainly do not care to amuse ourselves. Nothing would ever make any of our cities or towns wear the aspect of that “city at play,” such as I saw it during the three days of Carnival. And, descending from the aggregate to the individual in that gay crowd, nothing certainly could have been further from the mind of any middle-aged British matron than to turn out from her home and her family, at nine o'clock on a bleak February morning, and spend an hour or so quite alone, perched like a bird upon a railing, waiting for the passing by of a rather childish show; and doing this, as my Parisienne did, simply “*pour s'amuser.*”

Yet I neither blame nor praise her: I merely give the fact. It is only on returning to this excellent, rich, hard-working, but just a little too solemn England, that the drop or two of French blood in me—the reference to which my Parisienne received with congratulatory approval—makes me linger with a certain pleasure over a few pictures left by this carnival city—wishing secretly, perhaps, that there was with us at home a little less work, a little more play—actual play.

It was on Sunday, of course, that the fun began—a true February day, bright and bleak; the sunshine clear, as Paris sunshine always is; the cold biting, intense, as Paris cold well knows how to be, so that crossing the great square of the Louvre made one feel as if one were being kissed and killed in a breath. Now, there are elements in a Paris Sunday which will always make it

repellent—I will not say repulsive—to the British mind. The streets looking just as upon a week-day; work going on as usual, without a sign of the day of rest; the shops universally open, save the very few who boldly mark on their closed shutters, “*Fermée le Dimanche.*” No; we cannot—I fervently trust we never shall—reconcile ourselves to this total ignoring of Sabbath repose, which, based merely upon human grounds, seems such a vital necessity.

But if the shops are open, so are the churches. Soon after eight a.m. I went in and joined a throng of worshippers, chiefly working people, men and women, who in England would probably have been sleeping off the Saturday night's over-eating or over-drinking in their beds. And, without being in the least inclined to Roman Catholicism, or to that hybrid form of it, Ritualism, I say decidedly—I wish every one of our churches was open every day and all day long. Undoubtedly, before it began to play, the city said its prayers, and very earnest prayers too. Then, about noon, it turned out in all its best clothes—and the best clothes of a young or even old Parisienne are very different from those of a Cockney—inundating the streets with pretty, suitable, tasteful toilettes. There were very few bonnets, or the apologies for bonnets that women wear now, the lower classes imitating the higher, *ad nauseam*, but in their stead the universal *capuchon*, of violet, scarlet, black, and white, the most becoming head-dress any woman could wear. And the gowns were all decently short—no street-sweeping; while as to the petticoats, their variety was a sight to behold!

I cannot say the women were pretty—not even in holiday clothes—but they all looked bright and gay as holiday-makers should. They came out in twos and threes, pairs of sweethearts, or knots of female companions. There were many domestic groups—the father, mother, and one child: a quiet triad—for children in Paris are not over-numerous, and grave as little old men and women. One misses the constant gush

of child-life which over-floods our London in park, street, alley, and square. Instead, comes another item of street-population, wholly unknown to us, those odd-looking Zouaves, with their queer, sharp, brown faces and dark wistful eyes, almost like children's eyes, whom one meets every dozen yards or so, wandering vaguely about like strange creatures newly caught, and not quite naturalized yet.

Such were a few of the elements of this holiday crowd, which began to circulate about, hither and thither, after *le Bœuf Gras*, this *foule immense* (as it is called with a *naïveté* very foreign to our mural inscriptions, on the base of Cleopatra's Needle, at the Place de la Concorde), which is said to give its rulers so much trouble, because it will insist upon being amused. As a curious confirmation of this, and of the vital difference between the two races, English and French, I was informed by one who had had many years' opportunity of testing the fact, that the Paris Préfet's daily list of criminal accusations was always shorter after a fête-day than at any other time. I am afraid our police-sheet of any given 26th of December, or Easter Tuesday, would not show the same.

Yet a London crowd is a fine sight. The "many-headed monster thing" is rather a noble beast than not. Courageous, self-reliant, well-behaved—generous too, with a rough sense of justice, and an admiration for "pluck"—a staunch stickler for its own rights, yet not encroaching on those of its neighbour; and having, in the main, that quick sympathy with the good, and contempt for the bad, which is found invariably in large masses of men, as if to prove, in spite of the doctrine of original sin, that the deepest stratum of human nature is not bad, but good. But on its "general holidays" the brightest of them, say a royal marriage or funeral—for both come alike to the too-rare holiday-makers—the British public is a somewhat sullen animal, which takes its pleasures with a solemn rapacity, knowing they are but few, and is rather hard

to deal with, tenacious of affront, obnoxious to harsh rule, prone to grumble loudly at its voluntary hardships. Besides, a large proportion of it is not "on pleasure bent" at all, but pursuing its vocation, whether of pocket-picking, seat-letting, or orange and cake-selling, with a business-like pertinacity, never turned aside by such a small thing as amusement.

Now, this Paris *foule* seems wholly bent on amusing itself. "*Toujours gai*" is its motto, written plainly on its face; and to this end everybody is on the best possible terms with everybody. No jostling, no scrambling. Its "looped and windowed raggedness" is as civil and even courteous as velvet and lace. "Monsieur" and "Madame" are heard on every side, and the vast multitude is on such excellent terms with itself and everybody else, that it goes swaying on as easily as a mass of sea-waves.

All this with us is utterly unknown. In London I should no more have ventured to go about all day as I did in Paris, than I would have penetrated into the monkeys' cage at the Zoological Gardens. Quite safe, no doubt, but exceedingly uncomfortable. Now, here, it was more than comfortable—agreeable. The studies of life were endless: whether we let ourselves be floated through the Palais Royal or Rue de Rivoli, or mingled in the thinner crowd which filled like an ever-moving kaleidoscope the Tuileries Gardens, feeding the swans, or looking—no, I fear very few looked—at the sunset. Yet what a sunset it was!—radiant with all the colours of spring; and how it gleamed on the white statues and lit up in wonderful clearness the long straight line—perhaps the finest straight line of street in any city—which extends from the palace of the Tuileries up to the Arc de Triomphe.

We left it there—this gay crowd—and caught it up again, as I stated, on the Monday morning, eager at its pleasures, and waiting with infantile delight for the passing of the celebrated procession of the *Bœuf Gras*.

And here to show that there is another

and a serious hard-working side to this city at play, I will make a divergence.

The show was a very fine show in its way. It was composed of about five hundred people, besides horses. It had six emblematic *chars* descriptive of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; besides a *Char d'Olympe* filled with gods and goddesses, and a *Char d'Agriculture*, wherein rode the twelve months and the four seasons. All these were dressed in the most classic style, and with, I must say, remarkably good taste. Then there was a huge *char* full of costumed musicians, playing vehemently, and a troop of *cavaliers peaux rouges*, twenty or more, who sat their horses with a skill more belonging to the Hippodrome than to the backwoods of America; while in the midst journeyed the garlanded gilt-horned victims, the four *bœufs gras*—*Mignon*, *le Lutteur masqué*, *Paul Forestier*, and lastly *Gulliver*, a magnificent beast, who with his huge head tied safely down, kept turning on the throng those large, patient, pathetic eyes that oxen have. All this procession, which traversed Paris street by street for three days, stopping at the principal public offices and private abodes, for royal or noble *largesse*, was under the arrangement and at the expense of a certain M. Duval, a *bourgeois* hero in his way.

In *La Petite Presse* of that day—one of those flaccid journals, so limp as to their paper, so florid and grandiose in their style—I found an account of him—which, in its dramatic form of putting things almost rivalled the *feuilleton* which followed—a tale describing “la prison de *Clarkenweld*” [*sic*], and the interior of Newgate, in a manner strikingly original. If I remember rightly, the Governor, a Sir Somebody Something, is a gentleman of bland manners, always smiling, who, handling his own keys, escorts an amazed Frenchman through Newgate to the condemned cell, which they find fitted up as a mortuary chapel, the soul of the criminal having just departed in an exemplary manner, surrounded by lighted candles and all the last rites of

the Catholic Church. This *par parenthèse*, though it strikes us with an alarming humility; lest our pictures of foreigners should unwittingly be as far from the truth as theirs of ourselves.

Scarcely less peculiar is the sketch of M. Duval, the “*acquéreur des bœufs gras*,” as he terms himself.” It is so funny, in its serio-comic sentiment, and its reckless trenching upon what we call in England “the sanctities of private life,” that I cannot resist translating it entire.

“Rue de Rome, numéro 5. Behold “us, standing opposite one of those “grand mansions whose mere exterior “implies wealth and commerce. There “lives M. Duval, with his family. “There also is his place of business, “where he carries on the administration “of his vast enterprises, his *bouillons*, “laundries, bakers’ and butchers’ shops, “his aquarium, &c. &c. M. Duval is a “great capitalist, who loves to employ “his capital in many different spheres “of action. He possesses an *Egeria*; “his wife, an admirable woman of business, clever alike in advising and in “acting. He has a son and heir, twenty “years old, now qualifying himself by “the translating of Livy and Tacitus to “preside at his father’s slaughter- “houses; who listens to the lowing of “Virgil’s kine, and studies under Pliny “the habits of fish.

“Around Generalissimo Duval gravi- “tates a whole army of *employés*; yearly “some new battle-field is won. Now “it is a wine and spirit shop, newly “opened at Berry; again a washing “and baking establishment, conducted “on the same principle as the world- “known *bouillons*, or else it is the great “aquarium on the Boulevard Mont- “martre, which cost its projector “230,000 francs. ‘Too much,’ said the “gossips.—M. Duval listened smiling. “—During the Exposition of 1867, “250,000 persons visited his fish! This “fact shows his success—another will “prove how well he deserves it. He “found out that his piscine flock would “not thrive on shore sea-water; he “immediately chartered a Dieppe

“steamer, and went out into deep sea water, bringing back to Paris, not only quantities of fish, but oceans of their native element.

“M. Duval’s best claim to public gratitude is the establishment of his *bouillons économiques*, the noble substitutes for those execrable *gargotes*, familiar to all who have known Paris for the last twenty years, as being the only place where one could get a dinner at from 19 to 25 sous. In their stead—from 1840 to 1845—the Dutch *bouillons* vainly tried to succeed. M. Duval caught the idea, improved upon it, and beginning at the Rue de la Monnaie, created the twelve establishments which now bear his name.

“At first he only supplied *bouillon* and beef, but soon the bill of fare was extended. The Parisian public fully appreciated these restaurants, where, for the same low price as heretofore, one was excellently served in airy rooms, on marble tables, with well-cooked food of first-rate quality, which one could eat without being poisoned. True, the portions were each rather small; but huge eaters might call for a second portion without ruining themselves. Twenty or thirty sous will procure a capital dinner at the *Bouillons Duval*.

“Besides, there are no waiters; but waitresses, which gives employment to a number of women. Undoubtedly, one might greatly desire with Michelet and other political economists, that the wages of the husband and father should always suffice for the family, while the wife sinks into her true place as mother and manager at home. The children’s education, and the whole moral life of the household, would gain much thereby. But, alas! facts are against M. Michelet. His theory is but a beautiful dream. Practically, the husband’s wages are not sufficient to maintain the family. The wife must work likewise; and those who help her to work—in a feminine way—do much good in their generation. The number of girls and

“women employed by M. Duval must have benefited many a household.

“Let us visit one of the *bouillons*; take, for instance, the one in the Rue de Rivoli” (where, this present writer solemnly avers, that she and a friend, —neither of them “huge eaters,” but yet sufficiently and wholesomely hungry with Paris sight-seeing—lunched admirably off meat, potatoes, bread, and macaroni, for the large sum of a franc and a half—say seven-pence-halfpenny a-piece).

“On entering we are presented with a printed bill of fare—meats and wines—the price of each plainly marked. We sit down at a table, of white marble, adorned with the little equipage of pepper and salt, and the decanter containing clear, cool water, sparkling and fresh. Immediately there comes to us a young woman, neatly dressed in white apron and spotless muslin cap; she takes our orders, and writes upon our *carte* whatever we desire—*potage, bouillon, meat, vegetables, wine*. We are served accurately and rapidly. The plates, knives, and forks, are clean and abundant. If we wish, an additional *sou* will procure us a table-napkin. We eat, leisurely or fast, but we need be in no hurry, and may take time to notice the many respectable occupants of other tables, even single women, who look like governesses or ladies out shopping for the day, feeding as comfortably and decorously as ourselves. Our repast ended, we lay our *carte* on the counter, it is added up in the twinkling of an eye by the clerk, usually a woman too, who sits there; we pay, and the thing is done. No fees to the waitresses—M. Duval reckons all that in their salaries. Their civility is genuine, and quite independent of a possible *sou*.

“If necessary, even a *gourmand* can dine at the *Bouillons Duval*. One may see figuring on the *carte* Saint Julien at three francs and champagne at four francs fifty centimes the bottle. But these are beyond the usual requirements of M. Duval’s customers.



“A word about the great man himself. He was born in 1811, at Montlhéry. At twenty, he was a poor butcher-boy in Paris; at thirty he found himself by his own industry on the high road to fortune. He has had many failures, many disappointments, but has overcome them all. M. Duval is a man of middle stature, bright-complexioned, red-bearded, with brown hair. He speaks much, and with a natural and proud satisfaction, of all he has done and all he means to do. Nothing is too fine for him—nothing too great. ‘Still, take care of the money,’ whispers gently Madame Duval.

“Ordinarily the husband follows the advice of the wife, as all good husbands should do; but in this case he has not done it. In the lavishly splendid procession of the *Bœuf Gras* M. Duval has listened to nobody, unless it be to his classically-educated son in describing to him the costumes of Greece and Rome.”

Very grand the costumes were, and accurate likewise. And if under Minerva’s helmet, or the flowery garland of May (who had hard work, poor soul, to quiet a hungry, thinly clad, rather obstreperous baby), were faces not absolutely classical, which looked worn, sallow, and pinched in the sharp morning air—why, what could you expect? I only hope M. Duval gave each of his gods and goddesses a real good mortal dinner at one of his *bouillons*.

Beside these live personages, the mechanical appliances of the show were very good. I still recal with a childish satisfaction the big, calm (artificial) sphynx, sitting with her paws stretched out and her eyes gazing right forward, as is the custom of sphynxes; the huge stuffed elephant, a little shaky on the legs, but majestic still, and, above all, the gigantic *bœuf*, made of coloured bladders, that floated airily over the last *char*, attached only by a slender string. This string was cut just in front of the balcony of the Tuileries, when the extraordinary animal soared at once skywards, balloon fashion, to the ecstasy—the newspapers record—of the young

Prince Imperial, and causing even the grim Emperor himself to break into a smile.

Whenever during the three days we met the procession, an eager crowd always followed, flattening itself against railings, filling street-doorways, and raising itself in tiers of heads upon the steps of churches, just as our crowds do, only with twice as much merriment and good-humour. And when, though tracking it out of Paris proper to the suburban district of Les Ternes, we still felt its results in having to sit for twenty minutes in the last of a row of six omnibusses all *complet*, but each waiting patiently the hour of starting; we could not help noticing its exceeding cheerfulness. All the passengers chattered away together in the shrillest and most joyous French, but nobody complained of the long delay—nobody scolded the conductor. I do not say the French are a better race than we, but they are certainly better-tempered, especially when out for a holiday.

*Mardi-Gras*, the last day of the festival, brought a sight I shall not soon forget. It was a lovely spring evening, and down the Champs Elysées the people swarmed like bees in the sunshine, all classes and ranks together. Some drove down the centre way in handsome carriages, mostly filled with children, whose happy faces peered brightly over the white fur or bearskin rugs which enwrapped them. Others, well-dressed and respectable folk, sat in groups on the chairs and benches, as if it were summer-time. While the “lower orders,” as we call them, formed one smooth settled line along the edge of the *pavé*, behind which was another line, continually in motion, until at the Place de la Concorde it coagulated into one compact mass.

There the people stood, the setting sun shining on their merry faces, on the very spot where, scarcely a generation ago, their fathers and mothers had seen the “son of Saint Louis” remorselessly executed; whence, afterwards his queen and widow gave that last pathetic glance towards the Tuileries Gardens, and died silently, a queen to the end. Sad and

strange, infinitely sad and strange! Almost incredible, one would think, watching the Paris of to-day. But as one traverses that wonderful modern city, yearly changing so fast—new streets, avenues, and faubourgs rising, until historical Paris is almost entirely obliterated (“It is not desirable for us to have a history,” said a Parisian one day to me)—one cannot help wondering what will be the story of the future—what new events, what possible tragedies may still be enacted there?

But the only tragedy to-day was that of the *Bœuf Gras*, which, after his three days’ triumph, was now borne relentlessly to the Palais de l’Industrie. All that crowd was waiting to see him enter there, never to emerge again except as beef. Yet he had had his day. Portraits of him were circulating about the streets—one of which, a splendid broadside—we bought. It contains, besides a gorgeous engraving of the procession, two poems, one of which has a curious thread of pathos running through its buffoonery. Here it is, done into English from its Nivernais patois:—

LE DERNIER VOYAGE DE  
GULLIVER.

- “Ha, ha! the fever of success  
Burns in my veins. So fat—so fair!  
Of all the oxen of Nièvre  
I am the biggest and most rare;  
All envy me, the beast of price,—  
And from my flank will have a slice;  
Alas, to be too beautiful  
Is dangerous both to man—and bull!”
- “When in my village home I dwelt  
How happy was I all day long!  
Now in a gilded car I ride  
The glory of the Paris throng.  
The Carnival—the Carnival,  
I am the centre of it all!  
But, ah! to be so much caressed  
Is good for neither man nor beast.
- “Once in my quiet country meads  
I cropped the cool delicious grass:  
Beside my sweet companion cow  
How cheerful, how content I was!  
Now parted from my better half  
I moan and pine like any calf:  
And torn from her, green fields, fresh air,  
I weep my lot in being too fair!”
- “Adieu, fat pastures that I loved!  
Adieu, my innocent pleasures all!  
My last, last journey now I take  
To grace the Paris Carnival.

What fate is mine! I ride in state,  
Descend, am killed, and cooked, and ate.  
Alas, to be too beautiful  
Is death alike to man—and bull!”

There is a second poem, “*Causerie d’un Bœuf Masqué*,” but it is written in such queer patois, and so full of puns and references to the Paris slang of the day, that I should despair of making it intelligible either in French or English. But it is at least quite harmless, which is more than can be said of everything Parisian.

Nevertheless, perfectly harmless, so far at least as we witnessed it—which was up to ten o’clock P.M.—on *Mardi-Gras*, seemed the fun of the Paris streets, carnival fun though it was. We quitted the thronged Place de la Concorde with the sun setting upon the poor *bœuf*’s last hour of life, and very thankful to know the victim was *only a bœuf*; nor did we reappear again on the surface of the city till 8 P.M., when its aspect had altogether changed.

At first, rather for the worse. Every shop was shut. The bright line of the Boulevards was now one long darkness. All those cheery *boutiques* where *Madame la boutiquière* may generally be seen composedly sitting at her evening work, or chatting with her friends, were closed and silent. Here and there only, in some of the paved alleys, there was a photographer’s window, or a cigar shop open, to illuminate the spot. But to various places of amusement,—theatres, masqued balls, and so on—there were endless directions; guiding stars, done in gas, and flaring gas inscriptions, to attract the crowd. It thickened and thickened, until it flowed down the pavement in three continuous streams, two downwards and one upwards, chiefly composed of the under-world, the working world of Paris; but so far as we could judge, entirely respectable. All were strictly decorous in their dress, manners, and behaviour; and as they gathered round the few illuminated windows, the light showed their faces to be no worse than most holiday faces—perhaps better—for the universal white cap and neat *capuchon* gave to the women an air of decent grace which one rarely

sees under the flaunting, shabby flower-bedecked bonnets of the corresponding class in London. Most of them, whether young or elderly, were escorted by some male friend, husband, or sweetheart—upon whose arm, or both his arms, they merrily hung, to the detriment of his invariable cigar. But I cannot say the Paris men are either so attractive or so respectable-looking as the Paris women.

By and by, the night being fine, the spaces in front of the restaurants began to fill. The crowd settled down to take its *café* as usual in the open air. Soon there was a three-deep row of crowded tables, at which sociable family groups chatted and looked about them, and sipped various beverages of apparently innocuous kind. Drink is not the temptation of a Frenchman; not a single drunken man did we see during the whole three days. Would it be so if we had a London carnival?

Nor was there, in spite of the continually increasing crowd, any inconvenient pushing or crushing. That thoroughly French civility and courtesy, which I have so often referred to, never failed. Once only there was anything approaching to a rush—when a party of young men and women, dressed for the Opera-ball in fancy costumes, stopped to take their *café*, visible to all outsiders, at a restaurant. But even then the result was only a scramble and a good stare,—the sole expression of feeling on the part of the crowd coming from a peasant lad, who lifted up his hands and eyes in admiration of the women, exclaiming—*“C'est éblouissant !”*

But soon the throng became almost impassable, especially round the *costumiers'* shops, where, surrounded by a blaze of satin dominoes, white, black, pink, scarlet, and backed by queer masks of all sorts, sempstresses were seen still diligently stitching—hard at work while all Paris was at play—upon ball-costumes. And presently one saw now and then, threading the crowd in their masques and dominoes, people who were going to “assist” at that final festivity, the grand masqued ball at the Opera-Comique—said to be the most splendid,

attractive, and disgraceful recreation of the city in its holiday mood—at which, I need scarcely say, we were not present. But we caught floating fragments of it pushing through the streets, or humble imitations of it done by ragged lads squeaking in horrible cow's horns from under gigantic noses; while older and less innocent young fools dressed up in women's clothes, shrieking in shrill treble, and waving broken parasols about their heads, occasionally darted through the crowd, which made way for them and greeted them with shouts of appreciative laughter.

At eight o'clock next morning, going, as was my wont, into the nearest church, I met crowds, actual crowds, of both men and women hurrying to its doors. All sorts of people they were—the working class, the shop-keeping class—the same class exactly which had filled the streets up to ten o'clock on the night before. Now, at that early hour in the morning they were beginning their day by going to *basse-messe*, or confession, or whatever it was. I never have understood the ins and outs of Roman Catholic services, which to us seem so childish and involved. But of one thing I am certain—the people *pray*. And it was a curious and startling contrast to all the mirth and revelry of the past three days, to see them turn out thus, on a gloomy, damp morning, to commence with earnest worship—at least their countenances implied earnestness—the first day of *Carême*; what we call Ash-Wednesday.

*Les Anglais n'aiment pas s'amuser.* No. I am afraid we do not. Races, like individuals, have their special characteristics, which it is useless to fight against, and almost useless to try to alter. Best to leave them as they are, when they are mere “peculiarities,” not degenerating into actual sins. Therefore, I am not going to add one word of moralizing—not certainly of condemnation—either of ourselves or our neighbours. Only, that if there are better things, there certainly may be worse things, than this sight which I have here recorded,—the sight of a City at Play.

## THE AMERICAN LECTURE-SYSTEM.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.

ACROSS the prairies of the American continent, five hundred miles west of the Missouri river, and about midway between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, there moves westward into the wilderness a railway construction-train of eighty vans. There is no house within a hundred miles, nor sign of human existence save that connected with the new railway itself. Far to right and left, among distant mountains, are fifteen hundred wood-choppers; far in advance are two thousand men, grading the track; behind them follows a smaller force, laying the wooden sleepers. In the rear of this last army the construction-train halts; a truck, drawn by two horses, takes on a load of rails with the necessary chairs and spikes, then the horses set off at a gallop. They stop where ten men are stationed, five on each side, opposite the last pair of rails yet laid. The truck has a pair of rollers, two men on the right seize a rail and throw it on the roller, three others run it out to the proper distance, while the group on the left are similarly employed. With a single swing, the end of each rail is forced into the chair already laid. The chief of the squad shouts "Down!" when the second chair is at once set, and the next rail grasped. Twice in every minute there comes from each side the line that cry of "Down!" It is the measured footstep of advancing civilization. With each day's sunset more than two additional miles of this habitable globe have been permanently girdled and possessed by man. These iron rails once laid, all else follows—all the signs and appliances of American social order: the farm, the workshop, the village, the church, the schoolhouse, the *New York Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and—the popular Lecture-system.

The village once established, the railway becomes its tributary; bears its products to the market, brings it means of comfort and of culture. Soon there must be imported some apparatus for social recreation, a juggler—a travelling "circus," a band of "Ethiopian Minstrels" with "banjo" and "bones." But this is not enough. Gradually the New England element, which is apt to be the organizing and shaping force in a north-western town, calls loudly for some direct intellectual stimulus. It must see the men of note, must have some contact with the more cultivated Eastern mind. "Europe," says Emerson, "stretches to the Alleghanies." From beyond the Alleghanies, then, must intellectual delights be sought. Let us have the orator, the philosopher, the poet; but as we cannot go to him, he must come to us.

Yet at first the soil is rather unprepared for intellectual culture, pure and simple; it must be administered in combination with something else for a time. Youth and levity crave a dance, for instance; the dance is conceded; but since many of the guests must ride twenty miles for their pleasure, it will be an obvious economy to appoint the lecture for the same evening, permitting one admittance-fee to serve for both. "Tickets to Emerson and ball, one dollar." There is no end to these combinations in the earlier stages of intellectual colonization. There lies before me a handbill, printed last winter in a village of Indiana, wherein Mr. J. Jackson offers to read Hamlet for twenty-five cents, ladies free. He modestly adds that "after the reading he will develop a plan for the formation of a company, with a small capital, for the manufacture of silk handkerchiefs of a quality superior to anything in the market, and will

“relate some incidents of his early life “in connexion with this particular “article.” Thus Mr. J. Jackson artfully allures his audience to tears, and then stanches their griefs with his own pocket-handkerchiefs.

These are the germs of the Lecture-system. After a time these crude beginnings are matured and systematized, and arrangements are made for a separate course of lectures, which may at the utmost include a concert or two, and perhaps a dramatic reading—pocket-handkerchiefs not included. A public meeting is perhaps called; some simple organization is effected, perhaps in connexion with some local charity which may share the profits of the enterprize, while provision is made against any deficit by the subscriptions of a few energetic men. Officers are appointed—usually a Lecture-committee—to select the speakers, a Secretary to invite them, a Treasurer to pay them, and a President to introduce them to the audience. The lecture then becomes the weekly excitement of the place; all local appointments make way for it, and it attracts people from long distances. That is if they be of New England birth; for the popular lecture cannot exist below a certain parallel of latitude, while foreign immigrants are apt to avoid it—or to taste of it, as they do of any other national dish, with courtesy, but not with relish.

A winter's course of lectures may vary from a half-dozen to a score. At first, each local organization acts on its own responsibility. Soon it is found practicable for a few adjacent towns to co-operate in their plans, thus offering to their favourite lecturers a series of engagements on the same line of travel. Carrying this method yet farther, there has grown up an extensive organization of “Western Literary Societies,” whose range extends from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania to Laurence in Kansas. The agent of this association, Mr. G. L. Torbert, of Dubuque, Iowa, has, during the past winter, negotiated between thirty-five lectures and one hundred and ten societies, arranging

for each society a tolerably regular course of lectures, and for each orator a continuous series of engagements, longer or shorter. In the autumn he issued his list of speakers, with their respective subjects and prices, leaving each society to make its selection from the list. The lecturer has no trouble about the matter after he has once inspired the Western public with an appetite for his services. He states his demands, the agent does all the rest; and the happy itinerant leaves home with a printed circular in his pocket, assigning his dozen or his hundred engagements, as the case may be. Perhaps he has never heard the names of many of the towns where he is to find his audiences; no matter, he is sure that they will all be there, posted a day's journey apart, along his designated route. Arriving at each town, he will surely find his committee-man awaiting him, and each will recognise the other by that freemasonry of the eye which brings host and guest together. So smoothly, in short, does the great machine revolve that there is no likelihood of interruption, unless from some great snowstorm blockading twenty lecturers on as many railways, and thus disappointing a score of audiences. For an appointment once missed can by no means be taken up again; the traveller must hasten on for the next.

It is an exciting life, thus to find one's self moving to and fro, a living shuttle, to weave together this new web of national civilization. Were the audiences never so dull, the lecturer's task would have interest in view of its results. But the audiences are rarely dull, and it is usually worth the labour that it costs him to meet them face to face. True, he must spend night after night in “sleeping-cars,” taking such slumber as he may while his rocking cradle is whirled on. He rises at dawn, perhaps, for some comfortless change of conveyance, or some shivering wayside breakfast. He dozes half the day, and in his waking hours risks his eyes over newspapers, or his temper over politics. He arrives hungry at his place of desti-

nation, and must perhaps hasten at once, having reached the lowest ebb of human forlornness, to his lecture-room. But there the scene changes. With the glare of the gas lamps there comes a sudden stimulus, such as the footlights give to the jaded actor. The lighted hall looks familiar, the faces appear well known; it seems to be the same friendly audience that has travelled with him from the Atlantic shore. At any rate, these men and women will laugh where their predecessors laughed, applaud where they applauded. It may seem hard to throw new life into an opening paragraph that has done daily duty at precisely that hour for the four weeks previous, but it can be done. Animation comes back, a new allusion occurs, a fresh image; the lecture is trite, to be sure, but surely a poor wanderer may be forgiven for a few vain repetitions, if his object be that his children may repeat their daily bread. So he contends bravely for his one glorious hour against an atmosphere of too crowded life and the inertness of an asphyxiated audience.

Closing with such climax of eloquence as heaven may send, he retires meekly to his seat, and accepts with due modesty the guarded compliments of the presiding officer. In return, the lecturer praises the intelligence of that particular audience and the convenient architecture of the Town Hall; and then, descending from the platform, he shakes hands with the Committee of Arrangements and the Board of Selectmen. All now is peaceful, and he retires with a sense of conscious virtue to his hotel, or is perhaps received as a guest in some little Western home, a bit of transplanted New England, where he finds Longfellow's "Dante" on the table, and Millais' "Huguenot" on the walls. There he finds himself overwhelmed with kindnesses, for which no return is asked save the last item of gossip from the cities, and then his spirits rise with this easy popularity, and he thinks lecturing a delightful career.

The next morning, too, when the

drive to the railway seems pleasant in the frosty air, and he whirls away, a hundred dollars richer, to fresh fields and pastures new, the life he leads seems yet attractive. It is only as the day goes on, and his jaded spirits droop steadily from the morning excitement to the noon collapse, that he again settles into a proper sense of his forlorn condition. Then savage fancies begin to haunt his breast, and he likens himself to that fabled piece of comfortless ornithology, the huma, which hovers unceasingly and never alights. It is a symbol so suitable to this hapless profession that Dr. Holmes, in the "Autocrat," confesses to having employed it on two successive lecturing tours to the same kind hostess at the same tea table.

But tea table and kind hostess belong not always to the lecturer. More often he encounters the stern hardships of American hotel life. In the large cities he may often obtain sumptuous fare at corresponding prices, but the village inn of English traditions has no existence in America, and in its place are sorrow, privation, and weariness of the flesh. The lecturer goes forth boldly on his first trip, assuring the wife of his bosom that she need not fear for him, since he can subsist on the simplest fare. He sends back words of lofty cheer from the first stopping place, while he explores the savoury luncheon, packed by her fair hands in its basket. Too late he learns that the simplest fare is the one thing that neither love nor money can commonly procure him, after the basket is once empty; and he finds to his cost that digestive organs which have been trained to simplicity are precisely those most endangered by lard and fried pork. Worst of all, the lecturer's nervous system is a part of his stock-in-trade, and upon his material food and drink depends the intellectual pabulum of his audience. He has encountered an obstacle which can only be conquered by reforming the dietetic habits of a nation. Dickens' tale of "Mugby Junction" had but a moderate success in America, and I fancy that it was because it portrayed a condition of

culinary things so superior to the average on our own railways, that we could never quite understand his complaint.

So seriously is this great evil brought home to the lecturer's daily life, that he sometimes feels moved to begin at the foundations, and discourse on the cookery-book. This present writer, when young and inexperienced, did thus essay to break a feeble lance against American pie. How little knows any foreigner, when he hears the name of this dish, that though to him it has been a mere luxury of the dessert, it is in this republic one of the great ruling forces. Cotton is dethroned, slavery is fallen, but pie is still king. Pie rules the court, the camp, the grove, and, of course, the railway station. I have known a farmer's wife to say soberly that she had given up making bread, because her children preferred pie. Accordingly, on one occasion, this modest lecturer protested against this excess of indulgence. He spoke especially of the accustomed mince pie of America, which he justly described as consisting of something white and indigestible at the top, and something moist and indigestible at bottom, with untold horrors in the middle. Returning homeward by rail next morning, he found his lecture under discussion by two passengers. A respectable dame had asked another if she had heard it.

"No," she answered, "I didn't. But Miss Jones she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table, and says she—'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I'm never goin' to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin' in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Sam Weller did not feel more gratified, when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry," and wondered what they would call a roast one, than I

when my poor stock of phrases was reinforced by this unexpected polysyllable.

This is a sample of the racy personal criticisms which may await the lecturer. Passing usually unrecognised in his travelling dress, he may be asked to describe his own appearance, may be advised to attend his own lecture or else dissuaded from it, may assist in the dissection of his own mental traits, or officiate at the funeral of his own reputation. Each professional tour may thus replenish his stock of anecdotes for the next. A well-known lecturer was lately ascending the steps of some great hotel, he being in very travel-stained condition, and bearing his valise in his hand. A red-faced, over-dressed lady paused in her descent to accost him. "Pray," said she, "are you the porter?" "No, madam," he courteously responded, "are you the chambermaid?"

Sometimes, to be sure, he may discover that there is some quite different basis for the popular zeal which he at first claimed as personal to himself. remember that once, when travelling on a small branch railway to fulfil an engagement, I heard on the way a good deal of talk about that evening's lecture. Conductors, brakemen, and passengers were all comparing notes about it, and all seemed to agree that nothing should prevent them from being present. I could not quite make out their special point of sympathy, but sat in pleasing meditation on the intelligence of this particular region. By the time we drew near the terminus, the conductor had his eye on me as the only stranger and the probable orator. When he accosted me, and I owned the fact, he burst eagerly into conversation. "You are probably not aware," he said with dignity, "that the President of the 'Lecture-association, who should introduce you to-night, is absent from the 'village, and that you will be introduced by the Vice-President, who is 'engineer of this very train.'" Here was the elucidation! All this intellectual interest was but *esprit du corps*. When the time came, the engineer introduced me, very quietly and properly; in his

evening dress, he would have passed for a robust geological professor. I found him a most intelligent man, and a reader of Emerson; and he took me home on his locomotive the next morning.

I have dwelt chiefly on the recent expansion of the American Lecture-system in the Western States, because it is there most thoroughly organized, and takes its most characteristic forms. In the maturer civilization of the Eastern States it is more mingled with other intellectual influences, and it also needs less of centralized organization. Lecturers are more accessible, and can make their own arrangements. An effort is now being made, however, by the "American Literary Bureau" at New York, to introduce into the Eastern circuit something of the method which prevails at the West. Its superintendent, Mr. James K. Medbery, has made engagements for nearly thirty lecturers during the past winter, in eight different states of the Union, including a portion of the field covered also by the "Associated Western Literary Societies." There are probably some two hundred such societies west of the Alleghanies, and several times that number in the Atlantic States. More accurate statistics have not yet been obtained.

The stronghold of the system has always been in Massachusetts, where it originated; it has spread thence westward, but not far southward; it has never taken much hold in New York city, for instance, nor in the Middle States generally, while in the Slave States it never gained a footing at all. It came into existence about forty years ago; and one of its leading founders was our great school reformer, Horace Mann. At first there were no professional lecturers, but each local course was carried on by the lawyers, physicians, and clergymen of the neighbourhood. As certain lecturers became more popular, they extended their range, and were paid a fee. Fifteen dollars was a large fee at first—ten dollars seemed more reasonable; and it was long before it crept up to twenty-five and fifty. Even now the standard of prices at the East remains far below that prevailing

at the West, partly because the lecturers have not so far to go, and partly because there are more competing entertainments, and the community will not, therefore, pay so much.

The introduction of professional lecturers, while strengthening and popularizing the system, has doubtless tended to banish the old style of lectures. The present aspect of things must be quite unlike the English system of "Mechanics' Institutes," where some eminent professor gives instructions in Geology, or Barnes Newcome discourses to his constituents on the "Poetry of the Domestic Affections." With us, poetry and science have almost left the field. The popular lecture is coming to be a branch of that national institution "the stump." Politics, long excluded by common consent, now threaten to exclude everything else. The long slavery agitation, and the war for the Union, very properly brought this element in, and it certainly shows no symptoms of going out. The public demands a glimpse of every public man, and especially every prominent reformer; and not that only, but they wish to see him, as if he were an Indian warrior, in his war-paint. Wendell Phillips may be patiently heard for once discoursing discreetly on the "Lost Arts," or on "Street-life in Europe," but the next season he must come in all his terrors, and thenceforward he must bring tomahawk and scalping-knife every time.

Now this tendency has its good results. Great public questions must be discussed, and they can nowhere be discussed so well. There are problems now pressing upon us which political parties sedulously avoid, and for which the Lecture-system gives an opening—as, for instance, the question of suffrage for women, both sides of which are now being ably advocated through this means over the length and breadth of the land. Again, even party questions can thus be handled without the trammels of party. The popular lecture is the antidote to the caucus. On its free platform, the statesman speaks for himself alone, and commits nobody; he rises as if in committee of the whole, and proceeds with-



out reference to a prospective division. Moreover, an outlet is thus afforded to men who keep aloof from all party ties. I have seen Wendell Phillips received with admiration and delight by audiences of whom not one in a hundred would admit the truth of his assertions—until twelve months after they were uttered.

But with this great good there comes an evil also. What public policy gains by this change of theme, literature and art lose. With the name "Lyceum" is also passing away the "Lyceum lecture." The scholar recedes from sight, and the impassioned orator takes his place. There is no time for Longfellow to analyze "Dante," nor for Lowell to explain *Hamlet*, while Sumner thunders the terrors of the Lord against a delinquent President, or Anna Dickinson pleads for the enfranchisement of one half the human race. Agassiz is now the only popular lecturer on science who can be said to have an hearing; and Emerson is the only very prominent literary man who now keeps the field. Holmes has almost ceased lecturing, by his own choice, since his great success as a magazineist; and George Curtis seems to have withdrawn himself from all permanent literary work since winning such easy fame on the platform. Yet the old style of "instructive" lectures has not wholly vanished; nobody yet wishes absolutely to exclude them; and there is fortunately always in the field some Arctic explorer, or some slayer of gorillas, whose narratives, if they do not always fill the mind with facts, at least afford a vigorous tonic to the imagination. And if science and art are banished from the popular organizations, they occasionally find refuge in the larger cities, under the special shelter of some "Cooper Institute" in New York, or "Lowell Lectures" in Boston. There, if reports be true, these elevated pursuits can have it all their own way, and a man may venture on such depths of wisdom as to rid himself at last of all human audience, except his wife and the janitor.

But even with these drawbacks, the American Lecture-system has this great result, that it furnishes a ready standard by which to try all prominent men.

They must at least face the people eye to eye. This ordeal of the gaslight displays to all beholders the face, the form, the bearing of the speaker. Once placed before his public he can no more evade inspection than if he were a statue in the public square. All men are not statuesque, and the most subtle genius may often shrink, it is true, from such a glare of publicity. It is a test which bears severely on the over-sensitive, or on those ill-furnished with voice or presence. It moreover tends to the ignoring of all thoughts which cannot be put up in available parcels of sixty minutes' compass. But on the other hand, it helps to train each speaker into a whole manhood; it saves the philosopher from becoming a pedant, the student from being an intellectual voluptuary, and it places each in broad, healthy contact with his fellow-men.

Before this popular audience your finer points will probably fail of appreciation, your clearest effects may tell better than your choicest; there is no room for the subtle and evanescent, nor yet for the profound; but on the other hand, you know that your broadest common-sense, your heartiest sympathy, your manliest courage, will be sure of appreciation. You have to do with people who do not ask to be flattered, and will not bear to be patronized; who insist on hearing something to interest them, and are ready and eager to be taught.

It is good for the man of literature or science to meet such an audience; it makes him one of the people; he goes back to his library strengthened. He finds that whatever else the mass of men like or dislike, they always like true manhood. Knowledge, grace, taste, even logic, are all secondary to this. Horace Greeley, who is at once the idol and the butt of a large portion of his countrymen, got the mastery of a whole Western audience, as they laughed at his uncouth entrance, by the simple announcement of a self-evident proposition. "I suppose it to be fact universally admitted," he said, in his whining voice, "that I am the worst public speaker in America." The voice whined,

but the man did not. Everybody knew that he was a bad speaker, and that he was invited, nevertheless, because he had something to say. So much being established, he went on and said it.

A man may thus make himself acceptable by a single available quality; but the more such qualities he combines the more numerous will be his invitations, and the higher his price. In large towns it has almost come to be taken as an axiom that high-priced lectures are the only good economy. No matter how much money a man asks, if he can draw an audience that shall be in proportion. It was thought a bold thing when Henry Ward Beecher raised his price to two hundred dollars. Yet I have known lecture-associations to run themselves in debt by employing cheap local lecturers, and to clear themselves at last by sending for this expensive favourite. John B. Gough and Anna Dickinson now receive the same high compensation, and probably both these lecturers have now more invitations during the year than Beecher. Gough was an importation from the platform of the temperance agitation, and at once found the new field equally favourable and far more lucrative. A sort of evangelical comedian, he is the idol of many worthy people who never saw good acting on any other stage; and he is a favourite with many others who can tolerate his contortions for the sake of his drollery. He does not offer much to the intellect, true, but he often touches the heart; and something is due to a man who makes laughter an ally of good morals.

Miss Dickinson deals rather in tears than in smiles. She owed her first celebrity, perhaps, to the unwonted combination of twenty years of womanhood with a remarkably clear head for political questions. But she could not have retained it for eight years without giving evidence of other elements of power. She has good looks, perfect self-possession, an effective voice, readiness of illustration, fidelity to principle, and great magnetic power; and yet, with all these, she seems to me a far less attractive speaker than her chief prede-

cessor, Lucy Stone, who never called forth one-half so much enthusiasm. Courage is certainly among Miss Dickinson's traits, for during the last Presidential campaign she made a triumphant tour among the roughest mining regions of Pennsylvania, speaking in some places where almost any man of like opinions would have been mobbed into silence. She was probably the most effective orator sent out by the Republican Committees during that election, and certainly earned the right to pass from that theme to her present one, the enfranchisement of her sex. This she treats under the piquant title, "Idiots and Women," borrowing the sarcastic juxtaposition from the statute-books. It is quite an art, by the way, to launch a new lecture under a pungent name. "Book, sir, book? It's the title," Longman used to say; and if a lecture is to be kept afloat for a whole season, it must sail under a flag of its own that shall be quite distinctive.

Next in popularity comes, doubtless, Wendell Phillips, and next to him, probably, George William Curtis. These are the lecturers who still represent polished culture on the platform, and both carry thither a certain high-bred air, which is always most seductive when combined with radical opinions. Wendell Phillips has won public favour while always keeping in advance of public opinion—the highest test of power. Recognised by all as the foremost of American orators, he has never yet paused one moment to enjoy the fruits of past successes, and will die in the harness as a radical. Curtis cannot be compared with Phillips in intellectual power, nor in extent of service; he perhaps gives his hearers as much thought as they demand, but that is not much, whereas Phillips gives them more, forces it upon them. Nor is Curtis so prophetic in insight, nor so free from party ties. But he has all the qualities for a popular favourite, combined with singular rectitude of the moral nature; nothing can be more charming than his rhetoric, more agreeable than his voice, more graceful than his elocution; and he has before him a distinguished and

useful career, though widely unlike that literary life for which he at first seemed destined. Both these orators, indeed, might help to refute that mistaken impression, first fixed in the European mind by De Tocqueville, to the effect that the cultivated men of America keep aloof from politics. Here are two men who have been utterly swept aside from the pursuits of pure intellect by overpowering public demands, and if neither has yet taken office, it is because the time has not come.

A more recent favourite in the lecture-room, who can also venture to ask high prices for his lectures, is Theodore Tilton, editor of the *New York Independent*. This is a weekly religious newspaper of great popularity and influence, and gives him an excellent pedestal. But he shows in the lecture-room the same ability which has built up the *Independent*, while he is so free from bigotry as to be constantly charged with latitudinarianism; he has, moreover, a very sympathetic nature, a ready wit, and that sunny disposition which is such a priceless gift to a reformer.

I can think of no other speakers who habitually venture to exceed the hundred-dollar limit for even their Western lectures, although Sumner and Agassiz may sometimes fix a higher price upon a short series. Our English visitor, Henry Vincent, has received one hundred and fifty dollars, I believe, for each of his sixty Western lectures, and is said to have won popularity.

There still remain a few acknowledged leaders who should especially be mentioned. Emerson, for instance, still retains his hold upon his countrymen, after some thirty years of lecturing, and is heard with respect and attention. A Western agent is said to have justified Emerson's continued popularity, not on the ground that the people understand him, but that "they think such men ought to be encouraged," which is, after all, creditable to the public mind. He is not a man to draw crowds, but, on the other hand, few of the crowd-drawing orators can venture to give a separate course of lectures on their own responsibility, as he sometimes does. Indeed,

he is heard to the best advantage before an audience of his own gathering, especially in Boston, where there are enough who are trained to follow his thoughts, and are not daunted by the *lumen siccum* of that upper air.

Edwin Whipple aids Emerson in keeping a place upon the lecture-platform for the literary class. Bayard Taylor represents the indefatigable travellers, and his reports of his latest trip are always well received by that large class who (as Goethe says in his analysis of playgoers) do not care to think, but only to see that something is going on. The Rev. Dr. Chapin, of New York, is almost the only clergyman, save Beecher, who stands high as a lecturer also, and the effects he produces are due rather to a natural heartiness and vigour than to any depth of thought or culture. He has the trait, which Emerson thinks essential to the orator, of "giving out vast quantities of animal heat." Frederick Douglass represents the coloured race with a natural eloquence that twenty years of public speaking have only matured. His glow and fervour are extraordinary, and so is his dramatic power: there is, too, a sort of massiveness about him which is contributed partly by his grand *physique*; and he surpasses in his perception of the finer felicities of the language all other "self-made men" I have ever known.

There are many other lecturers than these, and it is impossible to draw the line at which one ceases to be a "professional." I have mentioned these names, not from any personal preferences of my own, but because they are confessedly the most popular, as is further proved by the infallible test of the money-market. It will be seen that the profits of the most successful lecturers must be very large, for there are three or four who can always command an audience, and can, if they please, prolong indefinitely the usual season of four months. I see no reason why Gough should not annually earn thirty thousand dollars in this profession, so long as his strength and popularity hold out. Even for those lower on the list of favour, the com-

pensation is out of all proportion to that obtained by the best literary work. Theodore Tilton is said to have been offered twelve thousand dollars for the current year, as editor of the *Independent*, on condition of undertaking no other work, or seven thousand dollars with permission to lecture as much as he pleased. He unhesitatingly chose the latter. But the salary given to popular editors gives no index of the price for first-class literary work; and Hawthorne could hardly have earned from a magazine, by a month's labour, what a leading lecturer may harvest every night. The literary class may thus gain very much by even a small share in the successes of the lecture-room. A successful winter's tour means a trip to Europe next summer, or a year's leisure for some extended literary work. Theodore Parker habitually invested the income arising from his lectures in the precious library which he bequeathed to the city of his love. And it is pleasant to know that these profits are not gained at the expense of the institutions with which one deals, for lecture-associations are almost always self-supporting; and I know one in Worcester, Massachusetts, whose net profits for the last three years have averaged twelve hundred dollars after paying to the lecturers an average price of one hundred dollars.

I am, perhaps, laying too much stress on the financial aspects of this intellectual itinerancy; but no apology is needed to Englishmen, at least, since, when they come among us as public speakers, they show a proper willingness to accept this practical aspect of the profession. I remember that, when Thackeray was here, and was hesitating between two competing offers for his lectures, he seemed quite relieved when we assured him that in America he needed no apology for yielding to the soft seductions of an additional fifty dollars. And now that Dickens gathers in his nightly thousands, may be pardoned to us homebred mortals if we look sharply after our hundreds.

It may be said, in summing up, that the American Lecture-system is con-

stantly expanding and becoming better organized as to its methods, as well as more liberal in its rewards; but that, as to themes and treatment, it has not yet taken its final form. Because public affairs now engross the larger share of attention, it does not follow that it will be always so. The excitements produced by slavery are outlasting its lifetime, and until the Southern States are "re-constructed" on principles of universal justice, there can be no permanent calm. But it seems altogether likely that after the coming Presidential elections, there may come a period of peace; and literature and art, the children of peace, must then resume their sway.

It will then be found permanently true that there are elements in the popular lecture which no form of literature can supply. The different lecturers who have been named in this essay are persons of the most various gifts and training, with but this one point in common, that almost all of them are orators born, rather than writers; or at least reach the public through the oratorical gift. Subtract the audience, and their better part is gone. Emerson is probably the only one among them whose lectures, printed precisely as they are delivered, would be a permanent contribution to literature,—and it is, perhaps, this very fact which stands most in his way as a lecturer. Oratory and literature still remain two distinct methods of utterance, as distinct as sculpture and painting, and as difficult to unite. Their methods, their results, and their rewards, are wholly different. It is the general testimony of those who have tried both, that they put poorer work into their speeches than into their writings; but that, on the other hand, the very act of speech sometimes yields such moments of inspiration as make all writing seem cold. Thought must be popularized, execution made broader and rougher, before it can be appreciated in an instant by a thousand minds; but those thousand minds give you in return a magnificent stimulus that solitude can never supply. It is needless to debate which is best: it is the difference between light and heat.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS;  
OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XX.

THE ABBÉ.

"By day and night her sorrows fall  
Where miscreant hands and rude  
Have stained her pure, ethereal pall  
With many a martyr's blood.  
And yearns not her maternal heart  
To hear their secret sighs,  
Upon whose doubting way apart  
Bewildering shadows rise?"

KEBLE.

It was in the summer twilight that Eustacie, sitting on the doorstep between the two rooms, with her baby on her knees, was dreamily humming to her a tune, without even words, but one that she loved, because she had first learnt to sing it with Berenger and his friend Sidney to the lute of the latter; and its notes always brought before her eyes the woods of Mont-pipeau. Then it was that, low and soft as was the voice, that befel which Noémi had feared: a worn, ragged-looking young man, who had been bargaining at the door for a morsel of bread in exchange for a handkerchief, started at the sound, and moved so as to look into the house.

Noémi was at the moment not attending, being absorbed in the study of the handkerchief, which was of such fine, delicate texture that an idea of its having been stolen possessed her; and she sought the corner where, as she expected, a coat-of-arms was embroidered. Just as she was looking up to demand explanation, the stranger, with a sudden cry of "Good heavens, it is she!" pushed past her into the house, and falling on his knee before Eustacie, exclaimed, "Oh Lady, Lady, is it thus that I see you?"

Eustacie had started up in dismay, crying out, "Ah! M. l'Abbé, as you are a gentleman, betray me not. Oh! have they sent you to find me? Have pity on us! You loved my husband!"

"You have nothing to fear from me, Lady," said the young man, still kneeling; "if you are indeed a distressed fugitive—so am I. If you have shelter and friends—I have none."

"Is it indeed so," said Eustacie, wistfully, yet scarce reassured. "You are truly not come from my uncle. Indeed, Monsieur, I would not doubt you, but you see I have so much at stake. I have my little one here, and they mean so cruelly by her."

"Madame, I swear by the honour of a nobleman—nay, by all that is sacred—that I know nothing of your uncle. I have been a wanderer for many weeks past; proscribed and hunted down because I wished to seek into the truth."

"Ah!" said Eustacie, with a sound of relief, and of apology, "pardon me, sir; indeed, I know you were good. You loved my husband;" and she reached out her hand to raise him, when he kissed it reverently. Little *bourgeoise* and worn mendicant as they were in dress, the air of the Louvre breathed round them; and there was all its grace and dignity as the Lady turned round to her astonished hosts, saying, "Good sir, kind mother, this gentleman is, indeed, what you took me for, a fugitive for the truth. Permit me to present to you, Monsieur l'Abbé de Méricour—at least, so he was, when last I had the honour to see him."

The last time *he* had seen her, poor Eustacie had been incapable of seeing anything save that bloody pool at the foot of the stairs.

Méricour now turned and explained. "Good friends," he said courteously, but with the *fîreté* of the noble not quite out of his tone, "I beg your grace. I would not have used so little ceremony, if I had not been out of myself at recognising a voice and a tune that could belong to none but Madame——"

"Sit down, sir," said Noëmi, a little coldly and stiffly—for Méricour was a terrible name to Huguenot ears; "a true friend to this Lady must needs be welcome, above all if he comes in Heaven's name."

"Sit down, and eat sir," added Gardou, much more heartily; "and forgive us for not having been more hospitable—but the times have taught us to be cautious, and in that Lady we have a precious charge. Rest; for you look both weary and hungry."

Eustacie added an invitation, understanding that he would not sit without her permission, and then, as he dropped into a chair, she exclaimed, "Ah! sir, you are faint, but you are famished."

"It will pass," he said; "I have not eaten to day."

Instantly a meal was set before him, and ere long he revived; and as the shutters were closed, and shelter for the night promised to him by a Huguenot family lodging in the same house, he began to answer Eustacie's anxious questions, as well as to learn from her in return, what had brought her into her present situation.

Then it was that she recollected that it had been he, who at her cousin Diane's call, had seized her when she was rushing out of the palace in her first frenzy of grief, and had carried her back to the women's apartments.

"It was that day which brought me here," he said.

And he told how, bred up in his own distant province, by a pious and excellent tutor, he had devoutly believed in the extreme wickedness of the Reformers; but in his seclusion he had been trained to such purity of faith and morals, that, when his brother summoned him to court to solicit a

benefice, he had been appalled at the aspect of vice, and had, at the same time been struck by the pure lives of the Huguenots; for truly, as things then were at the French court, crime seemed to have arrayed itself on the side of the orthodox party, all virtue on that of the schismatics.

De Méricour consulted spiritual advisers, who told him that none but Catholics could be truly holy, and that what he admired were merely heathen virtues that the devil permitted the Huguenots to display in order to delude the unwary. With this explanation he had striven to be satisfied, though eyes unblinded by guilt and a pure heart continued to be revolted at the practices which his Church, scared at the evil times, and forgetful of her own true strength, left undenounced in her partisans. And the more that the Huguenot gentlemen thronged the court, and the young Abbé was thrown into intercourse with them, the more he perplexed himself how the truth, the faith, the uprightness, the forbearance, the purity that they evinced could indeed be wanting in the seal that made them acceptable. Then came the frightful morning when carnage reigned in every street, and the men who had been treated as favourite boon companions, were hunted down like wild beasts in every street. He had endeavoured to save life, but would have speedily been slaughtered himself except for his soutane; and in all good faith he had hurried to the Louvre, to inform royalty of the horrors that, as he thought, a fanatic passion was causing the populace to commit.

He found the palace become shambles—the King himself, wrought up to frenzy, firing on the fugitives. And the next day, while his brain still seemed frozen with horror, he was called on to join in the procession of thanksgiving for the King's deliverance from a dangerous plot. Surely, if the plot were genuine, he thought, the procession should have savoured of penance and humiliation rather than of barbarous exultation! Yet these might be only the individual

crimes of the Queen-mother, and of the Guises seeking to mask themselves under the semblance of zeal; and the infallible head of the visible Church would disown the slaughter, and cast it from the Church with loathing as a blood-stained garment. Behold, Rome was full of rejoicing, and sent sanction and commendation of the pious zeal of the King. Had the voice of Holy Church become indeed as the voice of a bloodhound? Was this indeed her call?

The young man, whose life from infancy had been marked out for the service of the Church—so destined by his parents as securing a wealthy provision for a younger son; but educated by his good tutor with more real sense of his obligations, felt the question in its full import. He was under no vows; he had, indeed, received the tonsure, but was otherwise unpledged, and he was bent on proving all things. The gaieties in which he had at first mingled had become abhorrent to him, and he studied with the earnestness of a newly-awakened mind in search of true light. The very fact of study and inquiry, in one of such a family as that of his brother the Duke de Méricour, was enough to excite suspicion of Huguenot inclinations. The elder brother tried to quash the folly of the younger, by insisting on his sharing the debaucheries which, whether as priest or monk, or simply as Christian man, it would be his duty to abjure; and, at length, by way of bringing things to a test, insisted on his making one of a party who were about to break up and destroy a Huguenot assembly. Unable, in his present mood, to endure the thought of further cruelty, the young Abbé fled, gave secret warning to the endangered congregation, and hastened to the old castle in Brittany, where he had been brought up, to pour out his perplexities, and seek the counsel of the good old chaplain who had educated him. Whether the kind, learned, simple-hearted tutor could have settled his mind, he had no time to discover, for he had scarcely unfolded his troubles before warnings came down that he

had better secure himself—his brother, as head of the family, had obtained the royal assent to the imprisonment of the rebellious junior, so as to bring him to a better mind, and cure him of the Huguenot inclinations, which in the poor lad were simply undeveloped. But in all Catholic eyes, he was a tainted man, and his almost inevitable course was to take refuge with some Huguenot relations. There he was eagerly welcomed; instruction was poured in on him; but as he showed a disposition to inquire and examine, and needed time to look into what they taught him, as one who feared to break his link with the Church, and still longed to find her blameless and glorious, the righteous nation that keepeth the truth, they turned on him and regarded him as a traitor and a spy, who had come among them on false pretences.

All the poor lad wanted was time to think, time to examine, time to consult authorities, living and dead. The Catholics called this treason to the Church, the Huguenots called it halting between two opinions; and between them he was a proscribed, distrusted vagabond, branded on one side as a recreant, and on the other, as traitor. He had asked for a few months of quiet, and where could they be had? His grandmother had been the daughter of a Scottish nobleman in the French service, and he had once seen a nephew of hers who had come to Paris during the time of Queen Mary's residence there. He imagined that if he were once out of this distracted land of France, he might find respite for study, for which he longed; and utterly ignorant of the real state of Scotland, he had determined to make his way to his kindred there; and he had struggled on the way to La Rochelle, cheated out of the small remains of his money, selling his last jewels and all the clothing that was not indispensable, and becoming so utterly unable to pay his passage to England, that he could only trust to Providence to find him some means of reaching his present goal.

He had been listened to with kindness, and a sympathy, such as M.

Gardon's large mind enabled him to bestow, where his brethren had been incapable of comprehending that a man could sincerely doubt between them and Rome. When the history was finished, Eustacie exclaimed, turning to Maître Gardon, "Ah! sir, is not this just what we sought? If this gentleman would but convey a letter to my mother-in-law——"

M. Gardon smiled. "Scotland and England are by no means the same place, Lady," he said.

"Whatever this Lady would command, wherever she would send me, I am at her service," cried the Abbé fervently.

And, after a little further debate, it was decided that it might really be the best course for him, as well as for Madame de Ribauumont, for him to become the bearer of a letter and token from her, entreating her mother-in-law to notify her pleasure whether she should bring her child to England. She had means enough to advance a sufficient sum to pay Méricour's passage, and he accepted it most punctiliously as a loan, intending, so soon as her despatches were ready, to go on to La Rochelle, and make inquiry for a ship.

Chance, however, seemed unusually propitious, for the next day there was an apparition in the streets of La Sablerie of four or five weather-beaten rollicking looking men, their dress profusely adorned with ribbons, and their language full of strange oaths. They were well known at La Sablerie as sailors belonging to a ship of the fleet of the Count de Montgomery, the unfortunate knight whose lance had caused the death of King Henry II., and who, proscribed by the mortal hatred of Catherine de Médiçi, had become the admiral of a piratical fleet in the Calvinist interest, so far winked at by Queen Elizabeth, that it had its headquarters in the Channel islands, and thence was a most formidable foe to merchant vessels on the northern and eastern coasts of France; and often indulged in descents on the coast, when the sailors—being in general the scum of the nation—were apt to comport

themselves more like American buccaneers than like champions of any form of religion.

La Sablerie was a Huguenot town, so they used no violence, but only swaggered about, demanding from Bailli La Grasse, in the name of their gallant Captain Latouche, contributions and provisions, and giving him to understand that if he did not comply to the uttermost it should be the worse for him. Their ship, it appeared, had been forced to put into the harbour, about two miles off, and Maître Gardon and the young Abbé decided on walking thither to see it, and to have an interview with the captain, so as to secure a passage for Méricour at least. Indeed, Maître Gardon had, in consultation with Eustacie, resolved, if he found things suitable, to arrange for their all going together. She would be far safer out of France; and, although the Abbé alone could not have escorted her, yet Maître Gardon would gladly have secured for her the additional protection of a young, strong, and spirited man; and Eustacie, who was no scribe, was absolutely relieved to have the voyage set before her as an alternative to the dreadful operation of composing a letter to the *belle-mère*, whom she had not seen since she had been seven years old, and of whose present English name she had the most indistinct ideas.

However, the first sight of the ship overthrew all such ideas. It was a wretched single-decked vessel, carrying far more sail than experienced nautical eyes would have deemed safe, and with no accommodation fit for a woman and child, even had the aspect of captain or crew been more satisfactory—and the ruffianly appearance and language of the former fully rivalled that of his sailors. It would have been mere madness to think of trusting the Lady in such hands; and, without a word to each other, Gardon and Méricour resolved to give no hint even that she and her jewels were in La Sablerie. Méricour, however, made his bargain with the captain, who undertook to transport him as far as Guernsey, whence he might easily make his way to Dorsetshire, where M. Gar-



don knew that Berenger's English home had been.

So Eustacie, with no small trouble and consideration, indited her letter—telling of her escape, the birth of her daughter, the dangers that threatened her child—and begging that its grandmother would give it a safe home in England, and love it for the sake of its father. An answer would find her at the Widow Noémi Laurent's, Rue des Trois Fées, La Sablerie. She could not bring herself to speak of the name of Espérance Gardon which had been saddled upon her; and even M. de Méricour remained in ignorance of her bearing this disguise. She recommended him to the kindness of her mother-in-law; and M. Gardon added another letter to the Lady, on behalf of the charge to whom he promised to devote himself until he should see them safe in friendly hands. Both letters were addressed, as best they might be, between Eustacie's dim comprehension of the word Thistlewood, and M. Gardon's notion of spelling. "Jadis, Baronne de Ribaumont," was the securest part of the direction.

And for a token, Eustacie looked over her jewels to find one that would serve for a token; but the only ones she knew would be recognised, were the brooch that had fastened the plume in Berenger's bloody cap, and the chaplet of pearls. To part with the first, or to risk the second in the pirate-ship, was impossible, but Eustacie at last decided upon detaching the pear-shaped pearl which was nearest the clasp, and which was so remarkable in form and tint that there was no doubt of its being well known.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### UNDER THE WALNUT-TREE.

Mistress Jean was making the elder-flower wine—

"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"

LADY NAIRN (*The Laird of Cockpen*).

SUMMER was nearly ended, and Lucy Thistlewood was presiding in the great

kitchen of the Manor-house, standing under the latticed window near the large oak-table, a white apron over her dress, presiding over the collecting of elderberries for the brew of household-wine for the winter. The maids stood round her with an array of beechen bowls or red and yellow crocks, while barefooted, bareheaded children came thronging in with rush or wicker baskets of the crimson fruit, which the maids poured in sanguine cascades into their earthenware; and Lucy requited with substantial slices of bread and cheese, and stout homely garments mostly of her own sewing.

Lucy was altogether an inmate of her father's house. She had not even been at Hurst Walwyn for many months; for her stepmother's reiterated hopes that Berenger would make her his consolation for all he had suffered from his French spouse, rendered it impossible to her to meet him with sisterly unconsciousness; and she therefore kept out of the way, and made herself so useful at home, that Dame Annora only wondered how it had been possible to spare her so long, and always wound up her praises by saying, that Berenger would learn in time how lucky he had been to lose the French puppet, and win the good English housewife.

If only tidings would have come that the puppet was safe married. That was the crisis which all the family desired yet feared for Berenger, since nothing else they saw would so detach his thoughts from the past as to leave him free to begin life again. The relapse brought on by the cruel reply to Osbert's message had been very formidable: he was long insensible or delirious, and then came a state of annihilated thought, then of frightfully sensitive organs, when light, sound, movement, or scent were alike agony; and when he slowly revived, it was with such sunken spirits, that his silence was as much from depression as from difficulty of speech. His brain was weak, his limbs feeble, the wound in his mouth never painless; and all this necessarily added to his listless indifference and weariness, as though all

youthful hope and pleasure were extinct in him. He had ceased to refer to the past. Perhaps he had thought it over, and seen that the deferred escape, the request for the pearls, the tryst at the palace, and the detention from the king's chamber, made an uglier case against Eustacie than he could endure to own even to himself. If his heart trusted, his mind could not argue out her defence, and his tongue would not serve him for discussion with his grandfather, the only person who could act for him. Perhaps the stunned condition of his mind made the suspense just within the bounds of endurance, while trust in his wife's innocence rendered his inability to come to her aid well nigh intolerable ; and doubt of her seemed both profanity and misery unspeakable. He could do nothing. He had shot his only shaft by sending Landry Osbert, and had found that to endeavour to induce his grandfather to use further measures was worse than useless, and was treated as mere infatuation. He knew that all he had to do was to endeavour for what patience he could win from Cecily's sweet influence and guidance, and to wait till either certainty should come—that dreadful, miserable certainty that all looked for, and his very helplessness might be bringing about—or till he should regain strength to be again effective.

And miserably slow work was this recovery. No one had surgical skill to deal with so severe a wound as that which Narcisse had inflicted ; and the daily pain and inconvenience it caused led to innumerable drawbacks that often—even after he had come as far as the garden—brought him back to his bed in a dark room, to blood-letting, and to speechlessness. No one knew much of his mind—Cecily perhaps the most, and next to her, Philip, who, from the time he had been admitted to his step-brother's presence, had been most assiduous in tending him, seemed to understand his least sign, and to lay aside all his boisterous roughness in his eager desire to do him service. The lads had loved each other from the moment they had met as children, but

never so apparently as now, when all the rude horse-play of healthy youths was over—and one was dependant, the other considerate. And if Berenger had made no one else believe in Eustacie, he had taught Philip to view her as the "Queen's men" viewed Mary of Scotland. Philip had told Lucy the rough but wholesome truth, that "Mother talks mere folly. Eustacie is no more to be spoken of with you than a pheasant with old brown Partlet ; and Berry waits but to be well to bring her off from all her foes. And I'll go with him."

It was on Philip's arm that Berenger first crept round the bowling-green, and with Philip at his rein that he first endured to ride along the avenue on Lord Walwyn's smooth-paced palfrey ; and it was Philip who interrupted Lucy's household cares by rushing in and shouting, "Sister, here! I have wiled him to ride over the down, and he is sitting under the walnut-tree quite spent, and the three little wenches are standing in a row, weeping like so many little mermaids. Come, I say!"

Lucy at once followed him through the house, through the deep porch to the court, which was shaded by a noble walnut-tree, where Sir Marmaduke loved to sit among his dogs. There now sat Berenger, resting against the trunk, overcome by the heat and exertion of his ride. His cloak and hat lay on the ground ; the dogs fawned round him, eager for the wonted caress, and his three little sisters stood a little aloof, clinging to one another, and crying piteously.

It was their first sight of him ; and it seemed to them as if he were behind a frightful mask. Even Lucy was not without a sensation of the kind, of this effect in the change from the girlish, rosy complexion to extreme paleness, on which was visible, in ghastly red and purple, the great scar left by Narcisse, from the temple on the one side to the ear on the other.

The far more serious wound on the cheek was covered with a black patch, and the hair had almost entirely disappeared from the head, only a few light

brown locks still hanging round the neck and temples, so that the bald brow gave a strange look of age; and the disfigurement was terrible, enhanced as it was by the wasting effect of nearly a year of sickness. Lucy was so much shocked, that she could hardly steady her voice to chide the children for not giving a better welcome to their brother. They would have clung round her, but she shook them off, and sent Annora in haste for her mother's fan; while Philip arriving with a slice of diet-bread and a cup of sack, the one fanned him, and the other fed him with morsels of the cake soaked in the wine, till he revived, looked up with eyes that were unchanged, and thanked them with a few faltering words, scarcely intelligible to Lucy. The little girls came nearer, and curiously regarded him; but when he held out his hand to his favourite Dolly, she shrank back in reluctance.

"Do not chide her," he said wearily. "May she never become used to such marks!"

"What, would you have her live among cowards?" exclaimed Philip; but Berenger, instead of answering, looked up at the front of the house, one of those fine Tudor *façades* that seem all carved timber and glass lattice, and asked, so abruptly that Lucy doubted whether she heard him aright,—“How many windows are there in this front?”

"I never counted," said Philip.

"I have," said Annora; "there are seven and thirty, besides the two little ones in the porch."

"None shall make them afraid," he muttered. "Who would dare build such a defenceless house over yonder?"—pointing south.

"Our hearts are guards enow," said Philip, proudly. Berenger half smiled, as he was wont to do when he meant more than he could conveniently utter, and presently he asked, in the same languid, musing tone, "Lucy, were you ever really affrighted?"

Lucy questioned whether he could be really in his right mind, as if the bewilderment of his brain was again returning; and while she paused, Annora

exclaimed, "Yes, when we were gathering cowslips, and the brindled cow ran at us, and Lucy could not run because she had Dolly in her arms. Oh! we were frightened then, till you came, brother."

"Yes," added Bessie; "and last winter too, when the owl shrieked at the window——"

"And," added Berenger, "sister, what was your greatest time of revelry?"

Annora again put in her word. "I know, brother; you remember the fair-day, when my Lady Grandame was angered because you and Lucy went on dancing when we and all the gentry had ceased. And when Lucy said she had not seen that you were left alone, Aunt Cecily said it was because the eyes of discretion were lacking."

"Oh, the Christmas feast was far grander," said Bessie. "Then Lucy had her first satin farthingale, and three gallants, besides my brother, wanted to dance with her."

Blushing deeply, Lucy tried to hush the little ones, much perplexed by the questions, and confused by the answers. Could he be contrasting the life where a vicious cow had been the most alarming object, a greensward dance with a step-brother the greatest gaiety, the dye of the elder-juice the deepest stain, with the temptations and perils that had beset one equally young? Resting his head on his hand, his elbow on his knee, he seemed to be musing in a reverie that he could hardly brook, as his young brow was knitted by care and despondency.

Suddenly, the sounds in the village rose from the quiet sleepy summer hum into a fierce yell of derisive vituperation, causing Philip at once to leap up, and run across the court to the entrance-gate, while Lucy called after him some vain sisterly warning against mingling in a fray.

It seemed as if his interposition had a good effect, for the uproar lulled almost as soon as he had hurried to the scene of action; and presently he re-appeared, eager and breathless. "I told them to bring him up here," he said; "they

would have flogged him at the cart's-tail, the rogues, just because my father is out of the way. I could not make out his jargon, but you can, brother ; and make that rascal Spinks let him go."

"What should I have to do with it?" said Berenger, shrinking from the sudden exposure of his scarred face and maimed speech. "I am no magistrate."

"But you can understand him ; he is French, the poor rogue—yes, French, I tell you ! He shrieked out piteously to me something about a letter, and wanting to ask his way. Ah ! I thought that would touch you, and it will cost you little pains," added Philip, as Berenger snatched up his broad Spanish hat, and slouching it over his face, rose, and, leaning upon Annora's shoulder, stepped forward, just as the big burly blacksmith-constable, and small shrivelled cobbler advanced, dragging along by a cord round the wrists, a slight figure with a red woollen sailor's shirt, ragged black hosen, bare head, and almost bare feet.

DoFFing their caps, the men began an awkward salutation to the young Lord on his recovery, but he only touched his beaver in return, and demanded, "How now ; what have you bound him for?"

"You see, my Lord," began the constable, "there have been a sort of vagrants of late, and I'll be bound 'twas no four-legged fox as took Gaffer Shepherd's lamb."

The peroration was broken off, for, with a start as if he had been shot, Berenger cried aloud, "Méricour ! the Abbé !"

"Ah, Monsieur, if you know me," cried the young man, raising his head, "free me from this shame—aid me in my mission !"

"Loose him, fellows," shouted Berenger ; "Philip, a knife—Lucy, those scissors."

"'Tis my duty, my Lord," said Spinks gruffly. "All vagabonds to be apprehended and flogged at the cart's-tail, by her Grace's special commands. How is it to be answered to his Honour, Sir Marmaduke?"

"Oaf!" cried Philip, "you durst not have used such violence had my father

been at home ! Don't you see my brother knows him?"

With hands trembling with haste, Berenger had seized on the scissors that, housewife-like, hung at Lucy's waist, and was cutting the rope, exclaiming in French, "Pardon, pardon, friend, for so shameful a reception."

"Sir," was the reply, without a sign of recognition, "if, indeed, you know my name, I entreat you to direct me to the château of le Sieur Tistéfote, whose Lady was once Baronne de Ribaumont."

"My mother ! Ah, my friend, my friend ! what would you," he cried, in a tone of tremulous hope and fear, laying one hand on Méricour's shoulder, and about to embrace him.

Méricour retreated from the embrace with surprise and almost horror. "Is it indeed you, M. le Baron ? But no, my message is to no such person."

"A message—from her—speak !" gasped Berenger, starting forward as though to rend it from him ; but the high-spirited young man crossed his arms on his breast, and gazing at the group with indignant scorn, made answer, "My message is from her who deems herself a widow, to the mother of the husband whom she little imagines to be not only alive but consoled."

"Faithful ! faithful !" burst out Berenger, with a wild, exultant, strangely-ringing shout. "Woe, woe, to those who would have had me doubt her. Philip—Lucy—hear ! Her truth is clear to all the world !" Then changing back again to French, "Ten thousand blessings on you, Méricour. You have seen her ! Where—how ?"

Méricour still spoke with frigid politeness. "I had the honour to part with Madame la Baronne de Ribaumont in the town of La Sablerie, among humble, Huguenot guardians, to whom she had fled, to save her infant's life—when no aid came."

He was obliged to break off, for Berenger, stunned by the sudden rush of emotion, reeled as he stood, and would have fallen but for the prompt support of Lucy, who was near enough to guide him back to rest upon the

bench, saying resentfully in French as she did so, "My brother is still very ill. I pray you, sir, have a care."

She had not half understood the rapid words of the two young men, Philip comprehended them far less, and the constable and his crew of course not at all; and Spinks pushed forward among the group as he saw Berenger sink back on the bench; and once more collaring his prisoner, exclaimed, almost angrily to Philip, "There now, sir, you've had enough of the vagabond. We'll keep him tight ere he bewitches any more of you."

This rude interference proved an instant restorative. Berenger sprang up at once, and seizing Spinks's arm, exclaimed, "Hands off, fellow! This is my friend—a gentleman. He brings me tidings of infinite gladness. Who insults him, insults me."

Spinks scarcely withdrew his hand from Méricour's neck; and scowling, said, "Very odd gentleman—very queer tidings, Master Berenger, to fell you like an ox. I must be answerable for the fellow till his Honour comes."

"Ah! *Eh quoi*, wherefore not show the *canaille* your sword?" said Méricour, impatiently.

"It may not be, here, in England," said Berenger (who fortunately was not wearing his weapon). "And in good time here comes my step-father," as the gates swung back, and Sir Marmaduke and Lady Thistlewood rode through it, the former sending his voice far before him to demand the meaning of the hurly-burly that filled his court.

Philip was the first to spring to his rein, exclaiming, "Father, it is a Frenchman whom Spinks would have flogged at the cart's tail; but it seems he is a friend of Berenger's, and has brought him tidings. I know not what—about his wife, I believe—anyway he is beside himself with joy."

"Sir, your Honour," shouted Spinks, again seizing Méricour, and striving to drag him forward, "I would know whether the law is to be hindered from taking its course because my young Lord there is a Frenchman and bewitched."

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"Ah," shrieked Lady Thistlewood, "I knew it. They will have sent secret poison to finish him. Keep the fellow safe. He will cast it in the air."

"Aye, aye, my Lady," said Spinks, "there are plenty of us to testify that he made my young Lord fall back as in a swoon, and reel like one distraught. Pray Heaven it have not gone further."

"Sir," exclaimed Berenger, who on the other side held his friend's hand tight, "this is a noble gentleman—the brother of the Duke de Méricour. He has come at great risk to bring me tidings of my dear and true wife. And not one word will these demented rascals let me hear with their senseless clamour."

"Berenger! You here, my boy?" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, more amazed by this than all the rest.

"He touches him—he holds him! Ah! will no one tear him away?" screamed Lady Thistlewood. Nor would Spinks have been slow in obeying her if Sir Marmaduke had not swung his substantial form to the ground, and stepping up to the prisoner, rudely clawed on one side by Spinks, and affectionately grasped on the other side by Berenger, shouted,—“Let go, both! Does he speak English? Peace, dame. If the lad be bewitched, it is the right way. He looks like another man. Eh, lad, what does your friend say for himself?”

"Sir," said Berenger, interpreting Méricour's words as they were spoken, "he has been robbed and misused at sea by Montgomery's pirate crews. He fled from court for the religion's sake; he met her—my wife" (the voice was scarcely intelligible, so tremulously was it spoken), "in hiding among the Huguenots—he brings a letter and a token from her to my mother."

"Ha! and you know him? You avouch him to be what he represents himself?"

"I knew him at court. I know him well. Father, make these fellows cease their insults! I have heard nothing yet. See here!" holding out what

Méricour had put into his hand ; “ this you cannot doubt, mother.”

“ Parted the pearls ! Ah, the little minx ! ” cried the Lady, as she recognised the jewels.

“ I thought he had been robbed ? ” added Sir Marmaduke.

“ The gentleman doubts ? ” said Méricour, catching some of the words. “ He should know that what is confided to a French gentleman is only taken from him with his life. Much did I lose ; but the pearl I kept hidden in my mouth.”

Therewith he produced the letter. Lady Thistlewood pronounced that no power on earth should induce her to open it, and drew off herself and her little girls to a safe distance from the secret poison she fancied it contained ; while Sir Marmaduke was rating the constables for taking advantage of his absence to interpret the Queen’s Vagrant Act in their own violent fashion ; ending, however, by sending them round to the buttery-hatch to drink the young Lord’s health. For the messenger, the good knight heartily grasped his hand, welcoming him and thanking him for having “ brought comfort to yon poor lad’s heart.”

But there Sir Marmaduke paused, doubting whether the letter had indeed brought comfort ; for Berenger, who had seized on it, when it was refused by his mother, was sitting under the tree—turning away indeed, but not able to conceal that his tears were gushing down like rain. The anxious exclamation of his step-father roused him at length, but he scarce found power or voice to utter, as he thrust the letter into the knight’s hand, “ Ah ! see what has she not suffered for me ? me, whom you would have had believe her faithless ? ”

He then grasped his friend’s arm, and with him disappeared into the house, leaving Sir Marmaduke holding the letter in a state of the utmost bewilderment, and calling by turns on his wife and daughter to read and explain it to him.

And as Lucy read the letter, which her mother could not yet prevail on her-

self to touch, she felt at each word more grateful to the good Aunt Cecily, whose influence had taught her always to view Berenger as a brother, and not to condemn unheard the poor young wife. If she had not been thus guarded, what distress might not this day of joy to Berenger have brought to Lucy. Indeed, Lady Thistlewood was vexed enough as it was, and ready to carry her incredulity to the most inconsistent lengths. “ It was all a trick for getting the poor boy back, that they might make an end of him altogether.” Tell her they thought him dead.—“ Tilley-valley ! it was a mere attempt on her own good-nature, to get a little French impostor on her hands. Let Sir Duke look well to it, and take care that her poor boy was not decoyed among them. The Frenchman might be cutting his throat at that moment ! Where was he ? Had Sir Duke been so lost as to let them out of sight together ? No one had either pity or prudence now that her poor father was gone ; ” and she began to weep.

“ No great fear on that score, dame,” laughed the knight. “ Did you not hear the lad shouting for ‘ Phil, Phil ! ’ almost in a voice like old times. It does one good to hear it.”

Just at twilight, Berenger came down the steps, conducting a graceful gentleman in black, to whom Lady Thistlewood’s instinct impelled her to make a low courtesy, before Berenger had said, “ Madam, allow me to present to you my friend, the Abbé de Méricour.”

“ Is it the same ? ” whispered Bessie to Annora. “ Surely he is translated ! ”

“ Only into Philip’s old mourning suit. I know it by the stain on the knee.”

“ Then it is translated too. Never did it look so well on Philip ! See, our mother is quite gracious to him ; she speaks to him as though he were some noble visitor to my Lord.”

Therewith Sir Marmaduke came forward, shook Méricour with all his might by the hand, shouted to him his hearty thanks for the good he had done his poor lad, and assured him of a welcome

from the very bottom of his heart. The good knight would fain have kept both Berenger and his friend at the Manor, but Berenger was far too impatient to carry home his joy, and only begged the loan of a horse for Méricour. For himself, he felt as if fatigue or dejection would never touch him again, and he kissed his mother and his sisters, including Lucy, all round, with an effusion of delight.

"Is that indeed your step-father?" said Méricour, as they rode away together. "And the young man, is he your half brother?"

"Brother wholly in dear love," said Berenger; "no blood relation. The little girls are my mother's children."

"Ah! so large a family all one? All at home? None in convents?"

"We have no convents."

"Ah, no. But all at home! All at peace! This is a strange place, your England."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### DEPARTURE.

"It is my mistress!

Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad."—*Cymbeline*.

MÉRICOUR found the welcome at Hurst Walwyn as kindly and more polished than that at Combe Manor. He was more readily understood, and found himself at his natural element. Lord Walwyn, in especial, took much notice of him, and conversed with him long and earnestly; while Berenger, too happy and too weary to exert himself to say many words, sat as near Cecily as he could, treating her as though she, who had never contradicted in his trust in Eustacie, were the only person who could worthily share his infinite relief, peace, and thankfulness.

Lord Walwyn said scarcely anything to his grandson that night, only when Berenger, as usual, bent his knee to ask his blessing on parting for the night, he said, gravely, "Son, I am glad of your joy; I fear me you have somewhat to pardon your grandsire. Come to my

library so soon as morning prayers be over; we will speak then. Not now, my dear lad," he added, as Berenger, with tears in his eyes, kissed his hand, and would have begun; "you are too much worn and spent to make my deaf ears hear. Sleep, and take my blessing with you."

It was a delight to see the young face freed from the haggard, dejected expression that had been sadder than the outward wounds; and yet it was so questionable how far the French connexion was acceptable to the family, that when Berenger requested Mr. Adderley to make mention of the mercy vouchsafed to him in the morning devotions, the chaplain bowed, indeed, but took care to ascertain that his so doing would be agreeable to my Lord and my Lady.

He found that if Lady Walwyn was still inclined to regret that the Frenchwoman was so entirely a wife, and thought Berenger had been very hasty and imprudent, yet that the old Lord was chiefly distressed at the cruel injustice he had so long been doing this poor young thing. A strong sense of justice, and long habit of dignified self-restraint, alone prevented Lord Walwyn from severely censuring Mr. Adderley for misrepresentations; but the old nobleman recollected that Walsingham had been in the same story, and was too upright to visit his own vexation on the honestly-mistaken tutor.

However, when Berenger made his appearance in the study, looking as if not one night, but weeks, had been spent in recovering health and spirit, the old man's first word was a gentle rebuke for his having been left unaware of how far matters had gone; but he cut short the attempted reply, by saying he knew it was chiefly owing to his own overhasty conclusion, and fear of letting his grandson injure himself by vainly discussing the subject. Now, however, he examined Berenger closely on all the proceedings at Paris and at Montpipeau, and soon understood that the ceremony had been renewed, ratifying the vows taken in infancy. The old statesman's

face cleared up at once ; for, as he explained, he had now no anxieties as to the validity of the marriage by English law, at least, in spite of the decree from Rome, which, as he pointed out to his grandson, was wholly contingent on the absence of subsequent consent, since the parties had come to an age for free will. Had he known of this, the remarriage, he said, he should certainly have been less supine. Why had Berenger been silent ?

"I was commanded, sir. I fear I have transgressed the command by mentioning it now. I must pray you to be secret."

"Secret, foolish lad. Know you not that the rights of your wife and your child rest upon it?" and as the change in Berenger's looks showed that he had not comprehended the full importance of the second ceremony as nullifying the papal sentence, which could only quash the first on the ground of want of mutual consent, he proceeded, "Command, quotha? Who there had any right to command you, boy?"

"Only one, sir."

"Come, this is no moment for lovers' folly. It was not the girl, then? Then it could be no other than the miserable King—was it so?"

"Yes, sir," said Berenger. "He bade me as King, and requested me as the friend who gave her to me. I could do no otherwise, and I thought it would be but a matter of a few days, and that our original marriage was the only important one."

"Have you any parchment to prove it?"

"No, sir. It passed but as a ceremony to satisfy the Queen's scruples ere she gave my wife to me to take home. I even think the King was displeased at her requiring it."

"Was Mr. Sidney a witness?"

"No, sir. None was present, save the King and Queen, her German countess, and the German priest."

"The day?"

"Lammas-day."

"The first of August of the year of grace 1572. I will write to Walsing-

ham to obtain the testimony, if possible, of King or of priest; but belike they will deny it all. It was part of the trick. Shame upon it that a king should dig pits for so small game as you, my poor lad."

"Verily, my Lord," said Berenger, "I think the King meant us kindly, and would gladly have sped us well away. Methought he felt his bondage bitterly, and would fain have dared to be a true King. Even at the last, he bade me to his *garde-robe*, and all there were unhurt."

"And wherefore obeyed you not?"

"The carouse would have kept me too late for our flight."

"King's behests may not lightly be disregarded," said the old courtier, with a smile. "However, since he showed such seeming favour to you, surely you might send a petition to him privately, through Sir Francis Walsingham, to let the priest testify to your renewal of contract, engaging not to use it to his detriment in France."

"I will do so, sir. Meanwhrile," he added, as one who felt he had earned a right to be heard in his turn, "I have your permission to hasten to bring home my wife?"

Lord Walwyn was startled at this demand from one still so far from recovered as Berenger. Even this talk, eager as the youth was, had not been carried on without much difficulty, repetitions, and altered phrases, when he could not pronounce distinctly enough to be understood, and the effort brought lines of pain into his brow. He could take little solid food, had hardly any strength for walking or riding; and, though all his wounds were whole, except that one unmanageable shot in the mouth, he looked entirely unfit to venture on a long journey in the very country that had sent him home a year before scarcely alive. Lord Walwyn had already devised what he thought a far more practicable arrangement, namely, to send Mr. Adderley and some of my Lady's women by sea, under the charge of Master Hobbs, a shipmaster at Weymouth, who traded with Bordeaux for



wine, and could easily put in near La Sablerie, and bring off the Lady and child, and, if she wished it, the pastor to whom such a debt of gratitude was owing.

Berenger was delighted with the notion of the sea rather than the land journey; but he pointed out at once that this would remove all objection to his going in person. He had often been out whole nights with the fishermen, and knew that a sea-voyage would be better for his health than anything,—certainly better than pining and languishing at home, as he had done for months. He could not bear to think of separation from Eustacie an hour longer than needful; nay, she had been cruelly entreated enough already; and as long as he could keep his feet, it was absolutely due to her that he should not let others, instead of himself, go in search of her. It would be almost death to him to stay at home.

Lord Walwyn looked at the pallid, wasted face, with all its marks of suffering and intense eagerness of expression, increased by the difficulty of utterance and need of subduing agitation. He felt that the long-misunderstood patience and endurance had earned something; and he knew, too, that for all his grandson's submission and respect, the boy, as a husband and father, had rights and duties that would assert themselves manfully, if opposed. It was true that the sea-voyage obviated many difficulties, and it was better to consent with a good grace than drive one hitherto so dutiful to rebellion. He did then consent, and was rewarded by the lightening flash of joy and gratitude in the bright blue eyes, and the fervent pressure and kiss of his hand, as Berenger exclaimed, "Ah! sir, Eustacie will be such a daughter to you. You should have seen how the Admiral liked her!"

The news of Lord Walwyn's consent raised much commotion in the family. Dame Annora was sure her poor son would be murdered outright this time, and that nobody cared because he was only *her* son; and she strove hard to stir up Sir Marmaduke to remonstrate with

her father; but the good knight had never disputed a judgment of "my Lord's" in his whole life, and had even received his first wife from his hands, when forsaken by the gay Annora. So she could only ride over to Combe, be silenced by her father, as effectually as if Jupiter had nodded, and bewail and murmur to her mother till she lashed Lady Walwyn up into finding every possible reason why Berenger should and must sail. Then she went home, was very sharp with Lucy, and was reckoned by saucy little Nan to have nineteen times exclaimed, "Tilley-valley" in the course of one day.

The effect upon Philip was a vehement insistence on going with his brother. He was sure no one else would see to Berry half as well; and as to letting Berry go to be murdered again without him, he would not hear of it; he must go, he would not stay at home; he should not study; no, no, he should be ready to hang himself for vexation, and thinking what they were doing to his brother. And thus he extorted from his kind-hearted father an avowal that he should be easier about the lad if Phil were there, and that he might go, provided Berry would have him, and my Lord saw no objection. The first point was soon settled; and as to the second, there was no reason at all that Philip should not go where his brother did. In fact, excepting for Berenger's state of health, there was hardly any risk about the matter. Master Hobbs, to whom Philip rode down ecstatically to request him to come and speak to my Lord, was a stout, honest, experienced seaman, who was perfectly at home in the Bay of Biscay, and had so strong a feudal feeling for the house of Walwyn, that he placed himself and his best ship, the *Throstle*, entirely at his disposal. The *Throstle* was a capital sailor, and carried arms quite sufficient in English hands to protect her against Algerine corsairs or Spanish pirates. He only asked for a week to make her cabin ready for the reception of a Lady, and this time was spent in sending a post to London, to obtain for Berenger the

permit from the Queen, and the passport from the French Ambassador, without which he could not safely have gone; and, as a further precaution, letters were requested from some of the secret agents of the Huguenots to facilitate his admission into La Sablerie.

In the mean time, poor Mr. Adderley had submitted meekly to the decree that sentenced him to weeks of misery on board the *Throstle*, but, to his infinite relief, an inspection of the cabins proved the space so small, that Berenger represented to his grandfather that the excellent tutor would be only an incumbrance to himself and every one else, and that with Philip he should need no one. Indeed, he had made such a start into vigour and alertness during the last few days that there was far less anxiety about him, though with several sighs for poor Osbert. Cecily initiated Philip into her simple rules for her patient's treatment in case of the return of his more painful symptoms. The notion of sending female attendants for Eustacie was also abandoned, her husband's presence rendered them unnecessary, or they might be procured at La Sablerie; and thus it happened that the only servants whom Berenger was to take with him were Humfrey Holt and John Smithers, the same honest fellows whose steadiness had so much conduced to his rescue at Paris.

Claude de Méricour had in the mean time been treated as an honoured guest at Combe Walwyn, and was in good esteem with its master. He would have set forth at once on his journey to Scotland, but that Lord Walwyn advised him to wait and ascertain the condition of his relatives there before throwing himself on them. Berenger had, accordingly, when writing to Sidney by the messenger above-mentioned, begged him to find out from Sir Robert Melville, the Scottish Envoy, all he could about the family whose designation he wrote down at a venture from Méricour's lips.

Sidney returned a most affectionate answer, saying that he had never been able to believe the little shepherdess a traitor, and was charmed that she had

proved herself a heroine; he should endeavour to greet her with all his best powers as a poet, when she should brighten the English Court; but his friend, Master Spenser, alone was fit to celebrate such constancy. As to M. l'Abbé de Méricour's friends, Sir Robert Melville had recognised their name at once, and had pronounced them to be fierce Catholics and Queensmen, so sorely pressed by the Douglasses, that it was believed they would soon fly the country altogether; and Sidney added, what Lord Walwyn had already said, that to seek Scotland rather than France as a resting-place in which to weigh between Calvinism and Catholicism, was only the fire instead of the frying-pan; since there the parties were trebly hot and fanatical. His counsel was that M. de Méricour should so far conform himself to the English Church as to obtain admission to one of the universities, and through his uncle of Leicester, he could obtain for him an opening at Oxford, where he might fully study the subject.

There was much to incline Méricour to accept this counsel. He had had much conversation with Mr. Adderley, and had attended his ministrations in the chapel, and both satisfied him far better than what he had seen among the French Calvinists; and the peace and family affection of the two houses were like a new world to him. But he had not yet made up his mind to that absolute disavowal of his own branch of the Church, which alone could have rendered him eligible for any foundation at Oxford. His attainments in classics would, Mr. Adderley thought, reach such a standard as to gain one of the very few scholarships open to foreigners; and his noble blood revolted at becoming a pensioner of Leicester's, or of any other nobleman.

Lord Walwyn, upon this, made an earnest offer of his hospitality, and entreated the young man to remain at Hurst Walwyn till the return of Berenger and Philip, during which time he might study under the directions of Mr. Adderly, and come to a decision whether

to seek reconciliation with his native Church and his brother, or to remain in England. In this latter case, he might perhaps accompany both the youths to Oxford, for, in spite of Berenger's marriage, his education was still not supposed to be complete. And when Méricour still demurred with reluctance to become a burthen on the bounty of the noble house, he was reminded gracefully of the debt of gratitude that the family owed to him for the relief he had brought to Berenger; and, moreover, Dame Annora giggled out that, "if he would teach Nan and Bess to speak and read French and Italian, it would be worth something to them." The others of the family would have hushed up this uncalled-for proposal; but Méricour caught at it as the most congenial mode of returning the obligation. Every morning he undertook to walk or ride over to the Manor, and there gave his lessons to the young ladies, with whom he was extremely popular. He was a far more brilliant teacher than Lucy, and ten thousand times preferable to Mr. Adderley, who had once begun to teach Annora her accidence with lamentable want of success.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"Eager to know  
The worst, and with that fatal certainty  
To terminate intolerable dread,  
He spurred his courser forward—all his fears  
Too surely are fulfilled."

SOUTHEY.

CONTRARY winds made the voyage of the *Throstle* much more tardy than had been reckoned on by Berenger's impatience; but hope was before him, and he often remembered his days in the little vessel as much happier than he had known them to be at the time.

It was in the calm days of bright October that Captain Hobbs at length was putting into the little harbour nearest to La Sablerie. Berenger, on that morning, had for the first time been seized by a fit of anxiety as to the impression his face would make, with its

terrible purple scar, great patch, and bald forehead, and had brought out a little black velvet mask, called a *tour de nez*, often used in riding to protect the complexion, intending to prepare Eustacie for his disfigurement. He had fastened on a carnation-coloured sword knot, wound a scarf of the same colour across his shoulder, clasped a long ostrich plume into his broad Spanish hat, and looked out his deeply-fringed Spanish gloves; and Philip was laughing merrily, not to say rudely, at him, for trying to deck himself out so bravely.

"See, Master Hobbs," cried the boy in his high spirits, as he followed his brother on deck, "You did not know you had so fine a gallant on board. Here be braveries for my Lady."

"Hush, Phil," broke in Berenger, who had hitherto taken all the raillery in perfect good part. "What is amiss, Master Hobbs?"

"I cannot justly say, sir," returned Master Hobbs, without taking his gaze off the coast, "but by yonder banks and creeks this should be the Sables d'Olonne; and I do not see the steeple of La Sablerie, which has always been the landmark for the harbour of St. Julien."

"What do you understand by that?" asked Berenger, more struck by his manner than his words.

"Well, sir, if I am right, a steeple that has stood three or four hundred years does not vanish out of sight like a cloud of smoke for nothing. It may be lightning, to be sure; or the Protestants may have had it down for Popery; but methinks they would have too much Christian regard for poor mariners than to knock down the only landmark on this coast till you come to Nissard spire." Then he hailed the man at the mast-head, demanding if he saw the steeple of La Sablerie. "No, no, sir." But as other portions of the land became clearer, there was no doubt that the *Throstle* was right in her bearings; so the skipper gave orders to cast anchor and lower a boat. The passengers would have pressed him with inquiries as to what he thought the absence of

his landmark could portend ; but he hurried about, and shouted orders, with the deaf despotism of a nautical commander ; and only when all was made ready, turned round and said, "Now, sir, maybe you had best let me go ashore first, and find out how the land lies."

"Never !" said Berenger, in an agony of impatience.

"I thought so," said the captain. "Well, then, sir, your fellows ready ? Armed ? All right."

So Berenger descended to the boat, followed by Philip ; next came the captain, and then the two serving men. Six of the crew were ready to row them to the shore, and were bidden by their captain to return at once to the vessel, and only return on a signal from him. The surging rush of intense anxiety, sure to precede the destined moment of the consummation of hope long deferred, kept Berenger silent, choked by something between fear and prayer ; but Philip, less engrossed, asked Master Hobbs if it were not strange that none of the inhabitants of the squalid little huts on the shore had not put out to greet them in some of the boats that were drawn up on the beach.

"Poor wretches," said Hobbs ; "they scarce know friend from foe, and are slow to run their heads into the lion's mouth. Strange fellows have the impudence to sail under our flag at times."

However, as they neared the low, flat, sandy shore, a few red caps peeped out at the cottage doors, and then, apparently gaining confidence from the survey, some wiry active figures appeared, and were hailed by Hobbs. His Bordeaux trade had rendered him master of the coast language ; and a few incomprehensible shouts between him and the natives resulted in a line being thrown to them, and the boat dragged as near as possible to the landing-place, when half-a-dozen ran up, splashing with their bare legs, to offer their shoulders for the transport of the passengers, both of whom were seized upon before they were aware, Philip struggling with all his might, till a call from Captain

Hobbs warned him to resign himself ; and then he became almost helpless with laughter at the figure cut by the long-legged Berenger upon a small fisherman's back.

They were landed. Could it be that Berenger was only two miles—only half an hour's walk from Eustacie ? The bound his heart gave as he touched the shore seemed to stifle him. He could not believe it. Yet he knew how fully he had believed it, the next moment, when he listened to what the fishermen were saying to Captain Hobbs.

"Did Monsieur wish to go to La Sablerie ? Ah ! then he did not know what had happened. The soldiers had been there ; there had been a great burning. They had been out in their boats at sea, but they had seen the sky red—red as a furnace, all night ; and the steeple was down. Surely, Monsieur had missed the steeple that was a guide to all poor seafarers ; and now they had to go all the way to Brancour to sell their fish."

"And the townspeople ?" Hobbs asked.

"Ah ! poor things ; 'twas pity of them, for they were honest folk to deal with, even if they were heretics. They loved fish at other seasons if not in Lent ; and it seemed but a fair return to go up and bury as many of them as were not burnt to nothing in their church ; and Dom Colombeau, the good priest of Nissard, has said it was a pious work ; and he was a saint, if anyone was."

"Alack, sir," said Hobbs, laying his hand on the arm of Berenger, who seemed neither to have breathed nor moved while the man was speaking ; "I feared that there had been some such bloody work when I missed the steeple. But take heart yet, your Lady is very like to have been out of the way. We might make for La Rochelle, and there learn !" Then, again to the fisherman. "None escaped, fellow ?"

"Not one," replied the man. "They say that one of the great folks was in a special rage with them for sheltering the Lady he should have wedded, but

who had broken convent and turned heretic ; and they had victualled Montgomery's pirates, too."

"And the Lady?" continued Hobbs, ever trying to get a more supporting hold of his young charge, in case the rigid tension of his limbs should suddenly relax.

"I cannot tell, sir. I am a poor fisher ; but I could guide you to the place where old Gillot is always poking about. He listened to their preachings, and knows more than we do.

"Let us go," said Berenger, at once beginning to stride along in his heavy boots through the deep sand. Philip, who had hardly understood a word of the *patois*, caught hold of him, and begged to be told what had happened ; but Master Hobbs drew the boy off, and explained to him and to the two men what were the dreadful tidings that had wrought such a change in Berenger's demeanour. The way over the shifting sands was toilsome enough to all the rest of the party ; but Berenger scarcely seemed to feel the deep plunge at every step as they almost ploughed their way along for the weary two miles, before a few green bushes and half-choked trees showed that they were reaching the confines of the sandy waste. Berenger had not uttered a word the whole time, and his silence hushed the others. The ground began to rise, grass was seen still struggling to grow, and presently a large straggling mass of black and gray ruins revealed themselves, with the remains of a once well-trodden road leading to them. But the road led to a gateway choked by a fallen jamb and barred door, and the guide led them round the ruins of the wall to the opening where the breach had been. The sand was already blowing in, and no doubt veiled much ; for the streets were scarcely traceable through remnants of houses more or less dilapidated, with shreds of broken or burnt household furniture within them.

"Ask him for *la rue des Trois Fées*," hoarsely whispered Berenger.

The fisherman nodded, but soon seemed at fault ; and an old man, fol-

lowed by a few children, soon appearing, laden with pieces of fuel, he appealed to him as Father Gillot, and asked whether he could find the street. The old man seemed at home in the ruins, and led the way readily. "Did he know the Widow Laurent's house?"

"Mademoiselle<sup>1</sup> Laurent ! Full well he knew her ; a good pious soul was she, always ready to die for the truth," he added, as he read sympathy in the faces round ; "and no doubt she had witnessed a good confession."

"Knew he aught of the Lady she had lodged?"

"He knew nothing of ladies. Something he had heard of the good widow having sheltered that shining light, Isaac Gardon, quenched, no doubt, in the same destruction ; but for his part, he had a daughter in one of the isles out there, who always sent for him if she suspected danger here on the mainland, and he had only returned to his poor farm a day or two after Michaelmas." So saying, he led them to the threshold of a ruinous building, in the very centre, as it were, of the desolation, and said, "That, gentlemen, is where the poor honest widow kept her little shop."

Black, burnt, dreary, lay the hospitable abode. The building had fallen, but the beams of the upper floor had fallen aslant, so as to shelter a portion of the lower room, where the red-tile pavement, the hearth with the grey ashes of the harmless home-fire, some unbroken crocks, a chain, and a *sabot*, were still visible, making the contrast of dreariness doubly mournful.

Berenger had stepped over the threshold, with his hat in his hand, as if the ruin were a sacred place to him, and stood gazing in a transfixed, deadened way. The captain asked where the remains were.

"Our people," said the old man and the fisher, "laid them by night in the earth near the church."

Just then Berenger's gaze fell on something half-hidden under the fallen

<sup>1</sup> This was the title of *bourgeoise* wives, for many years, in France.

timbers. He instantly sprang forward, and used all his strength to drag it out in so headlong a manner, that all the rest hurried to prevent his reckless proceedings from bringing the heavy beams down on his head. When brought to light, the object proved to be one of the dark, heavy, wooden cradles used by the French peasantry, shining with age, but untouched by fire.

"Look in," Berenger signed to Philip, his own eyes averted, his mouth set.

The cradle was empty, totally empty, save for a woollen covering, a little mattress, and a string of small yellow shells threaded.

Berenger held out his hand, grasped the baby-plaything convulsively, then dropped upon his knees clasping his hands over his ashy face, the string of shells still wound among his fingers. Perhaps he had hitherto hardly realized the existence of his child, and was solely wrapped up in the thought of his wife ; but the wooden cradle, the homely toy, stirred up fresh depths of feeling ; he saw Eustacie with her tender sweetness as a mother, he beheld the little likeness of her in the cradle ; and oh ! that this should have been the end ! Unable to repress a moan of anguish from a bursting heart, he laid his face against the senseless wood, and kissed it again and again, then lay motionless against it save for the long-drawn gasps and sobs that shook his frame. Philip, torn to the heart, would have almost forcibly drawn him away ; but Master Hobbs, with tears running down his honest cheeks, withheld the boy. "Don't ye, Master Thistlewood, t'will do him good. Poor young gentleman. I know how it was when I came home and found our first little lad, that we had thought so much on, had been taken. But then he was safe laid in his own churchyard, and his mother was there to meet me ; while your poor brother—— Ah ! God comfort him !"

"*Le pauvre Monsieur !*" exclaimed the old peasant, struck at the sight of his grief, "was it then his child ? And he, no doubt, lying wounded elsewhere while God's hand was heavy on this

place. Yet he might hear more. They said the priest came down and carried off the little ones to be bred up in convents."

"Who ?—where ?" asked Berenger, raising his head as if catching at a straw in this drowning of all his hopes.

"'Tis true," added the fisherman. "It was the holy priest of Nissard, for he sent down to St. Julien for a woman to nurse the babes."

"To Nissard, then," said Berenger, rising.

"It is but a chance," said the old Huguenot ; "many of the innocents were with their mothers in yonder church. Better for them to perish like the babes at Bethlehem than to be bred up in the house of Baal ; but perhaps Monsieur is English, and if so he might yet obtain the child. Yet he must not hope too much."

"No, for there was many a little corpse among those we buried," said the fisher. "Will the gentleman see the place."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Philip, understanding the actions, and indeed many of the words ; "this place will kill him."

"To the grave," said Berenger, as if he heard nothing.

"See," added Philip, "there are better things than graves," and he pointed to a young green sucker of a vine, which, stimulated by the burnt soil, had shot up between the tiles of the floor. "Look, there is hope to meet you even here."

Berenger merely answered by gathering a leaf from the vine and putting it into his bosom ; and Philip, whom only extreme need could have thus inspired, perceived that he accepted it as the augury of hope.

Berenger turned to bid the two men bear the cradle with them, and then followed the old man out into the *place*, once a pleasant open paved square, now grass-grown and forlorn. On one side lay the remains of the church. The Huguenots had been so predominant at La Sablerie as to have engrossed the building, and it had therefore shared the general destruction, and lay in utter

desolate ruin, a mere shell, and the once noble spire, the mariner's guiding star, blown up with gunpowder in the lawless rage of Anjou's army, one of the most cruel that ever desolated the country. Beyond lay the burial-ground, in unspeakable dreariness. The crosses of the Catholic dead had been levelled by the fanaticism of the Huguenots, and though a great dominant stone cross raised on steps had been re-erected, it stood uneven, tottering and desolate among nettles, weeds, and briars. There seemed to have been a few deep trenches dug to receive the bodies of the many victims of the siege, and only rudely and slightly filled in with loose earth, on which Philip treading had nearly sunk in, so much to his horror, that he could hardly endure the long contemplation in which his brother stood gazing on the dismal scene, as if to bear it away with him. Did the fair being he had left in a king's palace sleep her last sleep amid the tangled grass, the thistles and briars that grew so close that it was hardly possible to keep from stumbling over them, where all memorials of friend or foe were alike obliterated? Was a resting place among these nameless graves the best he could hope for the wife whose eyes he had hoped by this time would be answering his own—was this her shelter from foe, from sword, famine, and fire?

A great sea-bird, swooping along with broad wings and wild wailing cry, completed the weird dismay that had seized on Philip, and clutching at his brother's cloak, he exclaimed, "Berry, Berry, let us begone, or we shall both be distraught!"

Berenger yielded passively, but when the ruins of the town had been again crossed, and the sad little party, after amply rewarding the old man, were about to return to St. Julien, he stood still, saying, "Which is the way to Nis-

sard?" and, as the men pointed to the south, he added, "Show me the way thither."

Captain Hobbs now interfered. He knew the position of Nissard, among dangerous sandbanks, between which a boat could only venture at the higher tides, and by daylight. To go the six miles thither at present would make it almost impossible to return to the *Throstle* that night, and it was absolutely necessary that he at least should do this. He therefore wished the young gentleman to return with him on board, sleep there, and be put ashore at Nissard as soon as it should be possible in the morning. But Berenger shook his head. He could not rest for a moment till he had ascertained the fate of Eustacie's child. Action alone could quench the horror of what he had recognised as her own lot, and the very pursuit of this one thread of hope seemed needful to him to make it substantial. He would hear of nothing but walking at once to Nissard; and Captain Hobbs, finding it impossible to debate the point with one so dazed and crushed with grief, and learning from the fishermen that not only was the priest one of the kindest and most hospitable men living, but that there was a tolerable *cabaret* not far from the house, selected from the loiterers who had accompanied them from St. Julien a trustworthy-looking, active lad as a guide, and agreed with Philip to come to Nissard in his boat with the high tide on the morrow, either to concert measures for obtaining possession of the lost infant, or, if all were in vain, to fetch them off. Then he, with the mass of stragglers from St. Julien, went off direct for the coast, while the two young brothers, their two attendants, and the fisherman, turned southwards along the summit of the dreary sandbanks.

*To be continued.*

## WORKMEN ON THE THAMES AND ELSEWHERE.

By the time this paper is before the public, a winter among the most dismal ever known to some classes of workmen will have passed away, carrying with it many an untold story of suffering, and one may reasonably hope much of the suffering itself, but not without leaving deep wounds and scars, which ought to have a powerful voice, and a graphic history, that what has been may not be suffered to repeat itself perpetually year by year, if human power, acting on just and even economical principles, can prevent it. The story of such a winter, however, is not pleasant to tell, or hear, or read; and the probability is that no one will care to tell it fully, now or in times to come. The dreary term, "East End Distress" (dreariest of all newspaper terms since the "Lancashire Cotton Famine," and, in some respects, more desolate and hopeless than that, because less easily understood), is almost enough to drive away consideration or attention at this spring time of another year. Human instinct points to the burying of such terms out of sight the moment they are dead, that life, with its fresh young impulses, may go on its way, free and unfettered, to the duties before it.

The feeling is not one pertaining specially to any class. It is human. Whatever may have been one's winter pleasures and comforts on the one hand, or suffering and privation on the other, the mind is unwilling to dwell on them in the beginning of spring. The rich man may buy a thousand pleasures, but he cannot buy the white hawthorn-blossom, or the lark's song to the opening year. He must wait the Creator's time for these; and when they come, why should not the heart bound forth to welcome them, as the type and promise of the yet fresher spring that will follow the longer and darker winter to come?

In the case of the poor man there is good reason for the feeling being even stronger. He alone rightly knows the world of meaning there is in the "cutting of the days," "the fall of the year," "the dark days before Christmas;" days dark and gloomy enough, meaning very little work to some men, and none to others, but poverty and privation more biting than any frost, bite as it may. To these men there is new life in the opening of the year, when the street corners are deserted, and the hands taken out of the trousers' pockets, and the shoes repaired, and the tools brightened and sharpened for work.

Unless, however, appearances are fallacious, the day cannot be distant when the highest imperial reasons will render it impossible for either rich or poor to forget in spring the dark days of winter. The old conditions under which it was possible to do so have nearly, if not entirely, passed away; and it seems as if even the East-end distress would be the reverse of a calamity if it should force itself on public attention, in spite of all instinct and selfish feeling to the contrary, as something that cannot, save at national peril, be neglected. In the strong light of the East-end distress it would be possible to define the present relations of employers and employed, of wealth and labour, as differing from what they were at other times, during, say the last half century, prior to which the conditions would be altogether different, the end of the great French war forming an era in the history of labour in Great Britain. Previous to this time, or an approximate one, the workman and his work were, in all leading characteristics, the same that they had been for centuries. From this time, or an approximate one, there were changes so vast and rapid that almost every successive year brought new features and



powers, to be faced and conquered, or yielded to and left in possession of the labour market.

These, and some kindred facts, may appear if, without attempting a history or the semblance of one, we take the real story, as commonplace as the life, of one poor family, and try to let it run into its own natural form, without any colouring whatever, where it would be possible, and, perhaps, from a writer's point of view, desirable, to present a picture that would be in itself attractive. The cottager who has been courteous enough to supply the picture that will follow here, is a real workman, rough and hard as a gnarled oak, and now more than seventy years of age. He had the look of a man, and spoke like one, with a noble modesty, too, that strove in vain to hide itself as the story went on. I shall give place to his much greater experience, and leave the questions involved in the term, "Workmen on the Thames and Elsewhere," to be dealt with by him in his own way, in a story, true I am sure in every part, unless there may be slips of memory as to exact dates, in cases which cannot be important to the general facts. The old man said :—

"I hardly know about the story of my life, for there is very little in it that is not in almost every life, and nothing compared with what there is in some; but, still, if you think you can sand-paper it up a bit and make it useful to my fellow-workmen, you shall have it with all the pleasure in the world, for I fancy you have not come here to make sport of us, or hold us up as examples in the way that a great many people do.

"I was born in March, 1798, at Chatham, where my father had worked all his life, as a shipwright in the Government dockyard, as his father, and my mother's father had before him, carrying us back, you see, a long way as a family of shipwrights. I have heard my father's father say that he had worked there for 2s. 1d. a day, and that it was capital wages, for at that time a pound of beef only cost 1½d., and other things were in the same proportion.

"In the year 1800 a much higher wage was found too small, the price of provisions having risen enormously, and a part of the men signed a round-robin to the Admiralty, asking for an advance of pay. Mr. Pitt was Prime Minister then, and when he heard of it he was very angry, and is reported to have said, 'Discharge all the men who signed the round-robin, and make every one that remains take an apprentice or two, and then we shall have them at our mercy.' I need hardly tell you that I did not hear the great man say this, and I never knew any one who did, but the men were discharged; and my father, who was one of them, came to the Thames. He was one of a family of seventeen, and I am one of a family of thirteen, but I am now the only one left on either father's or mother's side, though my own children and grandchildren (and I have one great-grandchild) number nearly fifty, and I fancy their parents would not like to part with any of them, which some may think foolish, when all is so dark ahead of us.

"While we were making this little change—casting off the moorings where our family had been so long—Bony was forcing his way over the Great St. Bernard, and Lord Castlereagh carrying his Act of Union; and some one, about the same time, laid the first stone of the new dock in the Isle of Dogs. It was a year of famine and bread-riots, I have heard; but my father was lucky enough to find work at once in Mr. Pitcher's yard at Northfleet, and then, unlucky enough, a few months after, to get badly crushed at the launch of the *Inglis*, India hoy, a kind of craft used for loading and discharging the Indiamen. Mr. Pitcher (the old man, Mr. Henry) sent his own carriage to take my father to Chatham, and paid him seven shillings a day all the time—I forget how many months—he was off work; which I think you will agree with me was very handsome treatment to a stranger.

"When my father was well again he went back to Mr. Pitcher's, and stayed there till near the end of 1802; and then work having fallen slack, he came up to

Blackwall, and was taken into the employ of Messrs. Wigram and Green, who were at that time building seventy-fours and frigates. I left school in 1812, to be apprenticed to Messrs. Wigram and Green, and the same year my father began to build himself a new house in Bow Lane. We all, big and little, helped him as well as we could, at nights and odd times. We dug out the foundations ourselves, and when the bricklayers had run up the walls we had no more outside help. We roofed, put in windows, stairs, and all that was wanted, so that we were soon rent-free, and as snug as Robinson Crusoe; as some of us would like to be now, if we knew the way to it, for house-rent is one of the greatest drawbacks a workman has in London.

"We were building the *Lady Melville*, Indiaman, in 1812-13, when the order came from Government to lay down a number of fir frigates, to match the Yankees, and the work was begun, but the ships never got to sea. They were kept in harbour till they rotted, and then were broken up. They were elm from the keel up to light-water mark, and all above was fir, so that they would have been light and useful, I daresay. After they were finished, about the beginning of 1814, work fell off. We had ships enough to look after the French; there was no free trade on the river, and all at once the work came to a standstill; the apprentices only being kept on in the yard. This had been about the last thing looked for, and most of the men had lived up to their wages, many of them in the creditable way of doing the best they could for their families, and some in the other way; you know it takes all kinds to make up every kind. Some had money in the bank, and had to live on it while there was a penny left, as many have done during the last two years, without the slightest hope of ever making it up again. The bulk of the hands, however, lived by making penny bundles of firewood, for sale in London, and it went sadly against the grain, I can tell you, though they had no reason to be ashamed of it,—had they?

"Towards the end of 1815 things began to look up a little. Messrs. Wigram and Green built the *Waterloo*, Indiaman, for the Honourable Company, who up to this time had only three vessels of their own; the others were merely chartered by them, though built expressly for the trade. They had the *General Hewett* and the *Thomas Grenville* built for them, and the *Balcarres*, a Bombay-built ship that they had bought. The *Waterloo* was their fourth, and I believe they never afterwards had more than ten of their own at any one time. The Indiamen all measured from 1,200 to 1,500 tons, and were like great square boxes, compared with what we have now; but it is rather curious that they made the voyage in very little more time than our present clippers do. I suppose it was owing to the large spread of canvas that, from their build, they could carry; but at all events they made the double voyage to China and India in about fourteen months, and the single one in about ten. I once came home from Madras in seven months, from leaving England to anchoring again in the Downs, but that was an unusual case.

"We are often reminded of the 'roaring times' (about 1812) when 'shipwrights' wives tasted butter with guineas, as maybe one did, some time or other, and so it was set down to the credit of all. At any rate, we are twitted with it to this day, and as all who can prove it either true or false are getting into small room, it may very likely find its way into the history of England some day, as an undoubted fact.

"Well, at that time, some men did earn as much as a guinea a day, but I'll tell you how. We worked in companies, as we do now, and took work by the piece—in Messrs. Green's yard it was always so. Some companies, of course, made a great deal more than others, and some had better work than others, so that the wages were very unequal; and while some were earning a guinea a day, others were earning so little as to reduce the average of the whole to twelve shillings a day; which,

you will see, could not leave a large sum for the minimum wage.

"Nominally, the men now on this ship of Mr. Green's are working at six shillings and sixpence a day, but this only means that the piece-work is computed at that rate. I have known the men of a company in some cases earn more than their wages, and in others begin at seven shillings a day, and have to come down to half that amount before the work was finished; only this we are never reminded of by any one. You will see, too, that we have a common interest in each man being able to do his work, and doing it, which is the reverse of what is sometimes said of us; while the best part of the joke in connexion with the guinea-a-day times, is kept farthest back of all; I mean how we worked for it.

"We had no six o'clock bell rung in the evening; we had to find out, by being tired, when it was time to leave off, and we worked all hours, early and late, while there was a bit of daylight, and as hard as we could. Then we rarely had work more than eight months in the year, after the brisk war times—and when the less golden days came, we found employers who had a great deal down against us, and could point, very cleverly, to what we earned under exceptional circumstances, but never to the hours we worked for it, or to their own profits from the same causes that led to our good wages. It was never thought either that we could possibly want to read, or sit at home, or lay up anything for our families; and to tell you the truth, there was not much reading among us; we had no time for it when we were at work, and no heart for it when we were idle. Cheap magazines and newspapers came, and made us readers whether we would or no, and if we now and then took things up wrongly, through not knowing the meanings of them, it was as much our misfortune as our fault. I want you now to take in one or two things in the life of a comrade of mine, which bears somewhat, I think, on what you want to know. We will call him Tom

Brown—we could not find a more suitable name anywhere, or one that reminds us of a better friend of everything that is right and good, in school-days or out of them.

"Mr. Brown, Tom's father, came to the Thames in 1808, and was employed at Messrs. Wigram and Green's, bettering his condition from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a day by the change. Tom was then only four years old. They took a house in Robin Hood Lane, Poplar, which at that time was like a country hamlet, and contained only about 3,000 people; now, I believe, its population is about 85,000. Nearly all the houses in the lane were built of wood; and some of them, it is said, were two or three hundred years old.

"At the proper time Tom was sent to the Green-coat School, built by Mr. Green, and supported in a great measure by the Rev. Henry Higginson, chaplain of the Hon. Company, and Tom says as good a man as ever lived. It was for boys of all countries, and boys of all countries went to it, having schooling, clothes, and shoes free.

"When Tom was fourteen years old, he was sent into the storehouse of the yard, where a number of lads were employed. It was a department quite separate from the shipbuilding, but the apprentices were often selected from it, on a very cute principle, by the foreman shipwright. He had the privilege of putting apprentices into the companies of men, and charging the men for them according to the time they had been at the trade, which in itself was all right. But when he took a lad from the store, he charged for him according to the time he had been there, not according to the time he had been at the trade; paying the boy's wages on one principle and demanding pay for him on another. Tom had been a year in the store when he was apprenticed (in 1818), and he was put into the company as in his second year—receiving pay as a first-year boy, and being paid for as a second-year one. I have known boys in the same way charged for as in their third or fourth year, though they had no

real knowledge of the trade, and therefore there was a great injustice to the men, but we had to take it as it came, and keep our grumbling to ourselves.

"In 1814 we had to rely once more for work almost entirely on the Hon. Company. They regularly sent out two fleets in the year, the first before Christmas (it was always calculated that the crews would get their Christmas dinner in the Downs), and the other early in the year, from February to April. Then we were at a standstill and idle for four or five of the finest months of the year. When the Company's vessels came back the East India dock was crowded, and we had work from daylight to dark, and earned from eight to nine shillings a day.

"In 1815, when I had been three years at the trade, I was sent to sea with a vessel from Woolwich Arsenal to follow the fleet with supplies for Wellington's army. We were out six months, and were paid off at Portsmouth, after which I was allowed to enter one of his Majesty's frigates, and was in the carpenter's crew nine months, during a cruise in the North Sea. We were discharged at Deptford, and then I came on shore and worked in the yard till 1818, when I was again sent to sea, as carpenter of a small vessel, bound for South America; but we never got there, for after three serious mishaps in the river, the vessel went down off Dungeness light-house. All hands except one man were saved in the long-boat, but we lost our clothes and everything but what we had on. I then went, in another vessel, to the coast of Africa, and we brought home and discharged for Plymouth dockyard the first cargo, I am almost sure, of African oak ever used in his Majesty's service. Then I came on shore, and worked till my apprenticeship was out.

"In 1817 there were three Indiamen under way in the yard. When these were finished, a few months before I was out of my time, work again fell off, and we had a little experience of a new state of things. At the end of the war a number of old war-ships were bought by the master-shipwrights on the Thames, to be made into whalers for the South Sea.

When work fell off these were brought out, and we were told they should be gone on with at once, provided (as it was only for our sakes the work was being thought of) we would take reduced wages. We agreed, and went to work at one-eighth less than the rate of wages at the time. In 1822 we built two steam-vessels for the Caledonian Company, at 32s. 6d. a ton, which we reckoned made our wages, with the hardest work, soon and late, about 5s. a day. We should now have about 52s. a ton for the same kind of work, taking the complete hull of a vessel, and fitting it up ready for sea. We did other work on similar terms.

"We were also told that if we took this work at a low rate we should have the opportunity of making it up when the Indiamen came in, as we had, fairly enough. But then it told two ways, for by the men who were on the new work being taken away to the old, a great many of those who had been walking about remained walking about, instead of sharing the work while it lasted, as they would have done under other circumstances. So that they were really worse off, instead of better, for the vessels put on for the general benefit, and as a kind of charity to keep us in work. I could tell you of many such charities in connexion with our trade on the Thames—charities that paid the charitable, and set a state of things agoing that is going still, and of which, rightly or wrongly, we are very jealous.

"There were, at this time, in Poplar, a number of shopkeepers, who sold everything for eating and wearing, and gave us credit during the idle time. When we began work again, we also began to pay off the old score. Most people know what this kind of credit means to the man who, from any cause, has to avail himself of it; but there was no help for it in our case. By the time the score was cleared away, the chances were that the work was done, and then a new score had very soon to take the place of the old one. It came about as naturally as a law of life, and many men whom I knew never saw the end of it.

“In 1822 we began to get up what we called ‘social meetings,’ to consider our position and what was before us and our children. After long talks and all manner of suggestions (for you know talking is not in our line and we rarely make much of it) we decided to ask the masters for an advance of wages, from 5s. to 6s. a day, when working by day, and a contract-price equivalent to it, and that the bell should be rung at six o'clock in the evening. It was 1824 before we had got the matter into sailing trim, and then we sent in our petition, as respectfully as we knew how. The proposal was peremptorily refused, and then there was a general stand out on the Thames—the only one in my time. The same year our ‘Shipwrights’ Provident Union’ was formed, in the face of a fierce opposition, and we set about our first procession. We went to Blackheath and had a jolly day of it—beefsteaks and whisky, and such a turn-out on the whole as most of us thought we should not easily forget.

“The Government tried its best to break up the society, by sending men from the dockyards to work in our places, but we absorbed the men as they came, as we did those from other parts of the country, for we had all one interest, and saw that we had. You would be surprised what a horror some people seemed to have of our society; but, then, the same people had a horror of all societies of working men, even for establishing reading-rooms. I sometimes think, though I can never get it rightly put into words, that when you literary people are talking and writing about the Press and what it did and suffered for freedom, you might now and then edge in a word for us workmen, all through the country, and what we did and suffered, many a time, for the same freedom, when we had very few kind words, but as much as we liked of bitter enmity, till in the end we almost began ourselves to believe that we must be the worst people on earth.

“Along with our proposals we also sent a price-list, but, of course, that too was rejected. Mr. Green’s firm went further, No. 103.—VOL. XVIII.

and asked the men to sign a document certifying that, ‘If we are found, after ‘this, to belong to the Shipwrights’ ‘Provident Union, we will forfeit 5*l.* of ‘the wages due to us for work in this ‘employ.’ The men who signed this were promised good wages and the best of the work; and about twenty did sign it, some of them without knowing what it was. Mr. Green sent for me, among others (but we went singly), and said, ‘You are a young man, with all your life before you, why don’t you sign?’ ‘No, sir,’ I said, ‘I cannot sign that. I have served one apprenticeship and don’t intend to be bound again, and if ever I come to be an old man I should not like to be pointed at as one who had signed away the birthright of those who were to come after.’ ‘Well, well,’ he said, quite good-naturedly, ‘then I suppose you must go, but you are foolish.’ And so I went to sea again, and was away twenty-two months. When I came back the strike was at an end, and my friend Tom Brown was on a voyage to the East Indies, having, in consequence of what he thought, and still thinks, was hard usage, run away from the yard four months before he was out of his apprenticeship. At the time of the strike he had been placed in charge of a portion of the other lads, and he was afterwards blamed for not doing the best he could with his company, and for punishment was set to a piece of work that he could not do. He escaped in the way I have told you; but when he came back, two years after, he had to work for his indentures, till he paid for them, in all, out of his wages, about 80*l.*; a large sum for four months, but useful enough to Tom in one way, for, of course, he had work all the time when he might have been idle, and, indeed, he had work long after that, the subject of his running away never again being referred to.

“When fairly out of his apprenticeship, my friend married a wife and made himself a home, and very soon afterwards his father, and his wife’s father, died, and both families fell to Tom’s charge, without a word of grumbling on

his part, as far as I know, and I think I know almost everything he has had to grumble about from that day to this. In addition to providing for the old people, he has brought up, of their families and his own, thirteen children; and what are left of them are respectable mechanics and mechanics' wives. He has now for about two years been, like myself, out of work, but we have been better off than hundreds, and are too old, at any rate, to be of much account at such a time; but try, if you can, to lend a hand to the trade, by telling the truth of us, and nothing but the truth; and what you cannot do for a couple of old men you may help to do for the younger ones. You won't regret it if you ever come to be an old man, and out of work as we are. I shall now run through my own story as quickly as I can.

"When I came back from sea I went to the yard to ask for work, and the foreman gave me a job; but I hadn't been a fortnight at it when some of the document-men told one of the firm about it, and I was discharged. I went to the Limekiln shipyard, and stayed there six months, and then, thinking the unpleasantness had blown over, I came back to what I call our yard, and again was employed, but the old stories were repeated, and I was once more sent adrift in the beginning of 1827. I shipped, as carpenter, for the East Indies, and was away till the end of 1831, after which I had no more troubles with discharges on old scores. I went back to the old yard, and when I took to sea again it was not from unpleasantness of any kind on shore.

"About the time I came home (in 1831) the East India Company's Charter expired, and we had free-trade on the river. We did not feel the difference at first, but in time trade set in, and from 1835 till about two years ago we have not had much to complain of, though some of us had long had a misgiving that any year might bring what I suppose the commercial failures of 1866 hastened, by taking away confidence and money from the labour market.

The iron shipbuilding, of course, threw things out of the old track; but the number of vessels we had to build for foreign countries helped us to tide over the difficulties of the new trade. I could tell you of this and also of the present distress, but I suppose what you sought out an old post like me for was a story of old times. I may say, though, that we have had suffering during the last two years—and not in our trade alone, but in all trades down here—such as will never be understood or known. I have seen men and women who were once in comfortable circumstances reduced to pauperism; many scores of decent houses have been emptied of everything of furniture that would sell, even to the last stool; we have been talked about as paupers, and treated as paupers; we have grown wonderfully patient under forms of dictation we would have spurned away from us in healthier and manlier times,—and where it is to end does not yet appear. There is a grand thought of co-operative labour afloat, but I am afraid I shall never live to see it carried out. I wonder, though, if any one calls it a levelling idea, or fancies it means breaking up the constitution of the country. They called everything by that name if it was done by workmen, since I have been in the world, and I suppose they will call some things by the same name when I am out of it altogether.

"In spite of all this, however, things do change. There have been great changes on the Thames since that fine morning, sixty-eight years ago, when my father came over from Chatham to Northfleet, with myself, a little squalling fellow two years old, as one of his encumbrances. We have seen limited companies spring up on every side (there are about twenty-three yards now on the north side of the river and nineteen on the south), but we have not yet seen a co-operative labour yard. If we are spared to see that, we shall have seen the greatest work of all; and a little calm common sense on our part, and a little kindly help on the part of those who feel kindly towards us, would

render it possible, in some small way, where the principle could be tried.

"I dare say now" (and here the old man's eyes, that had from the first been, now and then, twinkling as roguishly as a young girl's, laughed outright) "you would like to know what place of worship I go to on Sundays, and whether we eat with knives or forks at our house, and how many pints of ale I drink in a month, so that you may tell me how much they would come to in twenty years. You don't? Are you quite sure, sir, even about the place of worship? I'm glad you think you are, for I'm sadly afraid I could not tell you the texts all through one year as I could the names of vessels built in certain yards on the Thames for half a century. And as for the — Well, well, let us leave it as it is."

I shall add nothing to the story of this fine old workman, but that England has reason to be proud of such a man; and that the clergyman or employer who could reach the hearts of men like him, in the right way (as some do), who could be a father to the young and a friend and brother—why not a brother?—to the old would do a work worthy of the highest ambition of a human being. The way in which the old man spoke of Mr. Pitcher's kindness to his father, and in many cases of the kindness of his own employers, showed what a grand basis there was there for confidence between man and man.

In this story, however, there is not much reference to the most saddening features of a workman's life. I had intended to take in more briefly, though still somewhat in detail, the experience of another man, an ironworker, a man of considerable artistic and other talent, whose life has been one of great sorrow and suffering, but I must only venture to give a few facts in bare outline. This man, with a large legacy of family misfortune, following a much brighter and happier state of things, came to Poplar about twenty years ago, and was employed, as an unskilled labourer, in an iron foundry, where three years later he

was made clerk. Up to this time his life was one unbroken series of mischances; now there seemed a prospect of happier days, but it was a transient prospect, for in a short time work fell off and he was discharged, among a number of others of whose after-doings I have no definite record. He found work in Wales, and was employed there two years, when he was compelled to return to London; and then, turning his knowledge of drawing to account, he earned a livelihood by taking likenesses, till he again found his way to the work that, without any regular apprenticeship, had become to him as a trade. This engagement was in a yard for iron ship-building, and here he was employed about four years, when the commercial failures of 1854 broke up the firm. "I had then been married," he said, "eighteen months, all which time my wife had been ill and attended by a doctor. On the very day I was discharged from my employment she died; and then, when all was over, I went and got drunk, and drank away for several weeks, for the first and last time in my life." He found other employment, and in time another wife, who has resolutely stood by him, with all womanly help, in sorrow quite as great as any that had gone before. In 1866, after many difficulties and long idleness, he was employed as a viceman, but he had not been an hour at work, when, as ill-luck would have it, he had a finger broken and the palm of his hand torn away by the machinery with which he was engaged. Long before these wounds were healed he was in the last two years of "East-end distress." When he had suffered, modestly and uncomplainingly (I have this from others, not from him), till very nearly the last of his household furniture was gone, he applied to the parish for relief, and then he said, "I was sent to the stoneyard at three shillings a week and a quartern loaf. I was there seven months, locked up, day by day, with five hundred other men, some of them the worst reprobates I ever met anywhere. I had worked previously at whatever I could get—with barrow, or pickaxe, or any-

thing, but I never felt myself in the least degraded till I came to that stone-heap. With starvation before me and my family, I at last gave it up. My wife was ill, one of my daughters soon afterwards died (thank God, by the help of some kind friends I buried her without having to apply for a parish coffin); we are as poor as we can be, dependent on the few shillings I can earn in a week and on charity, but we have not again applied to the parish." These words, spoken gravely, and I think sincerely, need no application of mine, and they apply to many more cases than the one now before the reader.

No one who has known anything of the poor parts of London during the last winter, or who has attentively read of them, can doubt that sharp remedies are needed for certain melancholy facts and conditions of life, in some cases temporary, in others chronic. There are wealthy employers and others ready to assert that the distress has been overstated; that there is a danger of encouraging vice and idleness under the belief that help is being given to honest poverty; that things were always so, and always will be so, &c. All this, however, does not alter the fact that there is a cry, like a wail of woe, among the poor of London; a cry powerful enough, where it can be heard, to silence all such bland assertions, and bring men face to face with solemn responsibilities. It would be utter quackery to attempt to state or define specific remedies for all the wants and woes involved in the term "East-end distress," but no one need have any difficulty in finding sufficient of them to be made the means of much good. Only, are we in earnest in seeking for them?

Employers and workmen too often deal unfairly with each other, on system. When the workman can say "It is our turn now," the employer often adds, "It will be mine next." Surely it is for the employer, as the man of power, and to some extent the representative there of educated people, to set the example of better things; and if it took him a lifetime to make the ex-

ample felt and understood, the life would not be spent in vain. If offences and misunderstandings, "chances" and "turns" of doing each other injury are to cease, the great work must begin among those who, from their wealth, and the vantage-ground that they possess, could begin it both with dignity and a fair prospect of success. Such examples are rare. Workmen are flattered—dishonestly flattered—as they never were before, but there is a conviction among them that they rarely have fair play, or upright and downright treatment, springing from pure motives.

There is also a conviction among them that they might as well be silent when capital is stating its case and theirs, for that, right or wrong, they are sure to be beaten. A wealthy ship-builder tells the public that men who refuse to work in private yards at six shillings a day, accept work in Government yards at five shillings a day, forgetting to add that in Government yards there is maintenance in case of injury, and no broken time—facts which this gentleman had himself pointed to, on a previous occasion, for a different purpose, as sufficient to make the lesser wage in the one case better than the greater one in the other. Workmen, charged with all manner of unfairness, point to this, and ask, with excusable bitterness, "Is this fair play?"

There are times when they ask the same question on less reasonable grounds. They are sometimes, like other people, decidedly in the wrong, and when they are so, they work at the wrong as earnestly as if they were making a temple of it, for sacred duties resting on both faith and will; but even then one good breeze of reason and kindness would blow the temple to the ground. In the recent interview of several representatives of trades' unions with Mr. Gladstone, the words of the great statesman were not more pointed and telling than those of the workmen, for here the men were met with kindness, and a desire to know the exact facts they wished to state. Had it been otherwise, had their words been twisted and turned into meanings they were never intended to convey,



Mr. Gladstone might have triumphed over his poorer fellow-countrymen, might have shown them how little qualified they were to compete in dialectics with a great dialectician, but the interview would have been useless, and indeed baneful, instead of being creditable to both workmen and statesman, as it was.

A stern political economist, standing on exact science, and applying "data" to the case of "starving" men will always fail to comprehend the position of workmen. Allowances must be made for circumstances calculated to distort the views of the calmest minds. The men who would restrict the number of apprentices are men who have been "out of work." The men who, like madmen, destroyed machinery, were men whom machinery had brought from comfort to abject poverty. Let that man or woman be loud in condemnation of them who has known what it is to have an empty cupboard and children crying for bread, who has looked upon a blank hopeless future, while fortunes were being amassed by his or her branch of labour turned into new channels. The exact science and unerring data, without an allowance for the life histories, are as likely to lead to erroneous conclusions as any claim of workmen would be, even when made in defiance of data and science, and without regard for the lessons of general history.

There are those who tell us that in emigration alone there is hope for the poor of England; and it cannot be doubted that emigration has done and is doing what nothing else could have done. It is not pleasant, however, to admit that in England all is hopeless, and that the sole hope of an Englishman is in finding his way to a foreign shore. Surely, the time has not come to forget this home of freedom—this mother of free men—and think only of escaping to the refuge of a strange land. Surely, it is the interest of men of all classes to try to do something to show that England, while founding new na-

tions abroad, can still be more than a foster-mother to her poor at home.

The hope is in labour. All the kindness in the world without that would be merely supplying means of temporary relief, and even the labour itself on an eleemosynary basis would be no more. The workmen on the Thames think that their employers are now anxious to "take their turn," and make of the very distress a means of profit. I do not say that this opinion is correct; as applied to many cases I am sure it is the reverse; but it is believed, and the workmen's history excuses, if it does not justify, the belief.

One thing, however, workmen must make up their minds to do, if they would better the condition of their trade. They must take small wages—in fact, any reasonable wages—the first time they have an opportunity of beginning work on any fair and reasonable principle of co-operative labour. There should be no higgling or hesitating, no foolish jealousy, for of every pound saved here they would have a share. They have good reason for hesitating now, but they should shrink from no sacrifice—they should work all hours, and "out at elbows" if necessary, to carry that noble idea into life.

The money that one kind lady has given to Bethnal Green, would have set on foot some branch of co-operative labour, which, treat it as we may, and blink the facts as we may to meet the wishes of interested persons, is one of the most promising rays of light ahead of the East-end distress. National Education, on a broad basis, is another. The winter of 1868 is distant. There is time for real work while the days are long. If that work is done, the distress will be fairly faced, and may be stemmed. If that work is not done, on some high national ground—above all party and sectarian aims—the distress will return again in winter, unchanged in character, unless, indeed, the change is for the worse.

## A SMILE AND A SIGH.

A SMILE because the nights are short !  
 And every morning brings such pleasure  
 Of sweet love-making, harmless sport :  
 Love, that makes and finds its treasure ;  
 Love, treasure without measure.

A sigh because the days are long !  
 Long long these days that pass in sighing,  
 A burden saddens every song :  
 While time lags who should be flying,  
 We live who would be dying.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## DEAD HOPE.

HOPE new born one pleasant morn  
 Died at even ;  
 Hope dead lives nevermore,  
 No, not in heaven.

If his shroud were but a cloud  
 To weep itself away ;  
 Or were he buried underground  
 To sprout some day !  
 But dead and gone is dead and gone  
 Vainly wept upon.

Nought we place above his face  
 To mark the spot,  
 But it shows a barren place  
 In our lot.  
 Hope has birth no more on earth  
 Morn or even ;  
 Hope dead lives nevermore,  
 No, not in heaven.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

BY CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, AND GEOGRAPHER TO THE EXPEDITION.

## II.

THE MARCH FROM SENAFÉ TO ANTALO  
(HALF WAY TO MAGDALA.)

WHEN Sir Robert Napier landed in Annesley Bay, and took command of the Abyssinian field force, in the beginning of January, there were two courses open to him in the conduct of the campaign. Teódoros was still at a considerable distance from Magdala, advancing at the rate of two or three miles a day, and impeded by all his moveable effects, some guns, and, above all, by a heavy mortar which his European workmen had succeeded in casting for him.

It might, therefore, have been decided that the great object of the campaign was to reach Magdala before Teódoros could arrive and get the captives into his clutches again. Senafé is twenty-one easy marches from Magdala; and, even if the march had not commenced until the end of January, a small force pushed promptly forward, with two months' provisions, would have attained the object in view. But the general commanding it must have relied on the resources of the country, to a considerable extent, both for supplies and transport; and temporarily, until supports could be brought up, on the friendliness of the people for keeping communications open with his base. The success of such a course would have brought the campaign to a conclusion in the shortest possible time, and at the smallest possible cost. Whether it was feasible; whether reliance on the resources of the country and the friendliness of the people, to the extent required, would have been justifiable; and finally, whether this course, though not absolutely free from risk, was not the only one by which success was

possible: are questions that may be decided more correctly and more profitably when the results of the campaign are finally discussed at its conclusion. Suffice it that this first course was not even attempted.

The alternative plan—the plan by which the campaign is actually to be conducted—gives the first move to the adversary with a vengeance. While the English player moves a few pawns one square to the front, the Abyssinian is allowed time to castle his king, and take the pieces for which the game is played. The enemy is permitted to reach Magdala and get the game into his own hands, while the English general is maturing arrangements on so large and complete a scale as to leave no room for any possible mischance to his troops, except through inexcusable neglect or incompetence. This course involves an enormous outlay, great loss of time, and desperate risk for the captives. Its recommendations are that, setting the object of the campaign on one side, it ensures the health and comfort of the troops, and is emphatically a safe and prudent course. The force will be, as much as possible, independent of the resources of the country. Advances will not be made unless ample means of transport are previously secured; three safe dépôts will be formed at the chief places along the line of march,<sup>1</sup> and the whole campaign will be conducted as if the line was through an enemy's country, and Teódoros was a formidable European foe.

The state of the transport-train when the Commander-in-chief landed was such that, for the conduct of a campaign on this plan, serious delays were un-

<sup>1</sup> Senafé, Adigirat, and Antalo.

avoidable ; and in that state it long remained. The omission, at Bombay, to send muleteers in adequate numbers who could understand the transport officers is the main cause of this complete break-down ;<sup>1</sup> but total ignorance of the proper treatment of mules has also had much to do with it. Saddles were sent out of such monstrous patterns and fearful weight, that sore backs were a certain consequence of their use. One of these is the mass of wood and iron and leather straps, called the Otago saddle, without blanket or covering of any kind for the night ; another was the Suez pattern, which was a breed between a hatchway ladder and a hencoop. Even now there is not a single proper pack-saddle in Abyssinia—not a single *aparejo*, such as experience has proved to be best adapted for baggage-mules in all countries where mules have for centuries been the chief or only means of transport. The treatment of the mules is of a piece with their equipment. Instead of driving them, four are chained together and dragged along the road ; and the scenes that take place when the poor brutes come to any difficult or dangerous part may be imagined. But this chaining-up is carried still further. When the mules are turned out to graze, four are chained together by the headstalls, the sick to the strong, and those that want to lie down and rest to those that would wander about and graze. Near Senafé one of these forlorn chain-gangs slipped into a pond about eight feet square, the rest were dragged in after him, and all four were drowned, while the Turkish muleteer sat smoking a few yards off. No wonder that out of 12,000 mules that have been landed, upwards of 4,000 have been lost from neglect and starvation, while the survivors are in so reduced a condition that, instead of the usual mule load of 280 to 300 lbs., they are incapable of carrying more than 150 lbs. in addition to the ponderous saddle, weighing 40 lbs.

<sup>1</sup> A number of muleteers from the Punjab, good well-disciplined men, were at last sent from India, and 1,800 men were landed towards the end of February.

This state of things accounts for some of the delay ; and during the months of January and February the arrangements of the campaign were slowly progressing. By the middle of January the whole of the 33d Regiment had arrived at Senafé ; and during that first half of the month the commissariat had so far availed themselves of the resources of the surrounding country as to have purchased 60,000 lbs. of barley and 200,000 lbs. of grass. Little girls were to be seen in all directions, staggering along under the weight of 40 lbs. of grass ; and upwards of 400 loaded persons came in daily, beside those bringing in firewood. Bullocks, goats, and sheep were also sold in great numbers ; and, in return, dollars were sown broadcast over the district around Senafé, which was being rapidly drained of its produce. Towards the end of January carts drawn by bullocks arrived on the plateau, and demonstrated that there was at last a road suited for wheel-traffic from the coast to the highlands of Abyssinia. This was a great achievement, reflecting the highest credit on the officers and men who had thus overcome all the difficulties of the path ; and it was one which would be of the utmost future importance. The whole of the surviving mules, relieved of the harassing work between the coast and Senafé, would be available for troops on the line of march, while the provisions and stores would in future be pushed up from the coast by means of camels, bullocks, and cart traffic. Elephants were also landed at Mulkutto for use on the coast plain, and the railroad between Mulkutto and Komayli was making progress.

At length, after a delay of nearly a month on the coast, Sir Robert Napier, with his numerous personal staff, arrived at Senafé on the 29th of January. Brigadier-General Merewether, the political officer who had been the life and soul of the expedition from the commencement, had come up some days before, and his arrival betokened activity and movement. Accordingly, the march onwards may be said to have commenced during the last ten days of January.

First of all, on the 17th, two companies of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, and two of the 33d, under the energetic command of Major Pierce, marched out twelve miles to the romantic glen of Goonagoona, to prepare a road. In a few days the regiment of Scinde Horse followed. On the 27th the Quartermaster-General, Colonel Phayre, proceeded to his favourite position, the extreme front; and on the 31st Brigadier-General Collings commenced the march with four companies of the 33d, four of the 10th Native Infantry, a company of Punjab Pioneers, another of Bombay Sappers, and a detachment of Scinde Horse. Colonel Loch, with seventy-five men of the 3d Bombay Cavalry, followed a few days afterwards, as an escort for the Quartermaster-General. A convoy of 600 mules, with a month's provisions for the advanced force, left Senafé on the 3d of February, and a second followed on the 12th. General Merewether started on the same day; and the head-quarters of the 4th Regiment, of the 3d Bombay Cavalry, a company of Beloochees, and one of the batteries of Armstrong steel guns, commanded by Colonel Millward, followed. Thus the march may be said to have commenced in the end of January.

The distance from Senafé to Magdala is 260 miles. One-third of this distance passes through the great northern division of Abyssinia, the other two-thirds through Wodgerat, Lasta, and the Galla country. The wise policy of conciliation which has been adopted necessarily brings the leaders of the expedition into contact with the rulers of the country, and a knowledge of the politics of Tigré is essential to a clear understanding of the prospects of the expedition. It will be well, therefore, to give a very rapid sketch of the history of Tigré during the present century, as well to render the present state of affairs intelligible, as that the frequent mention of chiefs and their quarrels, on the line of march, may convey some idea beyond that of savage and unintelligible names. The subject, at first sight, sounds uninviting, but it will be treated very briefly,

and it is hoped that a few pages will convey all the information that is really needed.

Tigré is divided into several provinces, all under hereditary chiefs, whose families have long held dominion, and for whom the people often feel a strong attachment. Chiefs and people are Christians in more than name—their whole life and all their thoughts being pervaded with Christian and monastic legend. But they are essentially savages: insolent in manner, without a trace of refinement, often cruel, boastful, turbulent, and grasping, but seldom really brave. Thus a brave man among them at once becomes an influential leader. A mixed race—a *Hâbeshah* or confusion—they have much of the negro in their composition, much of the Arab or Jew, none of the best qualities of either. Their outward appearance is easily described. A mass of woolly hair streaming with rancid butter, but with no other covering, a *shâma* of white cotton cloth with broad crimson border, worn like a Spanish *capa*, sometimes a fur tippet with six or eight long tails, cotton drawers, a curved sword on the right side, a long spear, hide shield, and naked feet. The features, though very dark, are regular, and often handsome.

Tigré had always remained subject to Gondar during the rule of the Emperors of the old dynasty, and it was not until the time of Bruce that Râs Mikhâil, a chief of the province of Salawa in Tigré, obtained supreme power in Abyssinia as the Râs or Minister of a puppet Emperor. Râs Mikhâil, although driven from Central Abyssinia, retained his power in Tigré until he died in extreme old age, but his son was defeated and killed by the Gallas from the south. Central Abyssinia, with the possession of Gondar and the puppet Emperor, had passed into the hands of a family of Yedju Gallas, who retained it (with the title of Râs) until the rise of Teëdoros. But not Tigré. While Râs Guksa, the first of the Yedju Galla Râses, was gaining power in Central Abyssinia, a remarkable ruler

rose up in Tigré named Râs Waldo Salassy,<sup>1</sup> a chief of the province of Enderta. He was a grandson of a chief named Ezkiâs,<sup>2</sup> who had married a *waizaro* (princess), a daughter of an emperor of the ancient dynasty. Râs Mikhâil, and some influential chiefs of the present day, are of the same stock. Râs Waldo Salassy, though constantly engaged in wars, especially with Râs Guksa, was an enlightened ruler. His favourite residence was at Antalo; but he founded the neighbouring pleasant town of Chelicut, with its surrounding gardens, and also had a palace in Adowa, the chief commercial town of Tigré. In his time the mission of Mr. Salt took place, who was accompanied by Pierce and Coffin, and the latter Englishman took service under the Tigré ruler. Waldo Salassy died about the year 1816, and was succeeded by his relation Gebra Mikhâil,<sup>3</sup> who was defeated and killed in a battle near Adigirat by Sabagadis, the chief of Agamé, two years afterwards.

Sabagadis, son of Shum Waldo of Agamé, is the favourite hero of the people of Tigré, and his memory is idolized in his native Agamé, a country of deep ravines and inaccessible fastnesses, and famed for the skill of its musketeers. As a young man Sabagadis was turbulent and often in rebellion, when he retired to the impregnable fastness of Debra Matso. Mr. Salt knew him in those days, and foretold his future greatness. After the defeat of his adversary, Gebra Mikhâil, he became ruler of all Tigré, with the title of Dejatchmatch (usually abbreviated to Dejatch)<sup>4</sup>; but his favourite residence was still at Adigirat, the capital of his native Agamé. Sabagadis maintained peace and prosperity from his accession to his death, a period of thirteen years. He was just to the

<sup>1</sup> Waldo Salassy means "Son of the Trinity."

<sup>2</sup> Hezekiah.

<sup>3</sup> Servant of St. Michael.

<sup>4</sup> One of the highest Abyssinian titles. *Dej* is "door," and *Atchmatch* "a chief or warrior;" "Warrior of the door," originally a title at the court of the old Emperors.

poor, permitted the establishment of a Protestant Mission at Adowa, and encouraged trade. But in 1831 two powerful enemies combined against him: Dejatch Oubie of Semyen, on the other side of the great river Tâkkâzie, and Râs Marie, the son and successor of Râs Guksa (Waldo Salassy's old foe) in Central Abyssinia. Sabagadis was now advanced in years, but seven stalwart sons were growing up around him to fight their father's battles; and the Gallas had more than once fled before them. There were Hagoos, the gallant young warrior, joy<sup>1</sup> of his father's heart; Waldo Mikhâil, the hasty-tempered; Kâsa, his father's reward;<sup>2</sup> Himandahar Waldo Salassy, the brave; Guangul; Sabhât; and Aragow. Their names are given because their influence or that of their descendants is still felt in Tigré. Sabagadis and his sons led an army against the allied enemy, and the battle took place at Mai-Islâmi, near Debra Abbaye, on the north bank of the Tâkkâzie. At first the people of Tigré were victorious, and the brave young Hagoos slew Râs Marie himself, in single combat. But Hagoos was killed by the Gallas, his sorrowing father lost heart, and the Tigré army dispersed. Sabagadis was taken prisoner, and speared to death by his enraged enemies. His loss was mourned by the people he had served so well, and numerous songs still preserve his memory among their descendants. They sing how "for the measures of corn and the glasses of mead of the people, Sabagadis, the friend of the Christian, died at Mai-Islâmi," and how "the people now eat the corn grown by the blood of Sabagadis."

This was in 1831. From that time to 1855 Dejatch Oubie of Semyen ruled over Tigré, a stranger both in race and language. But the gallant young chiefs of Agamé did not allow him to take possession without further opposition. Mr. Coffin had been sent on a mission to England by Sabagadis in 1821, and,

<sup>1</sup> *Hagoos* means "joy."

<sup>2</sup> *Kâsa* is "reward."

returning with a supply of muskets, gave some to the sons of his employer. Fortune, however, was against them. Waldo Mikhâil at first made head against the invader; but, by some hasty act, he had caused a blood feud against himself in the province of Akula-Guzay, where he was treacherously murdered while on the march, leaving two young sons named Barya-hoo and Guksa. Kâsa, the next son, was induced to lay down his arms and accept the daughter of his foe, but the day after his arrival at the camp of Dejatch Oubie he was basely seized, and thrown into prison. The other sons, Guangul, Sabhât, and Aragow, retreated into the fastnesses of their native Agamé.

Dejatch Oubie was a man of considerable ability, and, on the whole, ruled the country well and wisely for twenty-four years. On the 10th of February, 1855, he was entirely defeated by Teôdoros and taken prisoner, and he lived for many years at the camp of his conqueror, only dying in extreme old age in 1866. His daughter was married to Teôdoros, and bore him a son, both mother and child being now in the fortress of Magdala. Teôdoros was crowned immediately after his victory—a sad and evil day for Abyssinia; for he is merely a brave and rather audacious soldier, open-handed to his troops, horribly cruel to the people. His reign was one of incessant war and calamity. He is not an administrator, and was never, in any true sense, a king.

For a few months Teôdoros gave the government of Tigré to Balgeda<sup>1</sup> Araya, son of Dejatch Temsoo, the chief of Enderta. But the Balgeda is now, with so many other unfortunates, in the dungeons of Magdala. He then appointed Kâsa, the son of Sabagadis, to that post; but a rebel appeared in the person of Agau Negusie, of Sahala in Semyen, who was a grandson, through a daughter, of Dejatch Oubie. Taking advantage of the absence of Teôdoros in the Galla country, he induced the people to rebel,

and became ruler of Tigré in 1856. His intrigues with the French are fully described in Dr. Beke's work, but fortune was against him, and his career was short. In 1861, Teôdoros marched into Tigré, and encountered the army of Negusie at Sagamo, near Axum. In the night, a messenger proclaimed in the camp of the ill-fated rebel that a free pardon would be granted to all who deserted their leader. The craven host fled in the night. Negusie went to sleep a leader of a numerous army; when he awoke he was alone. He burst into tears, then mounted his mule and fled away to the mountains of Temben, in the extreme south of Tigré. Here he was captured, and the monster Teôdoros caused one of his hands and one of his feet to be cut off, and then had him, in that condition, exposed in the sun till he died. The inhuman savage added the most barefaced treachery to his cruel atrocity, and murdered all Negusie's chiefs who had voluntarily submitted. Kâsa, the son of Sabagadis, was then again appointed to the government of Tigré. His beautiful daughter, Averash,<sup>1</sup> was the wife of Tesfa Ziôn,<sup>2</sup> (son of Dejatch Hailo, the present ruler of Hamazen) who was killed by Negusie in 1859. The young widow inspired as much love in the breast of Teôdoros as that monster is capable of, and she became his concubine, thus securing the government of Tigré for her father; but both Kâsa and his daughter died soon afterwards, in the camp of Teôdoros at Mahdera-Maryam. Tigré was then given by Teôdoros to Dejatch Sahaloo, of Geralta, who ruled from 1861 to 1863, but he is now, with so many other state prisoners, in the dungeons of Magdala. The next ruler of Tigré was Râs Barya-hoo, a chief of Shire, who had married Teôdoros's sister, and is now in his camp. They had a child named Yainishût, whom Teôdoros afterwards nominated to be future ruler of Tigré; the chiefs who were to act for him being his father's

<sup>1</sup> *Averash* means literally, "you have brought light."

<sup>2</sup> "The Hope of Zion."

<sup>1</sup> *Balgeda* is the title given to the chief of a salt caravan.

brother, Tekla Gorgis, and Azmatch Barya-hoo,<sup>1</sup> of Asha.

The cup of Teôdoros's iniquities was now full, and his power was gone. In 1865, the governor of Lasta and Waag, named Gobazie,<sup>2</sup> rebelled against him, and proclaimed his own sovereignty. A blood feud existed between them, for not the least of Teôdoros's many atrocities was the cruel mutilation and hanging of Gebra Meten,<sup>3</sup> the father of Gobazie, and former Governor of Waag. In 1866, Gobazie invaded Tigré, took Adowa, and overran the whole country; Azmatch Barya-hoo, Teôdoros's governor, retiring before him. Meanwhile, another chief, named Tirsu Gobazie, a man of no family, had rebelled in the western part of Abyssinia, and become independent ruler of Walkeit and Semyen.

When Gobazie retired out of Tigré early in 1867, and returned to Lasta, he left Dejatch Deras, of Agamé, his Governor of Agamé and all the eastern mountain country; and Dejatch Kâsa, of Temben, his Governor of Enderta. Sabhât, one of the surviving sons of Sabagadis, who was then living at Adigirat, was taken away as a hostage into Lasta. On the retreat of Gobazie, his lieutenant Deras was defeated by Tekla Gorgis,<sup>4</sup> who still adhered to Teôdoros. Tekla Gorgis soon afterwards died in his native province of Shire, but Azmatch Barya-hoo, Teôdoros's other lieutenant, reoccupied Adowa.

We now come to the career of Kâsa, the new ruler of Tigré, upon whose policy so much depends. Kâsa's father was Shum Temben Mercha,<sup>5</sup> and his mother was a daughter of Dejatch Temsoo of Enderta, by a sister of Saba-

gadis. After the death of his parents, young Kâsa appears to have lived a good deal with the Taltal tribes in the low country to the eastward of the Abyssinian plateau, where he chose a wife. He was also once at the camp of Teôdoros, but his life had been uneventful until Gobazie made him a Dejatchmatch, and appointed him Governor of Enderta. Since then his rise to power has been extraordinarily rapid. His patron returned to Lasta in the end of 1866. In the spring of 1867 the ambitious young lieutenant rebelled, defeated Deras, the other lieutenant of Gobazie, in a hard-fought battle on the plain of Haramat, and made himself master of all the country from Agamé to the frontier or Lasta. For a few months he remained quiet, apparently coquetting with Teôdoros, who was anxious to propitiate this formidable adversary of his enemy Gobazie. But in the autumn of 1867 he advanced rapidly upon Adowa, and defeated Azmatch Barya-hoo at Gurré, near Debra Sina, in October. He then proclaimed himself sovereign ruler of Tigré. His success was stained with no cruelties, and all the great chiefs, even Dejatch Hailo of Hamazen, a former warm adherent of Teôdoros, have quietly submitted to him; while his adversary, Barya-hoo, has been appointed Governor of Sarawé. Thus the rise of Dejatch Kâsa to power in Tigré is contemporaneous with the arrival of Colonel Merewether and the reconnoitring party on the coast; and when Kâsa addressed a letter of welcome to the British officer on arriving at Senafé, he styled himself *Râsa Maqunint sa Etyopâya*—"Head of the chiefs of Ethiopia."

On the 26th of January M. Munzinger, the British Consular Agent at Masowah, whose services to the expedition have been invaluable, set out on a friendly mission to Dejatch Kâsa, accompanied by Major Grant and a small escort of the 3d Cavalry. The day after their arrival at Adowa, the ceremony of the blessing of the *nagarects* (kettledrums) took place, when the

<sup>1</sup> *Azmatch* is a title—"a chief." *Barya-hoo* "his slave" (God understood).

<sup>2</sup> The word *Waagshum*, pronounced *Wakshum*, placed before his name merely means "Governor of Waag," a mountainous district south of Tigré.

<sup>3</sup> *Gebra* means "servant," and *Meten* "the Redeemer"—"Servant of the Redeemer."

<sup>4</sup> *Tekla* "a plant." Literally, "The plant of St. George."

<sup>5</sup> *Shum Temben* simply means "Governor of Temben," an extensive mountainous country in the southern part of Tigré. *Mercha* signifies "chosen."



chiefs present had to swear fealty to their new sovereign. A great feast was prepared in the ruined hall of the old palace of Waldo Salassy, and decanters (*brilli*) of mead flowed freely for many hours; while Kâsa sat gravely at the head of the board. He is rather a handsome young man, with a melancholy careworn expression. From time to time a chief went out, returning on his horse, with the *kaletcha* or diadem round his brow, and his retainers around him, who loudly swore devotion to Kâsa. It was a large gathering of powerful chiefs. Here was Guksa, the elder and only brother of Kâsa, who has been appointed Governor of Shire; Gebra Mikhâil of Tzera, the wise in council; Hailo Maryam of Salowa, whose brows were girt with a silver diadem; Hagoos of Geralta, of the large eyes and handsome face; Nebreet Gebra Ubet of Axum, keeper of the sacred ark; Shum Temben Anun, the aged warrior, and uncle of Kâsa; Shum Agamé Tessu, the low-born servant of Sabagadis, and now the rival of his descendants; Balgada Waldo Salassy, the leader of the salt caravan; and many more.

M. Munzinger's interviews with Kâsa were satisfactory. The new ruler expressed a desire to give every assistance in his power to the English troops in their advance to Magdala; promised to issue orders that supplies were to be furnished to them along the line of march, and said that he was most anxious to see Teôdoros defeated, and the prisoners released. There can luckily be no doubt that the interests of Kâsa are so identified with the success of the expedition that his friendship may be securely counted upon.

Return we to the advanced brigade of the British force, which, after a march of thirty-four miles over the table-land which separates the waters flowing to the Red Sea coast from the tributaries of the Mareb, encamped in front of Adigirat, the chief village of Agamé, on the 2d of February. Adigirat is situated at the foot of the Harat range, and the peak of Aloquor, 11,000 feet above the

sea, rises immediately in the rear. The houses are nearly all in ruins, but the great church is covered with paintings recording the deeds of Sabagadis, both in battle and in the chase. On a rocky hill near the church is the ruined palace of the great Agamé hero. A spacious courtyard leads to the great doors opening on the *adrash* or reception-hall, and above this entrance there is a gallery, approached by a staircase, twenty feet from the ground, where Sabagadis sat and administered justice. The hall is sixty-four feet long by twenty-five, and about twenty-two in height. At the end opposite the entrance there is a double doorway leading to an inner chamber. Here the great chief's throne (a high bedstead covered with rugs) was placed, when his vassals feasted in the hall. The inner chamber had a circular ceiling of coloured wickerwork, very tastefully designed, and four alcoves, at the ends of which are doors or windows. This arrangement gives the chamber the form of a cross. A door on one side leads across the courtyard to a circular building with an upper story. The favourite horses had their stables below, and above there is a handsome chamber approached by a staircase, for the ladies of the family. It is called the *helfiné*; and must have been cheerful and airy, with a fine view of the Adigirat plain from the windows. With the exception of the *adrash* or great hall, only required in the palace of a ruler, this building resembles exactly the best Abyssinian houses in Adowa. It is now in ruins, for the sons of Sabagadis, after his death, built a smaller and more defensible house at a distance of half a mile. This house consists of a two-storied square tower with four roofed shields for musketry on the top, a circular *helfiné*, and some out-buildings, all surrounded by a high wall. It was the residence of Sabhât, the eldest surviving son of Sabagadis, until he was carried off into Lasta by Gobazie, in 1866; and now his young widow, the fair Tayech, a grandchild of a Greek settled in Adowa, lives there in strict seclusion. She sent presents of

bread and meat to General Merewether on his arrival, and when a Chinese silk was offered in return, she replied that some money to send to her imprisoned husband would be more acceptable. The English camp faces the fair lady's tower, a little stream flowing between; and a few miles to the eastward is the church of Gaala, in a delicious shady grove, with a bright stream flowing from the sandstone cliffs which overhang the trees. Here the good and brave Father Jacobi, with his Catholic Mission, was established for some years, during the time of Dejatch Oubie, and he introduced the vine, potatoes, and other vegetables.

On the accession of Kása, he adopted a very unwise and suspicious policy in the government of the different provinces, often attempting to ensure his own power by dividing the rule amongst several chiefs. Thus in Agamé he gave the government to two grandsons of Sabagadis named Barya-hoo and Guksa, sons of Waldo Mikhâil, who was slain in Akula-Guzay. But he associated two other chiefs with them—one a total stranger to the district, and the other an old servant of their grandfather named Tessu. This arrangement was resented by the whole family of Sabagadis,<sup>1</sup> and Barya-hoo rose in rebellion. He is still "out against Kása," with his Agamé retainers, and many of his young cousins, such as Hagoos, the son of Sabhât, and Waldo Gabriél, the son of Aragow.<sup>2</sup> The malcontents have sent civil messages to the English camp, explaining their grievance and asking for help. This unsettled state of affairs renders Adigirat a very important position along the line of march, and here will be formed the second permanent dépôt, the first being at Senafé.

On the 7th of February M. Munzinger and Major Grant arrived at Adigirat from Adowa, escorted by a chief sent by Kása, with *nagareets* and long horns,

<sup>1</sup> Kása himself is a grand nephew of Sabagadis, through his maternal grandmother.

<sup>2</sup> Aragow is the youngest son of Sabagadis. He is now a state prisoner of Teódoros's, in the dungeons of Magdala.

making a most diabolical noise. This chief is the Lika-Mankwass Ilma.<sup>1</sup> He was received in durbar by Sir Robert Napier, witnessed some evolutions of the Scinde Horse and 3d Cavalry, finished twelve bottles of rum in two sittings, and set out on his return to Adowa with two huge pats of butter on his head, representing an early morning toilette. The British soldier turned his somewhat strange name into "Liquor-my-goose."

General Merewether has taken great pains to make the means of transport in the country along the line of march available for the purposes of the expedition. This is a most important point under any circumstances, but more especially so in the present state of the transport-train; and his wise measures have been highly successful. In the neighbourhood of Senafé the owners of bullocks agreed to deliver bags of grain and flour at Adigirat, at the rate of one dollar and a half for each bag of 60 lbs.; and immediately after the convention had been signed 1,400 bullocks started from Senafé in two days. At Adigirat General Merewether arranged a similar convention with the people to carry bags as far as Agula, forty-four miles on the road towards Antalo; and it was entered upon by them with even greater eagerness and good-will. Bullocks, donkeys, and even women were pressed into the service, and the road was soon covered with all available beasts of burden, carrying supplies for the British force. And this is the country which is said to furnish no means of transport!

On February the 11th, Brigadier Collings, with the advanced brigade, marched from Adigirat for Antalo—the Quartermaster-General, with a small pioneer force, having gone on some days before. General Merewether, having completed all necessary arrangements at Adigirat, followed on the 12th. Mean-

<sup>1</sup> The *Lika-mankwass* was the officer who dressed exactly like the king on the field of battle, and rode the same coloured horse. *Ilma* is hereditary Chief of Gundupta, near Adowa, of a very ancient family. His father, Desta, married a daughter of Sabagadis.

while the head-quarter wing of the 4th Regiment had arrived. But the Commander-in-Chief still remained behind, and it was evident that there were to be further delays. There was to be a complimentary interview with Kâsa, a tame elephant was to be brought up for his inspection, and a battery of six nine-pounder guns must be dragged up, at least as far as Adigirat or Antalo, to show the people what the English can do.

The Harat range of mountains suddenly ends about eight miles south of Adigirat, and the broad fertile plain of Haramat stretches away to the southward, from its base. This is the commencement of the basin of the Nile—all the streams flowing to the Tâkkâzie, the main affluent of the Atbara, which is the chief fertilizing tributary of the great river of Egypt. At Dongolo, 35 miles south of Adigirat, there is a steep descent of more than 1,000 feet. Hitherto, from Senafé to Dongolo, the plains and valleys had averaged an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea; from Dongolo to Antalo they are 6,000 feet and upwards; acacias and mimosastaking the place of juniper and other hardier trees. Agula is a district at this lower level, where there are many Mohammedan converts, who are all traders, and owners of capital strong-built camels. During the two days that the advanced brigade stopped at Agula, the Adigirat people brought in 63,600 lbs. of grain and flour; and here General Merewether completed another convention with the people to carry bags on to Antalo, on their camels and donkeys, on similar terms. The country between Agula and Antalo, a distance of  $33\frac{1}{2}$  miles, is a succession of grassy plains and valleys divided by ridges running east and west. It is well watered, has plenty of grass, can furnish any quantity of butcher's meat, and large supplies of grain. Strong hardy little mules can be bought in great numbers, and the people are ready to use the bullocks, donkeys, and women on hire, for carriage. This is certainly not a country where an onward march should be delayed for want of provisions and means of transport.

Antalo was once a large and flourishing place, the capital of Râs Waldo Salassy. It is now half-deserted, a straggling desolate village of circular huts of mud and stone, with thatched pointed roofs. But on Mondays the market gives rise to a lively and bustling scene. Villagers come in from all directions; Maria Theresa dollars, with blocks of salt (*amule*) as small change, exchange hands rapidly, as cows, mules, camels, sheep, blankets, white cotton cloth, hides, corn, beans, butter, honey, wax, chilies, onions, tobacco, kosso, are bought and sold. Antalo is on a terrace, at the foot of the overhanging cliffs of lofty Amba Aradom, and more than 1,000 feet above the vast plain, covered with long grass and huge stones, which it overlooks, and which stretches away to the southward. On the northern side of the Antalo hills there is a valley in which the far pleasanter village of Chelicut nestles in groves of trees, amidst irrigated fields and gardens. The great circular church of Chelicut, dedicated to the Trinity, is surrounded by a grove of tall straight junipers; its outer wall consists of a series of narrow arched openings forming an arcade, within which is a cloister surrounding the Holy of Holies; and the cloister wall is covered with gaudy and grotesque Biblical pictures. Near the church a long stretch of green sward, bordered by a running stream, is shaded by the wide-spreading branches of a venerable *dahro* tree. Here General Merewether had an interview with the priest and principal people of the place, sitting in a circle on the ground. They were informed of the intentions of the English, and that everything would be paid for, and they promised to encourage the villagers to bring produce to the camp for sale.

The British camp was pitched on the southern side of the great plain, five miles S.E. of Antalo, near the banks of the river Baya. The advanced brigade and pioneer force arrived on the 20th of February, having completed a good practicable road for baggage mules from Adigirat to Antalo. This camp will be the third permanent depôt. It is just

half-way between the coast and Magdala, the distance remaining to be marched being 140 miles, which *might* easily be done in a fortnight. The people of Agula have brought flour and grain in, with such punctuality, and in such quantity, that there is now sufficient here to enable a small force to march on to Magdala at once, and complete the work. General Merewether has concluded a convention with the people round Antalo to carry provisions onwards, and now there are upwards of 4,000 Government mules between Senafé and Antalo, so that there cannot well be much longer delay. The Commander-in-chief is, however, still in the rear, holding interviews with Kâsa, and causing heavy artillery to be dragged forward, which will not be required for actual operations against Teôdoros. The Quartermaster-General is one march ahead, at a place called Misgi, with the pioneer force<sup>1</sup> and an escort of cavalry; and General Collings is in the Buya camp with a force consisting of the head-quarter wing of the 33d, a battery of Armstrong steel mountain-guns, 150 of the Beloochees, and detachments of Sind Horse and 3d Cavalry.

The dominions of Kâsa, the new ruler of Tigré, have their southern limit on the banks of the Buya stream. Beyond is the province of Wodgerat, which extends to the northern frontier of Lasta. Dejatch Waldo Yesûs, the powerful chief of Wodgerat, perched on his impregnable fastness of Amba Alaji, is thus placed between the rival rulers of Tigré and Lasta; but he is said to

<sup>1</sup> One company of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, one of Bombay Sappers, and one of Punjaub Pioneers.

incline towards the latter. However that may be, he is most friendly to the English, and has already sent his brother, Barya Gorgis, an intelligent young fellow, to General Merewether, with presents and offers of assistance. Gobazie, the ruler of Lasta, is now with an army near Lalibela, watching the movements of his enemy Teôdoros, and sending repeated messages to the English, urging them to hasten forward. Teôdoros himself, who has been so long dragging his guns and his heavy mortar over the difficult road towards Magdala, has at length all but completed his herculean task. The last news from the prisoners was dated the first week in February, when they were all well, but dreading the arrival of their jailer.

Such is the position of affairs at the close of what may be considered the second act of the expedition. The first act, extending from the arrival of General Merewether to that of the Commander-in-chief, was one of preliminary operations. The port was selected, the best pass to the interior was discovered and opened, and an advanced force was established on the Abyssinian highlands. The second act includes the months of January and February, when the plan of the campaign was decided upon, a friendly understanding was established with all the rulers and people along the line of march, the resources of the country were developed, and an advanced force was established at Antalo, half way to Magdala. The third act will contain the march to that fortress, and, let us hope, the liberation of the prisoners and a successful termination to the expedition.

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## ON MR. TENNYSON'S "LUCRETIVS."

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MR. TENNYSON'S *Lucretius* has probably had a great many readers who did not know much about Lucretius before, and who have never read a line of the *De Rerum Natura*; nor is it necessary to have done so in order to enjoy Mr. Tennyson's poem. But apart from its artistic qualities, the poem has another which, in a work of art, is accidental,—its historical truth; that is, the Lucretius whom it describes has a true resemblance to the real Lucretius, as revealed in his own work; the picture is not merely a picture, but happens to be a portrait also. Perhaps it will not be without use in helping us to understand this portrait more thoroughly, if we can discover some of the leading characteristics, the main currents of thought and feeling, which the *De Rerum Natura* shews in the historical Lucretius; and which are so reproduced in Mr. Tennyson's poem as to give this impression of its being historically true. The character of Lucretius is not one which can be understood without some little trouble; his life was coloured by a creed which, as he held it, can never be popular; and because he lived this creed, and did not talk it merely, he has always been lonely; a stranger, almost, in the Roman world into which he was born too late; and, for after times, one whose voice,

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when first heard, seems far off and strange; until, as the monotone grows upon the ear, it is no longer a dirge chanted to the winds, but the earnest pleading with human fears and hopes of a passionate human heart. It is difficult to follow the workings of a nature so much out of the range of common sympathy without some previous knowledge of its laws; without at least some general perception of the master-lines in which its forces move, some clue to the secret of the inner life from which they spring. In this large sense, the best commentary on Mr. Tennyson's *Lucretius* is the *De Rerum Natura* itself. There is, of course, a more special sense in which its aid might be used; the English poem abounds with phrases, imagery, allusions, which might be illustrated from the Latin; and, for any one who knows the Latin poem already, there is a certain interest in recognising them. For instance, when Lucretius is speaking of the hateful fancies that beset him, and asks,

How should the mind, except it loved them,  
clasp  
These *idols* to herself? Or do they fly,  
Now thinner and now thicker, like the flakes  
In a fall of snow . . . ?

this means more, if it is remembered that such was in fact the regular

Epicurean doctrine, which Lucretius illustrated with so much poetical variety,—that from all surfaces are for ever streaming images, 'idols,' thin as films, 'fine as the gossamer coats which the cicade puts off in summer,'<sup>1</sup> or 'the vesture which the serpent slips among the thorns;' and that these 'idols' account for all that men see or fancy. Or when Empedocles is spoken of as 'the great Sicilian,' the designation gains in point if it serves to recall the famous lines<sup>2</sup> in the *De Rerum Natura*, where Lucretius is stirred to the praise of Sicily by the mention of her greatest son; and ends by saying that that fair island, 'rich in all good things, guarded by large force of men, yet seems to have held within it nothing more glorious than this man.'<sup>3</sup> Again, where Lucretius is speaking of the dream in which his ruling thought took a terrible form,—in which he saw the atom-streams pouring along in tumultuous career, wrecking order, and re-ordering chaos,—

That was mine, my dream, I knew it—  
Of and belonging to me, as the dog  
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies  
His function of the woodland :

it is perhaps just possible to read this without perceiving that the comparison intended is with a dog hunting *in dreams*; but certainly no one will miss the point, or fail to see what 'restless forefoot' means, who remembers that exactly the same idea, the uneasy movement of a dog's feet when he is dreaming, is brought in by Lucretius himself, where he is proving that the visions of sleep merely reflect the waking instincts :

Venantumque canes in molli saepe quiete  
*Iactant crura tamen subito.*<sup>4</sup>

Indeed, there are one or two places in which Mr. Tennyson decidedly puts a premium on classical reading; for instance, where Lucretius has been complaining that he cannot throw off the

horror which is weighing upon him, and then asks,

But who was he, that in the garden snared  
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods ?

the question is scarcely likely to be answered or understood by any one who does not know the story in Ovid's *Fasti*, how King Numa caught Picus and Faunus drowsy with wine in the Aventine grove, made them his prisoners, and drew from them the secret of averting Jove's angry lightnings.<sup>1</sup> So that Lucretius appears to mean: 'I cannot throw off this horror; but perhaps Picus and Faunus—if I can only catch them, as Numa did—will teach me how to appease the gods.'

Such an allusion as this is a riddle which not many people will think of attempting to guess, and it is quite unnecessary that they should; it is enough to feel that, precisely because the allusion is obscure, it is natural in a soliloquy; for a man who is really talking to himself does not take pains to be invariably lucid for the benefit of possible listeners.

The *De Rerum Natura* leaves with any one who reads it attentively a distinct impression of the personality of Lucretius; for he has no conventional literary reserve, no hesitation about speaking of himself when it is natural to do so. He has the concentrated earnestness of a prophet, who feels only that he has a message, and must speak it; whose self-oblivion is above the fear of self-assertion. Now, Mr. Tennyson seems to us to have been very successful in reproducing that impression of Lucretius which is derived from the Latin poem, and to have effected this, not by direct imitation or allusion; not by the painting of particular striking traits; but by a force of imaginative sympathy which seizes and represents their result. Thus in Mr. Tennyson's poem, as in the *De Rerum Natura*, one feels intuitively that Lucretius is *lonely*; lonely not merely in the sense directly indicated,

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. iv. 58.

<sup>2</sup> Lucr. li. 716—733.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Munro's Translation.

<sup>4</sup> Lucr. iv. 991.

<sup>1</sup> Ovid, *Fast.* iii. 285—328.

a man of retired, studious habits; but one who stands apart from the life of his day, isolated in his attachment to old traditions; with too little flexibility or worldly wisdom to make his way in society, or to be in any sense popular. In the *De Rerum Natura* this solitariness makes itself felt, primarily and throughout, in a certain sustained intensity, suggestive of an effort carried through in unbroken seclusion; frequently in mannerisms or quaintnesses, such as grow upon a self-wrapt man, unused to adjust himself by external standards. Mr. Tennyson conveys to us this intensity of Lucretius, and performs the difficult task of translating it into a morbid phase; it is shewn labouring and throbbing under a dead weight of oppression; we feel that the agony described is not that of a cold mind stung, but of an eager mind baffled. The same tone of character,—ardent, self-absorbed, out of relation with usage,—is further hinted by certain peculiarities of style and language; but these direct imitations are restrained, and in each case make some distinct addition to the total effect. For instance, when Lucretius states incidentally some doctrine which is not to be discussed at present, he sometimes gives the most obvious argument for it in a short parenthesis,—muttered over to himself, as it were, to fortify his own conviction; and this sometimes suggests very picturesquely his habit of lonely self-converse. This characteristic is given in Mr. Tennyson's poem, in the passage where Lucretius touches on the story of the Sun having been wroth for the slaughter of his sacred oxen, whose flesh moved and moaned on the spit as the comrades of Odysseus were preparing to eat them;<sup>1</sup> the Sun, he says—

never sware,  
Unless his wrath were wreak'd on wretched  
man,  
That he would only shine among the dead  
Hereafter: (tales! for never yet on earth  
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox  
Moan round the spit, nor knows he what he  
sees . . .)

Another Lucretian trait is the love for certain favourite words, phrases, epithets, which are repeated again and again. In this way his regular epithet for verse is "sweet,"—and this, with him, is by no means a platitude, but has a special meaning, which is explained by a passage in his poem.<sup>1</sup> He says there that, as doctors tempt children to take a dose of wormwood by smearing the edge of the cup with honey, so he has resolved to set forth his unpalatable doctrine 'in sweet-toned Pierian verse, and o'erlay it, as it were, with the pleasant honey of the Muses.' When Mr. Tennyson makes Lucretius speak of

shutting reasons up in rhythm,  
Or Heliconian honey in living words,  
To make a truth less harsh,

—this is a true expression of that affectionate, simple-hearted purpose, which avows itself so often in the *De Rerum Natura*, and is so touching in its guileless pride of cunning,—the purpose to use his very choicest art in coaxing Memmius to take the physic of the soul.

Lucretius probably died in 54 B.C. The last years of his life, the years occupied with his unfinished poem, were virtually the last of the Roman republic. Several causes were hastening the disruption of the old framework, and leading up to the rule of one man under republican forms. Meanwhile there was a conservative party, republican in the old sense, with its strength in the Senate; and the so-called popular party, out of which the Dictator was soon to come. It is not doubtful with which side Lucretius sympathized, so far as he troubled himself with politics at all. All his instincts were those of the old Commonwealth, when men lived simply, and worked hard at things in which they believed. If general sensuality and insincerity are always signs of national decay, in the case of Rome they were especially ominous, since hardy simplicity and earnestness were the very groundwork of the normal Roman character. A man of the tem-

<sup>1</sup> Odysseus xii. 374—396.

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. ii. 936 ff.

perament of Lucretius would feel this ; and from his seclusion would look out on politics, not, perhaps, with much foresight, or with defined anxieties ; but with vague uneasiness for an order of things dear and venerable to him, and with nervous dependence on those whom he believed able to save it. At the beginning of the *De Rerum Natura*<sup>1</sup> he speaks of himself as writing ' patriai tempore iniquo,' and amid troubles which hindered him from working with a quiet mind. This solicitude for the republic is thrice marked in Mr. Tennyson's poem : in the dream, springing from a boyish memory of Sulla's massacres nearly thirty years before ; in the prayer of Venus to restrain Mars from bloodshed ; and very finely in the passage where the spirit of Lucretius rises against the thought that the senses should enslave *him*,—namesake of her whose blood was given for Roman honour :—

And from it sprang the Commonwealth,  
which breaks  
 As I am breaking now !

Anxiety for his country was one of the troubles for which Lucretius found some solace in his Epicurean creed. The religion of equanimity had a sort of prescriptive right to console political despair ; in its youth it had been the popular creed at Athens in the days of vassalage to Macedon ; and now it was popular with intelligent men in the days when the Roman republic was seen to be breaking up. At a time when men felt that public affairs were in a thoroughly bad state, and that they were powerless to mend it,—when they could not see that any career of high activity was open to them, or that they could possibly influence the largest interests of society,—they felt the attraction of a philosophy which said of such evils, first, that they could not be helped ; and next, that they did not greatly matter. But Lucretius approached Epicureanism in another spirit, and held it with a very different grasp, from the

wearry public men or men of society who accepted it as a refuge from practical life. He held it because he believed devoutly that Epicurus had really solved the problem of life ; his faith rested primarily on a scientific basis ; for him, it was accident,—tending, no doubt, to deepen his conviction, but still an accident,—that this faith supplied the kind of fortitude specially needed in his own day. Earnestness and honesty were not, however, the only qualities which distinguished the philosophy of Lucretius from much that passed under the same name. In teaching or hinting the art, so important to the higher Epicureanism, of drawing pleasure from simple things, it had a peculiar and wonderful charm, due to a special characteristic of Lucretius, a characteristic rather rare in antiquity ; his feeling for the life and beauty of nature. This sense in him had many moods : sometimes it is roused into sonorous verse by sights of grandeur or terror, by storm or volcano ; sometimes it is in sympathy with the far-stretching silence of Italian uplands, the 'otia dia pastorum ;' but especially it delights in the happy animation of fields and woods, in the exuberant life of creatures who enjoy the present, and have no care for the future. There is a peculiar buoyancy and blitheness in the rhythm of Lucretius when he speaks of such things ; a tone different enough from the mournful majesty of the cadences which unfold his main argument, his protest against the fear of death, against the hope of a life to come. The brisk, joyous movement of these occasional passages is very happily caught in Mr. Tennyson's lines, where Lucretius speaks of the time

*when light is large and lambs are glad,*  
 Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird  
 Makes his heart voice amid a blaze of flowers.

This instinct of sympathy with the aspects of external nature, this power of being stirred, soothed, or gladdened by them, was especially Italian. A Greek, of course, was keenly alive to outward impressions ; but his feeling for nature was sensuous, not ideal ; he

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. i. 41.



enjoyed spring or summer because it was cheerful, and stimulated his sense of life; not because it was beautiful, and set him thinking about its own life. A grave, meditative pleasure in scenery, or in common country sights and sounds, came more easily to the Italian, by instinct a farmer, not a man of cities; and where the capacity for this pleasure was large and free, it might evidently give a calmer, more independent contentedness than any round of artificial pastimes, however refined, which the Greek Epicurean could devise. Epicureanism was a Greek product, matured and long monopolised by Greeks; but the highest form of it historically known to us, the phase shewn in the *De Rerum Natura*, grew out of the Italian character.

One reason, perhaps, why this feeling towards nature had comparatively slight hold upon the ancients generally, was this: polytheism had a strong hold upon them, from which even the sceptics did not escape; and polytheism meant the analysing of nature into a number of persons, each ministrant to a separate province of human needs and wishes. The sympathy of nature with man was, as it were, drawn off into the gods; the moods of the sea became the humours of Poseidon; the way in which mountain solitudes affected the imagination was by suggesting Pan and the Æreads. This fact, of course, goes only a little way towards explaining the difference between the ancient and the modern feeling for scenery; a difference due, more perhaps than to any other single cause, to mediæval thought having been so long steeped in a tender, melancholy religious sentiment, favourable to reverie. But, in so far as the impulse to meditate on natural beauty was felt in pagan antiquity, the presence of the gods must have tended to thwart it; their forms must have intercepted and distracted the gaze. There is a vivid, easily-startled fancy to which forest silence or the air of the hills seems to tremble with a mystery of haunting deities; that Greek fancy which thrilled with a presage of apparition on the island shore where 'dance-loving Pan walks

beside the waves,' or in the shadows of the grotto on the Delphian steep,

κόλλη, φίλορνις, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφῆ'

Beneath whose wing-swept dome immortals stray :

but it is very different from the grave imagination which enters into the secret meaning of beautiful places, which likes to pause and rest upon them, penetrated with their charm, and moved by it to an indefinable yearning which seems half regret, half hope, a mood which can almost yield, as to music,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair.

Now, it was in this earnest, thoughtful way that Lucretius was accustomed to regard nature; and it seems singular and distinctive of him, that in a temperament so grave, so averse from mere æsthetic dreaming, so unused to a play of sensuous fancy, there should at the same time have lived a feeling, vivid, flexible, artistic, for the Greek poetry of the gods. He rejected the myths that spoke of them; but no one understood the spirit of the myths better, to no one were their outlines clearer. Take, for instance, the passage about Mars in the invocation of Venus,—

In gremium qui saepe tuum se  
Reicit, aeterno devictus vulnere amoris,  
Atque ita suscipiens tereti cervice reposta  
Pascit amore avidos inhians in te, dea, visus,  
Equè tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore :<sup>1</sup>

this picture has nothing of the woodenness, the pompous conventionality, into which most of the Latin poets (with the signal exception of Catullus) are apt to fall, when they deal with the commonplaces of the popular faith; as far as the thought is concerned, it might have come from a Greek of the time of Pericles, to whom the gods were very real persons; whose idea of them was in harmony with all the beauty of form, and bright with the glow, amid which he lived. Again, in the passage where Lucretius describes the Phrygian pageant of Cybele,—though the Roman sympathy with pomp, the *triumphal* instinct, is perhaps uppermost,—a true Greek feeling comes out, where it is

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. i. 33 ff.

said that the Idaean Mother, as she is borne in procession through great cities—

Munificat tacita mortales muta salute :<sup>1</sup>

Gives mute largess of benison to men.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the force and truth with which Lucretius realized what was beautiful or stately in the popular religion which he had renounced. It is one of his characteristics, and demanded recognition in any portrait of him which was to be historically true. Mr. Tennyson has expressed it in the apostrophe of Lucretius to the Sun :—

Nor knows he what he sees,  
King of the East altho' he seem, and girt  
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly  
lifts

His golden feet on those empurpled stairs  
That climb into the windy halls of heaven.

This image of the sun moving upward in his worshipped majesty has a specially Roman stateliness; the lines which follow touch a feeling, or rather the disappointment of a feeling, more distinctively Greek; they speak of the sun looking down with the same blank splendour on all phases of human hope or suffering, on the new-born, on old age and death; never sympathizing with what he sees, never pausing in his course,—as Ajax in Sophocles asks him to pause, 'checking his golden rein' over Telamon's sorrow-stricken home in Salamis.

As for the Epicurean gods,

who haunt

The lucid interspace of world and world,—  
tranquil, immortal, careless of men,—  
Lucretius accepted the dogma of their  
existence as he found it in Epicurus :

My master held

That gods there are, *since all men so believe.*

This is the only ground assigned by Lucretius himself for the belief; viz., that all men have seen, either in waking hours or (oftener) in dreams, forms of more than human stature, beauty, and might; and have rightly inferred the existence of beings, immortal, because for ever haunting men, and blessed, because greatly strong; though it was

wrong to infer that these beings trouble themselves about men.<sup>1</sup> But Lucretius, like Epicurus, is silent on the difficulties of reconciling such a belief with the atomic theory. Did the gods exist from all eternity, or did they come into existence? Are they to exist for ever, or to pass away when the atoms, which have formed, shall dissolve all else that man knows of? There is, indeed, in the *De Rerum Natura* an unfulfilled promise<sup>2</sup> to explain more fully the nature of the sphere in which these divine beings move; but the grand difficulty of their existence is never even touched. It is strange if Lucretius did not feel the difficulty,—if doubts and misgivings did not sometimes visit him; they may have been silenced, partly by loyalty to his master, partly by a poet's sympathy with the grandeur of immortal sinecurism. It seems to us one of the finest touches in Mr. Tennyson's poem, that it represents these doubts as starting up just when the laws of the man's inner life have been unsettled, the old balance of his faculties disturbed. Anarchy begins to reign in the nature hitherto so strongly self-ruled; the faith which love and reverence for a great master had consecrated, and around which subtle fancies have long been suffered to twine, is rudely shaken; the intellect, at the very moment that it is tottering, and while but half conscious of its own treason, is insurgent :

The Gods! the Gods!

If all be atoms, how then should the Gods  
Being atomic not be dissoluble,  
Not follow the great law?

But, for Lucretius, the loss of this part of his faith was only a sentimental loss; it could not add to the reality of his anguish, or furnish a distinct motive for desiring death. He dies because he has lost the tranquil mind which alone, in his belief, can make life tolerable :

But now it seems some unseen monster lays  
His vast and filthy hands upon my will,  
Wrenching it backward into bis, and spoils  
My bliss in being.

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. ii. 626.

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. v. 1161—1193.    <sup>2</sup> Lucr. v. 155.

The story of the madness and suicide of Lucretius comes to us from the fourth century A.D., on the authority of Jerome in the Eusebian Chronicle; but was probably current at least as early as the time of Suetonius, at the end of the first century. The *De Rerum Natura* is evidently an unfinished poem; on the other hand, Jerome's statement that it was composed *per intervalla insaniae* is scarcely credible. A more probable version of the story is that which Mr. Tennyson's poem implies, viz. that the slow workings of the poison did not become malignant until Lucretius had already brought his work nearly to the state in which we now possess it.

It would of course be idle to inquire whether the possible was the actual fate of Lucretius, or to expect more certainty about his death than about his life. On him, in the Latin poetry which owed him so much, no firelight of familiar allusion ever falls, no word, even, of more formal praise gives him companionship with the names of which Rome was proud; and after his death he is not heard of for four hundred years, until, in the twilight of an age shuddering with traditions of Satan's work among the heathen, a lurid flash of epitaph changes the darkness about his grave to horror. In reading the poem which has permanently enlarged the circle of those for whom Lucretius will have an interest, it is natural to think of another name alluded to there, to which another living English poet, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has drawn sympathy; the name of a man most unlike Lucretius in bent of genius, but like him in this, that his troubles, too, were of the intellect, and that he is said to have taken refuge from them in death. When Empedocles stood on Etna, on the brink of his fiery

grave, his thoughts were not those of Lucretius; no regret for vanishing conquests, no confusing torment of the senses, mingled with his clear-minded despair. He had never been very hopeful that the boundaries of man's intellectual domain could be pushed by his frontier-war with fate. And now, after the years which have slowly taught him what those limits indeed are,—how necessarily, in his own words of profound sadness, men live and die

αὐτὸ μόνον πεισθέστες ὅτι προσέκυρσαν ἕκαστος,  
sure of no more than each has stumbled on,

he feels that the only crown which such effort as his can win is to quit the world with at least the desire for light unquenched. What a contrast to this sense of baffled, hopeless struggle is the exulting confidence which speaks in the *De Rerum Natura*; the joy in the great victory of Epicurus, which 'brings us level with the sky;' the sense of a new power 'wrested from the hands of fate;' the assurance to the disciple that 'one thing after another will grow clear, and dark night shall not rob thee of the path, until thou survey the utmost ends of nature;'<sup>1</sup> changing at last, in that dark hour of which we have been following the anguish, to an agony of defeat and abasement; to that cry which the bitter bondage of the senses wrings from the conqueror who had once mounted to the serene temples of the wise,

What man,  
What Roman, would be dragged in triumph  
thus?

Empedocles died because he could not find peace; Lucretius, because he had found and lost it.

<sup>1</sup> Lucr. i. 1115 ff.

## LIFE AT THEBES.

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

LUXOR, 3d February.

THERE is a man here from Girgeh who says he is married to a *ginneeyeh* (fairy) princess. I have asked to be introduced to her, but I suspect there will be some hitch about it. Do you remember Alexis saying to me, "Allez, madame, vous êtes trop incrédule?" The unintelligible thing is the motive which prompts wonders and miracles here, seeing that the wonder-workers do not get any money by it, and indeed very often give, like the Indian *wélee* I told you of, who gave me five dollars for the poor. His miracles were all gratis, which was the most miraculous thing of all in a saint. I am promised that the *ginneeyeh* shall come through the wall. If she should do so, I should be compelled to believe in her, as there are no mechanical contrivances in Luxor. All the hareem believe it, and the man's human wife swears she waits on her like a slave, and backs her husband's lie or delusion fully. I have not seen the man, but I should not wonder if it were a delusion. Real *bonâ fide* visions and revelations are so common, and I think there is but little downright imposture. Meanwhile familiarity breeds contempt; ginns, afreets, and shaitans inspire far less respect than the stupidest ghost at home, and the devil (Ibless) is reduced to deplorable insignificance. He is never mentioned in the pulpit or in religious conversation with the respect he enjoys in Christian countries. I suppose we may console ourselves with the hope that he will pay off the Muslims for their neglect of him, hereafter.

I cannot describe to you the misery here now—indeed it is wearisome even to think of: every day some new tax. Now every beast—camel, cow, sheep, donkey, horse—is made to pay. The fellaheen can no longer eat bread; they

are living on barley-meal mixed with water, and raw green stuff—vetches, &c. which to people used to good food is terrible, and I see all my acquaintance growing seedy, and ragged, and anxious; the taxation makes life almost impossible: 100 piastres per feddan as tax on every crop, on every animal first, and then again when it is sold in the market, and a tax on every man, on charcoal, on butter, on salt. I wonder I am not tormented for money; but not above three people have tried to beg or borrow.

Thanks for the Westminster Epilogue: it always amuses me much. So Terence was a nigger! I would tell Rachmeh so if I could make him understand who Terence was, and that he—Rachmeh—stood in need of any encouragement; but the worthy fellow never imagines that his skin is in any way inferior to mine. There is no trace of the nigger-boy in Terence's Davus. My nigger-boy, Mabrook, has grown huge, and developed a voice of thunder; he is of the elephantine rather than the tiger species—a very wild young savage. If he goes, I am tempted to take Yussuf's nice little Denka girl to replace him: but a girl is such an impossibility where there is no regular hareem. In the boat, Achmet is enough under Omar, but in this huge, dusty house, and with errands to run, and comers and goers to look after, pipes and coffee and the like, it takes two boys to be comfortable. It is surprising how fast these Arab boys learn, and how well they do their work. Achmet, who is quite little, would be a perfectly sufficient servant for a man alone. He can cook, wash, clean the rooms, make the beds, do all the table service, knife and plate cleaning, all very well. Mabrook is slower, but has the same merit our poor Hassan had—

he never forgets what he has been told to do, and he is clean in his work, though hopelessly dirty as to his clothes. He cannot get used to them, and takes a roll in the dirt, or leans against a dirty mud wall, quite forgetting his clean washed blue shirt. Achmet is quicker, and more careless; but they are both good boys, and very fond of Omar. "Uncle Omar" is the form of address, though he scolds them pretty severely if they misbehave; and I observe that the high jinks take place chiefly when only I am in the way, and Omar gone to market or to the mosque. The little rogues have found out that their laughing does not "affect my nerves," and I am often treated to a share in the joke. How I wish R— could see the children; they would amuse her. Yussuf's girl, "Meer en Nezzil," is a charming child and very clever: her emphatic way of explaining any thing to me, and her gestures, would delight you. Her cousin and future husband, aged five (she is six), broke her doll which I had given her, and her description of it was most dramatic—ending with a wheedling glance at the cupboard, and "of course there are no more dolls there." She is a fine little creature, far more Arab than Fellaha, quite a *shaitan*, her father says. She came in, full of making cakes for Bairam, and offered her services. "Oh, my aunt, if thou wantest anything, I can work," said she, tucking up her sleeves.

It is warm and fine enough now, and I am a good deal better; Mustafa has found me a milk-camel at last;—no easy matter, as all our camels are now taken to work. You cannot think what the war in Crete is to the people here; they who take no sort of pleasure in killing Christians, and only hate leaving their families, and the cold and misery!

The last regulations have stopped all money-lending; and the prisons are full of "Sheykhs el Beled," whose villages cannot pay their taxes. Most respectable men have offered me to go partners with them now in their wheat, which will be cut in six weeks, if only I would pay their taxes now: I to

take half the crop, and half the taxes, with interest, out of their half,—some such trifle as thirty per cent, per month. A Greek at Koos is doing this business; but, as he knows the people here, he accepts none but such as are vouched for by good "cadees," and he will not lose a feddan. Our prison is full of men, and we send them their dinners in turns. The other day a woman went with the big wooden bowl on her head full of what she had cooked for them, accompanied by her husband. A certain Effendi, a new Vakeel here, was there; and said, "What dost thou ask here, thou ——?" calling her by an opprobrious name. Her husband said, "She is my wife, O Effendi!" Whereupon he was beaten till he fainted, and then there was a lamentation. They carried him down past my house with a crowd of women all shrieking like mad creatures, especially his wife, who yelled, and beat her head, and threw dust over it, *more majorum* as you may see on the tombs. Such are the humours of tax-gathering in this country. The distress in England is terrible, but at least it is not the result of extortion like it is here, where everything from Nature is so abundant and glorious, and yet mankind so miserable. It is not a little hunger, it is the cruel oppression which maddens the people now. They never complained before, but now whole villages are deserted, and thousands have run away into the desert between this and Assouan.

#### 6th March.

The warm weather has set in, and I am already as much the better for it as usual. But I have been very ill. Dear Sheykh Yussuf was with me the evening I was attacked, and sat up all night. At the prayer of dawn, an hour and a half before sunrise, I watched him wash and pray, and heard his supplications for my life and health, and for you and all my family, and I thought of what I had lately read—how the Greeks massacred their own patriots because the Turks had shown

them mercy—a display of temper which I hope will enlighten Western Christendom as to what the Muslims have to expect if the Western Christians help the Eastern Christians to get the upper hand.

Yussuf was asking about a traveller the other day who had turned Catholic. "Poor thing," he said, "the priests have drawn the brains through the ears, no doubt; but never fear, the heart is good, and the convert's charity is great, and God will deal lightly with those who serve Him with their hearts, though it is sad they should bow down before images. But look at thy slave Mabrook. Can he understand one-hundredth part of the thoughts of thy mind? Nevertheless he loves thee, and obeys thee with pleasure and alacrity: and wilt thou punish him because he knows not all thy ways? And shall God, who is so much above us as thou art above thy slave, be less just than thou?" I pinned the Mufti at once, and insisted on knowing the orthodox belief; but he quoted the Koran and the decisions of the learned, to show that he stretched no point as far as Jews and Christians are concerned, and even the idolators are not to be condemned by man. Yussuf wants me to write a short notice of the Faith from his dictation. I wonder if any one would publish it. It annoys him terribly to hear the Muslims constantly accused of intolerance. Is he right, or is it not true? They show their conviction that their faith is the best in the world with the same sort of *naïveté* that I have seen in very innocent and ignorant Englishwomen: in fact, they display a sort of religious conceit: but it is not often bitter or *haineux*, however much they are in earnest.

Achmet, who was always hankering after the flesh-pots of Alexandria, got some people to take him; so he came home, and picked a quarrel, and departed. Poor little fellow, the "Sheykh el Beled" put a stop to his fun by informing him that he would be wanted for the Pasha's works, and must stay in his own place. Since his departure

Mabrook has come out wonderfully, and does his own work and Achmet's too with the greatest satisfaction. He tells me he likes it best so; he likes to be quiet.

The old lady of the Maohn proposed to come to me, but I would not let her leave her home, which would be quite an adventure to her. I knew she would be explanatory, and lament over me, and say every moment, "Oh my liver, oh my eyes! the name of God be upon thee, and never mind! to-morrow, please God, thou wilt be quite well," and so forth. People send me such odd dishes; some very good. Zeyneb, Yussuf's wife, packed the meat of two calves tight in a little black earthen pan, with a seasoning of herbs, and baked it in the bread oven, and the result was excellent.

The slaves are now coming down the river by hundreds every week, and are very cheap: twelve or twenty pounds for a fine boy, and nine pounds and upwards for a girl. I heard that the last *gellab* (or slave-dealer) who called, offered a woman and baby for anything one would give for them, on account of the trouble of the baby. By the bye, Mabrook displays the negro talent for babies; now that Achmet is gone, who scolded them and drove them out, Mohammed's children, quite babies, are for ever trotting about "Maboo," as they pronounce his name, and he talks incessantly to them; he is of the sons of Anak, and already as big and as strong as a man, with the most prodigious chest and limbs. . . .

I am a special favourite with all the young lads; they must not talk much before grown men, so they come and sit on the floor round my feet, and ask questions and advice, and enjoy themselves amazingly. "Hobbe-de-hoyhood" is very different here from what it is with us; they care earlier for the affairs of the grown-up world, and are more curious and more polished, but they lack the fine animal gaiety of our boys; the girls here are much more *gamin* than the boys, and more romping and joyous.

It is very warm now. I who worship

"Amun Ra," love to feel the *Shem el Kebir* (the big sun) in his glory. It is long since I have had letters; I long to hear how you all are.

I am to inherit another little blackie from some people in Keneh:—the funniest little fellow. I hope he will be as good and innocent as Mabrook. I can't think why I go on expecting so-called savages to be different from other people. Mabrook's simple talk about his village, and the animals, and the victuals; and how the men of a neighbouring village stole him in order to sell him for a gun (the price of a gun is a boy), but were prevented by a *razzia* of Turks, &c. who killed the first aggressors, and took all the children;—all this he tells just as an English boy might tell of bird-nesting; he has the same general notions of right and wrong: and yet his tribe have neither bread nor any sort of clothes, nor cheese nor butter; nor have they even milk to drink, nor even the African beer (*mereessah*); and it always rains there, and is always deadly cold at night, so that without a fire they would die. They have two products of civilization, guns and tobacco, for which they pay in boys or girls whom they steal. The country is called "Sowaghli," and the next people are "Muesch," on the sea-coast, and it is not so hot as Egypt. It must be the Suaheli country, on the mainland, opposite Zanzibar. The new "négrillon" is from Darfoor; won't Maurice be amused by his attendants? the Darfoor boy will trot after him, as he can shoot and clean guns,—tiny as he is. I wish he may stay the winter here; I really think he would enjoy it.

19th April.

Since the hot weather has come I am mending. I expect my boat up in two or three weeks, and next month I will start down the river; it will be time to make plans for next winter when I am in Cairo. . . . Mustafa will go down with me, and in return will send my horse and sais in a boat with his two horses. I shall be very glad of his company, and it will be very convenient. Perhaps Yussuf will come too.

I have been much amused lately by a new acquaintance who, in romances of the last century, would be called an "Arabian sage." Sheykh Abdurrahman lives in a village half a day's journey off, and came over to visit me, and to doctor me according to the science of Galen and Avicenna. Fancy a tall, thin, graceful man, with a grey beard and liquid eyes, absorbed in studies of the obsolete kind, a doctor of theology, law, medicine, and astronomy! We spent three days in arguing and questioning. I consented to swallow a potion or two which he made up before me, of very innocent materials. My friend is neither a quack nor superstitious, and two hundred years ago would have been a better physician than most in Europe. Indeed I would rather swallow his physic now than that of an Italian M.D. I found him, like all the learned theologians I have known, extremely liberal and tolerant. You can conceive nothing more interesting and curious than the conversation of a man learned and intelligent, and yet utterly ignorant of all modern Western science. If I was pleased with him, he was enchanted with me, and swore by God that I was a mufti indeed, and that a man could nowhere spend time so delightfully as in conversation with me. He said he had been acquainted with two or three Englishmen who had pleased him much, but that if all Englishwomen were like me the power must necessarily be in our hands, for that my "akl" was far above that of the men he had known. He objected to our medicine, that it seemed to consist in palliatives, which he rather scorned, and aimed always at a radical cure. I told him that if he had studied anatomy he would know that radical cures were difficult of performance, and he ended by lamenting his ignorance of English or some European language, and that he had not learned our "Elm" (science) also. Then we plunged into sympathies, mystic numbers, and the occult virtues of stones, &c.; and I swallowed my mixture (consisting of liquorice, cummin, and soda) just as the sun entered a particular house and the

moon was in some favourable aspect. He praised to me his friend, a learned Jew of Cairo. I could have fancied myself listening to Abu Suleyman of Cordova, in the days when we were barbarians and the Arabs were the learned race. There is something very winning in the gentle dignified manners of all the men of learning I have seen here, and their homely dress and habits make it still more striking. I longed to photograph my sheykh as he sat on my divan pulling manuscripts out of his bosom to read to me the words of "El Hakeem Lokman," or to overwhelm me with the authority of some physician whose very name I had never heard.

The hand of the Government is awfully heavy upon us. All this week the people have been working night and day cutting their *unripe* corn, because 310 men are to go to-morrow to work on the railway below Siot. This green corn is of course valueless to sell and unwholesome to eat. So the magnificent harvest of this year is turned to bitterness at the last moment. From a neighbouring village all the men are gone, and some more are wanted to make up the *corvée*. The population of Luxor is 1,000 males of all ages, so you can guess how many strong men are left after 310 are taken. . . .

The poor Copts are working away to-day at their 450 "rekahs" (prostrations) which take place on Good Friday: how tired and faint they will be to start to-morrow for the works, after fifty-five days' hard fasting, too!

The new black boy who is coming to me is, I am told, a Coptic Christian, which is odd, as he is from Darfoor, which is a Mahommedan country. Ma-brook suits me better and better; he has a very good, kind disposition; I have grown very fond of him. I am sure you will be pleased with his pleasant, honest face. I don't like to think too much about seeing you and M—— next winter for fear I should be disappointed. If I am too sick and wretched I can hardly wish you to

come, because I know what a nuisance it is to be with one always coughing and panting, and unable to do like other people. But if I pick up tolerably this summer, I shall be very glad to see you and him once more.

This house is falling sadly into decay, which produces snakes and scorpions. I sent for the "Hawee" or charmer, who caught a snake, but who can't conjure the scorpions out of their holes. One of my fat turkeys has just fallen a victim, and I am in constant fear for my little dog, Bob, only he is always in Omar's arms. I think I described to you the festival of Sheykh Gibrieel: the dinner, and the poets who improvised; this year I had a fine piece of declamation in my honour. A real calamity is the loss of our good Maohn. The Mudir hailed him from his steamer to go to Keneh directly, with no further notice. We hoped some good luck for him, and so it would have been to a Turk. He is made "Nazer el Gisir" over the poor people at the railroad works. He only gets 2/ 5s. per month additional, and has to keep a horse and a donkey, and to buy them, and keep a sais, and he does *not* know how to squeeze the fellaheen. It is true, "however close you skin an onion, a clever man can always peel it again;" which means that even the poorest devils at the works can be beaten into giving a little more; but our dear Maohn, God bless him, will be ruined and made miserable by his promotion. I had a very woeful letter from him yesterday.

THEBES, 15th May.

All the Christendom of Upper Egypt is in a state of excitement owing to the arrival of the Patriarch of Cairo, who is now in Luxor. My neighbour Mikaeel entertains him, and Omar has been busily decorating his house, and arranging the illumination of his garden; and to-day is gone to cook the confectionery, he being looked on as the person best acquainted with the customs of the great. Last night the Patriarch sent for me, and I went to



kiss his hand, but I won't go again. It was a very droll caricature of the thunder of the Vatican. Poor Mikaeel had planned that I was to dine with the Patriarch, and had borrowed my silver spoons, &c. &c. &c. in that belief. But the representative of St. Mark is furious against the American missionaries, who have converted some twenty Copts at Koos, and he could not bring himself to be decently civil to a Protestant. I found a coarse-looking man seated on a raised divan, smoking his chibouk: on his right were some priests on a low divan. I went up and kissed his hand, was about to sit by the priests, but he roughly ordered a cavass to put a wooden chair off the carpet to his left, at a distance from him, and told me to sit there. I looked round to see whether any of my neighbours were present, and I saw consternation in their faces; so, not wishing to annoy them, I did as if I did not perceive the affront, and sat down and talked for half an hour to the priests, and then took leave. Mikaeel's servant brought a pipe, but the Patriarch bawled at him to take it away, and then poor Mikaeel asked his leave to give me a cup of coffee, which was granted. I was informed that "the Catholics were *Maas messakeen* (inoffensive people), and that the Muslims at least were of an old religion, but that the Protestants ate meat all the year round, like dogs,"—"or Muslims," put in Omar, who stood behind my chair, and did not relish the mention of dogs and of the "English religion" in one sentence. As I went, the Patriarch called for dinner; it seems he had told Mikaeel he would not eat with me. It is evidently "a judgment" of a most signal nature that I should be snubbed for the offences of missionaries, but it has caused some ill-blood, the Cadee and Sheykh Yussuf, and the rest, who all intended to do the civil to the Patriarch, now won't go near him, on account of his rudeness to me. He has come up in a steamer at the Pasha's expense, with a guard of cavasses, and of course is loud in praise of the government, though he failed in getting the Mudir

to send all the Protestants of Koos to the public works or the army.<sup>1</sup>

Yesterday I heard a little whispered murmuring about the money demanded by the "Father"—one of my Copt neighbours was forced to sell me his whole provision of cooking-butter to pay his quota. This a little damps the exultation caused by seeing him so honoured by the Pasha. Keneh gave him 200 purses (600*l.*). I do not know what Luxor has given yet, but it falls heavy on the top of all the other taxes. One man, who had heard that he called the American missionaries "beggars," grumbled to me—"Ah, yes, beggars, beggars; they did not ask me for any money." I really do think that there must be something, in this dread of the Protestant movement. Evidently the Pasha is backing up the Patriarch, who keeps his Church well apart from all other Christians, and well under the thumb of the Turks. It was pretty to hear the priests talk so politely of Islam, and curse the Protestants so bitterly. We were very near having a row about a woman who formerly turned Muslime to get rid of an old blind Copt husband, who had been forced upon her, and was permitted to recant, I suppose, in order to get rid of the Muslim husband in his turn. However, he said, "I don't care, she is the mother of my two children; and whether she is Muslim or Christian, she is my wife, and I won't divorce her, but I'll send her to church as much as she likes." Therefore the priests, of course, dropped the wrangle, much to the relief of Yussuf, in whose house she had taken up her quarters after leaving the church, and who was afraid of being drawn into a dispute.

My new little Darfoor boy is very

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written three Protestant converts were seized at Koos by the directions of the Patriarch, and sent up the river to the White Nile. It is believed that instructions had been given to throw them overboard as soon as they were at a safe distance. Through the vigorous interposition, however, of the English and American consuls-general, the Government was compelled to send after them, and they have been restored to their homes.—EDITOR.

funny, and very intelligent. I hope he will turn out well; he seems well disposed, though rather lazy. Mabrook quarrelled with a boy belonging to the quarter close to us about a bird, and both boys ran away. The Arab boy is missing still, I suppose, but Mabrook was brought back by force, swelling with passion, and with his clothes most Scripturally "rent." He had regularly "run a-muck." Sheykh Yussuf lectured him on his insolence to the people of the quarter, and I wound up by saying, "Oh, my son, whither then dost thou wish to go? I cannot let thee wander about like a beggar, with torn clothes and no money, that the police may take thee, and put thee in the army, but say where thou desirest to go, and we will talk about it with discretion." It at once broke in upon him that he did not want to go anywhere, and he said, "I repent that I am but an ox; bring the courbash, beat me, and let me go to finish cooking the Sitt's dinner." I remitted the beating, with a threat that if he bullied the neighbours again he would get it from the police, and not from Omar's very inefficient arm. In half an hour he was as merry as ever. It was a curious display of negro temper, and all about nothing at all. As he stood before me he looked quite grandly tragic, and swore he only wanted to run outside and die, that was all!

I must get you to send me stuff to clothe my boys—not yet, but towards the winter; stout, unbleached calico, a horsecloth for them a-piece, a piece or two of strong print, and some coarse red flannel, or serge. Little Darfoor, of course, is very chilly, and requires flannel shirts. I have cut up some old clothes to make them.

We have had a curiously cool season, but the winds have been infernal; the heat only began yesterday. I have been very ailing indeed, never ill enough to be laid up, and never well enough to get out. I hope soon to feel better. I have never been in any danger all the winter, but I have never been at all well, chiefly a feeling of horrid weakness and fatigue. I have never been

well enough to get on the horse, which is provoking, but can't be helped.

I wish you could have heard (and understood) my *soirées*, *au clair de la lune*, with Sheykh Abdurrachman and Sheykh Yussuf. How Abdurrachman and I wrangled, and how Yussuf laughed and egged us on! Abdurrachman was wroth at my want of faith in physic generally, as well as his in particular, and said I talked like an infidel; for had not God said, "I have made a medicine for every disease." I said, "Yes, but He does not say that He has told His doctors which it is, and, meanwhile, I say, 'Hekmet Allah' (God will care), which can't be called an infidel sentiment." Then we got into alchemy, astrology, magic, and the rest; and Yussuf vexed his friend by telling, gravely, stories palpably absurd. Abdurrachman intimated that he was laughing at "El Elm el Muslimeen" (the science of the Muslims); but Yussuf said, "What is the 'Elm el Muslimeen?' God has revealed religion through His Prophets, and we can learn nothing new on that point; but all other learning He has left to the intelligence of men, and the Prophet Mohammed said, 'All learning is from God, even the learning of idolaters.' Why then should we Muslims shut out the light, and want to remain ever like children? The learning of the Franks is as lawful as any other." Abdurrachman was too sensible a man to be able to dispute this, but it vexed him.

I am tired of telling all the *Plackereien* of our poor people—how 310 men were dragged off on Easter Monday with their bread and tools; how in four days they were all sent back from Keneh because there were no orders about them, and made to pay their boat hire. Then in five days they were all sent for again. Meanwhile the harvest was cut green, and the wheat is lying out unthreshed to be devoured by birds and rats, and the men's bread was wasted and spoiled with the hauling in and out of the boats. I am obliged to send camels twenty miles for charcoal, because the Ababdeh won't bring it to market any more, the

tax is too heavy. Butter, too, we have to buy secretly, none comes into the market. When I remember the lovely, smiling landscape which I first beheld from my windows, swarming with beasts and men, and look at the dreary waste now, I feel the "foot of the Turk" heavy indeed. Where there were fifty donkeys there is but one: camels, horses, all are gone, not only the horned cattle—even the dogs are more than decimated, and the hawks and vultures seem to me fewer. Mankind has no food to spare to hangers-on: the donkeys are sold, the camels confiscated, and the dogs are dead (the one sole advantage). Meat is cheap, as every one must sell to pay taxes, and no one has money to buy. I am implored to take sheep and poultry for what I will give. Excuse my being idle, I am still so shaky, although really better.

LUXOR, 17th May.

The little Darfoor boy has been brought to me: he is very intelligent: I hope he will do well. He has quite lost his air of solemnity, and seems very happy, and inclined to be affectionate, I think. I have had to scold him for dirtiness and bad language, in which he indulged most profusely; but he is quite childish, and I hope will soon lose it.

I have only time for a few words by Giafar Pasha, who goes early in the morning. My boat arrived all right. She brought me all sorts of things: the books and toys were very welcome. The latter threw little Darfoor into ecstasies, and he got into disgrace for playing with the "Sitt," instead of minding some business in hand. I fear I shall spoil him, he is so extremely engaging and such a baby: he is still changing his teeth, so cannot be more than eight. At first I did not like him, and feared he was sullen, but it was the usual *khéf* (fear)—the word that is always in one's ears—and now that is gone he is always coming hopping in to play with me. He is extremely intelligent, and has a pretty baby nigger face. The Darfoor people are, as you know, an independent and brave people, and by no means "savages." I cannot help thinking how pleased R—— would be

with the child. He asked me to give him the picture of the English Sultaneh out of the *Illustrated London News*, and has stuck it inside the lid of his box.

On Sunday the Patriarch snubbed me, and would not eat with me, and on Monday a *walee* (saint) picked out tit-bits for me with his own fingers, and went with me inside the tomb. The Patriarch has made a blunder with his progress. He has come ostentatiously, as the protégé of the Pasha, and he has "eaten" and beaten the fellabeen, and wanted to maltreat a woman for mentioning divorce. The Copts of Luxor have had to pay 40*l.* for the honour of his presence, besides no end of sheep, poultry, butter, &c. If I were of a proselytizing mind, I could make converts of several whose pockets and backs are smarting, and the American missionaries will do it. Of course the Muslims sympathise with the converts to a religion which has no "idols," and no monks, and whose priests marry like other folk, so they are the less afraid. I hear there are fifty Protestants at Koos, and the Patriarch was furious because he could not beat them. Omar very kindly cooked a grand dinner for him last night for one Mikaeel, a neighbour of ours, and the eating was not over till two in the morning. Our Government should manage to put the screw on him about the Abyssinian prisoners. The Patriarch answered me sharply, when I asked about the state of religion in Abyssinia, that "they were lovers of the faith, and his obedient children."

Giafar Pasha came here, like a gentleman, alone, without a retinue. He is on his way from two years in the Soodan, where he is absolute Pasha. He is much liked and respected, and seems a very sensible and agreeable man, quite unlike any Turkish big-wig I have seen. Great potentate as he is, he made Yussuf, Mustafa, and Abdallah sit down, and was extremely civil and simple in his manners. I believe he is a real Turk, and not a Memlook like the rest. I will write again soon. Now you will soon know that I am much better, and all is prospering with me.

## REALMAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

## CHAP. XXII.

## REALMAH BECOMES KING.

THE city was now in peace. Order had been restored; and all the sensible inhabitants of Abibah felt that to Realmah this peace and order were due. No member of the family of the chief of the West had come forward to take his place. The flight of the chiefs of the North and of the South was looked upon as an act of abdication on their part. The councils of these quarters of the town met together, and it was almost unanimously resolved (what was done in one council not being, at the time, known in the others) that the chieftdom of each quarter should be offered to Realmah. His aged uncle, the great chief of the East, upon hearing the determinations of the several councils, said that he would abdicate in favour of his nephew, who should thenceforward be king of the whole nation. It is curious to observe that, from their having a word in their language for king, the kingly form of government must, at some time or other, have prevailed amongst them. There was an ancient proverb to this effect,— "*Lakaree<sup>1</sup> slapped the king's white face—when he was dead.*"

The principal men of the several councils presented themselves before Realmah, and tendered to him this kingly office. He asked for twenty-four hours to deliberate.

The evening after he had received these men was like the one that has been described at the beginning of this story. The atmosphere was cloudless, and the stars were visible. Realmah walked out upon the balcony overlooking the lake, which he had walked upon in the early days of his

<sup>1</sup> A cant name for one of the lowest class of weavers.

career, and when his chief thought had been how to defeat the wiles of the ambassador of the Phelatahs. What great events had happened to him during the interval that had passed! He had been comparatively an obscure young man when he first walked up and down that balcony, and gazed upon those stars. Since then, he had been in battles; had performed the part of a conqueror; and endured that of a prisoner. He had been madly in love with the beautiful Talora; and now, if he told the truth, her charms had very small attraction for him. The despised Ainah had taken with her, to her untimely grave, all the capability for love that there was in him.

Since that first walk, too, on the balcony, he had become a great inventor; and his discovery of iron, he felt, would be the chief safeguard for his nation.

These were the principal subjects of thought for Realmah; but there were others which will force themselves upon the minds of all poetic and imaginative people when they regard the unclouded heavens, and think of, or guess at, the great story which those heavens can tell them.

Perhaps a starlight night is the greatest instructor that is permitted, otherwise than in revelation, to address mankind. Realmah could not know what science has taught us. We now know that, in contemplating those heavens, we are looking at an historical scene which makes all other histories trivial and transitory. That speck of light which we call a star, is an emanation which proceeded from its origin thousands of years ago perhaps, and may not in any manner represent the state of the star at the present day. Then, again, it is not as if we were reading the history of any one past

period; but we are reading the commingled history of innumerable ages, widely distant from each other.<sup>1</sup> If men thoroughly entered into the spirit of this strange, weird scene, it would be the greatest cure for ambition, vanity, or avarice that has ever been devised.

*Milverton.* You see, Sir Arthur, that I have stolen your thunder.

Realmah, however, gazed upon it with the ignorant eyes of one comparatively a savage. And yet the wonderful scene had a strange influence upon him, and roused in his mind those thoughts which are common to all thinking men, and which, as we have seen, had before, on a remarkable occasion, been present to his mind; namely: "Whence am I? What am I? What am I here for? What does it all mean?"—thoughts which are never without a wild kind of melancholy, the melancholy of an inquiring and unsatisfied soul. And then he turned to business. There were motives which made him hesitate, now that the opportunity had come, to accept the greatness thrust upon him. I have said that, after the death of the Ainah, he had become ambitious. But still his nature was to a great extent like that of Hamlet, as described by our great poet, who felt it so hard that rough action, and dire struggle with the world around him, should be forced upon one who would far rather contemplate the ways of men, than be in any measure mixed up with them.

Moreover, there was one thought that plagued Realmah, and drove him like a goad; namely, the consideration as to who should be his successor to the throne—for he was childless. After long

<sup>1</sup> The idea in the text is very difficult to realize, or to express. To compare small things with great, this illustration may be used. It is as if a man of the present day were to see (not to read about, but to see) Lord George Gordon's riots, Louis the Fourteenth's conquest of Flanders, Charlemagne's slaughter of the Saxons, Hannibal's victory at Cannæ, the building of the hundred-gated Thebes, and weary Methuselah celebrating his seven hundredth birthday—all at the same time, these scenes having reached his eyes at the same moment, and being for him the story of the present day.

pondering, he resolved that he would adopt some youth, the worthiest of the scions of those noble houses who had fallen from their high estate in this sudden revolution. With a sigh he congratulated himself, or rather the state, upon his being childless. "For," as he said to himself, "any child of mine might be most unworthy to succeed me; but it will be hard if I cannot discover one amongst these young men of noble family, who should be able to guide the kingdom when I am old, or dead." This thought soothed his mind; and, as the cold grey light of early morning broke in upon his meditations, he had completely made up his mind how to act, in every particular, on this, the greatest occasion of his life.

He had resolved, unhesitatingly, to be the King of the Sheviri.

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*Ellesmere.* I am an ass, an idiot, a dolt, a dunce, a blockhead, and a dunderhead. All the rough, rude things that my enemies say against me are true. All the utterances of the refined malice of my friends are true. Yes, Cranmer, you are right. I cannot be sure of doing a simple sum in addition correctly. Say what you like of me, all of you.

Whatever any theologian has said of any other theologian, who differs from him slightly, is true of me.

Whatever any editor of any Greek play has said of any former editor of the same Greek play, is true of me.

Whatever any elderly lady who attends the Billingsgate Market and sells fish, says of any other elderly lady engaged in the same vocation, who sells her fish at a lower price, is true of me.

Whatever any "Right Honourable friend" who has left the Cabinet, says of any other "Right Honourable friend" who remains in the Cabinet, is true of me.

*Sir Arthur.* No, no, Ellesmere; keep within some bounds.

*Mauleverer.* Whence comes this sudden burst of just, but long-deferred, self-appreciation?

*Ellesmere.* I have been puzzling my brain for weeks to find out what this man was at and I now see that I ought to have perceived his drift at once. The first syllable of the word Realmah ought to have enlightened me. Of course he was to become king; and of course, he is to initiate a form of govern-

ment, or a mode of foreign policy, which is to be eminently instructive in modern times.

I am disgusted. I have been bothered about all these love affairs: I have been worried about the smelting of iron-stones: my feelings—my tenderest feelings—have been harrowed by the death of the Ainah; and now I find that I have gone through all this suffering, only that I might become interested in the character and fortunes of Realmah, and therefore be induced to listen more patiently to the record of his official and diplomatic proceedings. I am a dupe.

Mr. Milverton did not make any reply to this outburst of Sir John Ellesmere's, but continued the reading of the story.

#### CHAP. XXIII.

##### THE KING PROVIDES AGAINST FAMINE: HIS COUNCILLORS.

REALMAH'S first care upon coming to the throne was to provide against the famine which threatened the inhabitants of Abibah. In his mode of doing this, he struck, as it were, the key-note of the policy he was about to pursue throughout his reign. He determined to persuade the Phelatahs to supply him with provisions. He accordingly addressed a letter to their chiefs.

It may surprise the reader to hear that there was any mode of communication amongst the dwellers in the Lake cities which can be likened to the writing of a letter.

The Peruvians kept their records by means of the *quippus*, which was a tassel composed of threads of different colours, having knots in them at different lengths in the threads.

The inhabitants of the Lake cities had adopted a similar system, only that they used shells instead of threads; and the differences of form and colour of the shells corresponded with the differences of interval in the knotted lengths and of the colours of the threads in the Peruvian *quippus*. This seems a very rude and difficult mode of writing, but practice made it easy; and those who were much practised in it, could read and write with comparative facility.

Realmah's letter to the chiefs of the Phelatahs was as follows:—

*"Your eldest brother, I, Realmah, the King of the Sheviri, by Londardo with the four feathers, to the great Lords and Dividers of bread of the Phelatahs, send greeting, and desire for them health, honour, wealth, and quails.*

(The four feathers were the insignia of an ambassador; and quails meant abundance, alluding to the immense flocks of those birds which at certain times of the year passed over those regions of the earth, and furnished the inhabitants with food for many days.)

*"The koopha,<sup>1</sup> when set free, forgets the hardship of its captivity, and remembers only the kindness that it received when it was in its cage. The great king's heart is larger and more loving than that of the little koopha.*

*"What he did, whom you would wish to love as a friend, let it be as a bad dream, not to be thought over in the good day-time, for he did it mistakenly.*

*"For both, the same moon above; for both, the same waters beneath; the same day for both, when the almond-trees, blossoming with joy, tell that summer has come back again: why should the Phelatahs and the Sheviri shoot arrows at each other? They should sing the same song on the same day to the dear summer when she returns to them.*

*"The wild bulls may stamp their fore-feet as if to the sound of the mithral,<sup>2</sup> but if one moves out of the line, coming forward or drawing backward, all is lost, and the little young lions in their dens have much food.*

*"The men of the North are as a lion, and the young lions are many.*

*"Paravi,<sup>3</sup> has been good to the Phelatahs, but has hidden her face from the Sheviri, and would not see them. The good goddess makes things uneven so that good men may make them even again, for she is always wise and loving.*

*"The young maidens of Abibah droop like the lilies when the stars drink up the dew before the morning, and there is no rain. The mothers in Abibah almost*

<sup>1</sup> Ring-dove.

<sup>2</sup> A musical instrument resembling the flute.

<sup>3</sup> The goddess of fertility.

wish that their children were dead, for they have no food to give them.

"What need I say more? The generous do not love to have many words said to them. It is I who have written this.

"I, Realmah, the King."

We may smile at this extraordinary production, but there is something touching and tender, and not without dignity, in the way in which these poor people expressed their thoughts. It was a point of high diplomatic politeness not to say anything directly, but in tropes and similes, with proverbs and with fables; in fact, to write always allusively, but so that the allusions should be understood by any intelligent person cognizant of the facts.

This missive was entrusted to Londardo, who, without delay, was to proceed to Abinamanche.

His secret instructions were, to put himself into communication with Koorali, who was friendly to Realmah; to proclaim everywhere that the government had been thrust upon Realmah; that the King's main object was to unite all the people of the South against the threatened invasion of the North; and, if he found great difficulty in obtaining the main object of his mission, to declare very plainly that the Sheviri would come and take the food they wanted, and that desperate men were desperate enemies to deal with.

The above commands were given in full council to Londardo. There was, however, another instruction, most secret, given by the King alone. It was to the effect that Londardo might delicately ridicule the King, showing by shrugs of the shoulder and smiles, and dubious words uttered only to a few of the Phelatahs, very confidentially ("It will spread enough," said Realmah), that he, Londardo, thought their new King almost a maniac on the subject of his fears of the men of the North. "Possess them with that idea," said the subtle Realmah, "convince them that I mean to be an ally, and not an enemy, and so we may prevent their fighting us now—now, when my people are hunger-stricken, and my power is not confirmed." Londardo suc-

ceeded in his mission, and thus the first difficulty in Realmah's reign was overcome.

Londardo was one of Realmah's chief councillors; and, before proceeding to enumerate the principal events of the reign, it will be well to give an account of these men. They were selected by the King from the four councils that had been attached to the four chiefs who had ruled over the town.

First there was Lariska, who was thought to be the wisest man in the kingdom. But there were great drawbacks upon his wisdom. He spun out innumerable arguments, and had always a great deal to produce for, or against, any given course of action. There was, however, this terrible defect in him—that an argument was valued according to its purely argumentative value, rather than according to the nature of the thing it touched. For example: if there were an argument which affected eighty parts of the transaction debated upon—the whole transaction being represented by the number one hundred—to Lariska that argument was not of more value, and not more to be insisted upon, than some argument which affected only one-hundredth part of the transaction, but which was interesting and curious as an argument. In short, as the Court-jester observed, Lariska never made any difference in his nets, whether for panthers or for rabbits.

Then there was Bibi. He was really a very able man; but he habitually placed the expression of his opinion under severe restraint; and his mode of declaring approval, or disapproval, was so cold, that Realmah had to study Bibi's lightest words in order to ascertain what he really meant. Realmah used to invite Bibi frequently to his table, and was wont to talk to him upon State affairs when the strongest bowls of mead had circulated freely round the board.

Then there was Delaimar-Daree, who was a wonderful man, not only for producing arguments, but for suggesting resources. His extraordinary fertility, however, dwarfed his powers of conclusiveness; and, after an admirable speech

in council, Realmah did not know how Delaimar-Daree wished any question to be settled. The lines of his thought were all parallel, and never met in a focus. As Philip van Artevelde says of the mind of some councillor—

“A mind it is  
Accessible to reason’s subtlest rays,  
And many enter there, but none converge.”

Then there was that burly old man, full of sagacity, named Brotah. He always took a common-sense view of every matter, and his counsel was often most valuable; but he was greatly influenced by personal feelings. He said what he said, because somebody else had said the other thing. You had therefore to abstract from his advice the personality of it, before you could tell whether it was either good or bad. It was to be observed of Brotah that he delighted at being in a minority.

Then there was Lavoura, a refined and delicate-minded man, who always suggested indirect, and sometimes sinister, ways. You were never to meet the matter in hand directly; but you were to do, or say, something quite remote from it, which was to come back in some wonderful manner upon the question at issue. Had Realmah known the principle of the boomerang, he would have called Lavoura his boomerang councillor. Realmah himself was a little too much inclined at times to adopt Lavoura’s advice—not seeing that this is not the right way for a great king to govern.

Then there was Delemnah—a bluff, coarse, sensible man, who never was for adopting a roundabout way, or even a delicate way, of doing anything, but believed in brute force, and almost worshipped it. He and Lavoura generally spoke against one another in council.

Then there was Marespi. He did not indulge in many opinions of his own; but, after a matter had been much debated by others, he had the keenest perception of how the votes would go, and was fond of being on the winning side. He was immensely guided by what was said out of doors of any measure of the Government;

and a tumult in the street was a thing that quite ruled his views of policy.

Then there was Londardo. He was a man with a large noble mask of a face, with very bright black eyes, who indulged in obstreperous laughter, and had a habit of rubbing his hands together in a boisterous manner that expressed the continual joy and fun that was bubbling up in him. He was a very sensible person, and absolutely invaluable as a peace-maker. In the pleasantest manner he could tell two councillors, who were about to quarrel, that they were two fools; and he would even get up from the council-table, and shake them, contriving with exquisite tact, perhaps, to make a remark that should tend to conciliate the opponents, such as, “You are the last two men who should ever disagree, for did I not hear him say of you the other day, that you were one of the best of men, and one of the cleverest of us all? Now do not be fools. We have not time for folly; and if we disagree amongst ourselves, how are the people to be governed?” He was the man who proposed that refreshments should always be brought in when there was a council, and would contrive that the eating time should arrive very opportunely. He was of great service to the King, performing that part of rude conciliation which it would have been quite undignified for Realmah himself to undertake.

In the higher circles of the Sheviri there were always stories current about Londardo. It was told of him that, when debates at the council were dull, he would absolutely have the audacity to go to sleep; but that, somehow or other, when he woke up, it always seemed as if he knew all about what was going on. There was a story, too, of how, at a council in the first year of Realmah’s reign, when the King had made some subtle proposal, Londardo had observed, “Well, you are the craftiest young chief that ever sat upon a throne; but do not be so over-clever; for, after all, kings should be plain, blunt sort of fellows—something like me, only with better manners.”



Also, on a memorable occasion, when there was great division in the council, and when a tumult of discord arose amongst the councillors, Londardo got up, and placed his broad back against the door, saying, "Now I do not care a snail's shell how the thing goes. One way is as good as another, and the arguments for and against anything are always about equal; but one way you must go, and you do not pass through this door till you are all of one mind as to which way that shall be. Right or wrong, decide something; and stick to it." And they did decide something; and did stick to it.

Then there was Llama-Mah. He was an adroit, clever man, but withal a poor creature, a thorough flatterer by nature, whose only object at a council it was to discern what was the King's opinion upon any matter, and to vote as the King would wish. Realmah, at first, could not endure this man, and was, for some time, very cold in his demeanour to him. But the allurements of flattery and of constant assent are so powerful, that, eventually, the great King was overcome by the assiduities of Llama-Mah, and began to look upon him as one of his truest friends. It was, at last, "My good Llama-Mah has said it;" or "Llama-Mah has made a very sound observation;" or "We must wait to hear what Llama-Mah will say."

Let this not be wondered at. A lifetime is so short, and life is so difficult, that we are glad to avail ourselves of the services of any human creature who is good enough, and wise enough, always to be of our opinion.

Lastly, there was Litervi, who was more of a judge than a councillor. He seemed to have no ideas of his own, and always managed to speak last, summing up carefully, and with great discrimination, what the others had counselled.

It is not to be supposed that these able men are thoroughly described in these short characters given of them, or that they acted always consistently with these characters. Sometimes Delennah was timid. Sometimes Lavoura was brave. Sometimes Delaimar-Daree

was conclusive. Sometimes Londardo was not sweet-tempered. Sometimes, but very rarely, Litervi hazarded a remark of his own. This was not altogether from inconsistency; but men know what others think of them, and how they are expected to think and act, and, as they do not like to be shut up in a character, they sometimes go in quite a contrary way to that which they know is expected of them.

Besides, there are profound inconsistencies of character. Litervi, the most cautious of men, who adored delay, was, during the twenty-four hours that preceded Realmah's accession to the throne, the most bold and unscrupulous of councillors; and you could perceive that there was in the same man the nature of a daring conspirator, and of a timid and procrastinating judge.

It may seem surprising that so many eminent men should have been collected together in one council; but the truth is, that among semi-civilized people, as amongst boys at school, and young men at college, the right persons are almost always chosen. It is true that there were strong lines of demarcation of rank among the Sheviri, and there was no chance of any man being made a councillor who was not in the highest class; but in that class the most just and wise choice was made of men fit to counsel and to rule.<sup>1</sup>

Such were the councillors with whom Realmah undertook to govern the great kingdom of the Sheviri, which, under his government, gradually increased until it embraced an extent of country three hundred and seventy miles in

<sup>1</sup> The idea of a man's wealth being any reason why he should be made a councillor would have been one impossible for the Sheviri to contemplate. They would not even have thought it a joke, but rather a suggestion made by a man about to have a fever, if any one had suggested that Pom-Pom, the richest man in Abibah, but one of the most foolish, should be made a councillor. In fact, they thought that a councillor should be a man able to give counsel. But then semi-savages are so blunt and rude, and childish in their ideas; and their ways of going on are quite different from those of civilized people.

length, and something like one hundred and eighty in breadth.

It was a piece of good fortune for Realmah that he was one of those men who could listen carefully to counsel of various kinds, and have the courage to abide by it, or neglect it, as it suited his great purposes.

*Ellesmere.* Well, now we have Realmah and his councillors before us, and a precious set of crafty scoundrels they are. I know this, that I should not have liked to have lived in that time, and to have been a chief possessing any territory within 300 miles' distance from Abibah. I feel certain that I should have been absorbed by these Marespis, Llama-Mahs, and Realmahs.

I suspect we have all sat for our portraits, and that bits of us, at any rate, are to be found in the characters of these councillors. I do not, however, see any Mauleverer amongst them. Probably Realmah thought that he could do all the melancholy part of the business for himself. There is no mention made of a clerk of the council, but I suppose, when he is described, that Cranmer will sit for the portrait—a good, steady official man, with no nonsense about him, having no regard for fables or falsities of any kind, except perhaps for Potochee and her crew, because age would have rendered any institution respectable in his eyes, even that of wizardry and witchcraft.

But I must go and play a game of quoits with Tommy Jessom.

By the way, it would be a good thing in any council to have a boy. His counsel would be so direct and honest, and he would not make long speeches.

After a fearful speech by Lariska, or by that other fellow who never brought his manifold suggestions to a point, what a treat it would be to hear Tommy Jessom exclaim, "I vote we go in and lick 'em," or, "I vote we cave in." I do not pledge myself to explain the exact meaning of the expression "cave in;" but Tommy has taught it to me: and I observe he always uses it when he is about to yield to my superior prowess.

A woman, too, would be a great acquisition to a council, as bringing an amount of common sense and steady regard for present advantage which are often wanting in a council composed of men only.

There! Have I not compensated by this speech for all the rude truths I may have uttered during my lifetime about women? You may kiss my hand, Mildred and Blanche, in token of your gratitude.

Here Ellesmere held out his hand, but only received a sharp slap upon it from his wife, whereupon he went away declaiming loudly against the inveterate ingratitude of women. The others followed him, and our party was broken up for the day.

## CHAPTER XI.

I MUST make some apology for what I am going to narrate in this chapter. I have been asked to give the story, written by myself, to which I alluded in a former chapter; and as a sensible young lady sits down to play at the piano when she is asked, whether she is a good or an indifferent performer, so I think I had better give this story at once rather than show any tiresomely-modest reluctance to do so.

On the day when I told the story, we met in the study, after luncheon, for the weather was stormy, and the gentlemen were not inclined to venture out. The ladies, however, had gone to hear a confirmation sermon. Mr. Milverton began the conversation.

*Milverton.* We are to have something new to-day. Johnson is going to give us a bit of his experience of life.

*Ellesmere.* Babes and sucklings! A discourse on coral, eh?

Sir John seemed to have forgotten, or pretended to have forgotten, that he had himself asked me to write a story.

*Milverton.* I can tell you it is very good, and very deep.

*Ellesmere.* Oh yes! we know! Milverton has a forty-woman power of prejudice in favour of his friends. Anything that they do must be admirable. And, as for his secretary, who is part of himself, whatever he does is good enough for the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

What mischief, I wonder, has Sandy been hatching? I have observed he has been very thoughtful lately, and has been an execrable companion. O Sandy the clever one! drinker-in of wisdom from many fountains of that fluid! And O the delight of a well-woven story that agitates the mind with pleasing alternations of hope and fear!

*Milverton.* What do you mean, Ellesmere, by that nonsense?

*Ellesmere.* It is an imitation, and not

a bad one I think, of one of Paul Louis Courier's best bits.

He was ridiculing some of the French lawyers for their habit of apostrophizing, which, however, he said he had adopted himself; for, when at home, he did not ask his servant Nicole simply to bring his slippers, but exclaimed, "*O mes pantoufles! et toi, Nicole, et toi!*" And so, instead of asking Sandy to give us his story, I exclaim, "O the cleverness of Sandy! And O the beauty of a good story!"

But what is it about, though? A treatise, in the disguise of a story, on weights and measures? An essay, disguised as a tale, on the system of decimal notation? If it is, I go. Friendship has its limits. I like Sandy very much; but one must draw a line somewhere: and I draw the line by refusing to listen to any essay on decimal notation, even from my dearest friend.

*Milverton.* Make your mind quite easy, Ellesmere; and, Alick, do not wait for any more talk, but begin at once.

*Johnson.* I begin by saying that it has always been admitted that the Scotch possess peculiar prophetic powers, as I may instance by their well-known powers of second sight. And now I commence my story.

When I was a youth I went to visit my uncle, a small tenant-farmer and fisherman, who lived in the extreme north of Scotland on the sea-side. Boy-like, I was always about amongst the boats, which were new things to one who had hitherto lived far inland. One morning I succeeded, by dint of great efforts, in pushing my uncle's boat down to the margin of the sea. I got into it, and rocked it about from side to side. In a few minutes it happened that a great wave came rushing up the shore—a ninth wave, I suppose it was—and when the recoil of the waters came, the boat, to my dismay, was afloat; and a strong wind from the shore carried me out to sea.

*Ellesmere.* Of course you had some haggis with you?

*Johnson.* No, Sir John; but I had two bannocks which my good aunt had given me after breakfast, knowing that I should not return to the house for hours. But I had no water. For three days I was driven further and further out to sea. What I suffered from thirst no man, who has not gone through similar suffering, can imagine. I think I should have died if it had not been for a slight shower which fell at the end of the second day, some drops of which I caught in my bonnet.

On the morning of the fourth day, after my departure, I neared an island. To my great astonishment, a number of people were

on the shore, and made signs of welcome to me. The moment I landed, a young girl handed me a beautiful shell, full of water.

The people were all dressed in a fashion quite unknown to me. After turning me round several times, and pulling about my clothes in the way in which savages examine the dress of civilized men, and asking me many questions which I could neither fully understand nor answer, I was taken to the hut, near the shore, of the father of the girl who had given me the water. His name was Pitou. Her name was Effra. They showed me a couch of heather; gave me some dried fish to eat; and, after I had eaten it, I lay down and went to sleep for four-and-twenty hours.

When I awoke, and was refreshed with food, I went out of the hut, and wandered about the island. It was very beautiful. Doubtless the beneficent Gulf Stream made the surrounding waters warm and the climate temperate.

The language was very like Scotch: indeed it was Scotch, only that there were many old words in it such as I had never heard any one but my grandfather make use of. I soon became familiar with the language. It is such an easy thing to learn a language when one is taught by a girl like Effra.

I was allowed to roam about the island as I pleased; but, to my dismay, I found that my boat had been hauled up some distance from the beach, and had been firmly fastened to stakes driven into the earth, so that I could not move it.

After I had been a few weeks in the island, Pitou asked me if I would like to see the House of Wisdom. He did not use the word "wisdom," but said the House of Direction for Head, Heart, and Hand. You will readily consent to my abridging the title.

I assented to Pitou's suggestion. We then went to the only building of any pretension to architecture in the island. I had often noticed it in my rambles; but had never ventured to approach it, thinking it to be the residence of the chief of the island, who might not approve of my coming into his presence unsent for. The first persons I saw, and who were in a sort of out-house, had a painful, anxious, subdued look about them, most unpleasant to behold. They glanced at me for a moment and then seemed to look far away over my head. Then they muttered something to one another which I could not understand.

"Those are the Spoolans," said Pitou to me. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the contempt which Pitou threw into his pronunciation of the word "Spoolans." "Two foolish old fellows," he added.

Now, they were not old. One was quite young, and the other only middle-aged. What can Pitou mean? I thought.

After making a gesture of contempt, which was done by bringing his two hands together close to his mouth, and then throwing them suddenly from his mouth, as if he said, "I have collected all their merits together, and find them to be naught," Pitou departed. I could not help looking back at these two poor men, who must have seen this gesture; but they were evidently used to such demonstrations, and merely looked wistfully over Pitou's head into the far country and the distant sea.

We then went into a shed on the right hand of the principal building. Here there were six men. These men also looked very miserable, but there was not that abject and hopeless appearance about them that there had been about the Spoolans. They were better clothed, too; the Spoolans were in rags. I made my bow, and then Pitou said to me, "The Rathes!" Then he added, "It's no good staying here. Come on;" but, as we departed, he did not make any gesture of contempt.

We then ascended a flight of steps which led to the principal building. It consisted of three chambers on the lower story, and two on the upper.

We went into the left-hand room on the lower story. There were five men here. They were well-dressed, and, though exceedingly thoughtful, did not seem to be unhappy. Pitou made a bow to them, and then saying to me, "The Uraths," conducted me out of the apartment.

We then went into the right-hand chamber. Here there were four men. These were handsomely dressed, were evidently in good spirits, and altogether in good case. Pitou made three low obeisances; and, as if introducing me, said, "The Auraths," and then added, "The Boy from the Black Land." I made my obeisances, imitating Pitou, and we walked out.

We then entered the centre chamber. Here were seated two men, very well dressed and very jovial-looking, and with an imperious air about them. When Pitou came into their presence, he was abject. It was not merely that he indulged in bows and genuflexions; but he almost crawled before them. "The Mauraths," he said; and then, pointing to me, "Your servant from the Black Land."

I then made sundry bows—I could not condescend to crawl, like Pitou—and we quitted that apartment.

Then we went upstairs into a sort of ante-chamber, that was crowded by people. A way, however, was made for us, and we

entered the principal chamber of the building. Here was seated, in great state, a coarse, fat, jovial-looking, rubicund man, who seemed to me to spend half his time in laughing about nothing. He was waited upon by persons who knelt to him. If Pitou had been abject before, in approaching the Mauraths, it was nothing compared to his abjectness now. He pulled me down on the ground, and dragging me after him, crawled to the feet of the laughing man. Then he said, "The Amaurath;" and afterwards, pointing to me, "Your slave from the Black Land." Then, shading his face with his hands, as if he could not bear the splendour of the jolly chief's commonplace countenance, Pitou crawled backwards, pulling me with him.

Then we went home. I should think that on the face of the earth that day there was not a more puzzled and bewildered individual than I was. As we walked home I remained silent; but Pitou kept exclaiming, "O the beloved young man! O the beautiful Being! O the Basketful of Direction for Head, Heart, and Hand!" I thought Pitou had gone crazy, especially as I understood him to apply these exclamations to the stout, rubicund, middle-aged, laughing gentleman we had just left.

After I had a little overcome my amazement, I questioned Pitou and Effra as to what all this meant. It was not until after many hours' talk on that and on the succeeding day that I began to understand the whole matter.

These twenty men whom I had seen in the House of Wisdom were prophets, or were supposed to be prophets. At any rate, they had remarkable gifts of foresight. But these gifts differed very much in value. For instance, the wretched Spoolans only foresaw what would happen after a hundred years had passed: the unfortunate Rathes, what would happen after twenty-seven years: the Uraths, after a year: the Auraths, after a month: the Mauraths, after three days: while the great Amaurath, that genial prophet and potentate, could foretell what would happen after the next six hours. The extent of their prophetic powers was after this fashion—that each set of prophets foresaw for as long a time as that which had to elapse between the present and the time at which their power came into play. For instance, the Amaurath's duration of prophetic vision, if I may so describe it, was for six hours: that of the Mauraths for three days: and so on with all the rest.

The latter four classes foresaw only, or chiefly, material damage or material good. Moreover, they could not explain much

about their prophecies. They could not tell you about the means to the ends which they foresaw ; while on the other hand the despised Rathes and Spoolans had great width and depth of foresight. But who cares to know what will happen twenty-seven years hence, still less what will happen a hundred years hence ? I now quite understood the sorry garb of the Rathes, and the absolute rags of the Spoolans.

As time went on I became familiar with the inhabitants of the House of Direction for Head, Heart, and Hand. The jolly old chief would laugh his loudest when he saw his slave from the Black Land. These people had somewhat of an aversion and distrust for any person who lived upon a continent. They used to say, the bigger the land he comes from, the worse the man ; and they preferred to remain quite isolated from the rest of the world. They naturally supposed me to come from a continent ; but gradually they came to tolerate me, and were very kind to me.

This freedom of entry into the great House would have given anybody much knowledge of the world who had brought any of such knowledge to begin with. But I was a simple youth of eighteen, and could profit but little by what I heard. The world seemed then to me, and indeed seems now, like a play, or an opera, acted before you in a language you do not understand.

There are very emphatic gestures ; and the principal performers come together in twos, threes, and fours ; and they lift up their hands, and appeal to the audience very earnestly about something. They do not seem to have much to say to one another.

Then somebody seems to hate somebody else very much, but you do not make out why. Also somebody, always a tenor (why tenors should be the only men who ever fall in love I cannot understand), loves some soprano very much, and there is a stage embrace, which does not seem to count for much ; especially as the gentleman and lady on the stage make most of their love respectively to a lady and gentleman apparently in the upper gallery.

Then there is a chorus of very clean peasants, who never have anything to do with clay soils, and who seem happy, and are certainly noisy, about something ; and then there is some dancing, of which you cannot exactly construe the meaning. And then there is a good deal of scuffling amongst the minor performers ; but whatever they do, it never interferes with the singing of the principal performers. The politeness is wonderful ; fetters are never put by the little people on the great people until they have quite finished their songs.

And then somebody, generally the principal lady or gentleman, seems resolved to die, and takes a long time about it, but keeps in good voice, if not in good heart, to the end. And then the curtain falls down, and he or she comes on looking very smiling and gracious ; and then the audience rush away to catch cold in the passages.

When you go home and have to tell the story of the play, and endeavour to do so, it must often be a story that differs considerably from the one that you were intended to listen to and understand.

But I suppose one makes out quite as much, and quite as accurately, about this play-story as about the story of the men and women who surround you.

Now here was an opportunity for getting nearer to the heart of things, and making out what people really wished for ; but, as I said before, this grand opportunity was given to a mere lad. Still I remarked some things which, perhaps, were worth observing.

I was with the Rathes one day. I used to frequent the rooms of those who could prophesy distant things to a degree that astonished the other inhabitants of the island. Suddenly there entered a handsome young man who was celebrated for his skill in minstrelsy. He had come to ask the question whether he would be famous in future years. The Rathes told him that neither his fame, nor even his name, nor the songs he sang, nor the music which he sang them to, would be known to any human being in twenty-seven years' time. He went away very sad ; and I noticed that the mean fellow carried off some honey-cakes which he had doubtless brought as a present if the response should be favourable. The Rathes looked wistfully after the honey-cakes ; but they were obliged to tell the truth : and they told it, and remained hungry.

Again, everywhere throughout the building there was a buzzing sound, on the days of audience, of the word "Beans," or something like it. Beans, beans, beans, nothing but beans. I was puzzled at first, but soon found out that a wild bean, much smaller than ours, passed for money ; and there were constant questions about beans addressed to the short-time prophets. Would beans be more or less valuable ? would there be many found this year ? A whole boat-load of these beans had once come from a neighbouring island, and had been exchanged for dried fish and other articles of small value. The disturbance this had caused amongst the beaned (I mean the moneyed) men of the island was fearful ; and a frequent question was whether any such pestilential cargo would soon come again.

The prophets took no share in the government of the island. But they were often secretly consulted by the ruling men, or by those who aspired to rule. It surprised me greatly, at first, to find that the ruling men consulted only the short-time prophets. Certainly one old chief did ask a question of the Uraths while I was there; but he was the only one who did so. The Mauraths or the Amaurath were the prophets chiefly consulted by politicians. I thought this very strange; but Mr. Milverton tells me that not only in this little island of mine, but elsewhere, the politicians would be quite contented with veritable prophecies for six hours, or three days, or at the most for a month.

I wondered that lovers never came to the Rath, or even to the Uraths; but I found that they were too sure about their future to care for asking questions respecting it. One poor fellow, a melancholy bachelor (the rarest thing in that island), had once asked a question of the Uraths about his prospects of happiness after the first year of marriage. His name was Toulvi, and that of his beloved, Dalumma. Dalumma, hearing of this question (all the prophets were addicted to gossiping), refused poor Toulvi; and no other young woman ever listened to his advances.

I expected that unpleasant questions would be asked about life and death. But this was never done. It had been tried in former years; but mankind, at least the mankind of that island, could not endure such knowledge. Besides, there were very ugly stories of sons and wives having asked questions about the lives of heads of families—questions asked in the purest spirit of conjugal and filial tenderness; but, somehow or other, the husbands and fathers did not take it well; and the practice was very wisely discontinued. It was a beautiful arrangement connected with this prophetic power, that, with rare exceptions, the prophets had no knowledge of future events, unless distinct questions were submitted to them respecting these events.

The questions chiefly asked were of a very humble kind; and were asked more by fishermen and husbandmen and handicraftsmen than by any other classes in society. In truth, in good society, if I may use such an expression as regards the society amongst those who may be considered semi-savages (for they had no newspapers), it was not thought very good taste to be seen in the House of Wisdom. Any foreknowledge was an agitating and vulgar thing: it tended to democracy: it made people dissatisfied with the goings on of their ancestors and of the ruling classes; and it was, very judiciously, voted to be vulgar.

My sympathy was with the Spoolans. Such melancholy I have never seen upon the faces of any human beings as that which was indented upon theirs. And yet the things they prophesied were mostly pleasant. According to them, the race of these islanders was always to improve in sagacity and gentleness. But that foreknowledge seemed to make them (the Spoolans) dreadfully discontented with the present state of things. I suspect that there will prove to be the usual counterbalancing drawbacks to all the good things the Spoolans prophesied; but they seemed to believe only in the good. And they always wore the aspect that is to be seen in sanguine men, when the things they have hoped for, and schemed for, do not come to pass—at least in their time.

Once a year (luckily it happened while I was in the island) the Spoolans were called in to make mirth for an evening by narrating what would begin to happen in one hundred years' time, and would continue to happen for a hundred years. What they said was in the highest degree interesting to me. I listened to them with breathless attention; but the rest of their auditors were, for the most part, convulsed with laughter—even when calamity was prophesied. And yet there were traditions showing how truly the Spoolans of a former age had spoken.

For instance, the chiefs who ruled the island now were of a conquering race who had subdued the original inhabitants. The Spoolans had foretold the coming of these conquerors. The Spoolans had only met with ridicule.

When the calamity had in two more generations approached much more closely, the Rath began to utter their forebodings. One or two chiefs (and it is remarkable that they were amongst the oldest) endeavoured to warn the people, and to suggest fortifications. But nobody heeded them. All the middle-aged men said to themselves: "This is an affair for our children. Meanwhile we have to be predominant in the Great Council to-day, which is hard work enough for us."

Then it came to the Uraths to prophesy upon this coming invasion. A little stir was made then; but men said, "If the invasion is to come in a year, it must come: we cannot do more than we are doing. Our forefathers really ought to have looked to this matter. It is disgraceful to see how careless men are about the fortunes of those who are to succeed them."

It need hardly be said that the island was easily conquered; and that the ancient inhabitants had to submit to the new dynasty, as the Chinese to the Tartars.

I must not weary my hearers any longer. You will, of course, know that I escaped from the island; for here I am. My personal adventures are not worth listening to; but I thought you might like to hear about an island which possesses such a wonderful institution as that which is to be found in the House of Wisdom of Tele-Ma-Malakah, which means the "Bridal Pearl of the Sea."

*Ellesmere.* Well, Sandy, I must congratulate you. You will evidently become a great writer of fiction. Only, my dear fellow, avoid preciseness. Observe the great Sir Arthur: you would not have caught him placing his island in any sea near home; and then your foreseeing people are too clearly distinguished one from another by your naming distinct periods for their prophetic powers. "*Nemo repente fuit falsissimus*," which means "no one tells plausible lies," or writes fiction well, without a good deal of practice.

For my own part I should have liked to have heard more about Effra. Doubtless she aided in your escape, and won over a foster-brother; and then you and she and he were wrecked on the rocks at Brixton, somewhere near where the railway station is now. You know there is, or was, such a river as Effra at Brixton. The name was unquestionably derived from your Effra. Some foolish antiquaries—but they are always in the wrong—might contend that it was an Anglo-Saxon name which the said river had enjoyed for a thousand years. But never mind. What says the poet?—

"Whate'er, my friend, you say, whate'er you write,  
Keep probability well out of sight."

She, I mean your Effra, was very beautiful, was she not?

*Johnson.* Indeed she was.

My readers will imagine that there was a young lady whom I could describe.

She had a horizontal face, and—

*Ellesmere.* What on earth does the boy mean by a horizontal face?

*Sir Arthur.* I understand.

*Johnson.* A forehead which is so set in the hair that it shows squarely—straight eyebrows—straight lips, though full; in fact, all the lines which principally attracted your attention, were horizontal.

*Ellesmere.* A civil engineer's description of his love. But I do see what Sandy means. When she smiled, the dimples spread horizontally and not vertically. I declare, though, I believe there never was such a description of a young woman given

before. You certainly are an original fellow, Sandy.

The moral of your tale is a shade too obvious. We all know that short-time prophets are the people worth attending to in this short-time world. If anybody will be good enough to tell me what Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli will do next week, I shall be very much obliged to him, whether the much-foreseeing man is called a Maurath or not. And, in truth, I should be one of those who would crawl before the laughing Amaurath, a worthy man who could tell me, on the last day of the debate, better even than Mr. Brand or Colonel Taylor, what the division would be. Down with the Raths and the Spoolans, say I. If such fellows were listened to, we might have good sense prevailing in the world, which would be a very dull thing.

My complaint of the world, which I beg leave to make very loudly, is this—that there is too much of everything. A conservatory is always too full of flowers to please me; a city, of inhabitants; a dinner, of dishes; a speech, of words; a concert, of songs; a museum, of curiosities; a picture-gallery, of pictures; a sermon, of texts; an evening party, of guests; and so I could go on enumerating, for an hour at least, all the things which are too full in this fulsome world. I use fulsome in the original sense.

You remember the witty saying of a French traveller. When asked about his travels, he pithily exclaimed, "*Il y a quelque chose de trop dans tous les pays—les habitans.*"

And so say I, there is always "*quelque chose de trop*" in everything human. With one exception, however. There are not too much good sense and foresight in mankind. Now, Sandy would make us all wise and foreseeing, or at least borrowers of wisdom and foresight from his old Spoolans. I quite understand why everybody thought them old.

In fact, Sandy would make us all into Scotchmen. Now the Scotch are pleasant and useful fellows in their way. In truth, they have done wonderful things, and have made their little rugged country occupy a great space in men's hearts and minds.

But I decline to belong to a universe of Scotchmen.

There would be no such unproductive sports left in the world as leap-frog. And every joke would be sat upon by a jury.

No, Sandy, whatever other mischief you may do, beware of bringing too much good sense and foresight into the world. Good-bye, I am going to walk. Come along, Fairy. Every dog would be made useful, and have to draw a cart. And the immense

fun and affection that there are in dogs would all be worked out of them. They would come home in the evening to their wives and families, as dull as men of business. It shan't happen in my time, if I can prevent it.

So saying, he whistled to Fairy, and off they went together.

*Sir Arthur.* There was one passage in the story that I hardly think was yours, Mr. Johnson; and, in fact, I hope it was not. I accuse Milverton of it.

*Johnson.* Which was it, Sir Arthur?

*Sir Arthur.* The illustration of human life taken from an opera heard by you in some language not known to you. That passage was too old for you, and a little too cynical, I thought.

*Milverton.* Well, that was mine: it really was almost the only thing I did insert; but I did not mean it to be cynical.

I know very well what you mean—that a young man is too much delighted by his early operas to take much notice of the comic element in them.

Now I go beyond that, and must confess I am greatly amused by the real life at a play or an opera, and by what goes on behind the scenes: things which would have disgusted me, as being unpleasantly real, when I was young.

*Sir Arthur.* I do not know exactly what you allude to.

*Milverton.* The reproachful look of the severe conductor when he turns to quell some of his band who are too loud or too fast; the anxiety of the stage-manager who at the side is tempestuously waving his flag to "supers" who will not come on at the right time; the gay chatting with some friend at the side scenes of the great tragic lady who is just coming on with the dire intention of killing herself, and a child or two; the good-natured ballet-girl who is adjusting a wreath, to make it more becoming, upon some other ballet-girl, or smoothing down her friend's skirts; the pot of porter which the high tragic actor is consuming with considerable relish; the perplexity of the scene-shifter when the scenes won't go rightly together, and an obstinate old oak-tree will cut into the middle of a cottage; the busy carpenters in the flies giving the final touches to their work; the abrupt change of demeanour which occurs when the chief tenor and soprano have gone off the stage with their arms round each other, or in some loving attitude, and they part at the side-scenes as a lady and gentleman who have a slight acquaintance with one another, and perhaps a considerable dislike: all these things amuse my foolish

mind; and I like to sit in a box which will give me a good view of them.

*Mauleverer.* Do not forget the choruses. How beautiful is their unanimity! How I wish that there was anything like it in common life! The same gesture, the same question, the same reproach, the very same words, seem to occur to all these excellent men at the same moment. Hands, arms, legs, eyes, eyebrows, all move together. They make use of the same exclamation: if one says "hah!" they all say "hah!" Of "ohs" and "ehs" and "hahs" and "hums" there is no unpleasant variety.

*Milverton.* As the French song says,—

"Quand un gendarme rit,  
Tous les gendarmes rient,  
Dans la gendarmerie."

*Sir Arthur.* I declare we have gone into quite a discussion of the proceedings at operas and plays. It is all your fault, Milverton, as it was you who introduced that illustration into Mr. Johnson's clever story, which illustration, forgive me for saying so, was evidently lugged in, and had no proper relation to "Spoolans" or "Uraths."

After this the conversation ended.

## CHAPTER XII.

It was agreed that the reading to-day should be in the drawing-room, in order that the ladies might be able to go on with their work (they were very busy preparing for some fancy fair) while we were talking or reading.

Before the reading commenced, there was an interesting conversation, which began in this way.

*Milverton.* I have just been into your room, Ellesmere, to see about the chimney, which they say smokes.

*Ellesmere.* Pray don't trouble yourself. There is a proper concatenation in all human affairs. One must have a smoky chimney when one has a scolding wife.

*Milverton.* I saw Dickens's "American Notes" on your table, and looking at it, I came upon a passage about solitary confinement. I suppose it is the dreadful punishment which Dickens says it is, and in which he is supported by Mr. Reade in "Never Too Late to Mend;" but I have always fancied that I could bear a little of this solitary confinement very well.

See what advantages there are:—

No letters.

No choice given you about your food.



Lots of time for thinking about and inventing things.

No servants to manage.

No visitors to entertain.

The chief pain of life is in deciding ; and there, in your solitary cell, there would be no occasion to decide anything.

*Ellesmere.* I agree with you. Life becomes more and more tiresome from our having more and more to decide. Now, at a dinner-party, they will bother you with two sorts of soup, two kinds of fish, and innumerable wines.

*Mauleverer.* Very wrong of the host to throw such a weight of responsibility upon his guests. One is sure to believe that one has chosen indiscreetly, to feel that it is irremediable, and to be tormented by regret throughout the dinner for one's early error—say, in the choice of the soup. I have often felt that.

*Sir Arthur.* I always admired the plan that great Catholic monarchs had of going into retirement in some monastery for two or three weeks.

*Milverton.* I am afraid they received despatches. Now, in solitary confinement, one should have ceased to be a person to whom anybody could address anything.

It would be better than being in a yacht—at least to any one who is apt to be seasick.

*Sir Arthur.* There would be no bells to molest you. The three great evils in life are noise, poverty, and popularity. Nobody can tell what I have suffered from noise in the course of my life. It has been an act of great forbearance on my part to endure dogs, for I do so much detest their barking. The weak part of their character is that they will bark, in season and out of season, for good reason, or for no reason at all—generally the latter. I love horses, because they make so little noise. Rabbits, too, and white mice are—

*Ellesmere.* I will not have a word said against dogs. They are the best fellows I know. Sir Arthur objects to their barking ; why does he not object to men's talking ? Pray, sir, by which have you been most bored : by the injudicious barking of dogs, or by the foolish talk of men ? Do dogs make two hours' speeches to convey ideas (ideas ?) which might have been conveyed in ten minutes ?

Of course, if I wished to run them down—that is, if I were a base and ungrateful man—I too could say something against them. They are a little too prone to be vulgarly aristocratic, for my taste—too apt to despise poor and ragged people, and to bark at their heels. But then, again, if they are on the other side of the House,

if they belong to poor and ragged persons, they have a proper respect for rags and poverty, and sniff contemptuously at carriage people. In short, they partake the errors and vices of their masters : that is all. Milverton's dogs howl philosophy ; Sir Arthur's whine poetry ; Mauleverer's (sensual dogs those !) discern great difference between different kinds of bones ; and mine bark at everybody, just like me, without doing any harm to anybody.

In general, dogs have rather too much love for good society—a failing which they partake with most of us. We all like to visit the best people, as they are called. So with dogs. The kitchen is warm, its atmosphere is rich with unctuous and savoury odours, the cook is kind ; but the parlour is preferred by the dog, from an innate love of high society.

I do not believe there has been any instance of a man committing suicide when he has had a dog to love him. Move for a return, Mr. Cranmer, and you will find I am right.

As regards friendship, the very word would have been unknown but for dogs. Does not Max Müller say that the word for friendship in the original language was "man-and-dog-in-the-desert ?"

*Milverton.* What an ingenious way *Ellesmere* has of insinuating that he is supported by some great authority ! "Does not Max Müller say ?" No, he does not say anything of the kind.

*Ellesmere.* How do you know ? I have no doubt it is in a note which has hitherto escaped your observation. But, at any rate, the friendship between a dog and a man is the highest form and exemplar of friendship. Does a dog ever say, or look as if it would say, "I told you so," when you are mortified to death at having committed some grievous folly ? or does it use what is called "the privilege of a friend" to say the most cutting things to you ?

Then look at the nice appreciation of character which dogs manifest : their tolerance of children, their boundless fidelity, their interest in all human affairs.

"Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res."

Aristippus must have been very like a dog. Dogs will go with you to a badger-bait, to a fox-hunt, to a public meeting, to races, to church, and will almost always behave themselves well and creditably, and not disgrace their masters.

*Cranmer.* The irrepressible dog at the Derby ?

*Ellesmere.* If I wanted an instance to show the brutality of men and the humanity

of dogs, I would rely upon the case of the dog at the Derby. He knows that his master has backed heavily Vauban, or Hermit, or Lord Lyon, and, of course, he has a deep and affectionate interest in the race for his master's sake. And then the poor creature is malignantly shouted at all along the racecourse; and when he perceives, with the tact of a dog, that he is doing something wrong, and wishes to escape to the right or the left, no good Christians make way for him.

By the way, talking of Christians, I admit that dogs are not good Christians: they are too prejudiced for that, and too much inclined to persecute the inferior animals; but then how few men are! In short, you cannot say anything against dogs which does not apply with equal force to human beings; while, on the other hand, how many things may be said against human beings, which do not apply to dogs? If Rochefoucauld had passed his time with dogs instead of with courtiers, would he ever have said "that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which is not entirely displeasing to us?" I ask you, did you ever know a dog bark out any maxim like that? No; down with men, and up with dogs, say I.

If the Pythagorean system is true, it will only be the very good and choice men who will become dogs in the next stage of existence. Come here, Fairy: I have no doubt you were an exemplary woman; that you never scandalized any other woman at tea-time; that you did not thwart your husband seriously more than twice a day; that you did not worry him to sign cheques; and that you did not say he was a brute if he declined to go out shopping with you. Yes, turn up the whites of your eyes, my dear, to show how horrified you are to think that there are women not quite so good as you were. But you were a wonder of a woman, as you are now—a wonder of a dog. I will not have dogs run down; I am their champion. What does the excellent Dr. Watts say, somewhat ironically?—

"If dogs delight to bark and bite,  
We make a great to-do;  
If men show fight, and women spite,  
Why, 'tis their nature to."

Any excuse for ourselves; none for the poor dogs.

*Milverton.* Poor Dr. Watts! What would he say to hearing his good words so parodied?

*Sir Arthur.* Notwithstanding Ellesmere's eulogium upon dogs, I venture to say again, what I said before, that I do not like their barking. But, to pursue the

general question of noise, we never hardly, in our houses, make any sensible provision against it.

*Milverton.* Very true, Sir Arthur. I remember reading of some murder committed in a Russian palace—a noisy murder, too—but nobody heard anything of it in the next room. Now that is my idea of how a house should be built. It should be possible to commit a murder in any room, without the rest of the house being troubled or disturbed. As it is, architects seem to have set their faces against all quiet and privacy. Studious men are the victims of neighbouring pianos. A nursery is a hot-bed of annoyance. I have studied the question of noise very deeply, and I will tell you something of the greatest importance. Put a layer of small shells between the flooring that separates a room from the room above it. You will find these shells admirable non-conductors of sound.

*Cranmer.* I wish architects were subject to examinations.

*Milverton.* Very good. The first question I should ask them would be, What thickness of what material will prevent such and such noises—say the playing of a piano by a beginner—from being heard in the adjacent rooms?

*Sir Arthur.* I remember when I was in Germany, and used to spell over the German newspapers, nothing used to delight me more than the advertisements of servants, which so often began, "*Ein stilles Mädchen.*" Now, if one could advertise about houses, and say truthfully, "*Ein stilles Haus*" (I'm sure I do not know whether that is the right German), what an attractive advertisement it would be!

*Ellesmere.* You were quoting just now "Never Too Late to Mend." I don't think Mr. Reade protested so much against solitary confinement as against the cruelty which in that particular case accompanied solitary confinement. At least such is my recollection of that eloquent and fervid book.

*Milverton.* No, you are wrong; he protested against the system as well as against the cruelties which he stated to have accompanied it in that particular case.

It is a commonplace remark to make, but what an atrocious thing cruelty is! Do not you all feel that all other sins known in the calendar of sinfulness you might have committed, circumstances favouring? but cruelty is unspeakably abhorrent to all thoughtful men. There is nothing Christianity has set its face so distinctly against.

*Ellesmere.* But then, you see, there are so few Christians in the world. At least such is the conclusion I have come to, from my limited experience. There is something

in my mind upon this subject which would, I fear, perfectly horrify you all. It is a strange, almost ridiculous, resemblance that has often struck me between Christianity and something which is considered to be one of the most frivolous of all the frivolous things in this world.

I would not have said it before dear Dunsford for the world, and I am afraid to say it even to you.

*Cranmer.* Let us hear it. We are not bound to agree with it, and I am certain beforehand I shall disagree with it.

*Sir Arthur.* Do not all at once be modest and timid, Sir John. If you are suddenly taken in this way, we shall all think you are going to have an illness.

*Lady Ellesmere.* Pray do not imagine such a thing. I did not half describe to you, when we talked upon the subject of illness the other day, what an irrational person he is. He had the audacity to complain of me. But, indeed, the great superiority of women to men is never more conspicuous than in illness. Men oscillate from utter abjectness to obstinate indolence.

One day it is, "Oh, pray manage for me, and pray manage me. I have no will of my own; I am nobody, only a bundle of pain and misery."

The next day my lord is a little better, and has resumed his usual grandeur and obstinacy. If you bring him some beef-tea or some water-gruel, he insists upon your explaining to him (at least Sir John does) the exact nature and effect of those harmless fluids. He once reasoned with me for three-quarters of an hour about a mustard-plaster; and, indeed, he made a speech about it (at a time when he was ordered not to talk at all) which would have done him great credit before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He divided his speech into seven heads, and it ended by showing that a mustard-plaster was one of the most dangerous remedies that could be applied; but I did apply it nevertheless. I say again, that the superiority of a woman to a man is never more manifest than in a sick-room, whether as nurse or patient—in the one case showing a skilfulness and tenderness, in the other, a patience and endurance, utterly unknown to what is facetiously called the stronger-minded sex.

*Ellesmere.* Doesn't she talk like a book?—like a bit of the *Rambler* or *Spectator*? "Showing in the one case a clumsiness and hardness, and, in the other, an impatience and irritability, which are quite unknown to the wiser and the gentler sex, that is, to the sex masculine." I think those were her words, or, at least, such as they ought to have been.

*Sir Arthur.* I thought that what Lady Ellesmere said was equally true and well-expressed.

*Ellesmere.* The poor husband, or father, or brother, is always at a sad disadvantage in dealing with his womankind. He brings, with trembling and reluctant hand, the invigorating but distasteful acid of the medicinal potion, while the polite stranger assiduously presents the fallacious palliative of the consequential saccharinity.

At least, that is how Dr. Johnson and Lady Ellesmere would express it. Plain John (that is how some people describe me, as they used to describe a former lord chancellor), plain John has to administer the dose, and the polite Sir Arthur gives the sugar or the jam which weak people take after their doses.

*Milverton.* This is a very pleasant and instructive interlude; but you were going to say something which would horrify us. I join with Mauleverer, and maintain that it is beyond your power to horrify me.

*Ellesmere.* Here goes, as you will have it. Is there anything that Christianity protests against so much as riches and the belief in riches? Or, to put the question more largely, Is there anything that Christianity protests against so much as a slavish yielding to worldly greatness of any kind—to great riches, great power, great intellect, great force, or great worldly success of any kind?

*Milverton.* Yes; you are right.

*Sir Arthur.* Yes.

*Ellesmere.* Well, then, *Fashion* is the only thing which, in modern times, has stood up boldly against wealth, power, rank, dignity, and success of all kinds. I am not old enough to remember when Fashion was predominant, but I heard older men talk about it, and I learned to estimate its power. There was a time when it was the fashion to be poor. Think of that. It is very like Christianity, you know.

*Sir Arthur.* This is the most paradoxical thing I ever heard, and yet there really is something in it. *Fashion* did make a sort of protest against riches, rank, and adventitious worth of all kinds. But, my dear Sir John, the idol it set up instead was a miserable one.

*Ellesmere.* I do not care about that; it somehow appealed to what was considered to be personal worth rather than adventitious circumstances. Men were fashionable who did not possess any of the things that the world generally dotes upon.

*Milverton.* What you say, *Ellesmere*, is very ingenious; and I must honestly say I sympathise with anything that thwarts, or tends to thwart, the brute power of wealth.

How many a man may say, as some Don Alonso, or Don Juan, says in one of Calderon's plays—

“Y el haber, en mí, ó no haber,  
O temor ó atrevimiento,  
No consiste en otra cosa  
Que haber ó no haber dinero;”

which being liberally translated, means, “If I have cash, I have courage; but if I am poor, I have none.”

*Ellesmere.* You see neither Sir Arthur nor Milverton have much to say against my theory. I am not such a fool and scoundrel after all, Mr. Cranmer, am I?

*Cranmer.* Nobody thought that you were, Sir John; but, for my part, I must say I prefer a great contractor to Beau Brummel.

*Ellesmere.* I do not.

*Sir Arthur.* The best protest I ever knew made against worldly success was by a small society of young men at college. Their numbers were very few, and their mode of election was the most remarkable I have ever known. The vacancies were exceedingly rare—perhaps one or two in the course of a year—and the utmost care and study were bestowed on choosing the new members. Sometimes, months were given to the consideration of a man's claim.

Rank neither told for a man, nor against him. The same with riches, the same with learning, and what is more strange, the same with intellectual gifts of all kinds. The same, too, with goodness; nor even were the qualities that make a man agreeable any sure recommendation of him as a candidate.

*Mauleverer.* What did you go by then?

*Sir Arthur.* I really feel a difficulty in describing to you, and yet I know perfectly what it was.

A man to succeed with us must be a real man, and not a “sham,” as Carlyle would say. Matthew Arnold has invented a word to describe certain people, which is not a bad one. He calls them “Philistines.” Now, our man was never a “Philistine.” He was not to talk the talk of any clique; he was not to believe too much in any of his adventitious advantages; neither was he to disbelieve in them—for instance, to affect to be a radical because he was a lord. I confess I have no one word which will convey all that I mean; but I may tell you that, above all things, he was to be open-minded. When we voted for a man, we generally summed up by saying, “He has an apostolic spirit in him,” and by that we really meant a great deal.

I remember —, who is now a very great personage in the world, saying to me, “In

the course of one's chequered life one meets with many disgraces and contumelies, and also with several honours; but no honour ever affected me so much as being elected, as a youth, into that select body. And, to speak very frankly, I think they were right in choosing me, for, with many demerits of the gravest kind, I do think I am a real human being, and I say what I think, and I try to think for myself, and the world's gauds and vanities do not, I conceive, excessively impose upon me.”

By the way, I must tell you a curious thing—viz. that the choice made by these young-men, though made without any view to future worldly pre-eminence, yet seemed to involve it, for a very large proportion of the men so selected have made their mark in the world; and some of the foremost men of the time belonged to that society. But boys at school and youths at college do choose so wisely and so well, as Milverton has told us. They are not to be deceived by wrappages of any kind.

*Milverton.* But we wander from our subject. *Ellesmere* said that there were few Christians anywhere. If he means that there are few perfect Christians, every one would agree with him. But if he means that Christianity has not prevailed, is not prevailing, and will not prevail in a much higher degree, I humbly think he is mistaken. The truth is, so large a conquest has already been made by Christianity in the human mind, that each individual Christian looks smaller, and is, of course, of far less account, than when he was surrounded by a Pagan world. “*Non meus hic sermo.*” These are not my words, but Dunsford's—almost his last words to me.

Dunsford was our tutor, *Ellesmere's* and mine, at college. He lived near us here, and was much with us.

*Ellesmere.* I never asked, *Milverton*, what he died of. As you know, I was abroad at the time.

*Milverton.* Of simple exhaustion. You know he was about the most learned man in England, being great in science, in classical lore, and in literature of all kinds. He kept up his learning, was a most diligent student to the last, and withal a most active clergyman in a large and scattered parish. He burned the candle at both ends, rising early and going to bed late.

*Lady Ellesmere.* He had no wife. Wives are of some use, if only to prevent their husbands from overworking.

*Milverton.* Well, a day or two before his death, he cleared the room of his attendants, and told me he wished to speak to me. He began by talking of the critical spirit of the present age, and how the historical part of

Christianity would have to undergo a severe ordeal. He spoke of some of the great heresiarchs of the present day, both of those who were eminent in Biblical criticism and in science, and he spoke of them with the greatest kindness, saying that many of them were good men who loved the truth, and that no permanent harm could come to religion from a sincere search after truth.

"I do not wish," he said, "my dear boy" (he always looked upon Ellesmere and myself as his children)—

*Ellesmere.* Yes; Dunsford was one of those persons who think you never grow any older, and always treated Milverton and me as boys, because we had been his pupils. I remember once, after he had been lecturing me in a very pedagogic way about some heresy which I had presumed to utter anent the classics (I dare say about the manufacture of Latin verses), I let the conversation drop, and then a few minutes afterwards, in the most demure way (I was staying at his house), I asked whether one of the maids could be spared to take me out for a little walk. The good man laughed heartily, and did not attempt to tutorize me for the next three days. It is true it was some years ago, but I had "taken silk" (as we say at the Bar), and did not by any means think myself a small or insignificant personage. As we grow older we grow more modest: at least I do every day.

But go on, Milverton, with what dear Dunsford said to you.

*Milverton.* "I do not wish," he said, "to prevent such people as you and Ellesmere (he named you, John) from reading all this criticism, and accepting any of it that seems good to you; but let no man rob you of the main truths of Christianity: let no one blind you to what there is essentially divine in our religion.

"I may be an enthusiast, but I think that the triumphs of Christianity are but commencing. I look forward to a time when war, which so distresses you now, Milverton, will be an obsolete thing; when the pity we have at present for the woes and miseries of other men, will seem, comparatively speaking, but hardness of heart; when the grief of any one will be largely partaken by all those who know of it, and when our souls will not be isolated; when good men will allow themselves to give full way to their benevolent impulses, because no unfair advantage will be taken of their benevolence; when the weak will not traffic upon their weakness, nor the strong abuse their strength; when wealth will not be ardently sought for, except by those who feel that they can undertake the heavy burden of

dispensing wealth for the good of their brethren; when men and women will be able to live together in a household without mean dissensions; when the lower seats shall be preferred; when men will differ about nice points of doctrine without adjudging to their adversaries eternal condemnation; when, in short, instead of a tumult of discord ascending to heaven from this bewildered world, there should go forth one harmonious melody, breathing peace and faith, and love and contentment."

*Mauleverer* (aside to me). And when every fir-tree in the wood shall be a Christmas-tree bearing pretty toys and delicious sweetmeats.

*Ellesmere.* "*Jam redeunt Saturnia regna.*" There will be no room for the like of me in this good world that the excellent Dunsford contemplated, but I shall only be too delighted to behold it, whether from near or from afar; and certain it is, that if we do not believe and hope for better things, we shall never try to make things better.

*Milverton.* And then he added something which impressed me very much, for he was not a nian of a romantic turn of mind, or given to daring speculations.

"Moreover," he said, "I fondly believe that physical nature will then become less obdurate—that is, if men are fitted to receive a softer, gentler state of being. Now, as it is, if Nature were more easy and more bountiful, men would only have more spare time for annoying and persecuting one another; but depend upon it, if we were more fitted to receive good things from our Father, we should receive them.

"Think of these sayings of mine when I have gone, my dear, and let no one persuade you that Christianity is the mere dream of a few benighted enthusiasts. I can say no more. Good night;—and perhaps it is good night for ever."

It was not so, for I saw him die; and it is a sight that is not without consolation to see a good man die.

No one seemed inclined to comment upon these last words of the good Dunsford. Mr. Milverton soon got up and walked about the room. The others looked at one another with a curious expression of countenance, half sad, half hopeful. Mr. Mauleverer shrugged up his shoulders, and Ellesmere replied to him by a similar gesture (it was not a mocking gesture, but one of sadness), but neither of them said anything.

*To be continued.*

## DULWICH COLLEGE: THE STORY OF A FOUNDATION.

BY J. GOODALL.

## PART II.

## RETROSPECTIVE.

WE have seen in the former part of this Story of a Foundation, that the long line of Alleyns, who ruled in the Dulwich domain from the death of the founder in 1626 until the subversion of his scheme of government in 1857, seldom enjoyed undisturbed repose for any prolonged term. When England at large was chafing under the iron rule of Cromwell, God's Gift College also was mourning its own special interregnum. The pious pastor of a small island off the Clyde, who was accustomed to offer up public prayers on behalf of the population of the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrae, *and also for the inhabitants of the adjacent island of Great Britain*, had, in all likelihood, his prototype in one or more of the proscribed fellows of Dulwich College, in the period of the Great Rebellion. Evil days at God's Gift claimed their first thoughts, but the weal and woe of England at large were never altogether absent from their minds. Macaulay tells, in his *Life of Bunyan*, of martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army. Men of this stamp must have astounded Dulwich audiences with fierce denunciations against prelacy and kingly government. When Roundhead soldiers were quartered on Alleyn's foundation, the chapel, in which Archbishop Laud had recently exercised the functions of visitor, resounded with stentorian rebukes against ritualistic practices. The theology which our Stuart kings held to be unfit for a gentleman must, at that date, have been quite familiar to Dulwich ears. In later times disquietudes of another sort have often ruffled the serenity of Alleyn's College. These have already been briefly adverted to.

The first Commission on Charities, 1834, recorded that it seemed proper to submit to the Attorney-General, "whether the opinion of a court of equity should not be taken on the propriety of extending the charity to such a degree and in such a manner as might be deemed most expedient?" Nothing came of this except the Dulwich College Grammar School in 1842.

The intervention of the second Charity Commission began in 1854. In the three summer months of that year one of their inspectors conducted a full inquiry into the College.

Arduous indeed must have been the task of reducing the chaos of conflicting notions, and reconciling antagonistic interests with which the commissioners had to deal into a consistent working scheme. Vestrymen and churchwardens struggled long, but happily with only moderate success, to mould the College into conformity with narrow parochial instincts.

The following abstract of the new scheme will show that wiser counsels and broader conceptions than could have been expected from any conclave of mere parochial administrators happily gained the ascendancy.

## NEW SCHEME.

Ten years—the third decade of Queen Victoria's reign—have glided away since Alleyn's College began its new career.

One of the gravest defects of the old foundation was that the paid officers of the College were also its rulers—the administrative and executive functions were in the same hands. The new scheme gives the management to an independent body of nineteen governors—eleven appointed by the Court of Chancery, and eight elective, two from each of the favoured parishes. Such a body is not likely to be dominated by parochial

interests, or to lend itself to petty local rivalries. In consideration of the populousness of the four parishes, the commissioners adhered to the original local limits from which to select recipients for Allyn's bounty. Three-fourths of the net income are appropriated to the educational, and one-fourth to the eleemosynary branch of the charity, on the ground that these proportions are in accordance with the founder's intention, as set forth in his 113th and 117th statutes.

There are the usual provisions for continuing the succession of governors, fixing their powers and duties, vesting in them the College estates, and other purposes common to similar trusts.

Section 11 fixes the annuities of the members of the dissolved corporation, viz.—

To the master, the sum of	1,015 <i>l.</i>
To the warden . . . . .	85 <i>l.</i>
To the first and second fellows, each . . . . .	500 <i>l.</i>
To the third and fourth fellows, each . . . . .	466 <i>l.</i>
To each of the twelve poor brethren and sisters . . .	150 <i>l.</i> —

in all 5,602*l.* per annum, exclusive of some small pensions authorized by other sections of the scheme on behalf of various *employés* of the old corporation. Most of the twelve old pensioners are now dead, but all the six superior members of the foundation continue to receive their annuities.

The governors have the power to displace any of the officers, inclusive of head-master and chaplain, for neglect of duty, or other sufficient cause, and to prescribe rules for the discipline of the College. Section 44 deals with the arduous problem of keeping the keepers to their trust, should they show a disposition to pervert it.

Sections 45–99 set forth the constitution of the Upper and Lower Schools; the course of instruction and scale of fees payable in each; the qualifications, duties, powers, and emoluments of the masters; the conditions on which boys may become foundation scholars and

gain exhibitions, with regulations for boarding-houses, and other matters.

#### THE UPPER SCHOOL.

Boys from the favoured parishes are admissible between the ages of eight and fifteen, and may remain till eighteen. Boys not having the residential qualification (whom the founder would have termed "foreigners") are eligible, in the absence of candidates with the preferential claim. There are to be twenty-four foundation scholars in the Upper School, maintained in all respects at the cost of the College. None of these have hitherto been appointed. The head-master and the second master are not permitted to take boarders or private pupils. The school fee is 6*l.* or 8*l.* according to age, with 2*l.* more for outsiders. The range of instruction embraces the usual English subjects, with Latin, Greek, modern languages, mathematics, physics, mechanics, chemistry, and natural sciences. At present only one modern language (French) is taught, and science is postponed until the new buildings are ready to receive the boys, now crowded into a set of inconvenient rooms in the old College. It seemed at one time that suitable buildings could be only hoped for, but never seen, by the present generation. Mr. Rogers, chairman of the governors, when laying the foundation-stone of the new schools, on the 26th June, 1866, stated that the money paid by the two railway companies, whose lines intersect the estate, had put the College thirty years in advance of what would otherwise have been its position. The new schools, now nearly completed, form a magnificent building, in the style of the Northern Italian of the 13th century, fine samples of which are still extant at Pavia, Verona, and Milan. Mr. Charles Barry, the College architect and surveyor, supplied the design, and superintends the erection. The building is of red brick, with a liberal use of terra cotta of different hues. The main buildings are of four stories, and comprise residences for the under-master of the Upper School, and

the head-master of the Lower School, besides library, board-room, &c. : a detached house will be built for the master of the College. One wing takes the Upper School, the other the Lower; both communicate by a cloister with the central hall, for collective gatherings, such as speech-day celebrations. The building, exclusive of fittings, is to cost about 62,000*l.* The total precincts include forty-five acres, of which fifteen are reserved for future College requirements, while thirty are occupied with the schools, official residences, playgrounds and playing-fields. A spacious swimming-bath might well find a place in so great an expanse of ground. There are streamlets which could be turned to account for feeding it. Apparatus for gymnastic exercise is another desideratum up to the present date, but this will not long be the case, as the governors have resolved to add all approved appliances under this head. Though not closely connected with the architecture of the schools, it may here be mentioned by the way, for lack of a more appropriate place, that Dulwich is further indebted to Mr. Charles Barry's taste for most of its limited store of architectural embellishments. It was a part of the bargain between the College and the railways, that the latter should submit to the addition of some grace and comeliness in passing through the College property. Thus the schools and viaducts are by no means the only memorials of Mr. Barry's professional connexion with the neighbourhood. Can he give a new meaning to the "siste viator" stone in the centre of the village, and (now that the College buttery gives no bread and cheese and beer to the wayfarers who approach its precincts) earn the gratitude of thirsty souls who look in vain outside the taverns for any *drinking fountain* in Dulwich? More seats for wayfarers, under the grateful shade of Dulwich trees, furnished with quaint inscriptions like those on Highgate Hill, may be added to the suggestions on which the College surveyor will need little pressure to induce him to act if only the wherewithal be forth-

coming. But this digression has taken us clean away from our track, to which we now retrace our steps.

There are to be eight exhibitions of 100*l.* each, tenable for five years, either at an English University, or during the earlier stages of *bonâ fide* preparation for some learned or scientific profession, or for the fine arts. Full effect has not yet been given to this munificent provision, but a commencement has been made in the award of 40*l.* scholarships to four youths within the past two years.

#### LOWER SCHOOL.

The course embraces the usual English subjects, with Latin, modern languages, mathematics, and elementary instruction in physics, mechanics, chemistry, and natural sciences. The needs of boys of the higher sections of the industrial classes have determined the range of instruction adopted here. As in the Upper School, the curriculum has not hitherto embraced the whole of the intended course. The fee is 1*l.* per annum. When funds admit, there are to be apprenticing gifts of 40*l.* to each of six boys when quitting the school, and twelve exhibitions, also of 40*l.* Foundation boys are eventually to form a large element in the Lower School. There are already twelve as under the old charter. They are better off than their predecessors. The average cost of their board, clothing, and residence was 54*l.* each for the year 1866. (See Report of Schools Inquiry Commissioners, vol. iii. p. 139.) This is virtually for nine months, as the boys are at home not less than three months in their holidays. The cost of a foundationer is, therefore, six pounds per month, without including his education. The statutory qualification for a foundationer is much the same as under the old scheme.

The costume of the Dulwich foundationers is in pleasing contrast with the conspicuous habiliments of some other foundations. Instead of obtrusive colours and absurd fashions, Dulwich gives its foundationers a garb nowise distinguishable from that of a plainly clad boy of the middle class, unobtrusive,



and favourable to self-respect. Seen singly, the dress would not be taken for a uniform; seen in the mass, the boys present the appearance of genteel members of a private boarding-school, with suits of sober, but not sad, colours. The wardrobe of each boy includes a suit of black cloth, with grey trousers and cricketing caps.

The hamlet of Dulwich retains its ancient prior claim over the other sections of Camberwell parish. Both schools are liable to inspection by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. (Sect. 97.) It is to be regretted that the Education Department feels obliged, owing to the insufficiency of its staff for any but indispensable work, to waive its title in this and all similar cases of schools not in receipt of its grants, or which have been built without its aid. But one of Her Majesty's Inspectors, acting temporarily as an officer of the Schools Inquiry Commission, inspected the Schools in November 1865. His report will be read with keen interest beyond the limited circle having a local interest in Dulwich.

#### ELEEMOSYNARY BRANCH.

Sections 100—110 are concerned with the almspeople. Only two of the highly-pensioned "poor brethren" survive as representatives of the old order of things. The "poor sisters," too, have all but one succumbed to time. Twelve "brethren" and twelve "sisters" have suitable rooms in the College, with a weekly allowance of twenty shillings each. The title "poor" has been dropped. "Respectable persons, either married or single, who shall have fallen from better circumstances into indigence, and who shall be of the age of 60 years or upwards," and who have the local qualification, are the recipients of this substantial bounty. Out-pensioners at ten shillings per week are to be appointed when funds are forthcoming.

There are several minor accretions on Almeyn's foundation, as Whitfield's gift, in 1826, and James Allen's gift, in 1741; but these have only limited local interest.

#### PICTURE GALLERY.

Sections 111—113 deal with the custody of the pictures and the disposal of the endowments belonging to them. The annual surplus income, if any, derived from the picture endowment may be devoted to defraying the cost of instructing the boys in drawing or design. The history of the Picture Gallery claims some mention here. Noel Desenfans, a Belgian, established as a leading picture-dealer in London, was commissioned by Stanislaus, King of Poland, to form a collection of paintings. The dethronement of Stanislaus, and the dismemberment of his kingdom (1793—1795), deprived Desenfans of all hope of completing his commission, so the pictures remained on his hands. He subsequently bought many more on his own account from French refugees. He died in 1807, leaving his treasures of art to his friend Sir Francis Bourgeois, R.A., of Swiss extraction, but a Londoner by birth. He had rendered Desenfans much assistance in the selection of pictures; and so intimate was their friendship, that they passed their latter years under the same roof in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where both of them died, and where each remained encoffined until removed years after to Dulwich. Desenfans had long advocated the formation of a national collection of pictures in his adopted country, and Bourgeois, having no claims of kindred to consider in the bestowal of his property, determined to give effect, in some degree, to his friend's wish. His first intention seems to have been to leave his collection to the British Museum; but his acquaintance with Mr. Corry, one of the Fellows of Dulwich College, led him to prefer what he called the unpretending merit of Almeyn's foundation. He accordingly bequeathed the collection, which he had enlarged, to Dulwich College, to be there preserved for the inspection of the public, on such terms, and at such times, "as the governing body of the College should appoint."

Three hundred cabinet pictures might easily become as burdensome a gift as

the proverbial white elephant. Bourgeois, however, made ample provision for the housing and feeding of his elephant. Reserving a life-interest in his property to the wife of his friend, he gave the reversion of it, with his pictures, to Dulwich. The pecuniary bequest consisted of 2,000*l.* towards such an addition to the buildings as would make room for his pictures, and 10,000*l.* for investment, the proceeds of which were to defray all current charges. He died in January 1811. In the following July, Mrs. Desenfans, who gave her whole heart to the furtherance of the gallery, volunteered to give up all her life-interest in the property, on condition that the College authorities would at once set about building the Gallery. She, moreover, supplemented their lack of funds for building by a donation of more than 4,000*l.* She died in 1813, just before the completion of the Gallery, and among her bequests was a sum of 500*l.* for investment, the interest to be expended in an annual dinner for the Royal Academicians on their official visit to inspect the pictures and Gallery. She bequeathed also a goodly stock of silver plate—all bearing her husband's crest,—and costly china dinner and dessert services, with other accessories of a banquet. She gave also, to be kept with the pictures, statues of her husband and his friend, together with the large French clock, vases, and ornaments which are still at one end of the gallery. The first dinner under the will was in 1817. From 1820 the rule of a triennial banquet, with a breakfast in the two succeeding years, was adopted, because the dinner fund had proved inadequate for a yearly entertainment on the scale designed. Mr. Tite, one of the governors, announced to the speech-day audience in June last, that it is in contemplation to establish an art-school near the Gallery, the pupils of which may get their general education with the other boys, while the Bourgeois Collection will be utilized for their special instruction in art.

The endowment bequest was invested when the Funds were greatly depressed,

and at present is represented by the substantial total of 17,500*l.* Consols. There is, besides, a leasehold ground-rent of 12*l.* of which a few years remain unexpired. The total yearly income from all sources is about five hundred guineas. A marked improvement is observable in the aspect of the Gallery and its approaches within the last year or two. A doorway opens from the Picture Gallery into the mausoleum, where are to be seen the three sarcophagi containing the remains of Sir Francis Bourgeois, Noel and Margaret Desenfans. Soane, the architect of the Gallery, is said to have contemplated adding his museum to it, and making the mausoleum his own place of sepulture. The vacant coffin which he provided for his own remains now rests on top of that containing the body of Bourgeois, and on it stand the two busts bequeathed by Margaret Desenfans.

The sovereigns who bear rule over Poland would now fail to secure the pictures purchased for Stanislaus, even if they were ready to offer ten times the price that would have contented Desenfans at a date slightly later than that at which West recommended George III. to give him a thousand guineas for a Claude. Some of the pictures are said to be of doubtful authenticity (*e.g.* the Paul Potters); others are of inferior merit: some have been displaced on those grounds; but after all such deductions there remains an abundance of the choicest treasures of art enshrined at Dulwich. Raphael, Domenichino, Titian, the Caracci, Murillo, Rubens, Holbein, Teniers, Jordaens, Wouvermans, Cuyp, Ostade, Gerard Dow, Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Watteau, Vernet, Ruysdael, Le Brun, Dolci, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, Northcote;—these and some others whose names are landmarks in the history of art, are worthily represented in the Dulwich Gallery of 366 pictures.

#### PRINCE ALBERT AT DULWICH.

An incident arising out of a royal visit to the Picture Gallery, nearly a quarter

of a century ago, may here claim a few words. A fine of one shilling was the penalty for the infringement of a bye-law then in force for the preservation of the College lawn from intrusive feet. The foundation boys formed the local constabulary for securing conformity to this law, and their zeal was stimulated by the condition that every fine became their own property. In the early spring of 1843, the Prince Consort, accompanied by Sir E. Bowater, both dressed as private gentlemen, dismounted at the College gate, passed down the avenue, and then walked on the tempting carpet of close-cut lawn. A blue-coated recipient of old Alleyn's bounty espied from some vantage nook the welcome vision of two law-breaking strangers in *flagrante delicto*. Swift as a bird of prey hastening to appease his hunger, young Hartley rushed forward lifting his hand to his forelock, in schoolboy fashion, and smiling, accosted the Prince in the time-honoured formula, "A shilling apiece to pay, Sir, for walking on the College lawn." The trespass was condoned by a payment somewhat beyond the penalty demanded; and Hartley, who is now a compositor in a London establishment, is not a little proud of having in his young days imposed a pecuniary penalty on Albert the Good.

#### THE WOOD AND COMMON.

Dulwich Wood, designed by Alleyn to supply the fagots which should for ever keep frost out of the College chimneys, and Dulwich Common, which was rough waste-land for well-nigh two centuries after he bought it dirt-cheap from the spendthrift Calton, will ere long be as unlike what their names imply, as St. John's Wood, or Clerkenwell Green, or the Fields named after Lincoln's Inn, or the scores of similar incongruities which form a standing puzzle to unsophisticated country cousins on their first visit to the metropolis. Roads of all kinds traverse this 200 acres of ancient woodland in all directions. Handsome villas, for the most part detached, and with all

the surroundings that betoken wealth and luxury, fill up great gaps among the forest trees. The ground-rent now realized from any two acres of these plots is little short of the yearly income formerly yielded by the whole 200 acres. There were good preserves of game in the Wood and adjacent plantations until 1844, and hares were knocked over in and near the Common still more recent times. Here the boy Byron found his earliest "pleasure in the pathless wood," and snatched the fearful joy of the truant schoolboy. Before going to Harrow he passed two years at Dr. Glennie's school, near the then eastern end of the Wood. His name figures in old ledgers belonging to one of the Dulwich tradesmen, who treasures the musty folios, with a little honest pride in the association. The boy poet must have had a speaking acquaintance with the hermit who for thirty years lived in a cave in the Wood, and was murdered there at the time of Byron's sojourn. Sydenham Hill had then as bad a reputation as Hounslow Heath for its foot-pads and highwaymen. The exploits of these "minions of the moon" must have had an intense interest for the romantic young Byron. He and his school-fellows adopted among their sports a mimicry of brigandage, terrifying unwarly wayfarers by a fire from ambushades in the thickets or gnarled oaks. But their old blunderbusses and pistols were not arms of precision; from them, if it cannot be said there "flashed no fire," it must yet be believed "there hissed no ball."

The western side of Dulwich Wood is skirted by Penge Road, in which, but not quite close to the Wood, stands a toll-gate that merits a few words *en passant*, in consideration of its importance among the items of the College budget. No surly, crusty customer, hugging himself in his misanthropy, would select this Dulwich pike to illustrate Mr. Weller's theory. He could not here gratify his unsociable instincts, and retire from the world as a solitary recluse. He would here frequently find his pike beset by

the rush and crush of troops of the merriest mortals, in all the *abandon* of holiday-making. This toll-bar draws heavy tribute from myriads who prefer the road to the rail in visiting the Crystal Palace. Odd Fellows' and Foresters' gatherings, Concerts and Flower-shows, Firework nights and Gala days, Good Fridays and Choral Festivals, are all red-letter occasions for the Penge Road toll-bar. It treasures, too, the sunny memory of the Garibaldian ovation, and of the visit by the Viceroy of Egypt, the heir to the Pharaohs and Ptolemies. But the climax is still to be told. Abdul Aziz Khan, the successor of the Solymans and Amuraths, in his transit from the Crystal Palace to Dulwich, drew after him to this pike a stream of carriages which occupied six hours in passing through. A repetition once a week, all the year round, of such a flood of silver tribute would afflict the governors with an embarrassment of riches, and possibly drive them to start a middle-class girls' school, for lack of any unsatisfied requirement which could absorb more unappropriated cash.

#### THE FUTURE.

Sir Roundell Palmer enunciated, some months since, the proper work of the old Grammar Schools in the present and after times to be "how best to adapt themselves to the wants of the localities in which they are situated, or rather of the communities to whose wants they are subservient." This is not in accordance with the dictum of pundits of the law of a somewhat earlier date, but it is in entire agreement with the conclusions of sound common sense nowadays all over the world. Dulwich College has already addressed itself to the task which the ex-Attorney-General commends as the fittest aim of all the old foundations. A fair measure of success has marked its new career. It has allied itself with the Universities in one direction, and with the busy haunts of commerce in the other. The older studies are carried on side by side with the so-called modern subjects. Four of its alumni are now using its curtailed

exhibitions at the Universities, and each of them has gained in open competition an additional exhibition or scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge. In less ambitious ordeals, too, many younger Dulwichians have achieved very creditable success. These results have been attained under great disadvantages. Both schools are filled to overflowing, and are constantly turning applicants away. Yet their total numbers reach only 220, so greatly are they "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a set of small and-inconvenient rooms. More masters are needed, both for the subjects not yet taught, though laid down in the scheme, and for aiding the present staff in gathering a harvest too great for so few labourers. The advanced state of the new buildings affords the prospect of speedy relief from one main hindrance to development. The yearly income of the charity is rapidly augmenting. It was only 800*l.* per annum at the founder's death, and even less in those troublous times when the Fortune Playhouse was suppressed, with all other theatres (1647), and became a source of prolonged embarrassment to the impoverished foundation. In the century following Alleyn's death, the income had reached only 1,300*l.*; in another century it had grown to about 7,000*l.* Ten years ago it was between 9,000*l.* and 10,000*l.* A still more rapid rate of increase has since set in. It may now be stated in round numbers at 13,000*l.*, with a constantly increasing rent roll. The gross income for some years past has greatly exceeded 13,000*l.*, and has even averaged as high as 16,000*l.* for each of the three years ending with December 1866. But something like 3,000*l.* out of this 16,000*l.* was made up of interest on the purchase-money paid by the railways for College land taken, and on other deposits and accumulations which will all disappear in the new buildings. The severance of a large total acreage for railways, schools, and a church has nowise depressed the ever-elastic rent-roll. The part that is left pays more than the whole before it was cut up. Numerous leases, dating

from the early years of the century, will shortly run out, and greatly enhanced rents will be obtained. More and more grass-land is taken up each year for building, and ground-rents are not light in Dulwich.

The pensions and allowances to the members of the old foundation have dwindled from 6,280*l.* in 1858, to less than 4,000*l.* in the past year. These and similar facts give fair warrant to the assumption that before the close of our century, Dulwich College will possess an unencumbered net income of fully 20,000*l.* per annum, irrespective of school fees. That splendid revenue, too, will form only an approximation to the yet more princely income which is in store for the foundation at a date when boys now in the schools shall have attained the evening of their days. Nor is it beyond the bounds of the practicable (if Parliament will give its sanction to the attempt) to bring the yearly income up to 30,000*l.* in fewer years than will suffice for junior boys now in the schools to take their places in the highest form. Land in the neighbourhood of Dulwich fetches from 700*l.* to 1,000*l.* per acre. Twelve hundred acres of the College estate, with the houses on them, if sold in sections year by year during the next ensuing seven or eight years, would realize more than a million sterling. The College would still retain ample room and verge enough in its residue of freehold land and buildings for all the possible requirements of the foundation. The purchase-money invested in Government securities, or in Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and Indian bonds—after the practice of the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum—would yield from 35,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* per annum. The governors would be relieved from a large portion of the responsibilities of their trust; the estate and establishment charges—always heavier on charitable trusts than on private property—would be largely curtailed; and the rising generation would share with posterity in the full fruition of Alleyn's rich foundation. On the other hand, there

is the weighty reason against capitalizing the estate, that land near London has probably not attained its maximum value. That thought must give the governors pause. But the sale of one hundred acres only would yield the means, in the interest on the purchase-money, leaving the capital intact, of paying the annuities to the members of the old foundation without touching ordinary income.

There is yet another course open for a large and speedy development of income, and that, too, without alienating a single acre. Let the governors encourage the erection of a smaller class of house than the mansions which now find most favour in their eyes. By such a policy they will at the same time confer a solid boon on the classes that most want cheap education, secure a larger yield of ground-rents on a given area, and occupy each acre with buildings more valuable in the aggregate than large houses that absorb much land at rents comparatively small. In the few instances in which smaller houses have been sanctioned the ground-rents are much heavier, in proportion to area, than those yielded by the largest houses. Some small dwellings, built in recent years, are paying at the rate of 80*l.* per annum per acre ground-rent, while first-class residences about Sydenham Hill pay only 24*l.* There is then, in the large expanse of grass-land now let at 5*l.* per acre, a magnificent untapped reservoir of income in the form of ground-rents. The concession of such facilities as will bring into residence on the College lands, families of the grade that most wants cheap and good schooling, will prove reciprocally advantageous, benefiting the College that gives and the tenant that takes.

An overflowing exchequer—the prime element of success in all great undertakings—is in any case assured to the College in the early future. It draws its scholars from metropolitan districts containing a population equal to that of Leeds. It may fairly aspire to become the leading middle-class school of England, exceeding all the rest in

the multitude of its pupils, and rivaling the best of them in the range and efficiency of its instruction. Instead of fearing a dearth of pupils, such as mars the success of other old foundations, it is not unlikely to be beset by larger numbers of candidates than it can take within its fold. The pressure for admission has already led to the adoption of the practice of competitive examination—a scheme not free from objection as applied to the reception of young boys into the lowest forms of a school. Competition, in place of a simple pass examination, gives to affluent homes a decided advantage over those which cannot afford the expense of nursery governesses or private tutors. Wealthy men, who could afford to send their sons to Eton, are at this moment availing themselves of cheap schooling at Dulwich, while poorer men are expending sums which they can ill spare in qualifying their boys for forthcoming competitive ordeals for admission. A sprinkling of boys from affluent homes is a benefit to a middle-class school, by the superior type of their manners, demeanour, and tone of feeling. But a preponderance of rich boys is ruinous to hard work, economy, self-denial, and other homely virtues not yet out of fashion in families of moderate means.

The materials exist from which a statistical table might be drawn up proving that the cost of education, at the great Foundation Schools, has grown with the growth of their endowment, and is, at the present day, heaviest in the most-richly endowed schools. On the other hand, there are schools of deserved repute in which, though only very slender help is gained from benefactions, yet the charges are conspicuous for their moderation. The best schools in Scotland, and the City of London School, are examples of the latter sort. Is Dulwich to rank with the modern and economical, or with the ancient and

aristocratic type? Its immense income, apart from fees, should for ever secure easy access for the lower section of the middle classes—that large stratum in the social pyramid which has hitherto been least considered in educational reforms. With an attendance of 600, for which the new schools will very shortly afford accommodation, the emoluments of the head-master and under-master of the Upper School, and the head-master of the Lower School, will place these gentlemen on a pecuniary level not below that of the best-paid among their professional brethren filling corresponding posts in the greatest schools in England, with the exception of Harrow, Eton, Rugby, and Winchester. The prospect of abundant funds for payment of a large staff of assistant-masters can hardly be considered doubtful. The best encouragement to the influx of pupils would be a speedy augmentation of the exhibitions up to the full value and number contemplated by the Act. Clever boys will flock to a school where ability is fostered and rewarded, and the reputation gained by such boys will bring it fast into favour. So, peradventure, may Dulwich soon redeem its unfruitful past; and youthful genius, fostered within its fold, shall—like the angelic visitant in primæval days—shower down fruitful blessings on the place of its nurture. For a school has no more precious heritage than the reflected fame of those distinguished men, whom, in their youth, it sent forth well-equipped for the battle of life. On every ground, therefore, it is urgently desirable that the exhibitions should not be stinted even at the outset. If a rigid economy is imperative in all the other departments of expenditure—and this is not at all apparent from the printed accounts—the exhibitions, to their full number, and to the highest limit of their value, should at once come into unrestricted operation.

## THE PEACE-MAKERS: AN IDYL.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN.

PLEASED as a curate out on holiday,  
 I spent four weeks at Mola: making friends  
 With many of the townfolk; most of all  
 With Rita, of the house where I was lodged,  
 Fair-hair'd, with chisell'd features, like a Greek:  
 And Renzo, the Postmaster's son, next door,  
 He, tall, and swarthy as an Andaluz:  
 The contrast Love delights in drew them both.

Two days before my pleasant month expired,  
 While I sat idly in the pergola,  
 Came Renzo, calling Rita to the wall,  
 With one blush-rose and sweet verbena sprigs,  
 And pray'd her: "Set them in your golden hair;  
 There will be dancing on the place to-night,—  
 Eve of the S. Giovanni—you must look  
 Your best and prettiest."

Rita, Renzo, I,  
 And half the town were there; among the rest  
 Came Rita's cousin Guido, sweetly named,  
 A smart young sergeant, from the citadel,  
 Whom Rita's lover look'd upon askance.  
 Whether the gold stripe on his tunic-sleeve  
 Made dull the modest badge around his own,  
 Or whether Rita danced with him too long,  
 Or to his flatteries gave too prompt an ear,  
 Or met his eyes half-way, I cannot tell;  
 But Renzo, long before the music ceased,  
 Had gone his way, in dudgeon as it seem'd,  
 And, but I stay'd to see the dancing out,  
 Poor Rita had gone home that night unsquired.

Rising betimes, through windows opening wide  
 I drank the sweetness hoarded by the night,  
 And gazed upon the morning's loveliness  
 Down to the sea, a league of beauty off.  
 To where I stood there came upon the breeze,  
 With pleasant promise for my morning ride,  
 A stir and bustle from the yard below,  
 A stamp of horses, clattering of pails,  
 And mutter'd thunders of the stable-pump,  
 With splash of water following:—over all  
 The mellow baritone of Renzo's voice,  
 In this part humorous, part defiant song:

*The Peacc-Makers: An Idyl.*

“O what care I  
 For chestnut hair and eyes of blue,  
 For whiteness of a woman's skin?  
 Not one carlino, if within  
 Be double tongue and heart untrue.  
 O what care I?

“My horse and I  
 Are better match'd than man and wife.  
 For surer foot and firmer seat  
 Upon the road you'll hardly meet:  
 We love our dusty, stirring life,  
 My horse and I.

“So what care I?  
 When couples fret the single thrive.  
 And if the merry Ser Ingles  
 Is happy with brown Calabres,  
 I grudge it not. Let fools go wive,  
 And what care I?”

“Blessed are ye, Peace-makers:”—said my heart:  
 And quick as thought Love answer'd: “Let us try.”

I groped my way down through the darken'd house,  
 In sleep and silence hush'd; unbarr'd the door,  
 And, issuing by the garden, overleapt  
 The party-wall, an easy dwarfish thing  
 That raised no envious obstacle to Love,  
 And gave me ready access to the yard  
 Where, mindful of his promise overnight,  
 Stood Renzo with the brown Calabrian.  
 He waited on the off-side of the horse,  
 And I, with rein in hand, in act to mount,  
 Confronting him, spoke thus reproachfully:  
 “Renzo, my friend, beware of Jealousy:  
 True Love is not a jailor, not a spy  
 On innocent familiarities  
 That blood of kindred warrants, but a god  
 Of pleasant ways in social intercourse,  
 Who lives on smiles, and breathes an air of joy  
 Beside him what a churl seems Jealousy!”  
 He rubb'd his chin, and shook a doubtful head;  
 I, setting foot in stirrup, lightly sprang  
 Across the saddle, laid a friendly arm  
 Upon his shoulder, and renew'd my plea,  
 Close to his ear, in guise of confidence:  
 “She danced with him too long? But you were by,  
 To see how well and gracefully she danced.  
 Her eyes met his half-way? O purblind man,  
 They drop their lids when they encounter yours:  
 Poor little Rita loves you, heart and soul.”



Along his lips a smile ran in and out,  
And play'd around the corners of his mouth :  
Seeing the wedge was in, I said no more,  
But left my comrade, Love, to drive it home.

How glorious was the rising of the sun,  
How crisp the morning air from off the sea !  
We both were ripe for sport, my horse and I.  
He shook his mane and forelock to the breeze,  
And, starting at a gallop, hurl'd the sand  
A score of yards behind him ; then he stood,  
Wide-nostrill'd, snorting at the salt sea-foam.  
Or, wheeling in large circuit from the wave,  
With forward ears and neck superbly arch'd,  
Broke off again at speed along the shore.  
So, merrily, the morning hour went by.  
At hand was Renzo, prompt on our return  
To hold the stirrup and to take my horse ;  
And as he slacken'd the Calabrian's girth  
And set the saddle back upon his loins,  
Bashful, with half-averted face, he spoke :—  
“Padrone, you are right, and I'm to blame :  
If at the ventiquattro Rita comes,  
And she comes often, to the garden wall,  
Why, then and there, I will confession make  
And do whatever penance she enjoins.”  
I gave his hand a hearty English shake,  
And hasten'd in to break my hungry fast.

There, on a snowy cloth, had Rita piled  
The gold and purple clusters of her vines,  
With strawberries blushing in their ducal leaves  
And figs in sugar'd ripeness all agape ;  
And now, imprison'd in a crystal bell,  
She set the cheese of cheeses in the midst,  
Strachino of Milan, with galantine  
In amber jelly laid, and speckled trout  
Bright from the mountain streamlet, nor forgot  
The flask of sparkling Asti that I loved.  
Then, as I smoothed the napkin on my knee,  
As one clothed with authority I spoke :  
“Rita, my child, I love you well enough  
To rate you soundly for your last night's work.”—  
True woman-like, to justify herself  
She broke in here, and fairly proved my case :  
“Ah ! me ; that Renzo should be so unkind ;  
And all because my playmate Guido smiles  
And dances with me as in bygone days,  
And vows the woman's fairer than the child,  
Even as the rose is sweeter than the bud.  
Oh yes, I know what jealous Renzo says,  
I heard that song about his horse and me :  
He keeps all loving-kindness for his nag,

But curb and spur are what poor Rita needs!  
 Ah! me, that Renzo should be so unkind."  
 She ceased, with pouted lips, impenitent;  
 And I went on:—"You wrong yourself and him  
 To weigh the tinsel of mere compliment  
 Against the jewel of a loving heart.  
 But flattery is a springe that takes you all.  
 O foolish girl! Be warn'd, be warn'd in time;  
 Playmates in youth may play at mates too long;  
 He that beguiles the ear may force the lips,  
 And then, mayhap, *che so io?* a stab in the dark."  
 Up went her hands, in terror, to her eyes  
 To shut the spectre out my words had raised;  
 Her bosom rose and fell with sobs suppress'd,  
 And Rita vanish'd in a shower of tears.

Though not unsympathetic, let me own  
 To breakfasting that day with appetite:  
 I chuckled at the tickling of a trout,  
 Joked on the bedding of fair galantine,  
 And ate my bread and cheese with carefulness.  
 Grapes bring their gold and purple gifts to kings,  
 And strawberries crown the feast of lesser lords;  
 But ripe figs are ambrosia of the gods,  
 And Asti sparkles bright as Hippocrene.  
 So, giving thanks, I lit my morning pipe.  
 Poor Rita brought me coffee, while I smoked;  
 And as she placed the salver by my side  
 Half sadly, half reproachfully, she spoke:  
 "Caro Lei, never think so ill of me  
 As to believe that I am false of heart,  
 Or I shall shame your judgment by good deeds.  
 If at the ventiquattro Renzo comes,—  
 He *will* come, surely?—to the garden wall,  
 I'll make him sweet amends, in truth I will,  
 For what his jealous fancy took amiss."  
 "Sad brow and true maid, will you?"—"Nay," she said,  
 "I cannot tell how sad my brow may be,  
 But true maid will I prove, and truer wife."  
 "Well said, my pretty Rita; you shall have  
 That bunch of coral charms you covet so,  
 I kept them from you for a parting gift.  
 See, this to shield you from the evil eye,  
 And this to ward the calentura off,  
 And this—but take them all—Faith, Hope, and Love,  
 These three will help you more than all the rest."  
 "Much thanks, I kiss your Signoria's hand,  
 They will be valued doubly for your sake."  
 And Rita's April face was wreath'd in smiles.

Now, all the long and sultry afternoon,  
 Tranced in the dim siesta of the South,  
 'Twixt sleeping and awake I lay, and caught  
 At intervals the touch of Rita's lute,

And snatches of her clear soprano voice  
In words I fail'd to catch; and yet I dreamt  
That she was conning o'er some tender song,  
To please her truant Renzo, if he came.

I sat out on the balcony, at night,  
Impregnating the air of Italy  
With puffs of fragrance from th' Habaña drawn,  
And, leaning forward to knock off my ash,  
A pretty picture met my eyes below.  
For Renzo, stretch'd upon the dwarfish wall,  
Gazed down at Rita on the garden-seat;  
And Rita's downcast eyes were on her lap  
Where, spoil'd of all their freshness, lay the rose  
And sweet verbena sprigs of yesterday.  
Then, drawing some short prelude from her lute,  
She sang her pretty song to Flower and Leaf:

“Faded Flower! Your empty cup  
Droops athirst, soon withering up:  
Wither'd Leaf! Your fading breath  
Keeps its fragrance, ev'n in death.

“Come and gone! your term is brief,  
Faded Flower and wither'd Leaf;  
Joy and Friendship, brief as you,  
Must they fade and wither, too?

“Wither'd Leaf and faded Flower  
Die at their appointed hour;  
But the joy that Friendship brings,  
Dying, to remembrance clings.”

She ended, sighing: yet they sat and talk'd  
A sweet hour by the moon; at last, I heard,  
Amid the silence of the summer night,  
A rustle—a whisper—and a gentle snap,  
Like purse-lips closing on fresh-minted gold;  
And then a pattering of little feet  
Across the gravel, but they paused midway,  
While Rita kiss'd her gather'd finger-tips  
And toss'd them back to Renzo, who replied,  
Laughing: “To-morrow, at the ventiquattro.”  
Then Rita, flitting in, made fast the door,  
And all the house was still. So I, to bed;  
Conceiting, like the silly fly on the wheel,  
That I, and Love, had made their quarrel up.

BARON BUNSEN.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

FOURTEEN years have passed away since Baron Bunsen left England; nearly eight since he died. Page after page in his biography records that some friend who was dear to him went before him or has followed him. The generation that is growing up in both countries will only have a tradition of his name; will perhaps have learnt to connect it with some disparaging epithet. Events have moved on rapidly in our land; a seven days' war has changed the condition of his. Scarcely any controversy in which he took an interest is in the same state now as ten years ago. Statesmen and doctors with whom he conversed have altered, sometimes reversed, their relations to each other. Nevertheless, the biography which the Baroness Bunsen has written of her husband will be read with ever-deepening interest, not only by those who owe him reverence and gratitude, but by those who have only the most indistinct, even the most unfavourable, impressions of him. The former will understand him far better than they did while they listened to his words; will feel how often they misconstrued him, how little they appreciated his purposes even when they were most impressed by his gifts and received most benefits from his kindness. Those who have no memories to revive and no wrong judgments to repent of may welcome this book as one of the most useful and agreeable helps to a knowledge of events that have been passing, of men that have been acting, in the times nearest their own. I believe it interprets not only much that we have been

thinking of and searching after, but much that our children will be obliged to be thinking of and searching after far more vigorously than we have done. Such a book will not be much affected by criticisms—cordial, hostile, or lukewarm. It will make its own way. The stateliness of the language in which it is written, if not quite in accordance with the fashion of the hour, will leave an impression upon the reader's mind that the book is destined to last, that it will tell the days to come what has been done and felt in ours.

Merely as a story it would possess great attractions. It records the fortunes of a poor boy, the son of a Dutch soldier who had much ado to maintain existence on a few acres of land and a small pension that had been allotted him. This boy became the friend and counsellor of two Prussian monarchs, a negotiator with cardinals and popes, an ambassador in England enjoying the confidence of bishops, nobles, princes. What sensational incidents, unexpected gold mines, unparalleled patrons, can account for a result so romantic and improbable? The real marvel of the narrative is the utter absence of all such machinery. There are no marvels, no great benefactors, the most thorough independence. A calm simple life is maintained through all these changes. The rule of fiction,

"Servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab initio processerit,"

is exhibited in fact. The hard-working boy at Corbach is the hard-working man in Rome and in London; delighted to leave the society of courtiers that he may work still more vigorously in a house at Heidelberg on a translation of the Bible for the German people. "For me," he writes to one of his sons in the year 1847, when he was in the full sunshine of London fortune, "God ordained

<sup>1</sup> "A Memoir of Baron Bunsen." By his widow, Frances Baroness Bunsen. Two vols. Longmans, 1868.

"God in History; or, the Progress of Man's Faith in the Moral Order of the World." By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen. Translated by Susannah Winkworth. Longmans, 1868.

“from earliest childhood a rigorous training; through poverty and distress I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness and a determination to live for an ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant.” (Vol. ii. p. 131.)

What this ideal aim was, the book, I think, very clearly reveals. But it certainly exhibits to us no stoic whose heart is closed against the impressions of the outward world, or the influences of human intercourse. A man so thoroughly sympathetic, so much affected by the persons with whom he conversed and the sights which he saw, one, does not often meet with or read of. And they were not transitory effects. He did not, like so many men who aim at self-culture, learn a little from this man and a little from that, and then, having sucked the orange, cast away that which contained it as rind. A man or woman from whom he had learned any lessons or received any blessing was an object of gratitude for ever. His sister Christiana seems to have had a vast power over his youth; from her his first definite religious convictions had been received. He was only too ready to pay her deference in manhood till she claimed a kind of dominion over him which would have hindered the fulfilment of sacred tasks and duties to which he was pledged. But her stern faith did not cease to be a potent element in his life, even when his thoughts had become most free and discursive. At Göttingen he was in the midst of a circle of friends full of zeal for German freedom, afterwards to be leaders of German science. He seems to have been the centre of them, not because he exercised authority over them, but because he could enter more than any into the thoughts and feelings of the rest. There was scarcely one of them with whom he did not maintain throughout life a genial intercourse. He felt the power of Schleiermacher during a short visit to Berlin when he was twenty-four; of Niebuhr, he said, at the same age, “It would be hard to describe my

“astonishment at his command over the entire domain of knowledge. All that can be known seems to be within his grasp, and everything known to him to be at hand as if he held it by a thread.” (Vol. i. p. 84.)

The influence which began thus never ceased to act upon him. Niebuhr's precepts and example determined in many ways the course of his studies. Under Niebuhr he learnt to join study with practical life. The Toryism of Niebuhr's European politics, so much contrasted with his love of Athenian democracy, evidently, for a time, had great mastery over Bunsen. But it did not expel his earlier passion for popular liberty. It helped to give that greater firmness and solidity—to prepare him for clearer views of what was demanded of people and monarchs, when the crisis came which was to test them both; a crisis which Niebuhr dreaded, and which Bunsen lived to see.

No deeper moral is to be learnt from this biography than that which these passages of it disclose, that the truly receptive man, if he is also humble and reverent, acquires a strength and independence of purpose that is never reached by a man who is always on the watch lest his opinions should be stolen from him, who dreads the intrusion of every new thought lest it should disturb what he has already. The different elements among which he works help to mould, not a pliable and changeable but a self-subsisting character, which, because it is self-subsisting, has unlimited capacity for growth and development.

The critical moment of Bunsen's life was when he arrived in Florence in 1816. He had been tutor to a young American, Mr. Astor. Whilst travelling with him he had been studying Persian. His great longing was to visit India; there he thought he should be able to learn how the languages, religions, and arts of the East bore upon the West; there he should be at the well-head of the culture that he desired for himself—the culture that was needed for his country. He must prepare himself for this work. Till he was fit for it

he could not accept his pupil's invitation to visit the United States. Mr. Astor was hastily summoned thither, though, Bunsen could not go. He was alone in Florence, with the galleries and the orange groves to console him; they could not save him from sleepless nights, and the dread of what seemed a very hopeless future. He was glad to teach a young Englishman French two or three days a week. He came to Rome, where his dear friend Brandis was working as secretary to Niebuhr. A new destiny awaited him. He began to assist Niebuhr. Brandis was anxious to go to Bonn. Bunsen was invited to succeed him at Rome. He met with Miss Waddington. There a domestic life commenced, which was the joy of all his after years.

Bunsen had been diverted from the scientific path which he had marked out for himself; he had been plunged into the midst of affairs. He accepted the position cheerfully and thankfully, but not as if it were a promotion, rather as a downfall. It was not so. Rome made him aware of the *real* work which he had to do in the world. It explained to him, as India could not have explained, why Religions, Antiquities, and Policy must be combined in the thoughts of the student and the man.

To Rome came the artists of Germany; some of them attracted to a gorgeous and musical worship; some scornful of all worship. To Rome came Englishmen and Englishwomen, some with their traditions of contempt both for Romanism and German Protestantism, some with a craving more or less developed for the first, some with a mere frivolous indifference to anything but sights and sounds. Bunsen's house was a centre for all these. Could he be careless about the question whether Germans had a worship or not; whether they had anything which was as real as that which spoke to the senses? His mind became occupied with the question if there might not be a Liturgy which should express the convictions and hopes of Germans like that which had, ever since the Reform-

ation, been the Common Prayer-book for Englishmen. It was not for him a point of speculation, but of practical interest. Rome was the very place in which the experiment of such a service might be made; far more hopefully than in Berlin, where it was sure to be marred with many bureaucratic arrangements, where devotion was likely to take the form of drill. The King of Prussia had his own thoughts upon this subject. He fancied he could compose a Liturgy which should unite the two Confessions, the Lutheran and Calvinistic, in a common Evangelical Church. There was much of the honest pious monarch, something of the military martinet, both in the conception and the execution of his plan. It brought him into curious relations with Bunsen; the King had spent some time at the Legation while Niebuhr was at the head of it, had learned much from Bunsen about the marvels of the city, had been pleased with his frankness. Bunsen was sent for to Berlin, after he had become the chief, to discuss Roman affairs. There he seized a moment for telling the King frankly, that he did not use the royal Liturgy, but had one of his own. All favour seemed to have gone from him; but the monarch studied his composition, preferred it to his own, and issued it with a preface of his own. As Bunsen's earnestness about this Liturgy has been one of the reasons which have led to the suspicion that he occupied himself with mystical theology, and also that he wished to corrupt German Protestantism with English notions, it is good that the story should have been told as fully as it is told here, even if it did not illustrate so strikingly the characters both of the minister and the monarch.

But for Bunsen and Niebuhr to be together at Rome and not to dwell upon all the wonders that it contained was impossible. They became almost unawares involved in a description of the city, which was to have been undertaken by other hands. The burden of the work at last fell wholly upon Bunsen. He devoted himself to it with unsparing

energy and fidelity. No better proof can remain that he was not given up to flights of speculation; that he had an eye for the most minute and accurate details.

These tasks might have seemed alien from his direct functions as a diplomatist. But it was in those functions that he really learnt his deepest lessons, both in history and theology. The relations between the spiritual autocracy of Rome and the civil or military autocracy of Prussia brought before him in a living form all the questions which had most occupied the Middle Ages. Not one of those questions was really obsolete; in his own experience he had to understand how complicated, how full of all pleas for violence and craft, they still were. Bunsen's relations with the Popes were for the most part friendly. He was strongly attached to Consalvi, and to more than one of the cardinals who succeeded him. He was always urgent with his government to treat Roman Catholics not merely with ordinary civil justice, but with the reverence which it is wise and devout to show towards scruples of conscience. Nevertheless he could not escape, as no one should expect to escape, imputations of unfairness and deceit from cardinals as well as Prussian ministers. The more he laboured to compose differences, the more he was sure to incur such suspicions, especially when a man like Lambruschini guided the Papal counsels. Ultimately he yielded to this storm, and received permission to retire from Rome into a banishment in England.

The figures which have been presented to us in the previous part of this story have been sufficiently exciting—the Popes, Pius VII., Leo XII., Gregory XVI.; Niebuhr and the Prussian statesmen, the King and the Crown Prince, Overbeck, Cornelius, with the delightful musician, Felix Mendelssohn, a number of eminent men and beautiful women—all exhibited amidst the scenery and associations of the Eternal City. But after this time we find ourselves among persons considerably more interesting

and attractive to us. During the time of Bunsen's first visit to England, and in that very altered time after the accession of Frederick William IV., when he became ambassador to the Court of Queen Victoria, we are introduced to a whole gallery of English statesmen. Foremost among Bunsen's friends and fellow-workers was Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, for whom he entertained a cordial regard. He had a very great esteem for Sir Robert Peel, and apparent confidence in his statesmanlike qualities. He knew the leading Whigs—Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell; he was often in friendly intercourse, sometimes in controversy, with Mr. Gladstone.

It would be unjust to the author of these volumes not to say with how much liveliness yet with what simplicity she has brought before us the different figures which surrounded her husband during his residence in London. It would be equally unjust to say that the interest of her narrative and of the letters out of which it is constructed lies in any such *tableaux vivants*. Even the number of questions concerning art, philology, ethics, theology, which are discussed in them, and on which Bunsen has expressed opinions that are worthy of the deepest study, whether we agree with them or dissent from them, are not so valuable to us as the judgment which he formed from experience as well as study on the causes of alienation between Englishmen and Germans, and the efforts which he made to bring them into harmony. No doubt he owed both his conclusions and his purpose to the circumstances of his life. No inward impulse would have led him to suppose that he was called to such a task, if he had not married an English lady; no theory of unity would have been of worth to him if he had not been an ambassador from a German Court to the Court of St. James's. In London he began to hope, in the very face of all that seemed to make the hope impossible, that what is called English realism might not always be in conflict with what is called German idealism; there he arrived at the conviction that if each nation

would do its work, and hold its own place in Europe, it might be the complement and not the contradiction of the other. It was easy to announce the thesis; how difficult to act upon it! May not a German think that he is sacrificing all that is most characteristic of him—the very end for which he exists—if he adopts our methods and stoops to our practices? May not a German, provoked by some failure or outrage of his countrymen, anglicize fantastically and foolishly? Of course what I admit with impartial justice respecting him, I feel with intense and personal vehemence respecting ourselves. I can easily work myself into a passion when I see German formulas imported into our language, and can prefer the talk of any peasant to them. And then if I find that I am enchained by our own pet phrases, and cannot loosen myself from them, I am ready to say, “Let us sit at the feet of Germans, Frenchmen, Kamschatkans: let us learn any new tongue, or chatter any gibberish: rather than pretend to be real when reality is going away from us.”

Those who enter at all into my feelings on this subject may pardon the suspicions which were cherished in Germany of Bunsen's inclination to make Germans English; in England of his desire to make us Germans; and yet may regard with the deepest gratitude and admiration his exertions, successful or unsuccessful, to bring us to know each other, especially in common work. It is easy to say, ‘The ‘experiment was manifestly a failure. ‘We both turned, as is usual in such ‘cases, upon the reconciler. What ‘business had he to interfere if we chose ‘to beat each other?’ He would have probably answered, ‘I who have been ‘at Rome, I who have watched your ‘parties in England as well as various ‘movements in Germany, think this ‘pretty amusement of yours is one in ‘which Priam and the sons of Priam ‘delight greatly; one which threatens ‘the existence of the Protestantism that ‘you both profess, and of the Christian ‘life which I hold to be bound up with

‘the preservation of Protestantism.’ That answer no doubt satisfied him that it was his duty to keep this end in sight, without reference to the obloquy which he might draw on himself from one quarter or another. And as to the danger of producing exasperation instead of peace, that result we must always be prepared for in a world which the Prince of Peace could only enter with a sword. But I venture to deny that his labours were in vain. He may not have effected much by his experiment of uniting the nations in the foundation of the Jerusalem bishopric, though none who conversed with him at the time he was most possessed with the thought will believe that he was merely “romancing,” as the *Edinburgh Review*, borrowing a hint from the clever pamphlet of Strauss respecting Frederick William IV., seems to assume. That act, it is true, secured for him the unextinguishable hatred of one of our Church parties, and led some members of that party to seek a refuge in Rome. It is equally true that his sympathy with the Evangelical Alliance, in the hope that it would prove a bond of union between Protestants of different Confessions, did not prevent him from being at last denounced in even fiercer tones by the party which supports that Alliance. Let the most be made that can be made of these abortive attempts at reconciliation. But the presence of a man in the midst of English society, who could sympathise with persons of the most different opinions and professions, and yet never conceal his own, in whom all were obliged to recognise a kindness which entered into their most minute circumstances, which took as much account of family joys and sorrows as of public events that moved him most; of one who, even if his words might puzzle some of his hearers, made them certain by his countenance and acts that he could not mean what was untrue: this I am sure had an effect far greater than any of us knew at the time; an effect upon the inner life of partisans which outweighs all what those can produce who only speak



into their ears, or frighten their nerves, or cultivate the hope in them that they make amends for the want of belief in themselves, if they will shriek loudly enough about the want of it in their neighbours. And if one passes from these more secret influences to formal discussions between friends, which are as valuable as discussions between foes are generally mischievous, I would point to the letters in the first volume of the biography from Bunsen to Arnold, as most precious contributions to an understanding of the relations and the contrarieties between English and German feelings. I do not profess to agree with either Bunsen or his correspondent in their opinions about Church and State; but the collision between the practical strength of the one and the speculative faculty of the other strikes out sparks of truth which are more precious than all opinions. These letters are the most eloquent in these volumes.

It is the effort after unity which assumed this very practical shape, and aimed at this practical, however distant, result, which gives, it seems to me, the unity to Bunsen's own life, and therefore to the biography which so admirably exhibits it. An excellent commentary upon that book is supplied by the one of which Miss Winkworth has translated two volumes with the earnest conscientiousness and great ability which she and her sister have displayed on many former occasions in the treatment of German prose and German poetry. The knowledge in it is so various, and the method is so thoroughly German, that an ordinary Englishman must require more time, even with the help of such a translator, to master it than I can pretend to have bestowed upon it. But this variety compels us to ask, "Where is the centre of these speculations, studies, projects?" I believe that Bunsen was compelled to ask himself the same question, that he was asking it all his life. It was not a passion for universal knowledge which drew him from the West to the East, from Egyptian antiquities to the antiquities of the Christian Church, from languages to

liturgies, from politics to theology. It was the feeling that Germans are occupied upon all these subjects; that he as a German must be occupied with them; that the demand of all demands for them and for him was—Are they mere theories and speculations of ours? Are they only united in some grand encyclopædic system? If not, what is the bond between them? How can it become a living bond? How can it be made available for actual men? how can the student become verily and indeed a man? He foresaw the loss of all that mental activity for which Germany has been so illustrious; he foresaw feebleness, aimlessness, hopeless materialism in all its pursuits unless they can be referred to some living centre. A living centre, not an *absolute* entity from which life is excluded. That may be the ground of logic, cannot be the ground of history. God in history seemed to him the Interpreter of all the acts which history records, the root on which human unity must rest; the end after which all human beings in all the bounds of their habitations are seeking, if haply they may find Him. To trace this search of men in all directions after a righteous Being, after a moral order of which He is the source: this, I take to be the purpose of his work. He wished to leave out of it no philological inquiry in which he had been himself engaged, or in which his countrymen had been engaged. If he could give them the hint of a purpose, an order, rising above their own conceptions of history, directing all the streams of it, he might feel that he had done what was best for those who were dearest to him.

Still he had not done all. There was in the *English* mind only a faint desire after all this knowledge, a despair of it, a suspicion of it; yet, withal, a sort of wish in some quarters to be like the Germans, to do what they do. He perceived that much of the strength of England and Scotland has consisted in their reverence for the Bible. Did not the Bible treat history as the revelation of the purposes of God, as exhibiting the order of His government? Was not

the denial of this design, the attempt to make the Bible a book which set at nought and contradicted the thoughts of the other nations, the reason why young men here, as well as in Germany, are becoming impatient of it, indifferent to it? He hoped he might do something for England as well as Germany, if he could show, as he expressed it with archaical quaintness, but with a profound meaning, that "God would enlarge Japheth that he might dwell in the tents of Shem." But, chiefly, he desired to bring his own people, learned and unlearned, to receive the Bible in what he took to be its simple sense. And he hoped that hymns and liturgies might attune their spirits to the adoration of Him whose operations they have traced in the lives of men, in the movements of nations. He may only have had a glimpse of this unity; he may have died, with the song of confidence and hope on his lips, to know the full meaning of the way in which English or Germans may be brought to the consciousness of it. But I have not been able to suppress my delight at a discovery, which I scarcely anticipated, that a biography, which faithfully exhibits the different directions in which Bunsen's mind travelled, should bring out as faithfully the secret of its unity, or should so confirm and illustrate the evidence coming from his latest work. I speak of delight—but it is a delight mixed with awe. For I feel, as I said at the beginning of this article, that the movements of our time, which might seem to make his life obsolete, have brought the question which was working in his heart from his earliest years, and which came fully before him in his latest, more and more directly upon us: that every form of philosophy, and every negation of philosophy; every form of religion, and negation of religion; every physical inquiry, every inquiry into the life of nations, of races of mankind, is compelling us to face it. None are doing more by their positive facts, by their worship of humanity, to force it upon us than those who say that theology died ages ago, and needs only

a burial. That burial may be the step to a resurrection such as none of us dream of. But, in the meantime, we clergymen plunge into all petty controversies, spend our passions and energies in them, and have only hard words for a layman who said to us on earth, who says to us from the tomb, "A God, or no God; that is the question."

I must add one word. It is always proclaimed as the great charm of a biography that the writer is forgotten in the subject. There are some cases in which such a result is impossible. No one can forget what the author of this memoir was to him who is portrayed in it; how different a man he would have been, how much less capable of thinking as well as acting, if he had not found one person to understand him whoever else misunderstood him, one sharer of all troubles and all joys. The domestic part of this life is so substantive a part of it, such a golden thread between all the parts of it, that if that is overlooked the whole will be unintelligible. It is not obtruded upon us; it is kept back with graceful reserve, but if we had been told less we should have a right to complain that the key to the politics, the science, the theology; the whole man had been withholden. Lucy Hutchinson has taught Episcopalians and Royalists to reverence and love her husband, who was an Anabaptist and a Republican; Baroness Bunsen will teach many to revere and love the man whom they have been wont to call a rationalist and a mystic. Religious and political bitterness may withstand many arguments and exposures, but the evidence of a life like this will be too mighty for it. No man could have supplied that evidence,—not even a man as wise and generous as Bunsen himself. There is some gift which cultivated women possess of seeing into the hearts of those whom they care for, which has certainly not been bestowed in any like measure upon us. May they have every part of our education which will do them good, but no part of it which shall dwarf or enfeeble this faculty of divination!

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS;  
OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GOOD PRIEST OF NISSARD.

"Till at the set of sun all tracks and ways  
In darkness lay enshrouded. And e'en thus  
The utmost limit of the great profound  
At length we reach'd, where in dark gloom  
and mist  
Cimmeria's people and their city lie  
Enveloped ever."

*Odyssey* (MUSGROVE).

THE October afternoon had set in before the brothers were on the way to Nissard, and in spite of Berenger's excited mood, the walk through the soft, sinking sand could not be speedily performed. It was that peculiar sand-drift which is the curse of so many coasts, slowly, silently, irresistibly flowing, blowing, creeping in, and gradually choking all vegetation and habitation. Soft and almost impalpable, it lay heaped in banks yielding as air, and yet far more than deep enough to swallow up man and horse. Nay, tops of trees, summits of chimneys, told what it had already swallowed. The whole scene far and wide presented nothing but the lone, tame undulations, liable to be changed by every wind, and solitary beyond expression—a few rabbits scudding hither and thither, or a sea-gull floating with white, ghostly wings in the air, being the only living things visible. On the one hand a dim, purple horizon showed that the inhabited country lay miles inland; on the other lay the pale grey, misty expanse of sea, on which Philip's eyes could lovingly discern the *Throstle's* masts.

That view was Philip's chief comfort. The boy was feeling more eerie and uncomfortable than ever he had been before, as he plodded along, sinking deep with every step almost up to his ankles in the sand, on which the bare-

footed guide ran lightly, and Berenger, though sinking no less deeply, seemed insensible to all inconveniences. This desolateness was well-nigh unbearable; no one dared to speak while Berenger thus moved on in the unapproachableness of his great grief, and Philip presently began to feel a dreamy sense that they had all thus been moving on for years, that this was the world's end, the land of shadows, and that his brother was a ghost already. Besides vague alarms like these, there was the dismal English and Protestant prejudice in full force in Philip's mind, which regarded the present ground as necessarily hostile, and all Frenchmen, above all French priests, as in league to cut off every Englishman and Protestant. He believed himself in a country full of murderers, and was walking on with the one determination that his brother should not rush on danger without him, and that the Popish rogues should be kept in mind that there was an English ship in sight. Alas! that consolation was soon lost, for a dense grey mist was slowly creeping in from the sea, and blotted out the vessel, then gathered in closer, and obliterated all landmarks. Gradually it turned to a heavy rain, and about the same time the ground on which they walked became no longer loose sand-hills, but smooth and level. It was harder likewise from the wet, and this afforded better walking, but there lay upon it fragments of weed and shell, as though it were liable to be covered by the sea, and there was a low, languid splash of the tide, which could not be seen. Twilight began to deepen the mist. The guide was evidently uneasy; he sidled up to Philip, and began to ask what he—hitherto obstinately deaf and contemptuous to French—was

very slow to comprehend. At last he found it was a question how near it was to All Souls' day? and then came an equally amazing query whether the gentleman's babe had been baptized? for it appeared that on All Souls' day the spirits of unchristened infants had the power of rising from the sands in a bewildering mist, and leading wayfarers into the sea. And the poor guide, white and drenched, vowed he never would have undertaken this walk if he had only thought of this. These slaughters of heretics must so much have augmented the number of the poor little spirits; and no doubt Monsieur would be specially bewildered by one so nearly concerned with him. Philip, half frightened, could not help stepping forward and pulling Berenger by the cloak to make him aware of this strange peril; but he did not get much comfort. "Baptized? Yes; you know she was, by the old nurse. Let me alone, I say. I would follow her wherever she called me, the innocent, and glad—the sooner the better."

And he shook his brother off with a sadness and impatience so utterly unapproachable, that Philip, poor boy, could only watch his tall figure in the wide cloak and slouched hat, stalking on ever more indistinct in the gloom, while his much confused mind tried to settle the theological point whether the old nurse's baptism were valid enough to prevent poor little Béragère from becoming one of these mischievous deluders; and all this was varied by the notion of Captain Hobbs picking up their corpses on the beach, and of Sir Marmaduke bewailing his only son.

At last a strange muffled sound made him start in the dead silence, but the guide hailed the sound with a joyful cry—"Holla! Blessings on Notre-Dame and holy Father Colombeau, now are we saved!" And on Philip's hasty interrogation, he explained that it was from the bells of Nissard, which the good priest always caused to be rung during these sea-fogs, to disperse all evil beings, and guide the wanderers.

The guide strode on manfully, as the

sound became clearer and nearer, and Philip was infinitely relieved to be free from all supernatural anxieties, and to have merely to guard against the wiles of a Popish priest, a being almost as fabulously endowed in his imagination as poor little Béragère's soul could be in that of the fisherman.

The drenching Atlantic mist had wetted them all to the skin, and closed round them so like a solid wall, that they had almost lost sight of each other, and had nothing but the bells' voices to comfort them, till quite suddenly there was a light upon the mist, a hazy reddish gleam—a window seemed close to them. The guide, heartily thanking Our Lady and St. Julian, knocked at a door, which opened at once into a warm, bright, superior sort of kitchen, where a neatly-dressed elderly peasant woman exclaimed, "Welcome, poor souls! Enter then. Here, good Father, are some bewildered creatures. Eh! wrecked are you, good folks, or lost in the fog?"

At the same moment there came from behind the screen that shut off the fire from the door, a benignant-looking, hale old man in a cassock, with long white hair on his shoulders, and a cheerful face, ruddy from sea-wind.

"Welcome, my friends," he said. "Thanks to the saints who have guided you safely. You are drenched. Come to the fire at once."

And as they moved on into the full light of the fire and the rude iron lamp by which he had been reading, and he saw the draggled plumes and other appurtenances that marked the two youths as gentlemen, he added, "Are you wrecked, Messieurs? We will do our poor best for your accommodation;" and while both mechanically murmured a word of thanks, and removed their soaked hats, the good man exclaimed, as he beheld Berenger's ashy face, with the sunken eyes and deep scars, "Monsieur should come to bed at once. He is apparently recovering from a severe wound. This way, sir; Jolitte shall make you some hot tisane."

"Wait, sir," said Berenger, very slowly, and his voice sounding hollow

from exhaustion; "they say that you can tell me of my child. Let me hear."

"Monsieur's child!" exclaimed the bewildered curate, looking from him to Philip, and then to the guide, who poured out a whole stream of explanation before Philip had arranged three words of French.

"You hear, sir," said Berenger, as the man finished, "I came hither to seek my wife, the Lady of Ribaumont."

"Eh!" exclaimed the *curé*, "do I then see M. le Marquis de Nid-de-Merle?"

"No!" cried Berenger; "no, I am not that *scélérat*! I am her true husband, the Baron de Ribaumont."

"The Baron de Ribaumont perished at the St. Bartholomew," said the *curé*, fixing his eyes on him, as though to confute an impostor.

"Ah, would that I had!" said Berenger. "I was barely saved with the life that is but misery now. I came to seek her—I found what you know. They told me that you saved the children. Ah, tell me where mine is?—all that is left me."

"A few poor babes I was permitted to rescue, but very few. But let me understand to whom I speak," he added, much perplexed. "You, sir——"

"I am her husband, married at five years old—contract renewed last year. It was he whom you call Nid-de-Merle who fell on me, and left me for dead. A faithful servant saved my life, but I have lain sick in England till now, when her letter to my mother brought me to La Sablerie, to find—to find *this*. Oh, sir, have pity on me! Tell me if you know anything of her, or if you can give me her child?"

"The orphans I was able to save are—the boys at nurse here, the girls with the good nuns at Luçon," said the priest, with infinite pity in his look. "Should you know it, sir?"

"I would—I should," said Berenger. "But it is a girl. Ah, would that it were here! But you—you, sir—you know more than these fellows. Is there no—no hope of herself?"

"Alas! I fear I can give you none," said the priest; "but I will tell all I

know; only I would fain see you eat, rest, and be dried."

"How can I?" gasped he, allowing himself, however, to sink into a chair; and the priest spoke:

"Perhaps you know, sir, that the poor Lady fled from her friends, and threw herself upon the Huguenots. All trace had been lost, when, at a banquet given by the mayor of Luçon, there appeared some *pâtisseries*, which some ecclesiastics, who had enjoyed the hospitality of Bellaise, recognised as peculiar to the convent there, where she had been brought up. They were presented to the mayor by his friend, Bailli la Grasse, who had boasted of the excellent *confitures* of the heretic pastor's daughter that lodged in the town of La Sablerie. The place was in disgrace for having afforded shelter and supplies to Montgomery's pirate crews, and there were narrations of outrages committed on Catholics. The army were enraged by their failure before La Rochelle; in effect, it was resolved to make an example, when, on M. de Nid-de-Merle's summons, all knowledge of the Lady was denied. Is it possible that she was indeed not there?"

Berenger shook his head. "She was indeed there," he said, with an irrepressible groan. "Was there no mercy—none?"

"Ask not, sir," said the compassionate priest; "the flesh shrinks, though there may be righteous justice. A pillaged town, when men are enraged, is like a place of devils unchained. I reached it only after it had been taken by assault, when all was flame and blood. Ask me no more; it would be worse for you to hear, than me to tell," he concluded, shuddering; but laying his hand kindly on Berenger's arm. "At least it is ended now, and God is more merciful than men. Many died by the bombs cast into the city, and she for whom you ask certainly fell not alive into the hands of those who sought her. Take comfort, sir; there is One who watches and takes count of our griefs. Sir," turning to Philip, "this gentleman is too much spent with sorrow to bear this

cold and damp. Aid me, I entreat, to persuade him to lie down."

Philip understood the priest's French far better than that of the peasants, and added persuasions that Berenger was far too much exhausted and stunned to resist. To spend a night in a Popish priest's house would once have seemed to Philip a shocking alternative, yet here he was, heartily assisting in removing the wet garments in which his brother had sat only too long, and was heartily relieved to lay him down in the priest's own bed, even though there was an image over the head, which, indeed, the boy never saw. He only saw his brother turn away from the light with a low, heavy moan, as if he would fain be left alone with his sorrow and his crushed hopes.

Nothing could be kinder than Dom Colombeau, the priest of Nissard. He saw to the whole of his guests being put into some sort of dry habiliments before they sat round his table to eat of the savoury mess in the great *pot-au-feu*, which had, since their arrival, received additional ingredients, and moreover sundry villagers had crept into the house. Whenever the good Father supped at home, any of his flock were welcome to drop in to enjoy his hospitality. After a cup of hot cider round, they carried off the fisherman to lodge in one of their cottages. Shake-downs were found for the others, and Philip, wondering what was to become of the good host himself, gathered that he meant to spend such part of the night on the kitchen floor as he did not pass in prayer in the church for the poor young gentleman, who was in such affliction. Philip was not certain whether to resent this as an impertinence or an attack on their Protestant principles; but he was not sure, either that the priest was aware what was their religion, and was still less certain of his own comprehension of these pious intentions: he decided that, any way, it was better not to make a fool of himself. Still, the notion of the mischievousness of priests was so rooted in his head, that he consulted Humfrey

on the expedience of keeping watch all night, but was sagaciously answered that "these French rogues don't do any hurt unless they be wrought up to it, and the place was as safe as old Hurst."

In fact, Philip's vigilance would have been strongly against nature. He never awoke till full daylight and morning sun were streaming through the vine-leaves round the window, and then, to his dismay, he saw that Berenger had left his bed, and was gone. Suspicions of foul play coming over him in full force as he gazed round on much that he considered as "Popish furniture," he threw on his clothes, and hastened to open the door, when, to his great relief, he saw Berenger hastily writing at a table under the window, and Smithers standing by waiting for the billet.

"I am sending Smithers on board, to ask Hobbs to bring our cloak bags," said Berenger, as his brother entered. "We must go on to Luçon."

He spoke briefly and decidedly, and Philip was satisfied to see him quite calm and collected—white, indeed, and with the old haggard look, and the great scar very purple, instead of red, which was always a bad sign with him. He was not disposed to answer questions; he shortly said, "He had slept not less than usual," which Philip knew meant very little; and he had evidently made up his mind, and was resolved not to let himself give way. If his beacon of hope had been so suddenly, frightfully quenched, he still was kept from utter darkness by straining his eyes and forcing his steps to follow the tiny, flickering spark that remained.

The priest was at his morning mass, and so soon as Berenger had given his note to Smithers, and sent him off with a fisherman to the *Throstle*, he took up his hat, and went out upon the beach, that lay glistening in the morning sun, then turned straight towards the tall spire of the church, which had been their last night's guide. Philip caught his cloak.

"You are never going there, Berenger?"

"Vex me not now," was all the

reply he got. "There the dead and living meet together."

"But, brother, they will take you for one of their own sort."

"Let them."

Philip was right that it was neither a prudent nor consistent proceeding, but Berenger had little power of reflection, and his impulse at present bore him into the church belonging to his native faith and land, without any defined feeling, save that it was peace to kneel there among the scattered worshippers, who came and went with their fish-baskets in their hands, and to hear the low chant of the priest and his assistant from within the screen.

Philip meantime marched up and down outside in much annoyance, until the priest and his brother came out, when the first thing he heard the good Colombeau say was, "I would have called upon you before, my son, but that I feared you were a Huguenot."

"I am an English Protestant," said Berenger; "but, ah! sir, I needed comfort too much to stay away from prayer."

Père Colombeau looked at him in perplexity, thinking perhaps that here might be a promising convert, if there were only time to work on him; but Berenger quitted the subject at once, asking the distance to Luçon.

"A full day's journey," answered Père Colombeau, and added, "I am sorry you are indeed a Huguenot. It was what I feared last night, but I feared to add to your grief. The nuns are not permitted to deliver up children to Huguenot relations."

"I am her father!" exclaimed Berenger, indignantly.

"That goes for nothing, according to the rules of the Church," said the priest. "The Church cannot yield her children to heresy."

"But we in England are not Calvinists," cried Berenger. "We are not like your Huguenots."

"The Church would make no difference," said the priest. "Stay, sir," as Berenger struck his own forehead, and was about to utter a fierce invective.

"Remember that if your child lives, it is owing to the pity of the good nuns. You seem not far from the bosom of the Church. Did you but return——"

"It is vain to speak of that," said Berenger, quickly. "Say, sir. Would an order from the King avail to open these doors?"

"Of course it would, if you have the influence to obtain one."

"I have, I have," cried Berenger eagerly. "The King has been my good friend already. Moreover, my English grandfather will deal with the Queen. The heiress of our house cannot be left in a foreign nunnery. Say, sir," he added, turning to the priest, "if I went to Luçon at once, would they answer me and let me see my child?"

The priest considered a moment, and answered, "No sir, I think not. The Prioress is a holy woman, very strict, and with a horror of heretics. She came from the convent of Bellaise, and would therefore at once know your name, and refuse all dealings with you."

"She could not do so, if I brought an order from the King."

"Certainly not."

"Then to Paris!" And laying his hand on Philip's shoulder, he asked the boy whether he had understood, and explained that he must go at once to Paris—riding post—and obtain the order from the King.

"To Paris—to be murdered again!" said Philip, in dismay.

"They do not spend their time there in murder," said Berenger. "And now is the time, while the savage villain, Narcisse, is with his master in Poland. I cannot but go, Philip; we both waste words. You shall take home a letter to my Lord."

"I—I go not home without you," said Philip, doggedly.

"I cannot take you, Phil; I have no warrant."

"I have warrant for going, though. My father said he was easier about you with me at your side. Where you go, I go."

The brothers understood each other's ways so well, that Berenger knew the

intonation in Philip's voice that meant that nothing should make him give way. He persuaded no more, only took measures for the journey, in which the kind priest gave him friendly advice. There was no doubt that the good man pitied him sincerely, and wished him success more than perhaps he strictly ought to have done, unless as a possible convert. Of money for the journey there was no lack, for Berenger had brought a considerable sum, intending to reward all who had befriended Eustacie, as well as to fit her out for the voyage; and this, perhaps, with his papers, he had brought ashore to facilitate his entrance into La Sablerie,—that entrance which, alas! he had found only too easy. He had therefore only to obtain horses and a guide, and this could be done at La Motte-Achard, where the party could easily be guided on foot, or conveyed in a boat if the fog should not set in again, but all the coast-line of Nissard was dangerous in autumn and winter; nay, even this very August an old man, with his daughter, her infant, and a donkey, had been found bewildered between the creeks on a sandbank, where they stood still and patient, like a picture of the Flight into Egypt, when an old fisherman found them, and brought them to the beneficent shelter of the Presbytère.

Stories of this kind were told at the meal that was something partaking of the nature of both breakfast and early dinner, but where Berenger ate little and spoke less. Philip watched him anxiously; the boy thought the journey a perilous experiment every way, but, boyishly, was resolved neither to own his fears of it nor to leave his brother. External perils he was quite ready to face, and he fancied that his English birth would give him some power of protecting Berenger, but he was more reasonably in dread of the present shock bringing on such an illness as the last relapse; and if Berenger lost his senses again what should they do? He even ventured to hint at this danger, but Berenger answered, "That

will scarce happen again. My head is stronger now. Besides, it was doing nothing, and hearing her truth profaned, that crazed me. No one at least will do that again. But if you wish to drive me frantic again, the way would be to let Hobbs carry me home without seeking her child."

Philip bore this in mind when, with flood-tide, Master Hobbs landed, and showed himself utterly dismayed at the turn affairs had taken. He saw the needlessness of going to Luçon without royal authority; indeed, he thought it possible that the very application there might give the alarm, and cause all tokens of the child's identity to be destroyed, in order to save her from her heretic relations. But he did not at all approve of the young gentlemen going off to Paris at once. It was against his orders. He felt bound to take them home as he had brought them, and they might then make a fresh start if so pleased them; but how could he return to my Lord and Sir Duke without them? "Mr. Ribaumont might be right—it was not for him to say a father ought not to look after his child—yet he was but a stripling himself, and my Lord had said, "Master Hobbs, I trust him to you." He would clearly have liked to have called in a boat's crew, mastered the young gentlemen, and carried them on board as captives; but as this was out of his power, he was obliged to yield the point. He disconsolately accepted the letters in which Berenger had explained all, and in which he promised to go at once to Sir Francis Walsingham's at Paris, to run into no needless danger, and to watch carefully over Philip; and craved pardon, in a respectful, but yet manly and determined tone, for placing his duty to his lost, deserted child above his submission to his grandfather. Then engaging to look out for a signal on the coast if he should sail to Bourdeaux in January, to touch and take the passengers off, Captain Hobbs took leave, and the brothers were left to their own resources.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE VELVET COACH.

“No, my good Lord, Diana—”

*All's Well that Ends Well.*

A LATE autumn journey from the west coast to Paris was a more serious undertaking in the sixteenth century than the good seaman Master Hobbs was aware of, or he would have used stronger dissuasive measures against such an undertaking by the two youths, when the elder was in so frail a state of health; but there had been a certain deceptive strength and vigour about young Ribaumont while under strong excitement and determination, and the whole party fancied him far fitter to meet the hardships than was really the case. Philip Thistlewood always recollected that journey as the most distressing period of his life.

They were out of the ordinary highways, and therefore found the hiring of horses often extremely difficult. They had intended to purchase, but found no animals that, as Philip said, they would have accepted as a gift, though at every wretched inn where they had to wait while the country was scoured for the miserable jades, their proposed requirements fell lower and lower. Dens of smoke, dirt, and boorishness were the great proportion of those inns, where they were compelled to take refuge by the breaking down of one or other of their beasts, or by stress of weather. Snow, rain, thaw and frost alternated, each variety rendering the roads impassable; and at the best, the beasts could seldom be urged beyond a walk, fetlock deep in mire or water. Worse than all, Berenger, far from recovered, and under the heavy oppression of a heartrending grief, could hardly fail to lose the ground that he had gained under the influence of hope. The cold seemed to fix itself on the wound in his cheek, terrible pain and swelling set in, depriving him entirely of sleep, permitting him to take no nourishment but fragments of soft crumbs soaked in wine or broth—when

the inns afforded any such fare—and rendering speech excessively painful, and at last unintelligible.

Happily, this was not until Philip and Humfrey both had picked up all the most indispensable words to serve their needs, and storming could be done in any language. Besides, they had fallen in at La Motte-Achard with a sharp fellow named Guibert, who had been at sea, and knew a little English, was a Norman by birth, knew who the Baron de Ribaumont was, and was able to make himself generally useful, though ill-supplying the place of poor Osbert, who would have been invaluable in the present predicament. Nothing was so much dreaded by any of the party as that their chief should become utterly unable to proceed. Once let him be laid up at one of these little *auberges*, and Philip felt as if all would be over with him; and he himself was always the most restlessly eager to push on, and seemed to suffer less even in the biting wind and sleet than on the dirty pallets or in the smoky, noisy kitchens of the inns. That there was no wavering of consciousness was the only comfort, and Philip trusted to prevent this by bleeding him whenever his head seemed aching or heated; and under this well-meant surgery it was no wonder that he grew weaker every day, in spite of the most affectionate and assiduous watching on his brother's part.

Nearly six weeks had been spent in struggling along the cross-roads, or rather in endless delays; and when at last they came on more frequented ways, with better inns, well paved *chaussées*, and horses more fit for use, Berenger was almost beyond feeling the improvement. At their last halt, even Philip was for waiting and sending on to Paris to inform Sir Francis Walsingham of their situation; but Berenger only shook his head, dressed himself, and imperatively signed to go on. It was a bright morning, with a clear frost, and the towers and steeples of Paris presently began to appear above the poplars that bordered the way; but

by this time Berenger was reeling in his saddle, and he presently became so faint and dizzy, that Philip and Humfrey were obliged to lift him from his horse, and lay him under an elm-tree that stood a little back from the road.

"Look up, sir, it is but a league further," quoth Humfrey, "I can see the roof of the big Church they call Notre-Dame."

"He does not open his eyes, he is swooning," said Philip. "He must have some cordial, ere he can sit his horse. Can you think of no place where we could get a drop of wine or strong waters?"

"Not I, Master Philip. We passed a convent wall but now, but 'twas a nunnery, as good as a grave against poor travellers. I would ride on, and get some of Sir Francis's folk to bring a litter or coach, but I doubt me if I could get past the barrier without my young Lord's safe-conduct."

Berenger, hearing all, here made an effort to raise himself, but sank back against Philip's shoulder. Just then, a trampling and lumbering became audible, and on the road behind appeared first three horsemen riding abreast, streaming with black and white ribbons; then eight pair of black horses, a man walking at the crested heads of each couple, and behind these a coach, shaped like an urn reversed, and with a coronet on the top, silvered, while the vehicle itself was, melon-like, fluted, alternately black, with silver figures, and white with black landscapes, and with white draperies, embroidered with black and silver, floating from the windows. Four lacqueys, in the same magpie-colouring, stood behind, and outriders followed; but as the cavalcade approached the group by the road-side, one of the horsemen paused, saying lightly, "Over near the walls for an affair of honour? Has he caught it badly? Who was the other?"

Ere Guibert could answer, the curtains were thrust aside, the coach stopped, a lady's head and hand appeared, and a female voice exclaimed, in much alarm, "Halt! Ho, you there, in our

colours, come here. What is it? My brother here? Is he wounded?"

"It is no wound, madame," said Guibert, shoved forward by his English comrades, "it is M. le Baron de Ribautmont who is taken ill, and—ah! here is Monsieur Philippe."

For Philip, seeing a thick black veil put back from the face of the most beautiful lady who had ever appeared to him, stepped forward, hat in hand, as she exclaimed, "Le Baron de Ribautmont! Can it be true? What means this? What ails him?"

"It is his wound, madame," said Philip, in his best French; "it has broken out again, and he has almost dropped from his horse from *défaillance*."

"Ah, bring him here—lay him on the cushions, we will have the honour of transporting him," cried the lady; and, regardless of the wet road, she sprang out of the coach, with her essences in her hand, followed by at least three women, two pages, and two little white dogs which ran barking towards the prostrate figure, but were caught up by their pages. "Ah, cousin, how dreadful," she cried, as she knelt down beside him, and held her essences towards him. Voice and scent revived him, and with a bewildered look and gesture half of thanks, half of refusal, he gazed round him, then rose to his feet without assistance, bent his head, and making a sign that he was unable to speak, turned towards his horse.

"Cousin, cousin," exclaimed the lady, in whose fine black eyes tears were standing, "you will let me take you into the city—you cannot refuse."

"Berry, indeed, you cannot ride," entreated Philip; "you must take her offer. Are you getting crazed at last?"

Berenger had hesitated for a moment, but he felt himself again dizzy; the exertion of springing into his saddle was quite beyond him, and bending his head he submitted passively to be helped into the black and white coach. Humfrey, however, clutched Philip's arm, and said impressively, "Have a care, sir, this is no other than the fine lady, sister to the murderous villain that set

upon him. If you would save his life, don't quit him, nor let her take him elsewhere than to our Ambassador's. I'll not leave the coach-door, and as soon as we are past the barriers, I'll send Jack Smithers to make known we are coming."

Philip, without further ceremony, followed the lady into the coach, where he found her insisting that Berenger, who had sunk back in a corner, should lay his length of limb, muddy boots and all, upon the white velvet cushions, richly worked in black and silver, with devices and mottoes, in which the crescent moon, and eclipsed or setting suns, made a great figure. The original inmates seemed to have disposed of themselves in various nooks of the ample conveyance, and Philip, rather at a loss to explain his intrusion, perched himself awkwardly on the edge of the cushions in front of his brother, thinking that Humfrey was an officious, suspicious fellow, to distrust this lovely lady, who seemed so exceedingly shocked and grieved at Berenger's condition. "Ah! I never guessed it had been so frightful as this. I should not have known him. Ah! had I imagined——" She leant back, covered her face, and wept, as one overpowered; then, after a few seconds, she bent forward, and would have taken the hand that hung listlessly down, but it was at once withdrawn, and folded with the other on his breast.

"Can you be more at ease? Do you suffer much," she asked, with sympathy and tenderness that went to Philip's heart, and he explained. "He cannot speak, madame, the shot in his cheek" (the lady shuddered, and put her handkerchief to her eyes) "from time to time causes this horrible swelling and torture. After that he will be better."

"Frightful, frightful," she sighed, "but we will do our best to make up. You, sir, must be his *trucheman*."

Philip, not catching the last word, and wondering what kind of man that might be, made answer, "I am his brother, madame."

"*Eh! Monsieur son frère. Has Madame sa mère a son so old?*"

"I am Philip Thistlewood, her hus-

band's son, at your service, madame," said Philip, colouring up to the ears; "I came with him, for he is too weak to be alone."

"Great confidence must be reposed in you, sir," she said, with a not unflattering surprise. "But whence are you come? I little looked to see Monsieur here."

"We came from Anjou, madame. We went to La Sablerie," and he broke off.

"I understand. Ah! let us say no more! It rends the heart," and again she wiped away a tear. "And now——"

"We are coming to the Ambassador's to obtain"—he stopped, for Berenger gave him a touch of peremptory warning, but the lady saved his embarrassment by exclaiming that she could not let her dear cousin go to the Ambassador's when he was among his own kindred. Perhaps Monsieur did not know her; she must present herself as Madame de Selinville, *née de Ribaultmont*, a poor cousin of *ce cher Baron*, "and even a little to you, *M. le frère*, if you will own me," and she held out a hand, which he ought to have kissed, but not knowing how, he only shook it. She further explained that her brother was at Cracow with Monsieur, now King of Poland, but that her father lived with her at her hotel, and would be enchanted to see his dear cousin, only that he, like herself, would be desolated at the effects of that most miserable of errors. She had been returning from her Advent retreat at a convent, where she had been praying for the soul of the late M. de Selinville, when a true Providence had made her remark the colours of her family. And now, nothing would serve her, but that this dear Baron should be carried at once to their hotel, which was much nearer than that of the Ambassador, and where every comfort should await him. She clasped her hands in earnest entreaty, and Philip, greatly touched by her kindness, and perceiving that every jolt of the splendid but springless vehicle caused Berenger's head a shoot of anguish, was almost acceding to her offer, when he was checked by one of

the most imperative of those silent negatives. Hitherto, Master Thistlewood had been rather proud of his bad French, and as long as he could be understood, considered trampling on genders, tenses, and moods, as a manful assertion of Englishry, but he would just now have given a great deal for the command of any language but a horseboy's, to use to this beautiful gracious personage. "*Merci, madame, nous ne fallons pas, nous avons passé notre parole d'aller droit à l'Ambassadeur's et pas où else,*" did not sound very right to his ears; he coloured up to the roots of his hair, and knew that if Berry had had a smile left in him, poor fellow, he would have smiled now. But this most charming and polite of Ladies never betrayed it, if it were ever such bad French, she only bowed her head, and said something very pretty, —if only he could make it out— of being the slave of one's word, and went on persuading. Nor did it make the conversation easier, that she inquired after Berenger, and mourned over his injuries as if he were unconscious, while Philip knew, nay, was reminded every instant, that he was aware of all that was passing, most anxious that as little as possible should be said, and determined against being taken to her hotel. So unreasonable a prejudice did this seem to Philip, that had it not been for Humfrey's words, he would have doubted whether, in spite of all his bleeding, his brother's brain were not wandering.

However, what with Humfrey without, and Berenger within, the turn to the Ambassador's hotel was duly taken, and in process of time a hearty greeting passed between Humfrey and the porter; and by the time the carriage drew up, half the household were assembled on the steps, including Sir Francis himself, who had already heard more than a fortnight back from Lord Walwyn, and had become uneasy at the non-arrival of his two young guests. On Smithers's appearance, all had been made ready, and as Berenger, with feeble, tardy, movements, made courteous gestures of

thanks to the lady, and alighted from the coach, he was absolutely received into the dignified arms of the Ambassador. "Welcome, my poor lad, I am glad to see you here again, though in such different guise. Your chamber is ready for you, and I have sent my secretary to see if Maître Paré be at home, so we will, with God's help, have you better at ease anon."

Even Philip's fascination by Madame de Selinville could not hold out against the comfort of hearing English voices all round him, and of seeing his brother's anxious brow expand, and his hand and eyes return no constrained thanks. Civilities were exchanged on both sides; the Ambassador thanked the lady for the assistance she had rendered to his young friend and guest; she answered with a shade of stiffness, that she left her kinsman in good hands, and said she should send to inquire that evening, and her father would call on the morrow; then, as Lady Walsingham did not ask her in, the black and white coach drove away.

The lady threw herself back in one corner, covered her face, and spoke no word. Her coach pursued its way through the streets, and turned at length into another great court-yard, surrounded with buildings, where she alighted, and stepped across a wide but dirty hall, where ranks of servants stood up and bowed as she passed; then she ascended a wide carved staircase, opened a small private door, and entered a tiny wainscotted room, hardly large enough for her farthingale to turn round in. "You, Véronique, come in—only you," she said, at the door; and a waiting woman, who had been in the carriage, obeyed, no longer clad in the Angevin costume, but in the richer and less characteristic dress of the ordinary Parisian *femme de chambre*.

"Undo my mantle in haste!" gasped Madame de Selinville. "O Véronique—you saw—what destruction!"

"Ah! if my sweet young lady had only known how frightful he had become, she had never sacrificed herself," sighed Véronique.

"Frightful! What with the grave blue eyes that seem like the steady avenging judgment of St. Michael in his triumph in the picture at the Louvre," murmured Madame de Selinville; then she added quickly, "Yes, yes, it is well. She and you, V ronique, may see him frightful and welcome. There are other eyes—make haste, girl. There—another handkerchief. Follow me not."

And Madame de Selinville moved out of the room, past the great state bedroom and the *salle* beyond, to another chamber where more servants waited and rose at her entrance.

"Is any one with my father?"

"No, madame;" and a page knocking, opened the door and announced, "Madame la Comtesse."

The Chevalier, in easy *deshabille*, with a flask of good wine, iced water, and delicate cakes and *confitures* before him, a witty and licentious epigrammatic poem close under his hand, sat lazily enjoying the luxuries that it had been his daughter's satisfaction to procure for him ever since her marriage. He sprang up to meet her with a grace and deference that showed how different a person was the Comtesse de Selinville from Diane de Ribaumont.

"Ah! *ma belle*, my sweet," as there was a mutual kissing of hands, "thou art returned. Had I known thine hour I had gone down for thy first embrace. But thou lookest fair, my child, the convent has made thee lovelier than ever."

"Father, who think you is here? It is he—the Baron."

"The Baron; who, what Baron?"

"What Baron? Eh, father!" she cried, impetuously. "Who could it be but one?"

"My child, you are mistaken! That young hot-head can never be thrusting himself here again."

"But he is, father; I brought him into Paris in my coach! I left him at the Ambassador's."

"Thou shouldst have brought him here. There will be ten thousand fresh *imbroglios*."

"I could not; he is as immoveable as ever, though unable to speak! Oh,

father, he is very ill, he suffers terribly. Oh, Narcisse! Ah! may I never see him again!"

"But what brings him blundering here again?" exclaimed the Chevalier. "Speak intelligibly, child! I thought we had guarded against that! He knows nothing of the survivance."

"I cannot tell much. He could not open his mouth, and his half-brother, a big dull English boy, stammered out a few words of shocking French against his will. But I believe they had heard of *la pauvre petite* at La Sablerie, came over for her, and finding the ruin my brother makes wherever he goes, are returning seeking intelligence and succour for *him*."

"That may be," said the Chevalier, thoughtfully. "It is well thy brother is in Poland. I would not see him suffer any more; and we may get him back to England ere my son learns that he is here."

"Father, there is a better way! Give him my hand."

"*Eh quoi*, child; if thou art tired of devotion, there are a thousand better marriages."

"No, father, none so good for this family. See, I bring him all—all that I was sold for. As the price of that, he resigns for ever all his claims to the ancestral castle—to La Leurre, and above all, that claim to Nid-de-Merle as Eustacie's widow, which, should he ever discover the original contract, will lead to endless warfare."

"His marriage with Eustacie was annulled. Yet—yet there might be doubts. There was the protest; and who knows whether they formally renewed their vows when so much went wrong at Montpipeau. Child, it is a horrible perplexity. I often could wish we had had no warning, and the poor things had made off together. We could have cried shame till we forced out a provision for thy brother; and my poor pretty little Eustacie—" He had tears in his eyes as he broke off.

Diane made an impatient gesture. "She would have died of tedium in England, or broken forth so as to have a true scandal. That is all over, father,

now; weigh my proposal! Nothing else will save my brother from all that his cruel hand merits! You will win infinite credit at Court. The King loved him more than you thought safe."

"The King has not a year to live, child, and he has personally offended the King of Poland. Besides, this youth is heretic."

"Only by education. Have I not heard you say that he had so little of the Huguenot that you feared his throwing you over by an abjuration. And as to Monsieur's enmity, if it be not forgotten, the glory of bringing about a conversion would end that at once."

"Then, daughter, thou shouldst not have let him bury himself among the English."

"It was unavoidable, father, and perhaps if he were here he would live in an untameable state of distrust, whereas we may now win him gradually. You will go and see him to-morrow, my dear father."

"I must have time to think of this thy sudden device."

"Nay, he is in no condition to hear of it at present. I did but speak now, that you might not regard it as sudden when the fit moment comes. It is the fixed purpose of my mind. I am no girl now, and I could act for myself if I would; but as it is for your interest and that of my brother thus to dispose of me, it is better that you should act for me."

"Child, headstrong child, thou wilt make no scandal," said the Chevalier, looking up at his daughter's handsome head drawn up proudly with determination.

"Certainly not, sir, if you will act for me." And Diane sailed away in her sweeping folds of black brocade.

In a few moments more she was kneeling with hands locked together before a much-gilded little waxen figure of St. Eustache with his cross-bearing stag by his side, which stood in a curtained recess in the alcove where her stately bed was placed.

"Monseigneur St. Eustache, ten wax candles every day to your shrine at Bellaise, so he recovers; ten more if he

listens favourably and loves me. Nay, all—all the Selinville jewels to make you a shrine. All—all, so he will only let me love him;" and then, while taking up the beads, and pronouncing the repeated devotions attached to each, her mind darted back to the day when, as young children, she had played unfairly, defrauded Landry Osbert, and denied it; how Berenger, though himself uninjured, had refused to speak to her all that day—how she had hated him then—how she had thought she had hated him throughout their brief intercourse in the previous year; how she had played into her brother's hands; and when she thought to triumph over the man who had scorned her, found her soul all blank desolation, and light gone out from the earth! Reckless and weary, she had let herself be united to M. de Selinville, and in her bridal honours and amusements had tried to crowd out the sense of dreariness and lose herself in excitement. Then came the illness and death of her husband, and almost at the same time the knowledge of Berenger's existence. She sought excitement again in that feverish form of devotion then in vogue at Paris, and which resulted in the League. She had hitherto stunned herself as it were with penances, processions, and sermons, for which the host of religious orders then at Paris had given ample scope; and she was constantly devising new extravagances. Even at this moment she wore sackcloth beneath her brocade, and her rosary was of death's heads. She was living on the outward husk of the Roman Church, not penetrating into its living power, and the phase of religion, which fostered Henry III. and the League, offered her no more.

All, all had melted away beneath the sad but steadfast glance of those two eyes, the only feature still unchanged in the marred, wrecked countenance. That honest, quiet refusal, that look which came from a higher atmosphere had filled her heart with passionate beatings and aspirations once more, and more consciously than ever. Womanly feeling for suffering, and a deep longing to compensate to him, and earn his love,

may, wrest it from him by the benefits she would heap upon him, were all at work ; but the primary sense was the longing to rest on the only perfect truth she had ever known in man, and thus with passionate ardour she poured forth her entreaties to St. Eustache, a married saint, who had known love, and could feel for her, and could surely not object to the affection to which she completely gave way for one whose hand was now as free as her own.

But St. Eustache was not Diane's only hope. That evening she sent Véro-nique to René of Milan, the court-perfumer, but also called by the malicious, *l'empoisonneur de la Reine*, to obtain from him the most infallible charm and love potion in his whole repertory.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE CHEVALIER'S EXPIATION.

"Next, Sirs, did he marry ?

And whom, Sirs, did he marry ? One like himself,  
Though doubtless graced with many virtues,  
young,  
And erring, and in nothing more astray  
Than in this marriage."

TAYLOR, *Edwin the Fair*.

NOTHING could be kinder than the Ambassador's family, and Philip found himself at once at home there, at least in his brother's room, which was all the world to him. Fortunately, Ambroise Paré, the most skilful surgeon of his day, had stolen a day from his attendance on King Charles, at St. Germain, to visit his Paris patients, and, though unwilling to add to the list of cases, when he heard from Walsingham's secretary who the sufferer was, and when injured, he came at once to afford his aid.

He found, however, that there was little scope for present treatment, he could only set his chief-assistant to watch the patient and to inform him when the crisis should be nearer ; but remarking the uneasy, anxious expression in Berenger's eyes, he desired to know whether any care on his mind might be interfering with his recovery.

A Huguenot, and perfectly trustworthy, he was one who Walsingham knew might safely hear the whole, and after hearing all, he at once returned to his patient, and leaning over him, said, "Vex not yourself, sir ; your illness is probably serving you better than health could do."

Sir Francis thought this quite probable, since Charles was so unwell and so beset with his mother's creatures that no open audience could be obtained from him, and Paré, who always had access to him, might act when no one else could reach him. Meantime the Ambassador rejoiced to hear of the instinctive caution that had made Berenger silence Philip on the object of the journey to Paris, since if the hostile family guessed at the residence of the poor infant, they would have full opportunity for obliterating all the scanty traces of her. Poor persecuted little thing ! the uncertain hope of her existence seemed really the only thread that still bound Berenger to life. He had spent eighteen months in hope deferred, and constant bodily pain ; and when the frightful disappointment met him at La Sablerie, it was no wonder that his heart and hope seemed buried in the black scorched ruins where all he cared for had perished. He was scarcely nineteen, but the life before him seemed full of nothing but one ghastly recollection, and, as he said in the short sad little letter which he wrote to his grandfather from his bed, he only desired to live long enough to save Eustacie's child from being a nameless orphan maintained for charity in a convent, and to see her safe in Aunt Cecily's care ; and then he should be content to have done with this world for ever.

The thought that no one except himself could save the child, seemed to give him the resolution to battle for life that often bears the patient through illness, though now he was suffering more severely and consciously than ever he had done before ; and Lady Walsingham often gave up hopes of him. He was tenderly cared for by her and her women ; but Philip was the most constant nurse, and his unflinching assiduity

and readiness amazed the household who had begun by thinking him ungainly, loutish, and fit for nothing but country sports.

The Chevalier de Ribaumont came daily to inquire ; and the first time he was admitted actually burst into tears at the sight of the swollen disfigured face, and the long mark on the arm which lay half-uncovered. Presents of delicacies, ointments, and cooling drinks were frequently sent from him and from the Countess de Selinville ; but Lady Walsingham distrusted these, and kept her guest strictly to the regimen appointed by Paré. Now and then, billets would likewise come. The first brought a vivid crimson into Berenger's face, and both it and all its successors he instantly tore into the smallest fragments, without letting any one see it.

On the last day of the Carnival, the young men of the household had asked Master Thistlewood to come out with them and see the procession of the *Bœuf Gras* ; but before it could take place, reports were flying about that put the city in commotion, caused the Ambassador to forbid all going out, and made Philip expect another Huguenot massacre. The Duke of Alençon and the King of Navarre had been detected, it was said, in a conspiracy for overthrowing the power of the Queen-mother, bringing in the Huguenots, and securing the crown to Alençon on the King's death. Downstairs, the Ambassador and his secretaries sat anxiously striving to sift the various contradictory reports ; upstairs, Philip and Lady Walsingham were anxiously watching Berenger in what seemed the long-expected crisis, and Philip was feeling as if all the French Court were welcome to murder one another so that they would only let Ambroise Paré come to his brother's relief. And it was impossible even to send !

At last, however, when Ash-Wednesday was half over, there was a quiet movement, and a small pale man in black was at the bedside, without Philip's having even seen his entrance. He looked at his exhausted patient,

and said, "It is well, I could not have done you any good before."

And when he had set Berenger more at ease, he told how great had been the confusion at St. Germain when the plot had become known to the Queen-mother. The poor King had been awakened at two o'clock in the morning, and carried to his litter, where Paré and his old nurse had tended him. He only said, "Can they not let me die in peace?" and his weakness had been so great on arriving, that the surgeon could hardly have left him for M. de Ribaumont, save by his own desire. "Yes, sir," added Paré, seeing Berenger attending to him, "we must have you well quickly ; his Majesty knows all about you, and is anxious to see you."

In spite of these good wishes, the recovery was very slow ; for, as the surgeon had suspected, the want of skill in those who had had the charge of Berenger at the first had been the cause of much of his protracted suffering. Paré, the inventor of trephining, was, perhaps, the only man in Europe who could have dealt with the fracture in the back of the head, and he likewise extracted the remaining splinters of the jaw, though at the cost of much severe handling and almost intolerable pain : but by Easter, Berenger found the good surgeon's encouragement verified, and himself on the way to a far more effectual cure than he had hitherto thought possible. Sleep had come back to him, he experienced the luxury of being free from all pain, he could eat without difficulty ; and Paré, always an enemy to wine, assured him that half the severe headaches for which he had been almost bled to death, were the consequence of his living on bread soaked in sack instead of solid food ; and he was forbidden henceforth to inflame his brain with anything stronger than sherbet. His speech, too, was much improved ; he still could not utter all the consonants perfectly, and could not speak distinctly without articulating very slowly, but all the discomfort and pain were gone ; and though still very weak, he told Philip that now all his course seemed clear towards his child, instead



of being like a dull, distraught dream. His plan was to write to have a vessel sent from Weymouth, to lie off the coast till his signal should be seen from La Motte-Achard, and then to take in the whole party, and the little yearling daughter, whom he declared he should trust to no one but himself. Lady Walsingham remonstrated a little at the wonderful plans hatched by the two lads together, and yet she was too glad to see a beginning of brightening on his face to make many objections. It was only too sad to think how likely he was again to be disappointed.

He was dressed, but had not left his room, and was lying on cushions in the ample window overlooking the garden, while Frances and Elizabeth Walsingham in charge of their governess tried to amuse him by playing and singing to the lute, when a message was brought that M. le Chevalier de Ribbaumont prayed to be admitted to see him privily.

"What bodes that?" he languidly said.

"Mischief, no doubt," said Frances Walsingham. "Send him word that you are seriously employed."

"Nay, that could scarce be, when he must have heard the twanging of the lute," said her sister. "Come away, sister."

"But M. le Baron has not yet heard Mr. Sidney's last madrigal, and I was to send him his opinion of it," pouted Frances; "and I know that would do him good, while the old grasshopper knight always wearies and chafes him."

"Nevertheless, kind Mistress Frances," said Berenger, "methinks I had better face the enemy and have the matter over."

The ladies took the hint and vanished, but Philip remained till the Chevalier had entered, more resplendent than ever, in a brown velvet suit slashed with green satin, and sparkling with gold lace—a contrast to the deep mourning habit in which Berenger was dressed. After inquiries for his health, the Chevalier looked at Philip, and expressed his desire of speaking with his cousin alone.

"If it be of business," said Berenger,

much on his guard, "my head is still weak, and I would wish to have the presence of the Ambassador or one of his secretaries."

"This is not so much a matter of business as of family," said the Chevalier, still looking so uneasily at Philip that Berenger felt constrained to advise him to join the young ladies in the garden; but instead of doing this, the boy paced the corridors like a restless dog waiting for his master, and no sooner heard the old gentleman bow himself out than he hurried back again, to find Berenger heated, panting, agitated as by a sharp encounter.

"Brother, what is it—what has the old rogue done to you?"

"Nothing," said Berenger, tardily and wearily; and for some minutes he did not attempt to speak, while Philip devoured his curiosity as best he might. At last he said, "He was always beyond me. What think you? Now he wants me to turn French courtier and marry his daughter."

"His daughter!" exclaimed Philip, "that beautiful lady I saw in the coach?"

A nod of assent.

"I only wish it were I."

"Philip," half angrily, "how can you be such a fool?"

"Of course, I know it can't be," said Philip sheepishly, but a little offended. "But she's the fairest woman my eyes ever beheld."

"And the falsest."

"My father says all women are false; only they can't help it, and don't mean it."

"Only some do mean it," said Berenger, drily.

"Brother!" cried Philip, fiercely, as if ready to break a lance, "what right have you to accuse that kindly, lovely dame of falsehood?"

"It skills not going through all," said Berenger, wearily. "I know her of old. She began by passing herself off on me as my wife."

"And you were not transported?"

"I am not such a gull as you."

"How very beautiful your wife must have been!" said Philip, with gruff

amazement overpowering his consideration.

"Much you know about it," returned Berenger, turning his face away.

There was a long silence, first broken by Philip, asking more cautiously, "And what did you say to him?"

"I said whatever could show it was most impossible. Even I said the brother's handwriting was too plain on my face for me to offer myself to the sister. But it seems all that is to be passed over as an unlucky mistake. I wish I could guess what the old fellow is aiming at."

"I am sure the lady looked at you as if she loved you."

"Simpleton! She looked to see how she could beguile me. Love! They do nothing for love here, you foolish boy, save *par amour*. If she loved me, her father was the last person she would have sent me. No, no; 'tis a new stratagem, if I could only see my way into it. Perhaps Sir Francis will when he can spend an hour on me."

Though full of occupation, Sir Francis never failed daily to look in upon his convalescent guest, and when he heard of the Chevalier's interview, he took care that Berenger should have full time to consult him; and, of course, he inquired a good deal more into the particulars of the proposal than Philip had done. When he learnt that the Chevalier had offered all the very considerable riches and lands that Diane enjoyed in right of her late husband as an equivalent for Berenger's resignation of all claims upon the Nid-de-Merle property, he noted it on his tables, and desired to know what these claims might be. "I cannot tell," said Berenger. "You may remember, sir, the parchments with our contract of marriage had been taken away from Château Leurre, and I have never seen them."

"Then," said the Ambassador, "you may hold it as certain that those parchments give you some advantage which he hears, since he is willing to purchase it at so heavy a price. Otherwise he himself would be the natural heir of those lands."

"After my child," said Berenger, hastily.

"Were you on your guard against mentioning your trust in your child's life?" said Sir Francis.

The long scar turned deeper purple than ever. "Only so far as that I said there still be rights I had no power to resign," said Berenger. "And then he began to prove to me—what I had no mind to hear" (and his voice trembled) "all that I know but too well."

"Hum! you must not be left alone again to cope with him," said Walsingham. "Did he make any question of the validity of your marriage?"

"No, sir, it was never touched on. I would not let him take her name into his lips."

Walsingham considered for some minutes, and then said, "It is clear, then, that he believes that the marriage can be sufficiently established to enable you to disturb him in his possession of some part, at least, of the Angevin inheritance, or he would not endeavour to purchase your renunciation of it by the hand of a daughter so richly endowed."

"I would willingly renounce it, if that were all! I never sought it; only I cannot give up her child's rights."

"And that you almost declared," proceeded Walsingham; "so that the Chevalier has by his negotiation gathered from you that you have not given up hope that the infant lives. Do your men know where you believe she is?"

"My Englishmen know it, of course," said Berenger; "but there is no fear of them. The Chevalier speaks no English, and they scarcely any French; and, besides, I believe they deem him equally my butcher with his son. The other fellow I only picked up after I was on my way to Paris, and I doubt his knowing my purpose."

"The Chevalier must have had speech with him, though," said Philip; "for it was he who brought word that the old rogue wished to speak with you."

"It would be well to be quit yourself of the fellow ere leaving Paris," said Walsingham.

"Then, sir," said Berenger, with an anxious voice, "do you indeed think I have betrayed aught that can peril the poor little one?"

Sir Francis smiled. "We do not set lads of your age to cope with old foxes," he answered; "and it seems to me that you used fair discretion in the encounter. The mere belief that the child lives does not show him where she may be. In effect, it would seem likely to most that the babe would be nursed in some cottage, and thus not be in the city of La Sablerie at all. He might, mayhap, thus be put on a false scent."

"Ohno," exclaimed Berenger, startled; "that might bring the death of some other person's child on my soul."

"That shall be guarded against," said Sir Francis. "In the meantime, my fair youth, keep your matters as silent as may be—do not admit the Chevalier again in my absence; and, as to this man Guibert, I will confer with my steward whether he knows too much, and whether it be safer to keep or dismiss him!"

"If only I could see the King, and leave Paris," sighed Berenger.

And Walsingham, though unwilling to grieve the poor youth further, bethought himself that this was the most difficult and hopeless matter of all. As young Ribaumont grew better, the King grew worse; he himself only saw Charles on rare occasions, surrounded by a host of watchful eyes and ears, and every time he marked the progress of disease; and though such a hint could not be given by an Ambassador, he thought that by far the best chance of recovery of the child lay in the confusion that might probably follow the death of Charles IX. in the absence of his next heir.

Berenger reckoned on the influence of Elisabeth of Austria, who had been the real worker in his union with Eustacie; but he was told that it was vain to expect assistance from her. In the first year of her marriage, she had fondly hoped to enjoy her husband's confidence, and take her natural place in his Court; but she was of no mould to struggle with Catherine de Médicis, and after a time had totally desisted. Even at the time of the St. Bartholomew, she had endeavoured to uplift her voice on the side of mercy, and had actually saved the

lives of the King of Navarre, and Prince of Condé, and her father, the good Maximilian II. had written in the strongest terms to Charles IX. expressing his horror of the massacre. Six weeks later, the first hour after the birth of her first and only child, she had interceded with her husband for the lives of two Huguenots who had been taken alive, and failing then either through his want of will or want of power, she had collapsed, and yielded up the endeavour. She ceased to listen to petitions from those who had hoped for her assistance, as if to save both them and herself useless pain, and seemed to lapse into a sort of apathy to all public interests. She hardly spoke, mechanically fulfilled her few offices in the Court, and seemed to have turned her entire hope and trust into prayer for her husband. Her German confessor had been sent home, and a Jesuit given her in his stead, but she had made no resistance; she seemed to the outer world a dull, weary, stranger, obstinate in leading a conventual life; but those who knew her best—and of these few was the Huguenot surgeon Paré—knew that her heart had been broken, when, as a new-made mother, she had failed to win those two guilty lives, or to make her husband free himself from his bondage to bloody counsels. To pray for him was all that remained to her—and unwearied had been those prayers. Since his health had declined, she had been equally indefatigable in attending on him, and did not seem to have a single interest beyond his sick chamber.

As to the King of Navarre, for whose help Berenger had hoped, he had been all these months in the dishonourable thralldom of Catherine de Médicis, and was more powerless than ever at this juncture, having been implicated in Alençon's plot, and imprisoned at Vincennes.

And thus, the more Berenger heard of the state of things, the less hopeful did his cause appear, till he could almost have believed his best chance lay in Philip's plan of persuading the Huguenots to storm the convent.

*To be continued.*

## A NEW COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

IN the April number of this Magazine, Mrs. Fawcett, pleading gracefully in behalf of a further advance in the education of women of the middle and upper classes, suggests an ingenious plan by which women might be admitted to the advantages of collegiate education at Cambridge. Till lately, no one could become a recognised student there except by entering one of the Colleges; but it is now open to a Master of Arts to obtain a licence for his own house as a "Hostel," and students residing in such a licensed house are placed upon the same footing, in respect of examinations and degrees, as members of a College. Why should not some married Master of Arts set up a hostel exclusively for young women? A Women's College might thus enter into the Cambridge system without any University change except the single one of carrying out the principle already introduced so happily into the Cambridge Local Examinations, and admitting students to be examined without distinction of sex. This is Mrs. Fawcett's suggestion, and her name carries some Cambridge authority with it. But at present it remains only a suggestion; those who are in earnest in desiring a higher intellectual culture for women are afraid of it, and think it, to say the least, not yet practicable. Another proposal is now assuming a practical shape, which has substantially the same object, and which its promoters desire to carry into effect with as little delay as possible. But to do this, they must enlist the sympathy and support of the public; and I hope to contribute something in the present paper towards making it generally understood.

It is proposed to establish a College which shall secure as far as possible the recognised advantages of a higher Collegiate education for women, and which

shall at the same time be liable as little as possible to the objections which the fear of making women unfeminine might suggest. The lists of its Committees contain names which command the respect of many different classes, and which guarantee sufficiently the practical, sober, English character of the scheme. The College may be justly described as imitating, with variations, the form of one of the Oxford or Cambridge Colleges. Its general aim is to offer to young women of the same class the aids which those Colleges have provided for young men. It will not have at its disposal, indeed, the splendid prizes called fellowships. But in other respects the idea is an ambitious one. In the course of studies, in the age of the students, the period of residence, and the quality of the teaching, the standard of Oxford and Cambridge is that which it is proposed to adopt.

It is evident therefore that, though an indefinite number of Ladies' Colleges are already in existence, the proposed College will be a new thing. It is bound to make out a special case for itself. It affirms that it need not be an absolute and universal ordinance that the education of women should stop at an earlier age or be more desultory than that of men. Where young women and their parents desire it, let them have the chance of prolonged systematic instruction of the best kind and under the best discipline. The College will be open to students of an age—say from seventeen years and upwards; it will commend to its students a three-years' course, though allowing residence for a shorter period; it will provide separate rooms and a liberal system of discipline; it will seek to obtain the services of the most competent teachers; and it will endeavour to secure an ex-

amination of a fixed University standard, to be passed at the end of its course. It is suggested that the College should be placed at some point most easily accessible from London and Cambridge. The lecturers and teachers will not be of either sex exclusively, but the head and the other resident officials will be ladies. There must be instruction in divinity, and also some household worship; and it is intended that the religious profession of the College should be "Church of England," but that attendance at divinity lectures or at prayers should not be compulsory. For readers who are not familiar with Oxford and Cambridge life it is well to add that the residence at the College will not take up more than about half the year.

As to the actual subjects to be taught it would be impossible, or at least highly unwise, for the promoters to pledge themselves to details. This is a field on which all kinds of battles may be fought. What women ought to learn is a very open question indeed. What men ought to learn is now almost equally a matter of controversy. To escape out of the hands of theorists, the promoters have followed the principle involved in its plan, and have proposed that the students should be prepared for such an examination as the University of Cambridge puts before its ordinary Degree, but that Modern Languages, Music, and Drawing should also be regularly taught. The choice of subjects is undoubtedly a matter of great importance, but it is the safest policy to wait upon the conclusions of experience and intelligent opinion with reference to such selection.

In discussing this project I shall best consult clearness and brevity by adopting a formal arrangement of *pros* and *cons*. I shall first state briefly the chief arguments in support of such an institution, and then consider the objections most likely to be urged against it.

(1) We are bound to make out, in the first place, that the education of women in this country is chargeable with defects which point to some such remedy. I may almost assume that this is admitted

by those whom it is worth while to attempt to convince. Suppose the parents of a family to be desirous of giving a good education both to their sons and their daughters. The most obvious course with the boys is to send them to school, and to college. They may choose amongst innumerable schools, taught by graduates of high and certified attainments. What are they to do for their daughters? They may send them to a girls' school, or give them a governess at home; in either case the general teaching will be in female hands, special lessons being given by "masters." But how are the educators educated? What opportunities have school-mistresses and governesses had of preparing themselves to educate others? The most favourable answer that can be given, I believe, is that in London it is possible to attend classes, at Queen's College, Bedford College, and elsewhere, taught by really superior men. These classes have been of very great service; but the true way to estimate them is to consider how far we should be satisfied if we had nothing but these for our boys and young men. It does great credit to the energy and capacity for learning of young women, that we have so many respectable governesses and school-mistresses; but what have we a right to expect of the best? How can we wonder that there are so many totally incompetent? how are parents to discriminate between the good and the bad?

Very complete and unimpeachable evidence as to the existing character of the education of girls is presented in the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission. The Commissioners themselves, expressing the concurrent opinion of their witnesses and inspectors, complain of the "want of thoroughness and foundation, want of system, slovenliness, and showy superficiality, inattention to rudiments, undue time given to accomplishments, and those not taught intelligibly or in any scientific manner, want of organization,"<sup>1</sup> by which female education is characterised. One of the Assistant Commissioners, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 548.

Fearon, who has taken great pains with this part of the inquiry, points out that these defects would not be remedied by the multiplication of training institutions for governesses, for the reason that the large majority are persons who have been compelled by unforeseen circumstances to resort to teaching for a livelihood.<sup>1</sup> "This one consideration suffices to show the utter inadequacy of attempts to secure the competency of female teachers by providing governesses' homes and the like. There is only one means of securing this competency, and that is by providing for all English-women of the middle class the opportunity of higher liberal education."<sup>2</sup> Accordingly attention should be directed, in Mr. Fearon's opinion, to "the establishment or support of central institutions for the superior education of young women." The Commissioners endorse this opinion. They refer to a proposal for a new College, "designed to hold, in relation to girls' schools and home teaching, a position analogous to that occupied by the Universities towards the public schools for boys;" and they say, "We have little to do but to express our cordial approval of the object aimed at in this proposal."<sup>3</sup>

A very interesting historical question is suggested by some of the evidence. It appears that in an indefinite number of cases the endowments actually applied to the education of boys were intended equally for the education of girls. The magnificent revenues of Christ's Hospital, for example, amounting to some 50,000*l.* a year, were for the benefit of boys and girls. They are applied, it is true, to the education of boys and girls: but in the schools of this charity there are only 18 girls to 1,192 boys.<sup>4</sup> It is one of the important recommendations of the Commission that 10,000*l.* a year from the income of Christ's Hospital

should be restored to the education of girls. The question suggested by this withdrawal of endowments from female education is whether our ancestors held more strongly than we, that the education of women should be on a par with that of men. Certainly when we go back to the 17th and 16th centuries, we begin to find the scholarship of men not reckoned unbecoming to women. The sneer expressed in the word "blue-stocking" appears to be the product of an effeminate age. When men were most manly,—in England, in Germany, in Italy,—we find women more decidedly sharing their education and cares. As it often turns out, the advance proposed will be partly a recovery of lost ground.

(2) In advocating the establishment of a College for Women, we rely upon the known advantages which College students enjoy. It is no trifling matter, that the life should be laid out with exclusive reference to a student's interests and convenience. Each day will bring with it a regular plan of studies. The instructors provided will be such as are accustomed to give the highest kind of instruction in their respective subjects, and they will give their lessons as to pupils able to understand and to sympathise with them. The students, whilst liberty of choice will be allowed them, will find a curriculum of studies arranged, and be encouraged to bring themselves up to such proficiency as to be able to stand the test of an examination. It is not a part of the scheme to attempt to secure high rewards for those who excel in the examinations; but the stimulus of reward cannot be altogether absent. There cannot but be some emulation amongst a number of fellow-students; and there is sure to be a gradual accretion of prizes and other solid benefits for those who distinguish themselves. As we look back to our own College days, probably their most valued advantage is that of the companionship of the friends whom a common thirst for knowledge brought together. This has been almost altogether denied to women. Girls' friendships are laughed at as

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fitch says, "The number of governesses who have been educated with a view to the work, and who have contemplated the adoption of it as a profession, is very small; not more, as far as I can judge, than 6 or 7 per cent."—*Schools Inquiry Report*, ix. 284.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. vii. p. 394.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 569.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. i. p. 490.

casual and sentimental attachments. Hardly any opportunity is afforded to young women to find out really congenial associates, and to knit friendships out of high and enduring interests. But can anything be imagined more likely to comfort and sustain and elevate female life than the power of forming such friendships? And is it not a solid argument in favour of a Women's College, that in this way, and this only, they will be able to share with their brothers the privilege of making College friends?

(3) But a College for advanced instruction exerts an influence not only on its actual students, but on education generally. Here again we may look to Oxford and Cambridge. It is notorious that University education usually governs school education. The schools which feed the Universities must make it their main object to prepare boys for going to College. Schoolmasters cannot afford to make a change unless a corresponding change be made at the Universities. Lower departments naturally look to the higher; earlier stages to the more advanced. If the English Universities were swept away, the loss would be more than that of the education given to men at College; there would be a lowering of the standard, a relaxing of the tension, throughout the whole secondary education of the country.

Some pointed evidence to this effect was given by Dr. William Smith before the Schools Inquiry Commission. Being asked, "What in your opinion has been the nature of the influence of the University of London as applied to education?" he answers, "It has been the same in degree, though I believe larger in area, than that exercised by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on the Grammar Schools. As the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have given unity and consistency to the teaching of the larger Grammar Schools, so I think the University of London has given the same unity and consistency to many of the Middle-class Schools and to the Catholic and Dissenting Colleges, and also improved their education." Dr. Smith mentions

the case of Stonyhurst College. At first the pupils sent up for examination from this school were very ill prepared. "After a lapse of some time they were sent exceedingly well prepared; so well prepared that I do not believe any of the boys from the sixth form of our Public Schools are better prepared. I do not think it possible that they could have a better education given them than Stonyhurst gives, and I attribute that very much to the influence of the University of London." The same effect has been observed in the Dissenting Colleges, and in many private schools. It is traced, it is true, to an examination, not to a residentiary College; and it might appear that the Cambridge Local Examinations, now extended to girls, would do whatever can be done by an agency of this kind to stimulate and improve the teaching of girls. But the examination to which Dr. Smith principally refers is for matriculation, and the larger number of those who pass it do so with the view of carrying on their studies further. It is thus described by Dr. Carpenter: "It is intended to test the possession by the candidate of that amount of general education which a candidate of the age of sixteen may reasonably be expected to have acquired in a well-conducted school; such an education as should offer a satisfactory basis for higher study in the various departments in which degrees are given by the University—degrees in Arts, in Medicine, in Science, and in Law."<sup>1</sup> At present, any examination offered to girls of eighteen must be considered final and not preparatory, as there is no recognised provision of higher study to which girls who are to that point satisfactorily educated may advance. The University of London, though not composed of Colleges, implies Colleges at which the attainments tested and certified by the University are acquired.

Having thus endeavoured to present the chief arguments in favour of the College, let me turn at once to the objections by which such a scheme is likely to be encountered.

<sup>1</sup> "Schools Inquiry Commission," iv. 82.

(1) There are many who have a blind feeling—some who would have the courage to say—that women do not want a higher education; that they do very well as they are; and that there is not the best odour about female study or female advancement. This is not a tangible objection, but it is for that reason more difficult to overcome. It is a prepossession in the minds of those who will not think, and which will be removed far more effectually by practical demonstration than by argument. But I would ask any who entertain it some questions like these: Is ignorance a positively good thing? Would parents of the richer classes wish their daughters to know no more than is taught in a National School? If it is good for them to learn what they do learn, might it not be still better to learn something more? If they learn German, why not Latin? If arithmetic, why not algebra? If they are to read the New Testament intelligently, why not have the advantage of reading it in the original language? Are women more sensible, more agreeable, more unaffected, more useful, as they are worse educated, or as they are better educated? The objection might take this form—that the education of women cannot be advanced without the sacrifice of something more valuable than knowledge; but this would turn out in general to be the objection of parents wishing to consult the interests of their daughters rather than of disinterested persons looking at society as a whole. No doubt a parent might say, “I do not wish my daughter to frighten away an eligible but uninformed young man; I wish her to give her mind to the accomplishments and graces which will attract the least discriminating.” But it does not appear to be particularly necessary to society, that all its young ladies should be doing their utmost to attract all its young men. Society would surely not suffer if some slight additional aid were given to rational conversation.

But I have not intended to enlarge upon the theme that knowledge is a good thing. I am writing to those who will assume it, and will hold themselves

bound to show that, if opportunities of a more advanced education for women are refused, it is for the sake of securing something still better.

(2) When this scheme of a College is presented to them, some will ask, Is there any absolute need for it? May not those girls who really desire to improve their minds already find means of doing so? This objection is not likely to come from any but residents in London. No doubt, those who have command of money may buy books, or get them from libraries; may find professors of every branch of knowledge ready to teach. But these opportunities are almost limited to London, or a few large towns. There is all the rest of the country to be considered. In country districts it is not easy to obtain common educational advantages, even for young girls, without sending them to schools, still less is there any provision for girls beyond the school-age. Certainly, when the College is established, it is to be expected that its students will come from the provinces in larger proportion than from London.

But even in London it is impossible to procure the guidance, the system, the atmosphere and companionship of study, which a College affords. There are two important Colleges in London—Queen’s College and Bedford College—which it would be injustice not to mention. But in two points they differ from the intended new College. They do not receive their pupils to reside; and their pupils are mostly of the school-age. They would be very superior day-schools, except that they offer a number of classes to be attended at discretion, and not a day’s schooling. A Residential College is a different thing.

(3) An objection which appeals to our best English feelings is that home is the place for girls. Girls, it is said, ought not to be taken from under their mother’s wing.

There is a great charm in the idea of the mother’s wing. Home affections are the most precious of ties and influences. But the home affections are not destroyed, or apparently weakened, by



considerable absences from home ; they may even be strengthened by absence. And the benefit to a daughter of being entirely guided by a mother must depend in some degree upon what the mother is. Nature, I imagine, would prescribe that girls should stay at home under the mother's guidance rather before the age of seventeen or eighteen than after. But our customs do not require an absolute observance of this law. I do not know how many girls there are at boarding-schools throughout England, but the number must be very large. In this point, of withdrawing girls from home, the College would be but a gnat to swallow, compared with the camel of boarding-schools. The College will take a hundred young women from home for six months in the year ; the boarding-schools take tens of thousands of girls from home for ten months of the year.

It cannot be found by experience that home affections and home influences are sacrificed by going to school. Still less is that effect likely to be produced by going to College.

When it is considered that many homes scarcely afford elbow-room for several grown-up daughters ; that in such homes competition inevitably arises and inflicts its trials every day ; that the daughters have very scanty opportunities of companionship with their father ; that the mother, without blame to her, is probably not competent to guide the intellectual aspirations of her daughters ; and that the daughters have no satisfying occupations by which their energies may be healthily exercised ;—I think it may be felt that residence at the College would be an important aid in many cases to the happiness of home life. Homes are made none the less happy or united by long visits of young women at the houses of friends ; and the College life of one of its members would be an element of keen and healthy interest in a family.

(4) I have mentioned that a prejudice exists in some minds against girls' schools. The same prejudice would tell against the College. It is said that to allow a girl to have companions not

selected by her parents is to incur a great danger. When girls associate freely together, the chances are, it is said, that they will do one another more harm than good. Mr. Giffard<sup>1</sup> quotes a strong testimony to this effect from a schoolmistress :—"Girls require constant surveillance. Their conversation must be carefully kept within bounds. It is impossible for girls to maintain a proper tone if left to themselves. One bad girl will corrupt all the rest. I am against large schools for girls. I think twelve is the largest number of girls that can with advantage be superintended by one person. The ages of my pupils vary from ten to seventeen. They are never out of sight of a governess from morning till night. If I contrast boys with girls, I find that girls have less truthfulness, less sense of honour, and less sincerity of affection. You can appeal to a boy's affection, or his sense of honour, but not to a girl's." Certainly a most discouraging and gloomy representation. But Mr. Giffard adds that this testimony is in many respects unique, and would be endorsed by very few of the ladies whom he has consulted. There seems to be no reason for believing that girls are in this respect materially different from boys. There is risk in sending a boy to school or college ; and there are few things in life more terrible than the wrecks with which the strands of school and college companionship are strewn. But, on the whole, we prefer this danger to the still more perilous safety of surveillance. And, for girls, the comparative danger appears on the whole to be less, whilst the contingent advantages are as much to be desired. At any such College as is proposed, a process of natural selection would be continually operating, by which only young women with some earnestness in study would be brought together. The frivolous and the idle would have no motive for coming to the College. It is surely an absurd libel on young women—reminding one of the *Times*'

<sup>1</sup> "Schools Inquiry Commission," vol. vii. p. 215.

theory that every girl of seventeen is a potential murderess—to allege that the companionship of studious girls is more likely to lead to harm than good.

But we are not left to speculation on this subject. Has a complaint ever been heard, that the Female Training Colleges for National Schoolmistresses are centres of demoralization? Does not every clergyman think it a gain that a pupil-teacher should go to one of those Colleges? I have heard it said that the schoolmistresses (in a less degree, however, than the schoolmasters) who have been to College are apt to be a little conceited. But I have not myself observed this, and I have suspected that the clergymen who make the complaint may have required the schoolmistress to be too humble. So far as I have had opportunities of judging—and I am confirmed by those whose opportunities have been greater—the young women who have been through the Colleges have gained in refinement, in modesty, in feminine bearing, in attractiveness, and have been enabled to make all the better marriages. And this is strong evidence that Collegiate life may be expected to raise rather than to lower their moral tone.

(5) There is one more objection to be dealt with. It relates to the curriculum of studies proposed for the new College. It is intended to imitate, to a considerable extent, the studies of young men. Classics and mathematics are to be boldly introduced into a scheme of female education. Nature is thought to protest against this plan of identical studies for the two sexes. Men are men, and women are women; therefore the studies of men should be manly, and the studies of women womanly.

This appeal to natural distinctions carries great weight. Either idea, of making women masculine, or of making men effeminate, is an odious one. But Nature has omitted to say with any precision which are the masculine studies and which are the feminine. English custom has, indeed, affirmed of late years that men should learn the dead languages and mathematics, and women

the modern languages, and music and drawing. Both were to study history and geography; neither were to study the natural sciences. But upon what known or imaginable sexual fact does the above distribution rest? Were men to devote themselves to the useful, women to the attractive? No; that has not been at all the idea. It has been the pride of classics and mathematics that they were non-utilitarian. Why, in the name of common sense, are French and Italian and German feminine, and not masculine studies? Were our women to be the travelling sex, and were they to carry on all the conversation with foreign visitors? And why should music and drawing have been stamped as feminine pursuits? They were never thought in ancient times to be meant for women rather than for men. The greatest painters, the greatest musicians, have always been men. And why should not women learn Latin and Greek, algebra and Euclid? Every argument in favour of these studies would apply to women as well as to men. I venture to think that a reverse distribution would have just as much support in nature and reason; that we might just as well have said, Classics and mathematics for women, modern languages and the arts for men. At the present moment an approximation is taking place from both sides. Every one is beginning to recognise the expediency of introducing modern languages and the arts into the education of boys, and it is becoming more common to teach girls Latin and Greek and mathematics. It is for those who contend for a sexual distinction in educational studies, to explain what distinction they would have, and why.

There is a fair presumption that the female intellect, under the most favourable circumstances, would show less vigour and tenacity than the male. Greater quickness, a less comprehensive and permanent grasp, are believed by the best judges to belong to women as compared with men. It is probable, therefore, that women will never be equal to men as scholars or as mathematicians.

But neither have they hitherto equalled men in mastery of modern languages or in art. Whilst therefore it would be cruel to punish women in any way for not advancing as far as men in classical or mathematical studies, there is no reason in their less vigorous capacity for diverting them from these studies. It has been proved that girls can enjoy them as much as boys, and that they can, at least in exceptional cases, do as well in them. In last year's Report of the Cambridge Local Examinations (p. 10) we read, "In Latin and Greek the Examiners say they have not found any noteworthy difference between the performances of the girls and those of the boys." The Schools Inquiry Commissioners express a more general judgment:<sup>1</sup>—"There is weighty evidence to the effect that the essential capacity for learning is the same, or nearly the same, in the two sexes. This is the universal and undoubting belief,—and the unquestioned practice corresponds to it,—throughout the United States; and it is affirmed, both generally and in respect to several of the most crucial subjects, by many of our best authorities. It is impossible to read the account of a really efficient Girls' School . . . without acknowledging the truth of this to a great extent."

Amongst those who advocate the admission of women to all the recognised means of intellectual culture, there may possibly be some who are indifferent to the special graces of the feminine nature, and who are not unwilling, for the sake of obtaining more power and scope for women, that they should be made masculine, bold, and competitive. But I am sure I express the feeling of many more in utterly disclaiming such indifference, and in setting the highest value upon modesty, refinement, delicacy, or by whatever other term feminine grace may be described. The pursuit of knowledge, with its discipline and its pleasures, is far more likely to make women true women than to turn them into men. It will make them less frivolous, but not therefore less gentle or less refined.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 553.

Look at the influence of study on men: has it ever been found that real students are the most boisterous portion of society? In popular opinion the student is almost always shy, especially in the presence of the other sex. Why should it be feared that the influence which more than any other makes men feminine will make women masculine? The history of women would equally dissipate any such apprehension. Intellectual culture has almost universally been the ally and not the enemy of the domestic virtues. It might perhaps not minister to the gaiety of a ball-room; it would not tend to make young women showy and adroit. We must sacrifice something to the pursuit of knowledge, but not genuine modesty or refinement. Nor is it to be desired that society should care for nothing else but making women learned.

The proposed College is but a small institution, not likely to exercise any tyranny upon society. It can only hope to have influence by meeting a demand, and commending itself to the tastes and desires of thoughtful persons. But, if its promoters are not mistaken, it is likely to do service out of all proportion to its bulk. It will lift higher the standard of female education; it will for the moment "crown the edifice;" it will be a rallying point, an experiment, an example. The project is now being put before the public, and asks for sympathy and help. The College is intended to be self-supporting; but it would be a very great advantage if its buildings could be provided without burdening the future of the institution. The cost of an adequate building is estimated at 30,000*l.*—a large sum to raise by subscriptions, but a very moderate sum to expend on an important public object. Hospitals, Churches, Schools, have cost many times this sum; and the College for Women promises to exercise a newer and more widely diffused influence than a single Hospital or Church or School. Why should not some rich man or woman purchase the privilege of giving a local habitation and a name to an enterprise which will be unique not only in England but in Europe?

## THE FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT.

(IN PARIS.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

NOT at all the kind of Sunday that English visitors to Paris often spend—acting on the principle of doing at Rome as the Romans do—ignoring their decent, British, sabbatical ways, to join, nothing loth, in the foreign fashion of keeping Sunday; and "assisting," since there is nobody there to see, at exhibitions, concerts, promenades, and even Sunday evening theatres. We did nothing of this, and yet I fear our Sunday was not a rest-day; but spent in a sort of religious dissipation. From eight A.M. to five P.M. we were constantly at church, or, more correctly speaking, at churches.

We wanted to see how the more seriously-minded half of Paris comports itself on a Sunday, supposing it has any strong feeling about the day at all; which, at first, one feels inclined to doubt; for unquestionably, both Catholics and Protestants, however devout, do not regard the Sabbath in the strict Mosaic light which many of us do, and are far more latitudinarian—or liberal, which you will—in its observance. Above all, we wished thoroughly to see, and fairly to judge, those fine Roman Catholic services, which our English ritualistic churches labour so feebly to imitate, believing—as I think they do believe in all sincerity—that if we could only revive dead outside forms, the sleeping spirit of religious faith would soon be reanimated into earnest life. Which visionary hope reminds one somewhat of those pathetic child funerals—I think in South America—where it is the custom to dress the little corpse in its best attire, put a gilt crown over the sunken forehead, and garlands and playthings in the stiffened fingers, and so carry it in procession through the streets, as if alive—yet it is but a corpse

after all. Alas! something more than gorgeous vestments, flower-decked altars, and picturesque churches is needed to rouse in any dead soul the true spirit of religious belief—the life "hid with Christ in God."

I do not say we found this; but we sought for it; both in Catholic and Protestant worship, and I dare not say that it was not there. Of the four services we attended, differing as they did, there was yet in each something with which any sincere Christian might honestly sympathise, if he went in the spirit of sympathy and not of opposition. I say this deliberately and fearlessly; because it seems to me that even good Christians do not feel half strongly enough, that pure religious faith delights less in negatives than affirmatives: in agreeing with our brother in as many points as we can, and passing over the rest, as matters solely between him and his God.

I confess I do not feel this delight in differing from, or dread of conforming to, other people's faith. I must own that I have no horror whatsoever of the Pope, and that "the beast" and "the woman in scarlet" never come into my head, even in the most obnoxious of Catholic churches. I can look on all their beautiful "idolatries"—as Exeter Hall would say—as calmly as a man looks on a ball-room belle or a syren of the stage, recognising her various claims to admiration, but without the slightest intention of marrying her. Nevertheless, speaking of idolatries, I think we somewhat misjudge our Catholic brethren on this head, even as on the opposite side we often greatly mis-state the faith of Unitarians. In both cases we take for granted, not what they *say* they believe, but what we *think* they believe,

and judge them less by their real creed than our own presumed interpretation of it. As a rule, intelligent, rational Catholics always protest that they do not "worship" their images, but merely hold them in reverence as helps to devotion—which, by the way, considering how puerile and almost ludicrous most of them are, is one of the oddest facts in the Catholic religion.

One of the few French churches in which one's taste—one's artistic taste I mean—is not continually offended, is that of St.-Roch, in the Rue St.-Honoré. To pass out of the noisy, busy street—busy even at early morning, and on a Sunday morning—into its quiet, sombre shadow, gives a sense of indescribable peace. Then there is such a strange, weird light shed—I know not how, probably by concealed yellow glass—upon its high altar; its painted windows are all so beautiful, and its various religious pictures and sculptures are of sufficiently high art to be, at all events, no actual hindrance to the feelings they were meant to excite. There are, for instance, in a chapel at the eastern end, two groups, of the Crucifixion and the Entombment, startlingly vivid in their conception, and very fine in their execution—especially the first one. The Saviour lies prone—extended on the as yet unlifted cross—to which two soldiers are in the act of nailing, one a hand, the other a foot. Both pause, as if appealing to the centurion standing by—"Must we do this thing?"—but the Christ appeals not at all. Infinite submission is written on His face. And I think even a staunch Protestant—knowing how hard is this lesson, which we must all learn after Him—might stand and gaze at the figure, and accept from it a mute sermon, as good as many an antipapal thunderbolt.

St.-Roch has numerous small chapels—nooks where any weary soul may go in and pray, almost unobserved. These were sprinkled with many of those solitary, motionless figures, chiefly women, which, to me, are the most touching point of Roman Catholic churches. They come for no external form of worship—putting on their best go-to-

meeting bonnet, joining with or criticising their neighbour; they just creep in quietly, kneel down and pray on their own account, and for some strong personal need. I can never pass one of them—so quiet, so absorbed—without wondering what blessing is to be implored—what sorrow to be averted—all the countless secrets that every human soul must have; and however blind the prayer, I dare not—I would not if I dared—look with other than reverent eye upon my brother or sister "that prayeth."

Besides these worshippers, I found at St.-Roch, early as it was, not much past eight, a considerable congregation—in fact, two distinct congregations, assembled before the two principal altars, at each of which was going on the *basse messe*, which every priest is bound to celebrate once a day. Those who attended it were chiefly the better order of working people, though there were some very poor—poorer than any of the folk who venture into our churches on Sunday; but here they are not afraid. There was also a large sprinkling of Sisters of Charity, paying their religious devotions before entering on their day's work of practical worship. I never can look without respect upon those rough black gowns, those frightful white poked caps, which often hide such sweet, saintly, and even beautiful faces.

One of them, which happened to be close beside me, will rest on my memory for years. She was quite a girl, certainly not five-and-twenty. I never saw a lovelier outline of mouth, cheek and chin, melting rosilily down into a throat that was absolutely perfect in colour and form; and the expression as she knelt utterly unconscious of my gaze, counting her beads with fingers that, in spite of the injury of hard work, were still finely shaped,—purely aristocratic hands. Raffaella would have made her into a Madonna at once. Who was she? What had been her history? Could any great anguish have awakened this religious ecstasy which had led her to resolve to be nobody's wife, nobody's mother—instead, to spend her life in the incessant, often repulsive labours of a Sister

of Charity? Would the impulse last? Would no natural, human regrets ever arise, causing her to repent of her vow?

In passing one of the old men who sit at the doors, offering to outgoers the funny little brush of holy water, he, no doubt recognising a daily visitor to the church, held it out to me, but I shook my head with Protestant, though smiling, honesty; at which, good soul, he took no offence, but meekly drew back his brush, and answered with civil *empressement* some questions about High Mass; nay, thinking he had not made it clear enough, the poor old fellow almost jumped out of his box to call after me.

“*Madame! Madame! Onze heures, à onze heures précise. La grand messe avec la musique!*” As much as to say, “Don’t miss it upon any account, and you will see what will make you a good Catholic to the end of your days.”

No, my friend, it didn’t, and moreover I doubt if anything ever would. Never could I resign my own plain, common sense reason or faith, to be led blindfold by any man alive—not to speak of that conglomeration of men who call themselves “Holy Mother Church.”—Far better live orphaned for ever, or recognise only the one Father—God.

Nevertheless, I will confess I was deeply interested, strongly affected, by witnessing for the first time that splendid show—before which our best ritualistic imitations are tawdry—the regular Sunday High Mass, in a fine Roman Catholic church. This being the First Sunday in Lent, the adornments of the church were much less than usual; indeed, if I recollect right, the altar was not decked at all, and there was a general impression of blackness, black draperies, chairs, and so on, spreading a certain sombreness of effect. But the music was divine.

When we entered they were singing the “Kyrie Eleison,” out of one of Mozart’s most noted masses. Wave upon wave it came, “Eleison! Eleison! Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!” sometimes in boys’ voices, clear, angelic—I am sure the angels must sing like little

boys—sometimes in the deep roll of some voices which they have at this church of St.-Roch, the grandest, solidest basses I ever heard. They used quite to overwhelm me with their majestic pathos, until I once happened to sit near the owners of them, three very ugly, and not too cleanly little Frenchmen, who looked exactly like decent, respectable *épiciers*.

Nevertheless, High Mass possesses, in common with its opposite pole, the Quaker service, one great merit,—it leaves one very much to oneself. How many a time, in English or Scotch churches, has one not longed to go into a Friends’ Meeting-house, and sit there, dead silent, with every one else mercifully silent likewise, for the whole two hours! One is sometimes goaded into thinking that any kind of dumb worship—even that of the Indian *faquir*, who stands all day on his head in the sun—would be preferable to having to sit and listen to a man who goes talking on about things which he neither comprehends himself nor makes you comprehend; or if you did, you might wholly differ from him, yet cannot rise and protest, telling him that his whole argument is based on premisses taken for granted, but as yet entirely unproved; or that six verses out of the Bible would prove more, and be more acceptable, than all his discourse.

But silence, or very fine music, are devotional expressions in which all worshippers can meet upon equal footing; because, throughout, each man preaches to himself his own sermon. I believe it was no sacrilegious worship to sit an hour in St.-Roch’s, without either prayer-book or hymn-book, and drink in that glorious music—music with scarcely intelligible words—which carried one away in thought to the choir of saints and angels, and all the innumerable company of the happy dead, to which we trust we shall one day go. And, though not quite agreeing with a certain good man, who, at the close of a funeral sermon, assured his hearers that their life in heaven would be “singing hallelujahs for ever and ever” (which—I remember thinking—some of his

congregation would not like at all)—still, there is something in a body of harmonious sound more approximating to what we ascribe to the nature of spirit, than anything else in this world. All other sensuous delights can be touched, tasted, handled, or at least beheld; this one is wholly intangible and invisible, nothing in itself, and apparently evoked from nothing; when it ceases, it ceases as completely as if it never had been—at least to all our human senses. Yet while it lasts it is a real thing—an ecstatic sensation, as perfect as any sensation we know—and may be revived at will into the same vivid existence.

There was a pause in the service, first when the tall *bedeau* went round preceding a unctuous-looking priest, who, in the usual whining voice, presented his bag "*pour l'entretien de l'église,*" or, briefly, "*pour l'église.*" Again, when two sweet-faced altar boys went down the aisle, and came back in procession, accompanied by two other boys carrying gigantic and very tottering lighted candles, preceding a basket of bread,—at least, not exactly bread, but a sort of *brioche*, which they afterwards distributed to the congregation. What was the meaning of it, or whether it was consecrated or not, I have not the least idea, but I thought in no case could it do me any harm, so I accepted and ate it. It tasted much like all other *brioche*s—which seems a favourite cake in Paris—and I do not find it has made me one whit more of a Catholic than heretofore.

Then the choir music began again—the mid-day sun came pouring in floods through the painted windows, and shone in a stream of glory on the high altar of the rock—from which the name of the church comes, though through what legend I do not know. When the concluding strain died away—and High Mass was over—we rose and came away, feeling not the slightest desire to hear it every Sunday—or to exchange for it, or any imitation of it—our own pure, simple, earnest Church Service. Nevertheless we recognised fully that in the wonderful beauty and perfectness of

this service was a something that might prove most soothing, elevating, and consoling to imaginative minds, who bring with them half they behold: even so far as to account partially for what ever seemed to me a great mystery—how any rational thinking being could ever be a Roman Catholic.

As quickly as possible—one service ending and the other beginning at nearly the same hour—we drove to a very different place of worship, the French Protestant Church, in the Rue de Provence. And here we made, ignorantly, the same mistake that one is prone to make in Scotland between the Established "Church" and the English "chapel"—our *cocher* persisted in taking us to an "*église*"—Catholic of course—so that it was with great difficulty we arrived at the "*chapelle*" at all. One could not help smiling at these verbal distinctions, which are yet so natural and even right. Probably Ireland is the only country in the world where by a curious and, I think, most unjust anomaly, the religious establishment of the minority enjoys the title and privileges of a "Church."

The *chapelle* in the Rue de Provence is not the original French Protestant Church, but a branch of it; which holds much the same relation to it that the Free or United Presbyterian churches do to the Established Church of Scotland. I believe the differences are merely on points of Church government. But there is a far wider breach now taking place—the secession headed by M. Coquerel the younger; which has caused as many heart-burnings and painful divisions, as ever did the disruption in Scotland; raising a spirit of religious animosity, that in so small a community must be painful in the extreme. Alas! when will good people learn that the "sword" which Christ Himself declared He came to send upon earth must be only the sword of the Spirit: pure, bright, and clean; strong and sharp, "to the dividing of joints and marrow"—as regards a man's own conscience, but never to be turned against the conscience of his brothers: never to be used in any human quarrel,

never to be dulled by any fleshly taint of selfish vanity, or personal wrong.

Nothing could be a greater contrast than the Catholic Church we had just left, and the Protestant one we now entered—where we found the service had just begun. It was plain, even to bareness: there was a scrupulous avoidance of every charm of colour and form. The building seemed all in straight lines; a mere room, simple as any Dissenting meeting-house, or one of those erections which one finds planted in some of the most picturesque points of Scotch braes and hill-sides, as if Nature loved to worship God in beauty, and man in ugliness. But no; I cannot say this church was absolutely ugly—only that it was simple even to severity.

It had neither altar nor pulpit, but the same sort of rostrum which one sees in Scotch Presbyterian churches, and on it stood the pastor—a mild, benevolent-looking man—in his ordinary dress—not unlike a Scotch Free Church minister. I noticed no precentor, but there must have been one, to lead the singing, which was going on at the time, the congregation *sitting* to sing, as they do in Scotland. And oh! the beauty of that hymn! What it was, I know not: but just such an one might have arisen in the night-time from Waldensian valleys, or some of those lovely nooks of Southern France where the Huguenots had their main stronghold.

“We English have a scornful insular way  
Of calling the French, light:”

So says Mrs. Browning in “Aurora Leigh,” and proceeds to deny the “lightness”—in which I once thought she was mistaken. I do not now. No one could look round that congregation, with its faces of men and women—noble, simple, lofty: quite peculiarly so, I thought—without feeling that, Frenchmen and Frenchwomen though they were, “light” was the very last epithet which could be fairly applied to them. We are prone to judge France solely by Paris, which is about as just as if we were to judge England—that is to say, the whole of the British Islands—by London. There is, in the various races

which make up the aggregate of the French people, an element of strength, firmness, sincerity, faithfulness—as grand as anything in our own nation. Probably it lurks deepest and comes out clearest amid the old Huguenot blood, and in those relics of the *ancienne noblesse* and the cultivated middle-class of provincial *propriétaires*, which have survived the Revolution—or, rather, the Revolutions.

They were somewhat different from a Catholic congregation—there was little of that *abandon* of religious fervour that one sees in many faces at a Catholic church; they were less absorbed, more critical: but still grave, decorous, critical, receptive—like an English or Scotch, but more especially a Scotch, congregation. And very like a Scotch sermon translated into French was the discourse into which after a short prayer, and a too short reading of Holy Scripture, the good pastor plunged.

Of that sermon what can I say? There was nothing remarkably original in it; but the delivery was simple, dignified, sincere; and though it was extempore, the matter seemed well considered, and the language perspicuous, elegant, and good. But I think we should have preferred a little shorter sermon, and a little longer reading of *le Saint Évangile*, which he did read, very beautifully, in his musical, solemn, tender French,—which at first seems impossible to that lively language, but, once familiarized with it, the gentle cadence of its “*Vous, Seigneur*” (the Deity is always addressed as “*Vous*”), its childlike grace and simplicity of phrase, especially in the New Testament, has a devotional charm which is quite peculiar, and never to be forgotten.

It was the same with the hymns. They were neither English nor Scotch psalm-tunes, nor German chorales: and, of course, they were utterly removed from anything in the Roman Catholic service; but they had a beauty of their own, which was delicious even immediately after Mozart’s grand mass. The last hymn especially, which was sung as the people were departing—for it was a Communion Sunday, and a few of



them, though not many, went out, the rest keeping their seats, just as in a Presbyterian church—and singing, sweetly and solemnly, that long-drawn out and infinitely pathetic sacramental hymn, the music of which rings in my heart at this minute.

No doubt, the Protestant Church of France has its weak points—what Church has not? and probably the weakest of them are its dawning divisions, and the fierce rancour they excite—of bigotry on the one side, and fierce, youthful revolt on the other. But we thought we could better understand old France, and look forward more hopefully to the future of modern France, after having worshipped with that little congregation in the Rue de Provence.

We came out into the bleak sunshine—oh, how bitter-bleak Paris sunshine can be!—and took an hour or two's wandering through the bright streets, where the people were gradually thickening. The city had put off its devotional, and put on its holiday face for the rest of the day. It evidently agreed with the birds, who, as some good Scotchman once rather regretfully observed, "went on singing just as if it wasn't Sunday." These good French folks—chiefly of the *bourgeoisie*, their wives, and daughters, loitered about, looking in at all the shop-windows that were open—which included nearly every one in the Rue de Rivoli—and I own I should like to have gone with a gendarme down the whole length of the street and closed them all, saying, "Rest, perturbed spirits; rest, if you can do no more." Then they hung in clusters round the doors of country-bound omnibuses in the square of the Palais-Royal, or went in little bands to the noble galleries of the Louvre, with all its stores of centuried learning, that he who runs may read—a source of Sabbath instruction and amusement which I for one should be very sorry to deny them.

It was more by chance than design that we fell in with our next service, perhaps the most curious of all. Entering a church to rest, we found it was St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois, notable in history as being the one from whose

tower had sounded the warning bell, the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The slaughter began there, and in the Palace of the Louvre just opposite, continuing all throughout Paris, till by morning the Seine ran red with blood.

A strange remembrance—and it all happened here, just here. No wonder at a certain firmness, nay hardness, in those grave Protestant faces worshipping in the Rue de Provence. One could imagine what their ancestors and ancestresses' faces must have been; one can understand the maddened despair, capable of any courage, any fury, of these husbandless wives and childless mothers, and how they would develop into those stern, rigid Puritan women, who have left their remembrances stamped vividly even upon the present generation. Solemn, strange, and yet grand would be a life of which the key-note was "My husband," or "My father, was *murdered*." This is the difference between modern France and England. Our tragedies, political and religious, mostly lie far back in the past, dim as old romance; theirs are scarce a generation removed from the daily present. The veil between is so thin that they feel as if the past might at any time become the present.

St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois is a very beautiful church; brighter and *younger* looking, so to speak, than Saint-Roch, without having the unpleasant modernness and pseudo-classicality of the Madeleine. The painted glass is fine, and the high altar has less than the average of foolish frippery about it. There is the usual broad, circumferent walk, interspersed with the usual number of quaint little chapels. In several of these was going on a sort of Sunday-school—different classes of boys and girls standing, with grave little faces, to be catechised by some priest, generally a young man, who seemed to take much pains with them, and to whom they were very attentive.

Suddenly, high up in the tower outside, began to sound—not the awful tocsin of St. Bartholomew, and yet it might have been the self-same bell—I knew not. Now, however, it rang out

with a steady monotone,—a common church bell. I asked my neighbour, a decent-looking *bonne*, what it was ringing for? "*Les Vêpres*," said she, briefly and severely. This, then, was the immemorial "vesper-bell," though most unpoetically ringing at three in the afternoon. However, we thought we would remain and see what there was to be seen.

Gradually, there collected in front of the high altar a moderate congregation, chiefly composed of women; and, when the bell ceased, there came filing in a line of priests richly vested, and another line of little boys, whose dress, I think, was of scarlet and white, but I do not clearly remember.

Vespers is, I conclude, a litany rather than a mass; for many of the congregation joined in it out of their prayer-book, and it seemed to be in French, not Latin. It was a beautiful service in its way, or would have been but for the ludicrous effect produced by two young priests, who kept marching slowly up and down, reading their breviaries, within the chancel, stopping at every third turn to seat themselves solemnly on two high stools, over and outside which they carefully disposed their robes, said a prayer or two, then got up again and renewed their walk. What it all meant I have not the slightest idea, but the result was comical to a degree,—especially the feminine care in the arrangement of the violet velvet. This, and the singing, went on for about an hour; then the priests marched in single file out of the chancel, and as they passed we noticed them sharply.

I must confess, these magnificent robes are not surmounted by the noblest faces in the world. The Catholic priesthood do not, as a body, look like men of intellect or refinement. Here and there I have seen some fine, benevolent heads—quite apostle-like—but, in the main, they are coarse and common, evidently taken from the lower classes, and educated only to a certain point; the point beyond which a human being ceases to be a mere machine, thinks spontaneous thoughts,

and indulges in original acts, which might be rather inconvenient in a system of such total self-repression as the Catholic Church. These men, principally old men, were not different from their brethren: they had all the air of devoutness; but it was a dull, stolid, not to say stupid air, implying superstition rather than faith, and the lazy following of others' opinions rather than that daring, wide-eyed search after truth for truth's own sake, which is the only thing which makes a religious man a true priest.

After they had passed and settled themselves in a long row opposite the pulpit, the congregation also turned their chairs round so as to face the same way: more hearers gathered, until inside and outside of the middle enclosure there was hardly standing-room. We looked intently towards the pulpit, where suddenly appeared a man in a monk's dress. We had come in for one of those Lenten sermons, with which the Catholic Church is careful to provide her devotees during the Fast. That this was a very popular *prédicateur*, the eagerness of the crowded congregation plainly showed. Who he was we knew not, but he was a man of about fifty, with a keen, mobile face, rather roughly cut,—a little "under-bred," one might have said, had one met him in ordinary life; but of his intelligence there could be no doubt.

He waited till the mass of people had settled and hushed itself into attention, then he rose, and with a few preliminary bowings and crossings, began his sermon in a low, measured voice, gradually advancing into distinctness, power, and passion, till it rang through the whole church, where, as the phrase is, "you might have heard a pin fall."

Alas! it is only too few sermons that one can remember; I shall long remember this one, Catholic though it was. There was not a sentence in it to which a good Protestant might not have listened with advantage. Its subject was "*La Parole de Dieu*,"—I cannot call to mind the exact text; indeed, I rather think it began without any text, but this was the theme of it: *la Parole de Dieu*, as heard by man through-

out life, consciously or not; in nature, in human affections, in devotions, in all the events and crises of existence. In short, the Voice of God to man, for ever calling, calling.

The preacher began by a picture of the dawn of life,—the child in the cradle, *la Parole de Dieu* only speaking to it through the lips of parents. He described with a tender vividness, that was strange to hear from him—poor celibate!—the happiness of father and mother bending over their first-born, and all the after-scenes of family bliss; then traced the boy through youth and manhood, *la Parole de Dieu* still speaking to him under all manner of forms, and in every conceivable circumstance; forcing him at last to hear: because God is his Father, and the Father will not let go His child.

“But,” continued the preacher, suddenly changing into the personal, and bursting into something very like eloquence—French eloquence, it must be remembered—with abundance of gesture, with an impetuosity of delivery, that in an English pulpit would be called theatrical; and yet it never degenerated into mere acting. “But, how am I to know that God is my Father? How can His infinite greatness care for my infinite littleness? I am an atom, less than an atom, in the sight of my Creator, and the Creator of the universe. When I gaze abroad on Nature”—here he burst into gorgeous descriptions of the wonders in the heavens and earth, and under the earth,—“how we can look at these, and yet know that the Maker of them all is our Father.

“Know it? I do *not* know it. I know nothing, and attempt to know nothing. But I feel it *here*,”—and he struck his breast with a violence plainly audible, and that cynics would certainly have called clap-trap; but I cannot think it was. I cannot believe but that there was some reality in the passionate pathos of the man’s voice, as he kept repeating over and over again, those words which, if we once doubt, all life becomes a dead, hopeless blank—“*Dieu est mon Père—mon Père. Il m’aime, je crois qu’il m’aime.* And why?

Because I feel it here. I feel that I love Him, and I could not love Him unless He had loved me first. *Il est mon Père—mon Père.*

“And, once sure of that,” he went on, “I am sure of everything. You count me unhappy? I am the happiest man alive! You pity me as lonely? I am for ever in the presence of my Father. You think me without guidance? He leads me continually by His hand. For, *Dieu est mon Père; Dieu m’aime, il m’aime toujours.*”

This was the burthen of the sermon throughout. It entered upon no doctrinal questions; scarcely even laid down any moral laws; it carried the hearers quite out of the region of controversy into that high mountain air of Truth, which is Love. From that clear height, many diverse creeds might look almost identical—God knows! But whatsoever one might doubt or differ on, the man had struck a key-note, sharp and strong, which there could be no doubt about: the Fatherhood of God, once recognised, solves all perplexities, and makes the riddle of life clear and plain. It was good to hear it thus preached—even from a Roman Catholic pulpit.

Thus ended, with a peaceful, harmonious ending, our strange, contradictory, and yet most solemn Paris Sunday. We never heard who the preacher was; good and true words being said, it matters little who says them. But his words made us come out of church, that terrible blood-stained church of St.-Germain-l’Auxerrois, with a wonderfully calm and happy feeling; sure that, after all, *la Parole de Dieu* is “sharper than a two-edged sword;” the sharpest and strongest thing in all this world. Also, that if, indeed, *Dieu est mon Père*, He will eventually make everything clear and straight; reconciling all things and all men to Himself. And, over the whirl and noise of Paris—this wonderful, dreadful, and yet pathetic city, which seems to chatter about Him so much, and to believe in Him so little—there sounded, wild as Jonah’s voice in Nineveh, and sweet as a diviner voice in the streets of Jerusalem, the preacher’s cry, “*Dieu est mon Père.*”

## FARADAY, A DISCOVERER.

BY J. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

THIS welcome little volume contains three portraits—Faraday the Philosopher, Faraday the Man, Faraday the Christian. The portraits are drawn with a firm and clear hand, in a gentle and loving spirit, under the guidance of a deep insight. Men of science who clustered round Faraday's home in Albemarle Street will be pleased that the portrait of their distinguished chief has been trusted to the hands of one of the most eminent among themselves, whom Faraday selected as his associate and successor. The members of the much wider circle whose lives were illuminated by the rays of truth which beamed on them from that luminous fane of science, where young and old, ignorant and skilled, were through so many years equally charmed, elevated and instructed, will be grateful that the character, the labours, and the teachings of their master are herein transmitted to them by a fellow-pupil, who neither in admiration nor affection falls short of their own. They will all give Professor Tyndall's work a warm welcome.

It has been said of many distinguished men, that the world owes much more to their indirect influence than to their direct personal action. Of Faraday it may be said that many were led to love science because they first loved Faraday. His influence was truly magnetic: it transfused others with his own energy, and gave them his strong tendency to find out and follow up the slenderest indications of hidden truth, until they were dragged out of darkness into the full blaze of established science. During the thirty years of his active life, he surrounded himself with the lovers of truth; it was his happiness to discover young men of science, to make their merits known through the Royal Institution to the world of English

science, and to help them with words of kindly interest and genial encouragement to persevere in the worship and study of nature. It may be said of Faraday that he was not merely a philosopher himself, but a maker of philosophers. He was a great apostle of the faith that

"Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her;"

and many were his converts.

We are all deeply indebted to Professor Tyndall for the solicitude with which he has endeavoured to convey a right appreciation of Faraday's character, a clear understanding of the nature of his work, and a just measure of the value of his discoveries; it will be hard for us in a few pages to convey a true impression of what he has done in the three fields of this biography.

In order to appreciate "Faraday as a Discoverer" it is necessary almost to live backwards the last thirty years of science; he has taught us so much that we can scarcely fancy how ignorant we were when he began. Caloric was a substance filling up the little pores left between the solid particles of material bodies, and wedging them asunder or expanding them when poured in, and when again it was squeezed out they collapsed. Light was a thing emanating from luminous centres, striking against obstacles, and thrown back from smooth surfaces, as a ball is reflected from the wall of a racket-court. Electricity was another fluid, or sometimes a couple of fluids, of opposite sorts—one resinous and the other vitreous; and jars were filled with the one and emptied of the other by dexterous processes of mere manipulation. Magnetism was a mere special peculiarity or eccentricity of a few sorts of matter, which were able to

infect some other kinds of matter by rubbing, or long cohabitation; and, instead of being a law of general condition, might be called a monomania, with which certain kinds of matter were possessed. It was this unknown world of physical insanities that formed the region of Faraday's discoveries and conquests. He first illuminated this dark region by the radiance of his luminiferous imagination; he next attacked it with strong batteries of well-organized experiment; and, having thus forced an entrance and established a sure footing, he never rested until he had put the whole province of chaos by logical method into order, harmony, and obedience to law.

In order to understand and appreciate what Faraday has done for our time and the time to follow, it will be necessary to take a somewhat wide view of the world of modern science. Two broad continents of thought have been discovered and fully occupied by modern philosophy. The natural philosopher may be said to have conquered completely the realm of physics, and the chemical philosopher has made nearly as complete a conquest of the realm of chemistry. The natural philosopher finds that the great law of gravitation rules the phenomena of the material universe: armed with the weapons of mathematics, master of the sciences of form, quantity and number, he finds nowhere on the earth's surface a single particle of matter the motion and general behaviour of which under all known circumstances he cannot predict. The path of a cannon-ball through the air, of a steamship through the ocean, of a railway train across a chasm, are illustrations at once of the predictions of pure physical science and of the rewards conferred upon those who believe in it with a faith so implicit as to induce them to adopt the principles of science into the ventures of practical life.

The triumphs of the modern mechanical arts are therefore the triumphs of modern physical science; and as facts of daily life they proclaim the universality of her laws. But these physical

laws have been found to bear rule, equally inflexible and equally intelligible, in the phenomena of other worlds as in those of our own. Terrestrial physics and celestial physics differ in no single respect except in the scale of their operations. The pendulum swinging in the time-piece, the tide swinging round the earth, the earth swinging round the sun, and the sun sweeping through the circle of the fixed stars, are all phenomena which differ only in the largeness of the figures required to express them; the adequate conception and expression of one of them is equally the adequate conception and expression of all the others: a single particle of water in a sea-wave is a revolving planet, and in the infinity of the shining sands of the heavens we see but the regular motions of the atoms of the ocean of universal matter.

In physical science, therefore, all matter is one, and all matter is of one sort, and obeys but one law. Form, quantity, and number are the conditions which regulate the development and express the phases of that law, but in the visible phenomena of the material world we find infinite variety, which at first sight seems destructive of this unity and universality. The behaviour of liquids and the behaviour of solids seem not only different, but contrary: the solid body not only has a definite shape, but preserves that shape, and resists with might and main any attempt to interfere with its form, its place, or its attitude. Another body, like quicksilver or water, runs, flows, can hardly be kept still save by the interference of controlling force. Who can say, then, there is resemblance or unity in the phenomena of running liquids and resisting solids? There is another class of bodies,—the air we breathe, the airs that suffocate, the hurricane that rouses the storm. Who will say that airs are like liquids, that the wind which blows is like the wave it rouses, that the breath of the zephyr is of the same matter as the leaves of the trees it causes to vibrate? Nevertheless, the oscillations of the storm in the air are the same as the oscillations

of the wave it rouses, and the vibrations of the aspen leaf are modulated by the same law which propagates the gentle zephyr from place to place. The same cause working through the same means in the same way works out all these varying phenomena.

Thus then there is one vast region of our knowledge, the domain of physical science, where we have been able to determine that intelligence, order, and law reign undisputed and universal.

But there is another region equally vast—the domain of chemical science, which was at the beginning of this century the contrary of all this: where knowledge was ignorance, where universal difference reigned instead of sameness, and where still to a vast extent the unknown may be said to predominate. Of chemistry the great characteristic is that no one piece of matter is like any other piece of matter, that the things which surround us are all intrinsically different, that the matter of which a vegetable is made is not the same as that of which a crystal is made, and that, instead of there being one sort of matter following one universal law, there are thousands of sorts of matters following hundreds of different laws: so that, under exactly the same circumstances and under precisely identical influences, this piece of matter will exhibit one set of phenomena, and that quite another or even contrary set of phenomena. The very essence of chemistry then is that matter is of infinite variety, that the laws it obeys are as various as the classes of matter they govern, and that prediction about matter is impossible until we have first settled the class of body to which it belongs. The chemist makes it his business to subdivide infinitely the sorts of matter of the world, and to determine by actual experiment in detail the distinctions and differences of every variety. "Nature is one," says the physical philosopher; "Nature is multitudinous," says the chemical philosopher. "Everything is alike," says the one; "Everything is different," says the other. "All obey the same law," says the physicist; "Each

class has a law for its kind," says the chemist: "In the same conditions all will do the same thing;" "In the same conditions each will do a different thing." Happy for the world that these two philosophies exist, and not one only. Had the natural philosopher only lived, we should soon have got to the end of nature knowledge; had the chemical philosopher only lived, we should never have begun it.

Thus, to common sense and reason, the region of physical science and the region of chemical science are worlds irreconcilable; and, but for the aid of a few philosophers of broad views and deep thought, the whole world might have remained in two antagonistic divisions. Such men were Dalton and Faraday. These champions of the unity of nature brought into the domain of philosophic discovery that deep innate conviction which is at the root of true philosophy—that all truth is but one, and that all nature is the offspring of concordant, not discordant, thought. These men refused to believe that the laws of chemistry were exceptions to the laws of physics—that one law extended from the remotest regions of space down to the surface of the earth, and yet that, when we went into the inside, into the matter of the earth, we should find that what is true for the outside is false for the inside. They persisted in believing, and in making good their belief, that in nature there is no scale of great and little; that between the particles of a ball of clay there may be as much vacant space as between bodies of a planetary system, measuring in both cases the space and the absolute matter, not by the same fixed measure, but by the actual proportions which these bear to one another. On the outside of us, the telescope has realized the enormous distances which part planet from planet and star from star, but it has not yet been able to penetrate those vaster distances which seem to create in infinite space starry pavements out of golden sand. In like manner the microscope has penetrated into the hidden recesses of seemingly

solid lumps of matter, and has revealed to us that the apparently solid lump of wood or stone has within it wide open spaces, of far larger area than the part of the substance which seems to be composed of solid matter. Thus we have been led to the conviction that in the minutest particle of iron or sand there intervene large spaces of vacant room to which the hard matter, as it seems from the outside, is but a crust, a shell, or an open network. Thus the twofold irreconcilability of nature without and nature within disappears under the strong will aided by the strong intellect that refuse to recognise in universal nature contraries or opposites.

Dalton's great doctrine was this : The opposites you seem to see in matter are seeming, but not real : the changes of alchemy under which new matter seems to grow or to dissolve, under which new substances seem to be created out of nothing, are but the play of colour and seeming, and the change in the outside of things. Chemistry makes no new thing—dissolves no old one; the atoms are always there, always the same, and only by you re-arranged. When out of two gases you seem to make one different from both, the new gas is but the sum of the atoms of the old, and if you will apply the common test of gravity to all, you will find that all the atoms of the one added to all the atoms of the other make up the same sum as before; and although the two may not occupy more space than one of them did before, you will find that the atoms of the one have entered into the spaces between the other, and that the new substance consists of a body of the same bulk as the old, but holding the substantial particles of the two. But sometimes the transformation is even greater in appearance, though in reality the same. A substance twice the bulk of another may have its particles poured into the vacant spaces of that other, and there in each vacant space a pair of new particles will lodge in the chamber along with its original tenant, and so there will be three tenants for the original

space; in that case the substance which seems a new one is merely the addition of two atoms of one to each atom of the other; and this "three-atomic substance" will testify to the presence of the additional matter by the fact that the weight in the same bulk is three times the previous weight.

That new qualities should grow out of such strange combinations, and that the eye, ear, and hand should no longer be able to tell that there remains in the new substance any of the old elements, is not at all wonderful to him who has tried to conceive how infinitely small the atoms themselves which compose matter must be. He who tries to draw a hundred lines in the space of an inch finds it hard to do, and hard to distinguish when done. When a thousand lines have been drawn in an inch, only a powerful microscope reveals their existence, but when each of these is again divided into a thousand, and the result is expressed by the word millionth of an inch, the division has already passed too far to be distinguished by the senses or conceived by the mind. Now, as far as the substance of things is concerned, we have reason to believe that the atoms of matter are far minuter than would be expressed by millions and billions and trillions, as divisions of an inch, and the words convey as little meaning to our minds as the proceeding to our senses. Nevertheless, there the atoms are, and there they can be recognised by the inevitable test of weight; and, long after they have vanished from our senses, Dalton has proved that, when the atoms of one substance take kindly to the atoms of another, they receive each other into their new home, they distribute the new guests symmetrically each into their respective chambers; that when the distribution is completed, nothing is permitted to disturb the symmetry of the arrangements, and the superfluous guests are summarily ejected. Even in these hidden recesses Dalton found nature true to symmetry, proportion, and weight; rigid in system, unbending in law, and thus the atomic theory became for chemistry

in the hidden recesses of nature what gravity had become for astronomy in the gigantic scale of the celestial universe.

By creating the science of atomic chemistry, Dalton achieved two things. He gave to chemistry rank as an exact science, but in so doing he deprived her of originality and creative power. She no longer makes new substances; she merely compounds, adds, distributes, separates atoms of old ones; and the question arose in the minds of philosophers whether the substances which chemistry calls different are substantially different, or only seem so. Are the half hundred substances which it calls metals really so many different kinds of matter, independent creations so radically distinct in nature that no one of them could be formed out of the matter of any one of the others, nor out of the atoms of two, three, or more, in any possible combination? If so, then matter is not one, but multitudinous, and to create a world it would be necessary to find not one matter merely, but some fifty different matters. Then there are a dozen non-metallic elements: are these in substance radically distinct from each other and from the metals, both in their essence and the laws they obey? If there be really sixty distinct substances, there may be also sixty distinct laws of nature, one for each substance, and the possibility of grasping chemistry by the human mind, of rendering it a thing reasonable and capable of being understood, is hopeless, and it will remain a sort of natural history, and never take rank as an exact science.

Happily for chemistry and for science, a large field of discovery has been growing in extent, has been rescued from the region of empiricism and added to that of exact science by the investigations of the last thirty years. A large domain of chemistry may be said to have been conquered from chemistry and annexed to natural philosophy by recent discovery, or, to put it another way, the chemists have become to a large extent students of physical laws, and have contributed jointly with the physicists to create the region of exact science known by the

name of physical chemistry or chemical physics. It comprehends a wide space of ground common to both sciences, and a large portion of this new domain is due to the genius of Faraday, and has entitled him justly to this memorial inscription written by Tyndall, to which the philosophers of Europe will subscribe their names—**FARADAY A DISCOVERER.**

The region of Faraday's discoveries, which entitle him to the gratitude of the human race, is mainly that mid-region between exact physical science and empirical chemistry. His great theorem is this: The things which seem so different are the same under different aspects; and the forces of matter which seem so opposite are but the same forces acting under different conditions; one matter, one force, one law, in infinite variety of development. When Faraday first enlisted under Davy, in the Royal Institution, he found him engaged in effacing from received chemistry many of those varieties of matter which were then deemed different substances. The earths he had reduced to metals, and the metals to earths. Liquids he changed into solids, solids into liquids, liquids into gases, and gases into both liquids and solids. Thus a great region was reduced to law and order, and established as a domain of chemical physics. Liquids, gases, and solids no longer existed as separate substances; they were solids in the liquid state, liquids in the solid state, gases condensed into liquids, and liquids frozen or squeezed into solids. On this field Faraday entered heartily, and an account of his investigations was sent as early as 1823 to the Royal Society, and were continued up to the date of his second account in 1844. Although there remain to this day unsubdued liquids, solids, and gases, resisting the efforts made to change them into the other conditions, they are regarded as refractory exceptions, one day to be conquered; and the faith of philosophers is, that every liquid has its gas, every solid its liquid, and every gas its solid form. The same atoms spread out into



an expanded sphere in the one case, are condensed in the other within a range which permits free motion at a fixed distance; and in the third are pressed into a closer range, where free motion is hindered by molecular forces that give fixed form.

The next range of inquiry upon which Faraday entered in this province of chemical physics was into the nature of those internal forces which regulate the distance of particles from one another, and give fixity to the attitude of each atom to its neighbours, and those forces which determine the symmetrical distribution of these atoms, and the conditions of their mutual action. What is the power which sends the particles of gas away from each other? What is the power which impels them to rush back into each other's arms? What law guides them to fall into rank and file, and range themselves round each other in hollow squares or hollow triangles? Why does each assume one attitude to its neighbour rather than another? and why, at certain instants of time, will a whole mass of atoms suddenly change front and form line anew? These were the laws and motives of the evolutions of atoms and matter which Faraday determined to discover; but, for the purpose of their discovery, his strong spirit had to sustain a struggle so severe that the labour of wrenching these secrets from nature at last wore out a constitution of great original strength. The history of this struggle is long and interesting, and is given by Professor Tyndall in his interesting memoir.

The first inquiry as to the nature of those forces which keep the particles of matter at a distance from one another led Faraday into researches on the nature of heat; and it is scarcely necessary to say that on the threshold of this investigation heat as a substance disappears. Gravity is not a substance, tying together the planets of a system as did the crystal spheres of the ancients. Centrifugal force is not a substance, though it keeps the planets from falling into the sun, and the moon from falling

on to the earth; nevertheless the centrifugal force of the solar system is as strong and real as the centripetal force of gravity, else the solar system and all its worlds would collapse. Just in the same way, between the minute atoms of a portion of gas, of liquid, or of solid, there act forces which keep the atoms apart, which draw them close, which keep them in place; and these forces fix the bulk of the form, and sway the masses of the matter with perfect freedom from contact, but with the same vigour of power which gives to the solar system permanence and shape. Heat, then, is not matter, said Faraday, it is physical force, it is mechanical power, it is motion; he might have said, it is the living soul of dead matter. Heat sustains the particles at a distance; and what we call the elasticity of matter is only the force or heat tending to keep them in their place, or restore them to it when a greater force from the outside has made a change. To heat a substance is merely to give greater motion to its particles; to cool it is to take motion from them; to give them this motion, motion must be taken from some other particles; to diminish heat motion must be taken from the particles and given to some other particles. Heat, then, is but hidden force or hoarded force; it is capable of rapid transfer out of one body into another, just as motion is rapidly transferred out of one billiard-ball into another. Billiard-balls don't change matter when they exchange motions; the moved ball is charged, the one which hit it is discharged, and brought to rest. The particles of a hot body are charged with motion, the particles of a cold body are charged with less motion, press the two together, and the particles clash like the ivory balls—one takes motion, one parts with it; motions are taken and parted with until atoms share and share alike. Heat, then, is motion held, stored, imparted, given out; and dead matter within is alive with heat.

But if heat hold particles at a distance, fix their orbits, and give them

definite motion, it does not follow that it fixes the attitude of a particle as well as its place. Faraday proved that each particle has its attitude: just as the moon chooses always to turn one side to the earth, and always hides the other from us, so do the atoms of every minute material system maintain fixed attitudes to one another. He studied the attitudes of those atoms with careful minuteness: he at last so mastered them that he could make them change at his bidding from one attitude into another, and in the end he found that in every kind of matter particles have a preference for one attitude and a repugnance for another, and that the seeming difference of one substance from another may be merely the difference of the attitude which the atom assumes in one combination, from that which it assumes in another. Polarity of atoms is a phrase commonly used to indicate this peculiarity of attitude.

The magnetic needle which points to the north pole is a beautiful instance of the preference of a particle for an attitude. Faraday proved that this preference is catching—he showed that magnetic force is neither peculiar to one substance nor a speciality of the poles of the earth. Every atom of matter, like the earth itself, may have its north and its south pole, and may tend to incline its head to the north and its feet to the south, or in some other favourite direction. Magnetic influence is no peculiarity of iron or steel—all matter is magnetic—all particles of matter are individual magnets.

Magnetism in science is therefore no longer a thing or a quality, it is a pervading influence, it is an ordinary influence, it marshals particles, — biases them, and changes or fixes their attitude without changing their place. It faces them round to the north or south, to the east or west, and makes them stand on their head or their heels. Magnetism is the orderly force of matter.

But Faraday did more than discover the universality of the magnetic force; he turned it to use, and made it analyse matter. The happy thought occurred

to him that he could use the ordering power of magnetism to separate particles of different kinds of matter which had become united together under one form. In the form of water, for example, he knew that there were two sets of particles, hydrogen and oxygen: he believed that these two ranks of particles were ranged side by side, but in different attitudes, one fronting one way, the other fronting the opposite way; he poured into the substance of this compound body a powerful magnetic stream, sufficiently strong to release them from the attractive bond, and enable them to fly asunder; his anticipation was realized—all the particles of oxygen flew out at one end, and all the particles of hydrogen chose the opposite way out.

In the identification of magnetic influence with the electricity of the voltaic pile, and with the dry electricity of the common electric machine, Faraday played a great part, and the place which electrical influence now holds as a physical agent and faithful servant of the human race arose much out of his discoveries. But his thoughts were turned more to the elucidation of the laws of nature than to the modes of controlling these laws for human convenience. He threw broadcast pregnant seeds of truth into the minds of men ready to cultivate them for human profit. It was enough for him when he fathomed the secrets of nature, and dragged out of the recesses of matter a divine and luminous thought. That men should use these hidden forces as instruments of thought and knowledge, and make an iron wire 4,000 miles long, the vehicle by which a human thought should be propelled in the form of a magnetic wave through a space equal to the radius of the earth, in a single oscillation lasting only a few seconds of time, is one of those marvels of science which no daily familiarity can render less seemingly impossible. But it is not the matter of the wire which carries the thought, it is the ordering influence of the magnetic power which changes the attitude of the particles at

the one end into conformity with the change of front effected at the other end, just as we can imagine a change of front produced along a line of soldiers successively by a word of command given at one extremity.

We believe it was the flood of light let in on Faraday's mind by these revelations of truth, that gave to the end of his life that afterglow which hallowed his declining years. He had ceased to work and act, and even to speak, but he had not ceased to see down deep into the very heart of things. Faraday died as he lived, philosopher and Christian, a proof that those who blame philosophy as hostile to religion know not the deep principles they censure. How could a man be otherwise than religious, who at every step he penetrated beyond other men found himself brought more closely face to face with the manifestations of mind constructed like his own—with aim and purpose intelligible to him—employing ways and means clearly tending to an end, and methodically following out a system which he could both conceive and grasp? Such a man's whole life is one act of reverence to the Supreme Being in whose inner presence he finds himself continually illuminated and strengthened; and if there be revelation of divine things on earth, it is when the hidden secrets of nature are disclosed to the sincere and self-denying seeker of truth.

It is impossible to close Professor Tyndall's memoir without putting a question to ourselves as Englishmen. Do we as a nation appreciate and honour, during their lives, those great men who illuminate our minds, do honour to our

race, and place in our hands the keys of such mysteries in nature, as enable us to wield sources of gigantic power and national wealth? Faraday was one of a small band who added to our scientific knowledge a whole continent of truth, who have done for the future peace and wealth of the nation more than conquerors of kingdoms, or heroes of battlefields. Have we as a nation recognised these benefits, and done ourselves the honour of showing that we were worthy to appreciate as well as enjoy the free gifts which his genius conferred on us? I fear it must be confessed that we have not. It is not our wont to care for, consider, or secure the well-being of those who, in advancing the interests of the nation, do not take care at the same time to secure their own individual wealth. While earning countless wealth for the nation, Faraday's own income seems never, but in one year, to have exceeded the modest bounds of 300*l*. On that noble testimony of a nation's gratitude we left him to live and die.

In concluding this notice, it is necessary to guard against an injustice which, in the desire for shortness, I may seem to have been betrayed into. In going over the wide field of discovery in which Faraday worked, I did not stop to distinguish between those parts of the work which he did alone and unaided, and those in which distinguished men co-operated with or preceded him: but in justice I must add that he was one of a band of heroes whose names are to be found duly recorded in their proper places in Professor Tyndall's book, and whom it is probable we shall only begin to honour after their death.

“RECOLLECTIONS OF PHILARET.”

*To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.*

SIR,—I have received from one of my Russian friends at Moscow the following correction of the curious story which was contained in my brief account of the venerable Metropolitan Philaret, relating to the insult received from the Governor of a provincial city, and his patient and magnanimous conduct in regard to it.

The story was told to me by a Russian whose authority I had no reason to doubt; but, though I am sorry to part with an anecdote so creditable to the Metropolitan, it is only due to the Governor—whose name happily, if I ever heard, I have entirely forgotten—to publish the contradiction conveyed in the accompanying statement.

A. P. S.

“Moscow, 17 (29) April, 1868.

“I can assure you, upon the best authorities, that never, during the whole life of the Metropolitan Philaret, did there occur anything of the kind. Having been nominated, as you mention it, to three bishoprics in succession before his accession to the see of Moscow, he only resided in one, that of Twer, for a year and a half, and was transferred to Moscow quite naturally, as having drawn upon himself, by his extraordinary abilities, the attention of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. Neither would such an anecdote be characteristic of the position of the Russian clergy towards civil society. Our bishops are treated with a marked deference by all civil authorities, and the Emperor himself in greeting a bishop kisses his hand, receiving the same kiss in return. At a Governor's

table the bishop has always *la place d'honneur*, and a functionary who would dare to use such a violence towards a bishop as that described in your ‘Recollections’ ought to be considered as a madman. In fact, there have been instances of bishops having received blows either from fanatical sectarians (one of them even murdered the Metropolitan<sup>1</sup> at the time of the plague of 1772) or from dissatisfied subordinates, as has been the case some years ago, when the Archbishop of Riazan was struck by an inferior monk, who pretended to have been ill-used by him. On that occasion, the Metropolitan Philaret wrote him a letter, where he says, *entre autres*, that ‘a blow from an ass, according to the saying of an ancient philosopher, is not to be wondered at.’”

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop Ambrose. See “Lectures on the Eastern Church,” p. 409.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1868.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

BY CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, AND GEOGRAPHER TO THE EXPEDITION.

### III.

#### THE FALL OF MAGDALA, AND DEATH OF KING TEÓDOROS.

THE operations of the Abyssinian Expedition occupied three nearly equal periods. The first extended from the beginning of October to the landing of the Commander-in-Chief in the first days of January, during which General Merewether and his colleagues were occupied in selecting a port, effecting a landing, exploring the passes, and establishing an advanced brigade on the highlands. The second period extended from the landing of Sir Robert Napier in the first days of January to the 12th of March, when he advanced from Antalo; and the third includes the march to Magdala, the completion of the work, and the return march to the coast. It is in this third period that all the principal events of the campaign took place, and round it, therefore, the main interest of the narrative centres.

The work to be done was certainly most exceptional in its character, and required very different qualities from those which are generally required from officers engaged in active operations. A

march of upwards of 350 miles over mountainous country, where indeed the difficulties of the road were most formidable, but where the population would be friendly, and the supplies and means of transport abundant, so long as sound judgment and temper were exercised on the side of the invaders, called for a rare combination of prudence and energy in its conduct.

The road from Antalo to Magdala passes over a succession of lofty ranges of mountains of volcanic origin to the deep bed of the Täckázie river near its source, and then across the plateaux of Wadela and Talanta, crossing the profound ravines of the Jita and Beshilo. The region was, for all practical purposes, entirely unknown, and it was essential that some one should be sent on ahead of the force to explore it, report upon the nature of the roads, see the native chiefs, and secure their assistance, or at least friendly neutrality. The service was one of considerable trust and some danger, and required qualifications which were not easily to be found combined in one person. Fortunately in M. Munzinger, our Consul at Massowa, and General Merewether's assistant throughout the whole course of the Abyssinian difficulty, from its com-

mencement in 1864, the requisite qualifications were to be found. A man of great simplicity and singleness of mind, he was devoted to the cause, and ready to make any sacrifice or run any risk to secure its success. Intimately acquainted with native politics and with the dispositions of the various chiefs, his manner was admirably adapted to win their confidence, while his address and self-possession commanded their respect. He speaks the language well, and his knowledge of it is not a mere smattering picked up during a short residence in the country, but a knowledge acquired by long intercourse with the people, and ripened by study. Finally, M. Munzinger is a born geographer, with a quick eye for a country, and an accurate and painstaking observer. The expedition was certainly most fortunate in securing the services of so accomplished a pioneer. He started from Antalo on the 1st of March, and made a rapid journey to the camp of Gobazie's general near the Täckäzie, sending back careful daily itineraries of the road. His presence with the army of Teôdoros's enemy was in itself a matter of the first importance. He advanced with it to the Talanta plateau, and continued to collect valuable information respecting the fortress of Magdala, and to exercise a very beneficial influence on the powerful chiefs with whom he came in contact.

On the 12th of March the first brigade marched from Antalo, the second following a march or two in rear, with elephants carrying four 12-pounder Armstrong guns and two mortars. Colonel Phayre, the Quartermaster-General, was one or two marches in front, to lead the way and report on the roads; while to Major Grant, C.B. and Captain Moore were intrusted the responsible duty of opening markets and inviting supplies from the natives, so that confidence might be fully established amongst them before the arrival of the main column. Thus commenced in good earnest at last, the march of the British force to Magdala.

The territory of Dejatch Kâsa, the

Tigré chief, ends at Antalo, and the whole of the Amhara country to the south is in possession of Dejatch Gobazie, King Teôdoros's most formidable opponent. The mother of Gobazie is a sister of Dejatch Mashsha, the hereditary ruler of Lasta, and she married secondly the Dejatch Waldo Kiros, Chief of Wadela. Through her influence both these powerful nobles gave in their adherence to Gobazie, and, at the period of the British advance on Magdala, Mashsha, with a large body of cavalry, was watching the movements of Teôdoros, while Gobazie himself was overrunning the Begemeder and other provinces near the Great Lake, occupying Debra Tabor, and advancing against Tirso Gobazie, one of his rivals, who had got possession of Gondar, and the provinces of Walkeit and Tchelga. Gobazie, looking upon himself as the sovereign of all the Amharic country, has dropped the title of Waag-shum, which he has conferred on his brother Biru. South of the Antalo plain lies the province of Wodgerat, ruled by a chief named Dejatch Waldo Yasoos, whose country lies between the territories of the two great rivals, Kâsa and Gobazie. This petty tyrant is a trimmer, first trying to please one side and then the other — a cowardly, vacillating, specimen of an Abyssinian chief, but not an uncommon type of that genus. Faithful to Teôdoros until his power began to wane, he assisted in the rise of Kâsa, and afterwards, when he thought that Gobazie was likely to be more successful, he again shifted his allegiance.

When the British troops advanced from the plain of Antalo, they encamped on the first night within Wodgerat, the territory of this Waldo Yasoos; and on the following day the march led over a lofty saddle, 9,700 feet above the sea, flanked by the almost inaccessible peak of Alaji. The men had a long march of fifteen miles, first along the lovely vale of Beat Mayra, where the noisy stream, shaded by lofty trees, irrigates a succession of barley crops grown on terraces; and then up the long weary

ascent of Alaji, and down the other side into the valley of Atala. The road was steep and stony, but the mountain sides are clothed with juniper trees, gigantic thistles, wild roses, and jasmine. The peak or *amba* of Alaji, the stronghold of Waldo Yasoos, is 800 feet above the crest of the pass, and terminates in a steep grassy cone, with perpendicular precipices just below. Here, on a rocky shelf, are a few houses with thatched roofs, whence the trimming chief of Wodgerat flatters himself that he can look down, and change sides at his pleasure. It was late in the night before the weary troops reached their camp in the valley of Atala, so late indeed that a halt was necessary on the following day, and the second brigade divided the distance into two marches. Waldo Yasoos came down from his eyrie on March 16th, to meet Sir Robert Napier, and, while expressing fear of being attacked by Kása, he made some vague promises with reference to supplies, which he had little intention of keeping.

The next march, from Atala to Makhan, a distance of fourteen miles, was still more trying to the troops. Two ranges of mountains had to be crossed, the highest part of the road being 10,200 feet above the sea. The hill-sides were covered with junipers and roses, and the ravines were bright with the yellow blossom of a St. John's-wort; while lofty masses of rock with scarped sides rose up on the right of the pass. The long train of overladen, half-starved mules and tired soldiers toiled steadily through this splendid country, and reached their camp before sunset. But these marches were evidently too long both for men and beasts along such a road, and necessitated halts which caused undue delay. Thus it was not until the 18th that an advance was made to the banks of Lake Ashangi from Makhan, the 33d being employed in making the difficult mountain-path just passable for laden mules. The country is well wooded and well watered, with large tracts under cultivation, and villages crowning the hill-tops, but the

roads are steep and rocky, leading round wild gorges, and over precipitous heights. At one point Sir Robert Napier took his station for a long time on a jutting rock above the road, while the long train of laden mules wound slowly and painfully, with many stoppages, round a forest-covered gorge below. At Lake Ashangi the troops rested for a day on its banks, in a rich cultivated plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains, on the steep slopes of which are built the thirty-three villages which form the district of Ashangi.<sup>1</sup>

From Ashangi to the valley of the Täckäzie is a distance of sixty miles within the province of Lasta. Three lofty ranges of mountains, named Womberat, Dafat, and Abuya-meder, with intervening valleys and ravines, cross the line of march; the pass over the Abuya-meder, at Wondaj, being 10,500 feet above the sea. The men faced the hardships and fatigues of these marches steadily and resolutely, and on the 28th the first brigade crossed the Täckäzie, sealed the precipitous heights to the southward, and encamped on the lofty plateau of Wadela, 10,400 feet above the sea. On the 24th the spring rains had set in with heavy showers, accompanied by thunder and lightning, beginning an hour or two before sunset, and lasting through the early part of the night. This greatly increased the hardships of the campaign: the troops often arrived tired and exhausted on the camping-ground, wet through, and worn out with a long climb up a slippery muddy path, only to find no tents pitched, no fires lighted, and a thick darkness, the lightning-flashes but serving to show how dismal was the look-out. Then the transport-train had completely broken down, the carriage furnished by natives had alone enabled the force to advance, and no comforts were served out to the soldiers after their long marches—no spirits, no sugar; nothing but coarse flour, Commissariat beef, tea, and compressed vegetables.

<sup>1</sup> The district of Ashangi is beyond the jurisdiction of the Wodgerat chief, and its ten notables pay their tribute direct to Gobazie.

General Merewether, steadily pursuing the same policy of conciliation towards the natives which had hitherto been so successful, had continued to attract them to the camp by offers of high prices, and by the prompt redress of all grievances. Conventions for the carriage of supplies on native transport had been concluded in the various districts along the line of march, and more than nine-tenths of the provisions for the troops had been brought to the front by this means,—the Government transport-train conveying the other fraction. Thus, without these local resources which General Merewether had brought into play, the expedition could never have advanced beyond Antalo during the present season.

On the 31st of March, when the two brigades were encamped on the Wadela plateau, it was announced by the senior Commissariat officer that only four days' provisions remained, and that the system of native carriage had broken down at several points in the rear, owing to misunderstandings between chiefs of villages, who were levying heavy dues on the *bagş* carried by their people for the English. Major Grant and Captain Moore were immediately sent back along the road to get things into working order again, with directions not to return to the front until they had sent forward six weeks' provisions for 7,000 men. Their exertions soon set matters to rights, and the importance of their services was a compensation for the disappointment of being too late for the final catastrophe at Magdala. Lieutenant Shewell, the most active and intelligent of the Commissariat officers, was also sent back to purchase supplies in the valley of the *Täkkäzie*; and from the 1st to the 22d of April he not only bought upwards of 200,000 lbs. of flour, 16,000 lbs. of coffee, 19,000 lbs. of barley, and 14,000 lbs. of grain, but sent nearly the whole of it forward by native transport. All danger of falling short of absolute necessaries was thus provided for, and the expedition was able to march forward without apprehension of being stopped for want of supplies.

The neighbourhood of Magdala was now reached; the country of trachyte and columnar basalt, formed into lofty plateaux cut lengthways by profound ravines. The shortest way to Magdala from the point where the British force had crossed the *Täkkäzie* near its source, would of course have been directly along the Talanta plateau from north to south; but M. Munzinger, who had returned to the camp, after carefully examining all the routes, reported that the direct road was very bad, and advised that the force should march down the Wadela plateau for thirty-five miles to the point where King Teodoros's road crosses the Jita, and then follow that grand road to Magdala. This advice was adopted without any further reconnoissance, and on the last day of March the first brigade moved forward, Sir Charles Staveley following on the next day with the second brigade. It was on the 4th of April that the Jita ravine was crossed, and the first brigade encamped on the plateau of Talanta; and it was the sight of the road constructed by King Teodoros which first gave the invaders an adequate idea of the qualities of the extraordinary man whom they were about to attack.

King Teodoros had commenced his march from Debra Tabor early in October, just at the time when General Merewether was effecting a landing on the shores of Annesley Bay. Their destination was the same—the fort of Magdala, where the British captives were immured. Three months were occupied by General Merewether in forming a port, exploring mountain passes, and getting a footing at Senafé on the highlands. The same three months were occupied by King Teodoros in marching from Debra Tabor to the river Jita, making a road for heavy artillery of a calibre such as the English had never dreamt of dragging over Abyssinian mountains, and keeping a powerful enemy in check. The next three months were occupied by the English in making long halts at Senafé and Antalo, and in marching to the



Täkkäzie river. They were employed by Teódoros in making two wonderful roads across the Jita and Beshilo ravines, and in conveying his artillery to Magdala, which fort he triumphantly entered on the 29th of March. He thus won the race, and got the game into his own hands. From that day the fate of the prisoners depended on his pleasure, and not on anything the English could do. Add to all this that Teódoros was marching through the territory of an active enemy, while the English were receiving unlimited supplies and means of transport from the people along their line of march. His difficulties were the greatest without doubt, and no candid observer could look upon his grand roads without acknowledging that, be his cruelties and other demerits what they might, the man who made them must be, until his death, a king and a leader—an adversary worthy of English steel.

Teódoros formed his camp early in December, at a place called Beat-hor on the western edge of the Jita ravine; where an immense area of ground was covered with the remains of fires, and with the little bowers of branches which are used by Abyssinian soldiers instead of tents. The plateaux of Wadela and Talanta are on the same level, about 9,000 feet above the sea, and the deep gorge of the Jita, which divides them, is 3,200 feet deep—the sides of columnar basalt being precipitous, with terraces of broken ground about half way down on either side. Looking at so formidable an obstacle from Beat-hor, Teódoros never hesitated, but at once set about the construction of a first class road, practicable for heavy artillery. The trace is well selected, though there are some very steep gradients; but there is an average width of thirty to forty feet, with zigzags, high revetment walls of stones and earth, with layers of branches, and much blasting out of rock on the inner scarps. The details of blasting and reveting were done, of course, under the direction of his German artisans; but the king himself was the chief engineer who selected the

trace,<sup>1</sup> and organized the labour. From Beat-hor to the river-bed, 3,200 feet in perpendicular distance, is four miles and six furlongs by Teódoros's road. The ascent on the other side is shorter but more difficult, being three miles and two furlongs in length; and here much of the road had been hewn and blasted out of the rock, or built up the sides of gorges with stones and earthwork—a strengthening hedge of branches of trees being placed at the outer side of the road to prevent the earth from slipping. Every morning the King himself commenced work with his own hands, and, in conquering the Jita ravine, he has raised to himself a monument of his dogged perseverance and invincible resolution.

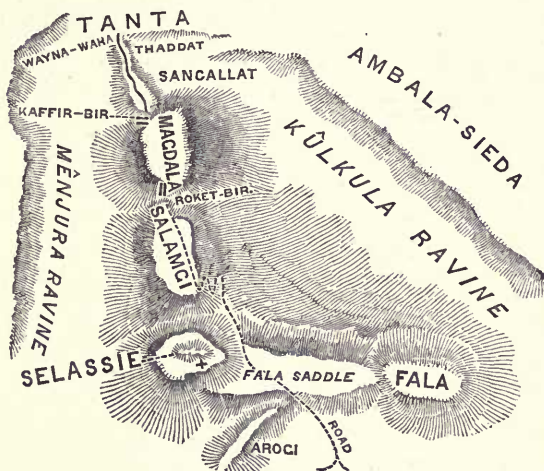
The English invading force was saved a fortnight's work at least by using Teódoros's road, and, after a delay of four days at Talanta, waiting for provisions, the whole advanced division encamped on the western edge of the Beshilo ravine, in sight of Magdala, on the 9th of April. During this halt 40,000 lbs. of wheat, 30,000 lbs. of flour, and 100,000 lbs. of barley had come into camp from the plateaux of Wadela, Talanta, and Daunt alone (exclusive of supplies sent up by Shewell from the Täkkäzie), and the feudatories of Gobazie had shown zeal and readiness in assisting the English. Mashasha, the hereditary ruler of Lasta, his maternal uncle, had twice visited the camp; Waldo Kiro of Wadela, his step-father, was prompt in furnishing supplies; and Lij Abagas, the chief of Talanta, was constantly in attendance, and always ready to make himself useful.

In order to make the operations which followed as intelligible as possible, it will be necessary to describe the topography of Magdala in some detail. The eastern face of the Talanta plateau forms a straight wall of columnar basalt, descending 3,600 feet to the bed of the Beshilo, which is a muddy stream about girth deep at this season.

<sup>1</sup> At one or two points, several trial traces had been marked out, before the present one was finally adopted.

Magdala itself is an isolated plateau of columnar basalt, 9,000 feet above the sea, and two miles long by half a mile, connected with the main table-land of Tanta—first by a low terrace called Sangallat, and then by the ridge or saddle of Thaddat. Tanta itself stoops, as it were, to meet this isthmus, by means of a terrace of lower elevation called Wayna-waha.<sup>1</sup> On either side of this isthmus commence two deep ravines, Mênchura and Kûlkula, which run down to the Beshilo, and bound the Magdala region on the north and south. But Magdala itself—the actual plateau or *amba*—is only a part of a

system of plateau, saddle, and peak, forming the summits of a mountain mass, which rises up between the Mênchura and Kûlkula valleys. In future the whole of this mountain mass will be called the Magdala system, and the name of Magdala will be confined to the *amba*. The Magdala system may be described roughly as a boomerang hanging to the Tanta plateau by a string, represented by the Sangallat and Thaddat ridges. Magdala is at the string end, and a mountain peak called Selassie, from a church dedicated to the Trinity on its flank, is at the curve. The two are connected by a saddle



about a mile long called Salamgi, which is 500 feet below the highest part of Magdala; while the peak of Selassie, composed of trachyte, is 150 feet above it. At the opposite end of the boomerang is Fala, a table-land about 300 feet higher than Salamgi, and connected with Selassie by another saddle or ridge. There is no water on Magdala, the garrison being supplied from wells on Salamgi, from a well on the flank of Fala called Kulkul, and from wells called Shemba-koch, in the bottom of the Kûlkula ravine. The ravines on the north and south sides of the Magdala system are very deep, nearly 3,000 feet below the *amba*, and the scenery

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "the wine" or "raisin water."

is grand, the dark perpendicular sides of Magdala and Salamgi rising from the steep tree-covered slopes below. On the western side of the Magdala system, there is a distance of seven miles to the bed of the Beshilo. In this direction the land slopes down in a succession of hills and terraces, which are divided into two by the valley of Wurka-waha.<sup>2</sup> This valley is formed by four deep ravines. The principal one, rendered memorable by the terrible slaughter which took place in it, commences at the foot of the Fala saddle, and is, by a strange coincidence, called Dam-wuns.<sup>3</sup> The next divides the

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "the golden water."

<sup>3</sup> "The ravine of blood" (= Dam wuns).

heights of Arogi and Aficho, and is the one up which Teóodoros's road passes to the right. At the foot of the Fala saddle, to the right or south of the Dam-wuns, is the plain of Arogi, where there is a scanty supply of water. Then comes the plateau of Aficho at a higher elevation, with the road ravine between them, and lower down, extending to the Beshilo, is the hill country of Gumbaji. The broken hilly country to the north of the Wurka-waha, between that valley and the Mênchura ravine, is called Neft. Magdala was occupied about twelve years ago by Teóodoros, when he was making war against the Moham-medan Wallo Gallas, whom he was never able to conquer. The Beshilo is the boundary of the Christian population, and, although the King afterwards made Magdala the principal stronghold and state prison in his dominions, it is really an outpost in an enemy's country, and surrounded by a hostile population of Gallas.

On the 9th of April the two advanced brigades of the British force, some 3,500 men of all arms, forming a division under the command of Sir Charles Staveley, were assembled on the Talanta plateau, within sight of Magdala, and King Teóodoros could see the tents with his glass, from the height of Selassie. There were the 33d and 4th Regiments and a wing of the 45th; wings of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, and the Beloochees; some companies of Bombay and Madras Sappers, a few men of the Royal Engineers from Chatham, and a regiment of Punjab Pioneers commanded by Major Chamberlain. These Punjab Pioneers are splendid fellows for work, always good humoured, intelligent, and excellent road-makers. Some of them, under Captain Currie, the second in command, had been working on the roads along the whole line from Senafé; while the rest, under Major Chamberlain, had been getting through hotter and harder work on the wharf at Zulla. They were now all united and eager to advance, and were sent on ahead of all, to examine the road down the Beshilo, on the afternoon of the

9th. The Naval Brigade under Captain Fellowes of the *Dryad*, with 12 tubes and 95 rockets to each, was the most effective part of the artillery force. The two small steel gun batteries, A and B, one in each brigade, were commanded by Colonel Milward. Captain Murray was also to the front, after having successfully performed the task of bringing his four 12-pounder Armstrong guns over those terrible mountains 10,500 feet above the sea, the guns on elephants, but the still heavier carriages driven all the way—a feat second only to that of the indomitable Teóodoros. Captain Hills, with his two heavy mortars, deserves the same credit. The cavalry consisted of 150 men of the 3d Bombay, 130 of the 3d Sind Horse, and 90 of the 12th Bengal. No part of the force had done severer and more useful work than the 3d Bombay Cavalry and the Sind Horse. Besides ceaseless night picket duties, and outpost work of all kinds, they had kept up all postal communication with the rear, and were now so weakened by detachments being stationed at the various points along the line, that the cavalry on the Talanta plateau only mustered 370 sabres.

For two or three days Teóodoros had been observed burning villages on the Neft and Gumbagi heights, but there was no sign of any intention on his part to oppose our passage of the Beshilo; and Chamberlain found the road open, and quite equal to that across the Jita ravine. At six o'clock on the morning of Good Friday (April 10th) Sir Charles Staveley marched down the Beshilo ravine with the first brigade, consisting of the 4th Regiment, the Punjab Pioneers, Madras and Bombay Sappers, the Beloochees, the Naval Brigade, and the A battery of steel guns. He was preceded by Colonel Phayre, the Quartermaster-General, with a small escort of the 3d Bombay Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Loch, to reconnoitre in advance. After crossing the Beshilo, Sir Charles prudently avoided the Wurka-waha valley, which is commanded by the heights on either side, and led the brigade up the Gum-

bagi and Aficho hills towards Arogi, leaving the baggage, the Naval Brigade, and the A battery on the Beshilo, to follow as soon as the head of the Wurka-waha valley, up which Teôdoros's road led, was secured. At noon, Sir Robert Napier, with the head-quarters and the second brigade, reached the Beshilo; the cavalry alone, to their great disappointment, being left on the Talanta plateau. The intention was that Sir Charles Staveley and Colonel Phayre should encamp somewhere near Arogi, after reconnoitring the position, while the Commander-in-chief and the second brigade passed the night on the Beshilo. It was neither expected nor desired that hostilities should commence that night. What followed was, therefore, a soldier's battle, an undesigned piece of luck:—

“Hominum confusione, Dei providentiâ.”

Colonel Phayre arrived on the Arogi plain, Sir Charles Staveley and his brigade being a short distance in the rear, on the Aficho heights. The baggage was coming up the Wurka-waha valley and just passing the opening of the Dam-wuns ravine, with a strong guard of the 4th. The Punjab Pioneers were in the road ravine, the A battery further ahead, and the Naval Brigade had nearly reached the Arogi plain. All was silent on the Selassie and Fala heights in front. Nothing seemed to be stirring. It was forty-two minutes past four in the afternoon. Suddenly a gun was fired from the crest of the Fala plateau, 1,200 feet above the Arogi plain, then another and another, the shot plunging into the ground well within range. After a few rounds, a large force of several thousand men—the flower of the army of Teôdoros—poured impetuously over the crest of Fala and the saddle, and rushed down the precipitous slopes, yelling defiance. The chiefs were mounted on sure-footed Galla ponies, and the great majority of the soldiers were armed with double-barrelled guns, the rest being spearmen. The main body rushed down the Dam-wuns to attack the baggage; but the baggage-guard of the 4th, with the

Punjab Pioneers, formed on the ravine side, and received them with a galling fire at very close quarters. The Abyssinians came on with extraordinary gallantry, and continued to fight bravely for some time. The A battery had got into position above the ravine, and was also playing upon them. They fell back. The ravine was covered with myrsine bushes, crotalarias, and the large labiata (*tchendog*), with tall *koll-qualls* here and there, so that the frightful havoc could not be seen at a glance. But the ravine that night was choked up with dead men and with men horribly wounded, and the little rill at the bottom ran with blood. Meanwhile, another division of the Abyssinian army, led by Fitorari Gebria, the Commander-in-chief, advanced boldly across the Arogi plain, to attack Sir Charles Staveley. Luckily, the Naval Brigade had just reached the head of the road ravine, and formed rapidly on the steep slope leading thence to the Aficho height, pouring volleys of rockets into them, while Sir Charles brought up the 4th and the rest of the brigade. The Snider rifles kept up a continuous fire, against which no troops could stand; and, though the Abyssinians came on again and again with great bravery, they were mown down in lines, and hope left them. At this time a thunderstorm broke over Magdala, and mingled its roar with the incessant crackling of the Sniders. Fitorari Gebria and all the chief officers were dead; night was coming on; the shattered remnant reeled, and made for the road up to the Fala saddle. Then Fellowes and his blue jackets took up a second position more to the front, and sent rockets into the flying crowd on the hill-side with fearful effect. He also fired at the crest of Fala, whence the guns of Teôdoros had continued to play, but just as he had got the exact range the Naval Brigade was ordered to cease firing.

The Abyssinians estimated their force at 5,000 men armed with muskets, and about 1,000 spearmen. Of these 800 were killed, and 1,500 wounded, most of them severely. Many of the sur-

vivors fled, instead of returning to Magdala. The English numbered about 1,600 men,<sup>1</sup> of whom 20 were wounded, one officer being wounded in the arm. There were 18,000 rounds of musketry fired, of which 10,200 were from the Sniders of the 4th. The A battery fired 102 rounds and 15 rockets; and the Naval Brigade 204 rockets. The British force encamped on the battle-field, without fires, tents, water, or food. Next day, the Head Quarters and first brigade encamped on the Aficho height, facing Fala and Selassie,<sup>2</sup> while the camp of the second brigade was formed on Arogi. Sir Robert Napier and General Merewether had ridden up from the camp on the Beshilo during the afternoon, and were present at the action. This action will be remembered in military history as the first in which the Snider rifle was used.

Hitherto we have accompanied the English force. Let us now turn to Teodoros, and, with the aid of evidence gleaned from various quarters, let us glance at the progress of events from his point of view.

On the 29th of March the King had triumphantly completed his herculean task. He had finished his road, brought his guns up, and encamped at the foot of Magdala, on the saddle of Salamgi. He had ordered the chains of the English prisoners to be taken off, had received Mr. Rassam with cordiality, and, having invited him and his colleagues to witness the arrival of the heavy mortar, treated all with marked civility. But his mind was clouded with deep anxiety respecting the approach of the relieving force. He had spies out, watched incessantly with his glass from the height of Selassie, and spoke despondingly in one or two interviews with Mr. Rassam, although to his chiefs and soldiers he was still

boastful and defiant. His moods alternated between despondency and ferocity. On the 5th a terrible scene took place. The King ordered 308 ordinary prisoners (not political) to be dismissed, in order to save provisions. After upwards of a hundred had been released, the others began to clamour for food and water. This drove the tyrant into one of his frenzies of passion, and he ordered them, 197 in all, to be stripped and hurled over the precipice of Salamgi, and then to be fired upon until the quivering mass moved no more. The frightful heap remained until the end, a ghastly and hideous witness to Teodoros's cruelty. On Good Friday he received information that a small force, led by the English Fitorari,<sup>1</sup> was coming in advance to reconnoitre, with a train of baggage-mules. He then placed seven of his guns in position on the heights of Fala, and determined to cut off this small party, secure some plunder, and thus raise the spirits of his men. He directed the fire of the guns himself, but caused Waldemeier, Moritz, and others of his German workmen to be present. Two charges were accidentally put into a large brass gun which he called Teodoros, a 40-pounder, and it burst; an evil omen in the eyes of the superstitious Abyssinians. But the King excited his soldiers by loud and defiant boasting. "Look at those slaves!" he cried. "They are women! Look at them! They bring you clothes, and riches, and pay! Go down and take them." The men replied with yells and shouts. "Shall I send them down?" he said, turning to some of his chiefs, and then to Waldemeier. He hesitated. He felt that this was the turning-point in his destiny. Then he saw the English brigade appearing over Aficho, and that the advanced party was in greater force than he had been led to believe. He would fain have stopped his army, but it was too late. He had already excited the men beyond control, and they poured furiously over the craggy heights, led by the Fitorari

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Phayre. Fitorari is a leader of the vanguard.

<sup>1</sup> 400 of the 4th Regiment.

300 Beloochees.

380 Punjab Pioneers.

20 English Sappers.

240 Bombay and Madras Sappers.

79 Blue Jackets.

180 A Battery (Gunnners).

<sup>2</sup> Magdala itself was not visible from the British camp, being in the rear of Selassie.

Gebria, the bravest and most trusted of the King's generals. Still Teodoros seems to have hoped for success, and he continued to direct the fire of the guns from Fala. But as he watched the truth dawned upon him. A rocket from the Naval Brigade hissed within a foot of him towards the close of the action, and he exclaimed, "Would that it had gone through my head!"

As the shades of evening closed round, King Teodoros looked down and saw his army reeling under the deadly fire of the English troops. He walked, sad and desponding, from Fala to the Selassie heights, and there—in the thick darkness, with claps of thunder resounding over his head—he waited for the return of his chiefs and soldiers. Then a broken remnant began to crowd about him, coming up the steep path. He called for the Fitorari Gebria, his gallant commander of the vanguard, but no answer came. He called for Balambras Biru, for Gebra Meten, but no answer. He called for other chiefs, but still there was no reply. He saw it all—his army was broken and destroyed, and no hope was left but in negotiation with an inexorable enemy. Dark despair settled upon him. He sank down and sat pondering over his fate—his faithful body-servant, Waldo Gaba, by his side. At midnight he sent for Mr. Rassam and Mr. Flad, and confessed to them that, with the destruction of his army, his power was gone. He asked them to reconcile him with the English, saying that otherwise he must either kill himself or become a monk.

Early on Saturday morning, April 11th, the King sent Lieutenant Prideaux in full uniform, Mr. Flad, and an Abyssinian chief named Dejatch Alami, to the English camp, with a message asking for reconciliation. They were received with tremendous cheering by the men, who crowded round them, and followed them to the chief's tent. It must have been a trying thing for Sir Robert Napier to be obliged to send them back, but they behaved like brave men, and showed no signs of wavering. The reply, to a man like Teodoros, was

as a death-warrant: immediate release of all Europeans, surrender of Magdala, and unconditional surrender of his own person. In return he was promised "honourable treatment," or whatever the equivalent to that somewhat vague expression may be in Amharic. Dejatch Alami was in the action of the night before, and, in riding over the battlefield on his return, he asked to be allowed to search for the body of his general. It was a ghastly sight. Most of the dead and dying had frightful wounds, some with half their skulls taken off. The Fitorari Gebria, the gallant chief who had led the army down, was killed by a Snider rifle through his temples. We found him lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched out, and dressed in a rich shirt of crimson silk and gold. His horse was lying dead about twenty paces from him. He was an elderly man with many grey hairs, and is said to have been as good as he was brave, and, while ever foremost in the fight, the Fitorari, like our English Falkland, hated war and sighed for peace. Arrangements were made for sending the body up to Magdala.

On the receipt of the letter brought by Prideaux and Flad, the King was enraged. He was standing on Selassie, surrounded by the remnant of his army; and he immediately called for his *duftera*, or secretary, named Alika Engedda, and began dictating an answer. He appears there and then to have contemplated the idea of destroying himself, all hope being gone. The letter is long, and is a very remarkable document. There is a total absence of all finesse or attempt at diplomacy. It is the outpouring of a man who has no hope left, and therefore has no reason for reserve: a sort of final manifesto. He says that the Abyssinians hate law and order, but that he has striven to establish law and to introduce reform; that the English love reform, why therefore should they hate him? He concludes by saying that he never had, and never could, become the servant of any living man. The document was not

addressed to any one. Prideaux and Flad, after being kept waiting in the sun for an hour and a half, were sent down with this reply in such hot haste that, when Prideaux asked for a drink of water, there being none at hand, the King exclaimed, "That there was no time to waste, and that he must get it at the English camp."

After the departure of the messengers the fallen King sat for a long time in the open air without speaking. He told his people to walk away to a distance. He then said a prayer, and bowed three times with his face to the ground, and afterwards drank some water. Suddenly he pulled a pistol out of his belt, and put it in his mouth. The soldiers ran up, clasped him round the waist, pulled back his arm, and the pistol went off, grazing his ear. Teôdoros struggled, and for a minute or two the king of kings was rolling on the ground with his soldiers, in a confused heap. He freed himself, composed his mind, and abandoned the idea of self-destruction for the time. Then he seems to have turned his thoughts to the settlement of his affairs, and he sent to his long-neglected wife and queen, the proud Toronech, desiring her to come to him to his tent in the camp on Salangi.

The doomed King had but a short time to arrange the affairs of his family. His domestic life had not been happy of late years, and its course may be described in few words. When Teôdoros was a young chief, with his power and influence increasing year by year, he received the hand of the fair Tzoubedje, the daughter of Ras Ali. This was a marriage of love, and many of the good qualities attributed to the rising chief in Mr. Plowden's account—his mercy, his abstemiousness, his chastity—were due to the influence of his beloved wife. But they had no children, and she died. The loss to him was irremediable. He was free to contract a political alliance, and when he defeated Oubie, the great chief of Tigré, he married his daughter, the proud Toronech,<sup>1</sup> by whom he had

an only child named Alumayahu,<sup>1</sup> a boy now about seven years of age. But the marriage proved most unhappy. She was prouder even than the fiery Teôdoros, despising him as an upstart. It was impossible for two such firebrands to live together, and for some years she had resided apart from him, with her little boy, in the king's house at Magdala. Since their separation Teôdoros had lived a disgracefully irregular life at Debra Tabor; and his favourite concubine, a fat Yedju Galla woman named Itamanyu,<sup>2</sup> had been living for some time with the queen at Magdala, and receiving almost daily letters from her absent lord. The time for oblivion had now arrived. It is certain that Teôdoros and his wife Toronech passed some time together on that fatal Saturday afternoon. It is to be hoped that they were reconciled; and as we shall see presently, he expressed a last wish which she afterwards repeated. Teôdoros had several illegitimate children, among whom was a son named Mashessa, now about twenty years of age, who was with him on Salangi.

Later in the day the almost despairing King appears to have conceived some faint hope of a successful negotiation, by releasing the prisoners. With the exception of the leg irons, he had always treated Mr. Rassam with marked kindness, and he seems really to have had a liking for him. The German artisans, too, although they had worked hard, had received many presents and acts of kindness at his hands. He resolved to send them all down to the English camp, without reserve and without condition, expecting, no doubt, that they would secure him better terms. He had a long interview with Rassam, and then he stood on Selassie, with a gloomy ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Alumayahu* means, "I have seen the world." This was the mother's name, the child being the world to her. It is the custom in Abyssinia for the mother to give some endearing name of this kind on the child's birth, by which it is more commonly known in after life, than by the Christian name subsequently given by a priest.

<sup>2</sup> *Itamanyu* means literally, "she whom they desire."

<sup>1</sup> *Toronech* means literally, "you are pure."

pression on his countenance, as the captives passed down the road; Rassam, Cameron, Blanc, Stern, Rosenthal, Sander, Waldemeier, Sahlmüller, and the rest of the workmen. Their families and luggage were to follow the next day. Meanwhile Prideaux and Flad brought down the defiant letter written previous to Teóodoros's attempt on his own life, and had been sent back a second time without a letter, but merely with a message reiterating the demand for the release of the captives. To their great relief they met the prisoners coming down, and all arrived in the camp together after dark. It must be remembered that the prisoners were the stake for which the game was played, that their lives were absolutely dependent upon Teóodoros's will until this Saturday night, and that he no longer valued his own.

Next day was Easter Sunday. In the morning the King sent down a present of 1,000 cows and 500 sheep as an Easter offering, with a letter, saying that he had attempted to kill himself the day before, but that it had not been God's will, that he now desired to be reconciled with the English, and that he had sent a present because it was a great festival of the Church. No reply was sent to this letter, and the cows were ordered not to be received, but to be kept outside the pickets. Teóodoros, however, had no means of knowing that his present had been refused; indeed, looking down from Selassie, and seeing the animals all day close to the English camp, he had every reason for supposing that it had been accepted. During the day the whole of the wives and families of the Europeans, with all their tents and luggage, were sent down. Never was a surrender, when once resolved upon, so freely and unreservedly made. Not a hostage, not a child, not a box was reserved or kept back. It was the act of a King, an act without cunning or treachery, how slight soever, to mar its fullness. The names of the captives and workmen thus surrendered were as follow:—

- 1 Consul Cameron.
- 1 Mr. Hormuzd Rassam.
- 3 Dr. Blanc and two Portuguese servants.
- 1 Lieutenant Prideaux.
- 3 Mr. Rosenthal (a Jew missionary), wife and child.
- 1 Mr. Stern (a Jew missionary).
- 1 Mr. Kerens, a young Irishman, formerly Consul Cameron's secretary.
- 1 Pietro, formerly Consul Cameron's servant; an Italian.
- 1 McKilvie, an Irish servant.
- 5 Mr. Bender (a workman), wife (Miss Bell), and three children.
- 3 Mr. Waldemeier (a workman), wife (Miss Bell), and child.
- 1 Young Mr. Bell, a half-caste.
- 5 Mr. Meyer (a workman), wife, and three children.
- 4 Mr. Sahlmüller, wife, and two children (a workman).
- 4 Mr. Moritz (the Pole who cast the guns), wife and two children.
- 7 M. Bourgaud (a French gunsmith), wife, and five children.
- 6 M. Sander (a German painter), wife, and four children.
- 5 M. Schimper (a botanist), widowed daughter, and other children.
- 1 M. Mackerer, a workman.
- 1 M. Staiger, a missionary.
- 1 M. Brandeis, a missionary.
- 5 Mr. Flad (missionary), wife, and three children.
- 2 Mr. Schiller and Mr. Essler, collectors for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Bardel, the French intriguer, who had done so much mischief, was reported to be very ill, and unable to move. Ayto Samuel, of Senafé, a thorough courtier, who had acted as a sort of master of the ceremonies to Rassam's mission since its arrival, was allowed to come down also. But the cows were left to die of thirst outside the pickets, and neither letter nor message was sent to the King during all that day in acknowledgment of his great surrender.

Long and anxiously must the unhappy King have waited for the result of his letter and present, and of the interventions of his friends on his behalf. One of the soldiers, named Gebra Maskal, described him as sitting on a rock, gloomy and alone, during the greater part of the day, and often scanning the English camp with a glass. As night closed upon him despair must



have come with it. His open-handed surrender of all the hostages had been taken advantage of; his presents had, so far as he could tell, been received; but no message, no word, had come from friend or foe. After dark he appears to have called a council of his surviving chiefs, when the possibility of escape was discussed. Some doubt rests over the transactions of the night. Many of the soldiers assert that Teóodoros, with a few followers, actually did run away as far as the Kúlkula ravine, but that, on reflection, and seeing the difficulty of escaping through the hostile Galla tribes, they returned before morning. It was certainly rumoured in Magdala that the King had fled. On the other hand his valet, Waldo Gaba, who was always by his side, declares that he never left Salamgi at all. Be this how it may, it is certain that, when morning dawned, Teóodoros was in a small tent on Salamgi, at the foot of the steep ascent into Magdala.

Early in the morning of Easter Monday, a report came into the English camp that Teóodoros had fled during the night, that the Abyssinian army had been disbanded, and that all the chiefs were anxious to submit. During the forenoon the two brigades marched up the steep road to the crest of the saddle between Fala and Selassie. The 10th Bombay Native Infantry occupied the Fala plateau, while the English regiments took possession of Selassie. Immense crowds covered all the heights, and those who were armed were made to lay down their guns, spears, and shields in heaps, which were placed under a guard. There was no sign of any resistance. Women were collecting and packing up their goods, and already long strings of people with laden mules and donkeys were winding their way down the hills by by-paths,—rats deserting the sinking ship. The small escort of 3d Cavalry was the first to reach the Salamgi saddle, where Teóodoros's camp had been. It was covered with the bowers and huts of his soldiers, and here also were the greater number of the guns, with their ammunition,

abandoned. M. Bardel was found lying very sick of a fever amongst the guns, and was sent down to the camp. When the 3d Cavalry first reached Salamgi, a number of chiefs, richly dressed, were seen galloping wildly to and fro and firing off guns. Some shots were fired at them, and, after a short time, they rode up the steep ascent into Magdala and closed the gates. At this time M. Munzinger received authentic information from Madragal, an Abyssinian who was educated in France, that the King was actually in Magdala, with a few followers, and that he had not fled. It was not too late to have sent him a final offer of honourable treatment in terms somewhat less vague. Nothing of the kind was done; but it was thought necessary to cannonade Magdala for two hours with all the artillery at Sir Robert Napier's disposal. The eight steel guns were placed across Salamgi, to fire at the gateway, with a range of 800 yards; while the elephants brought up the four Armstrong guns and two mortars, which were placed in position on the inner slope of the saddle between Selassie and Fala, at a range of 1,400 yards. Here also was the Naval Brigade. The batteries opened fire at 1.57 p.m., the steel guns throwing their missiles right and left, above and below the gates; while the Armstrong guns sent oneshell into the *akabiet* or treasury, and two others burst in the compound of the King's house, killing two servant-girls, and wounding a lady and three children severely. The *amba* of Magdala was covered with huts containing about 3,000 prisoners, women, and children; and at the gate was the King himself and about a dozen followers. At four in the afternoon a storming party, consisting of the 33d Regiment and some English Engineers, was ordered to assault the Keket-bir gate. At that moment a heavy storm of thunder and rain burst over Magdala. The ascent from Salamgi to the *amba* of Magdala is by an excessively steep and narrow path covered with large boulders of rock, with perpendicular black cliffs

of columnar basalt on the right hand. The path leads up to a roofed stone gateway, with folding wooden doors, called the Koket-bir. On either side of the gateway the approach is defended by a thick hedge with stakes. Within the Koket-bir there is a rapid ascent over huge rocks to a second hedge on the edge of the plateau; and a narrow path leads over rocks, with a scarped wall of rock on the left hand, to a second gate about 150 feet above the first. The long line of red-coats streamed up the rocky path, keeping up a rapid fire from their Sniders on the undefended hedge above them, and on the Koket-bir, whence a feeble dropping fire was returned. Ten men were wounded. On reaching the doors it was found impossible to open them, owing to the piles of stones heaped up behind, and the Engineers had forgotten to bring up axes or powder-bags. The 33d, therefore, made a dash at the hedge, climbed over it, opened the doors from inside, and the rest of the storming party streamed in. But where was the enemy? Four bodies richly dressed, dead or dying, were lying in a heap, just inside the gate. The English soldiers rushed up through the second gate and over the second hedge, waved the Union-jack from the top of the *amba* at 4.15 P.M. and Magdala had fallen!

Return we to King Teóodoros. He passed the night on Salangi, in a small tent of *shamas* with two spears for tent poles, his few faithful chiefs and servants sleeping around him. At dawn he declared his intention of defending Magdala to the last, preferring death to surrender. He proclaimed to the troops that those who wished to save themselves might go, and that those who cared for him were to stand by him now. The whole army immediately disbanded, and stood about in groups, on the Selassie heights. A few chiefs and personal followers alone answered his call, and he remained with them on Salangi, at the place where he had passed the night. All his faithful soldiers had been killed on that fatal Friday; but the names of the few

gallant and true men who stood by their undaunted master to the last deserve to be recorded. They were:—

1. RAS ENGEDDA, the King's chief adviser, a native of Agaumed, of good family, in the prime of life, who had been brought up by Teóodoros at Tchenkar in Dembea, the same school where he himself had been educated. His advice had been, as the English offered no acceptable terms, to kill the prisoners, and then die fighting.

2. RAS ENGEDDA's brother.

3. RAS TUGGA, commander of the gunners.

4. BITAWUDUT BAKAL, a chief of the *Amba*. He advised the King to fight to the last.

5. ENGEDDA WARKA, a gunner, son of Aba Meerza, a Bengal Jew in Teóodoros's service, in command of *Amba Geshen*.

6. RAS BARAKA of Godjam.

7. BASHA ENGEDDA, a gunner.

8. RAS BESOWA, formerly the head chief of the *Amba*.

9. BITAWUDUT DEMASH, of Kuara, a man of base origin, raised by the King.

10. BITAWUDUT BARI, in charge of the Treasury. A man of good family from Agaumed.

11. SALAFA KANTIBA.

12. BITAWUDUT HASANI, chief of the musketeers.

13. DEJATCH ABUYA.

14. AGAFARI MASHESHA, the executioner.

15. AMANAYI, the King's gun-learer.

16. WALDO GABA, the King's valet. This faithful servant was a native of Adowa, a tall, dark, intelligent-looking man. He had formerly been servant to M. Barroni, who acted as consul for Mr. Plowden during his absence from Massowa, but for the last five years he has been Teóodoros's body servant, and has scarcely ever left his side. He speaks Arabic perfectly.

At about nine in the morning the King looked up and saw a dark halo round the sun, about 15° in radius, like a huge brown plaster, and remarked that it was an omen of bloodshed. At eleven the small escort of 3d Light Cavalry came round Selassie, and emerged on the further end of Salangi. Dejatch Abuya, a young chief, then seized his spear, mounted his horse, and galloped forward, careering about in front of the enemy, at about three hundred yards' distance. At first the King remained on foot, but suddenly his eyes fired up, and he called for his favourite bay horse, and his rifle sent him by M. Barroni, called the "elephant-rifle."

His friends asked him not to endanger his life, but he replied that he could not do better than die then and there. Six chiefs mounted at the same time. Teodoros galloped furiously up and down, and in circles, firing off his rifle as a challenge, but no one came forward to fight him. Next to Waagshum Tefere, whom he had immured in Magdala, the King was the best horseman, the best spearman, and the best shot in Abyssinia. Now for the last time he could display these qualities; and probably he then experienced a few short minutes of enjoyment for the last time in his life. He had barely four hours to live. More troops came up and opened fire, and at last he retreated up into Magdala, followed by the faithful sixteen. After closing the doors of the Koket-bir, they set to work piling large pieces of rock against the inside, Teodoros and Ras Engedda setting the example. They then passed a weary time awaiting their fate, while the English were honouring them with a two hours' cannonade. The King was dressed in a magnificent *kinkob*, or shirt of gold and silk, with a lion skin *lemd* or tippet, and a belt containing sword and pistols. He took his seat on the rocks, between the first and second gates, surrounded by his friends, and watched the English guns with his glass. A shell burst a few feet above his head, and killed two cows. He then changed his dress, believing that he made a conspicuous mark, and during the brief remainder of his life he had, on a pair of white cotton drawers, a fine muslin shirt, and a white shama, with a pistol belt round his waist. He continued to watch the guns with his glass, ducking his head when he saw the flash and smoke. Soon his friends began to fall around him. His faithful minister, Ras Engedda, and his brother, were killed by one shell, and Bitawudut Bakal soon afterwards had half his head taken off. Their bodies were found inside the gateway, Bakal still groaning in agony. Ras Engedda sent his three little sons out of the *amba* for safety; fine young fellows, between twelve and

fourteen, who stood amongst the English troops on Selassie crying bitterly at the thought of their father's danger, and offering drinks of *tej* if the men would leave off firing.

When the fire began to get hot, some of the original sixteen fell off, and took refuge amongst the huts in Magdala. These were Engedda Warka, Basha Engedda, Bitawudut Hasani, and the Agafari Mashasha. Thus, when the assault commenced, and King Teodoros came down into the Koket-bir, like a brave man as he was, to fire upon the overwhelming numbers of his assailants, seven out of the original sixteen were missing. The defenders of Magdala numbered ten men including Teodoros himself. Waldo Gaba loaded the rifles and handed them to the King, who fired through badly constructed loop-holes in the gateway; for at this time the gun-bearer, Amanayi, was killed. When the English soldiers climbed over the hedge, and poured a volley into the heroic little band, most of the survivors were wounded. They fled up through the second gate, the King being last. He threw his arms in the air as a gesture of defiance, from behind the last rock.<sup>1</sup> Ras Baraka, Bitawudut Demash, Bitawudut Bari, and Salafa Kantiba were all wounded, the latter mortally. The King, Ras Tugga, Ras Besowa, Dejatch Abuya, and Waldo Gaba were not touched.

The English soldiers were now swarming through the Koket-bir. Teodoros reached some huts on the plateau, about eighty yards within the second gate. Here he dismissed all his surviving followers, except his faithful valet Waldo Gaba; telling them to leave him, and save their own lives. As soon as they were gone, he turned to Waldo Gaba, and said, "It is finished! Sooner than fall into their hands, I will kill myself." He put a pistol into his mouth, fired it, and fell dead; the ball passing through the roof of the mouth, and out at the back of the head. This was, as nearly as possible, at ten

<sup>1</sup> He was so placed as to look, from below, as if he was in a pulpit.

minutes past four in the afternoon. The English soldiers were then running up between the first and second gates. Waldo Gaba took the belt and *shama*, and ran away to hide himself.

Even before the catastrophe, the old Afa Negus,<sup>1</sup> a chief who had been ordered to guard the political prisoners, had been overpowered and pushed aside. They broke out of their prisons and came down the road clanking their irons. At this moment Sir Charles Staveley came through the second gate, and a man ran up to him saying that all the captives were declaring that a dead body lying near was that of Teodoros. The body was put into a hammock, and the captives, first glancing at the face, and then taking up one hand and looking at a finger that had been broken,<sup>2</sup> one and all exclaimed, "TEODOROS!" The body was excessively emaciated, and it appears that he had fasted for four days before his death, supporting himself on *tej* and drams of arraki. The body was that of a man of medium stature, well built, with broad chest, small waist, and muscular limbs. The hair was much dishevelled, crisp and coarse, and done in three high plaits, with little stumpy tails behind. The complexion was dark for an Abyssinian, but the features showed no trace of negro blood. The eyebrows had a

peculiar curve downwards and over the nose, and there was a deep curved furrow in the centre of the forehead. The nose was aquiline and finely cut, with a low bridge; the lips thin and cruel; the face, though thin, rather round than oval. The once changeful eyes had lost their meaning—one closed, the other staring. The scanty beard and moustache contained many grey hairs. Teodoros was born in 1818, and was consequently in his fiftieth year. The body was eventually taken to the hut of the Italian Pietro, in the English prisoners' compound, to be prepared by the priests for interment.

Thus ended the career of the most remarkable man that—with the exception of Abd el Kader—has arisen in Africa within the present century. His misdeeds had been numerous, his cruelties horrible; but his military genius was extraordinary, his indomitable will commanded obedience from all his countrymen who came within his reach, and he died like a hero. It is unlikely that he mistrusted any offer of mercy that was made to him. He simply preferred death to lingering out a contemptible existence after his true career was over. He was a brave enemy, and a born king of men, and his body deserved more respect from his conquerors than unfortunately it received. The days of chivalry are gone.

*To be continued.*

<sup>1</sup> King's mouth-piece.

<sup>2</sup> From a gunshot wound received in Godjam, when quite a young man.

## CARDINAL D'ANDREA.

BY HENRY WREFORD.

THE name of this prelate is not so well known in England as it is in Italy, where for several years it has awakened hopes of religious reforms not destined at least for the present to be realized. Descended from a patrician family of Aquila, Cardinal d'Andrea was born in Naples, where his father settled, and filled some office in the finance department under Ferdinand II. Both his paternal and maternal uncles were priests, and the affectionate attention which he received from the latter especially seems to have determined a career the highest offices of which he attained. Under the sovereign above mentioned, the father of his Eminence acquired both rank and influence; he was honoured with the title of Marchese, a title which is now borne by the eldest brother of the late Cardinal, who is an officer in the Italian army; and, though the influence of the father did not suggest the career of the priesthood, it at all events aided the son in obtaining its highest distinctions. As is well known there are three orders in the cardinalate—deacon, priest, and bishop. The late prelate was a Cardinal-bishop, and as such entitled to the highest consideration, and to the exercise of the greatest power. Amongst the first in rank he bore it nobly, and I shall never forget how, in years long past, he was the observed of all observers in those gorgeous processions which are nowhere to be seen but in St. Peter's. Tall and erect, handsome in person, and courteous in manners, he was equally well fitted to shine in a pageant and adorn society, with which he was a great favourite. For some reason or other he never played any remarkable part in public life, though he represented the Papal court, I believe, in Switzerland, and filled various other offices. But his

Eminence was a man of liberal and cultivated views, and that fact, as it was a bar to all progress in the later times of Pius IX., insured him the suspicion, opposition, and hatred of the Ultramontane element in the court of Rome. The bitter animus which was entertained towards him displayed itself in a series of annoyances, but manifested itself more strongly when, in declining health, he requested permission in 1864 to leave Rome, and seek the benefit of his native air in Naples. It was the fashion amongst some to represent the Cardinal as a madman. "E Pazzo!" said Monsignore —, then a trusted minister of Pius IX., to me one day. Monsignore—was, I believe, as honest as the sun, but, being at the head of the Ultramontane party, he could imagine no other solution of the liberalism of his Eminence. Others of a more malignant, and perhaps of a less honest type, painted him in yet darker characters, and lost no opportunity of thwarting and annoying him. Until, therefore, he left Rome in 1865 without the permission of the Pope, the treatment which he received consisted of little annoyances, rather than of official and public hostile acts.

Thus much I have written as a preface to my report of the recent death of a Cardinal, yet more, of a Prince-Cardinal of the Church of Rome; a fact which has produced a great sensation throughout Italy. There is nothing extraordinary in the simple fact: Death claims its victims from amongst all classes: but there were circumstances connected with this event which surround it with a peculiar and a painful interest. Enjoying as I did for a long time the intimacy and friendship of Cardinal d'Andrea, I will note some of these circumstances, first however giving a

report of his visit to Naples, and his manner of life in that city.

It was in the year 1865 that under medical advice he left Rome for his native place, contrary indeed to the wishes and directions of the Pope, who, as he is infallible in all spiritual matters, assumed that he was equally so in all medical questions. Was not the Physician of the soul as capable of acting as physician of the body? The Cardinal, however, thought differently, and so one fine morning presented himself at the station, and in the evening arrived in "Bella Napoli." Much was said at the time of his having left Rome clandestinely; his departure was represented by his enemies as a flight, yet he always maintained that nothing could have been done more openly, and indeed most people would consider that the publicity of a railway left nothing to desire. On arriving in Naples he had the choice presented to him of a private residence in the palaces of his friends and relatives, or a public residence in an hotel. He chose the latter, and during his long sojourn in the city above named, he made the Hotel Crocelle his head-quarters. Immediately after his arrival, he consulted the most eminent physicians of the place, both Italian and English; and as I have seen the certificates which they drew up, I can bear testimony to the fact that they confirmed the opinions of other medical men as to the infirmity of his health, and the necessity of a change of air. These, almost the first proceedings of the Cardinal on arriving in Naples, are particularly to be noted, as they prove how careful he was to avoid any imputation of putting himself in opposition to the Supreme Head of his Church, as also to satisfy himself and others of the reasonableness of his conduct in quitting Rome. "I have resolved," he often said to me, "that my life shall be so open as to be above suspicion;" and again, "Though I acknowledge the duty of obedience to the Pontiff in all spiritual matters, yet as regards my health I think it my duty to follow the counsels of my medical man."

Notwithstanding these precautions, however, he was subjected to continual persecutions and misrepresentations on the part of his enemies in Rome, amongst whom Cardinal Caterini was the most inveterate. He was charged with a disposition to separate himself from, or to create a schism in, the Church of Rome. He was accused, too, of disavowing the temporal supremacy of Pius IX., inasmuch as he paid his respects to the Prince of Piedmont, the hereditary Prince of Italy. As regards the first charge, I can assert that it had no foundation. True it is that men of all classes and opinions courted his acquaintance, and many indulged in dreams which were never encouraged, and never destined to be realized. "Liberal" priests who were disposed to sacrifice the temporal power, and Protestants who were anxious to destroy the asserted spiritual supremacy of the Pope, continually surrounded him, as did also the true sons of his Church. All were received by him with courtesy, but to none did he give the right to say, what so many desired, that he was prepared to leave Rome and place himself at the head of a Free Italian Church. Undoubtedly he desired to cut off many excrescences which he regarded as injurious. His great wish was to restore that purity of doctrine and discipline which existed in primitive times, but I never heard him express a sentiment of hostility to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. That he was opposed to the temporal power of the Pope was inferred, to a certain extent, from the fact of his having gone to pay his respects to Prince Humbert. This act he justified on the ground of the homage which was due from him to the son of the sovereign whose hospitality he enjoyed; and had any farther justification been needed, it might have been found in the visit which Cardinal Riario Sforza, one of the blackest of black—I use the phrase in no bad sense—paid to the prince. I believe that his own private conviction was that the true Church needed not the support of a temporal power, though he never gave the

slightest aid to bring about such a result. All that he ever ventured to suggest to me was the desirableness of constituting a municipal and lay government for the Pontifical states, under the nominal supremacy of the Pope; and he certainly fore-saw the time when even this must cease, and all Italy be united under one head. This he believed to be the inevitable course of things; though, as a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, bound by his vows to support the Pope, he never raised his voice, nor in any way gave his aid to accomplish such an object. He often, however, declared to me in general terms that "he had always been the friend of an united Italy." Yet, despite the precautions which he had taken, his prolonged absence from Rome, and his residence in a country the government of which was hostile to that of the Pope, awakened the bitterest feelings against him, and suggested continual and irritating attacks. He was first deprived of his allowance as a Cardinal, amounting to 6,000 scudi—about 1,200*l.*—a year. He was then prohibited from exercising his functions as Bishop of Sabina and Abbot of Subiaco, whilst the funds of his bishopric and abbacy were placed in commission. Such treatment awakened great counter-irritation on the part of the Cardinal, who, it must be admitted, was of an extremely sensitive temperament. Several letters were addressed by him to the Pope, and published, couched, certainly, in strong terms. As time passed, and the injustice and cruelty with which he was treated became more manifest, his language assumed a severer character; still, in all his writings, there was an evident struggle between a sentiment of respect for the Pontiff and of resentment for injuries which cannot be denounced too strongly. On several occasions he expressed his willingness to return on condition of his whole conduct being subjected to the test of a legal and ecclesiastical examination. He did so shortly before the *fête* of St. Peter, in 1867, when, on the occasion of the canonization of so many saints,

the Church of Rome made one of those gorgeous displays of magnificence which he who witnessed it as I did can never forget. To this and all other such demands Cardinal d'Andrea assured me he had never received any official answer. "I could not go, therefore," he added, "for some such an unpleasant scene as that which occurred between his Holiness and Cardinal Pentini would have taken place, and I might have forgotten myself, and expressed myself in too strong terms. I abstained therefore from presenting myself at the Feast of St. Peter."

It may readily be conceived that this act of Cardinal d'Andrea served only to create greater irritation. Much was said at the time of the intention of the Pope to fulminate all his wrath against his recusant subject in Naples, and it was declared that, at one of those famous meetings of Pope and Cardinals which were to take place during and after the Feast, something of a decisive and awful character was to be pronounced against his Eminence. In fact, it was declared solemnly that, unless he returned within six months after the Papal decree, Cardinal d'Andrea would be not only deprived of his bishopric and abbacy, but degraded from his cardinalate. "In the whole history of the Papacy," said the Cardinal, "there is not a similar instance to be found, where a prince of the Church has demanded a trial—has been virtually refused it—and then condemned by anticipation to a most humiliating degradation. Nor," he added, "has any intimation of the Pontifical decision been made to me officially. It was communicated to me through the French Consul, who sent it to me through one of his subordinates. In this way was I, a prince of the Church, treated. Standing on my own dignity, I refused to receive it."

The period of six months assigned for his return and unconditional submission would expire in December 1867, and we had now arrived at the month of November. Fresh certificates, drawn up by Dr. Rammaglia, physician

to the ex-royal family of Naples, and by other eminent men, were shown to me, recommending another winter in his native place as essential to his health. Still the sword of Damocles hung suspended above him. Towards the latter end of November, I received an intimation from a trustworthy source in Rome that the Papal decree against the Cardinal would be shortly published, and I was urged to communicate this fact to him without delay. I did so on the same morning. "What do you counsel me to do?" he asked. "Your Eminence is a far better judge of the position than I can be," I replied; "but if you still acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and mean to continue your relations with the Church of Rome, taking into consideration your vows of obedience, and the disastrous consequences of disobedience, I think no other course is open to you than that of returning." He immediately decided on doing so, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote to the Pope in my presence, giving me the letter to read afterwards. I cannot quote it now word for word, but the sense of it was this, that "he had resolved to return immediately, in proof of his disposition to obey his Holiness, unless the publication of the decree should render it impossible for him to do so." "Will you undertake to have this letter placed in the hands of the Pope?" asked the Cardinal, who feared that it might not otherwise arrive at its destination. "I think I can," I replied; "I will do my best," and it was dispatched on the same evening to a confidential friend in Rome, with a request that he would communicate to me its safe arrival and presentation by telegraph. This he did, and the Cardinal was immediately informed of it. At the same time he told me that, not satisfied with writing to the Pope, he had also sent a telegram to his Holiness expressing his resolution. This he did in order to anticipate the publication of the decree.

On the following day a letter from my friend informed me that the Cardinal's letter had been sent through

a foreign official medium to the Vatican, though I think now that it passed through the hands of Cardinal Antonelli, and that the decree had been published two or three hours after its arrival. That is to say, the letter was presented at half-past two o'clock P.M. and the decree appeared in the official gazette the same evening: "*Tantene ira*," &c. The case assumes even a worse aspect when it is remembered that the submission of the Cardinal by telegraph must have been received twenty-four hours earlier; time enough existed for deliberation, and this interval, instead of giving birth to sentiments of Christian charity and forgiveness, was occupied, on the contrary, in completing that system of persecution which had been so long practised against his Eminence.

The publication of the decree, notwithstanding his declaration to the Pope that it might render his return impossible, did not however ultimately affect the resolution of the Cardinal, though for a few days it gave rise to some hesitation. "What shall I do? What is in reserve for me?" were questions which he frequently asked. "Do you think they will proceed to extremities with me, or shut me up?" Evidently great apprehension existed in his mind as to the reception he would meet with, and the conduct that would be observed towards him; and such was his dominant feeling up to the last moment before he left for Rome. He dreaded also the possibility of his being compelled to sign some form of recantation which his conscience would not approve. "I will never do so," he often and energetically said to me; "besides, I have nothing to recant—I have never said or done anything against the Church: if I have anything to regret it is the having expressed myself in strong terms in writing to his Holiness, but my provocation was great, I was justified in doing so. No, I never will sign any recantation." "Your Eminence," I ventured to interpose, "will no longer be Cardinal d'Andrea when you arrive in Rome. You will then be surrounded by influences which



you will not have the strength to resist."

Thus much I have written from my own knowledge; as to that which befell his Eminence on his return to Rome I can speak only on the authority of others, —well informed and trusty persons, however, be it said. One of the first efforts of his enemies was to procure his signature to a recantation of all he had written, but this he indignantly rejected. Another person was employed to effect the object, and a more modified form of recantation was presented to him, which he finally signed, it being understood that as a condition he should be restored to his bishopric and abbacy. This was never done.

I will not dwell on statements which I have not the means of verifying as to how Cardinal d'Andrea was confined to his house for some time after his arrival in Rome—watched by spies in his antechamber—and for a long interval refused an audience of the Pope; these things were generally alleged: but it is undoubtedly true that the system of treatment adopted towards him was one of offensive and vexatious cruelty. Under such influences, and removed from the restorative air of the Mediterranean, it is not surprising that he gradually sickened more and more. His physicians recommended change, and that to Naples; but the self-constituted physician of body as well as of the soul would not permit it. "I am dying," said the Cardinal to his friends. "I want fresh air, the air of Naples, but they will not let me have it." And so he lingered on, week after week, until the public feeling was irritated by the inhumanity which was practised towards him. To counteract this feeling, I was informed by one who was in a position to know, a *communiqué* had been sent to, I believe, the *Giornale di Roma*, saying that the Liberals had been spreading false reports as to the state of Cardinal d'Andrea's health, that he was well and had been seen by many taking his drive. This article was never published, for death stepped in to contradict its assertions, and there was only time to withdraw it.

I was in Rome whilst this victim of a heartless persecution lay yet unburied, and from those who were cognizant of them I received the following details. On the 13th May he sought and obtained an audience of the Pope; the interview was described to me as having been of a most excited character, so much so as to produce evidently alarming effects on the Cardinal. At the close of the audience, his Eminence returned to his own house in a state of intense excitement, and passed a great portion of the night in writing to the Pope. Of the details of that letter I heard nothing, but it is probable that a subject which formed a part of the conversation of the preceding day, the withholding from him his episcopal rights, was introduced; be that as it may, the letter was reported to have been most severe in its character, and such as Popes rarely receive. It was sent to the Vatican on the morning of the 14th May, and at mid-day the Cardinal went out for a drive. The carriage was proceeding by that long road which leads from Sta. Maria Maggiore to S. Giovanni di Laterano, when the coachman felt the checkstring pulled, and turning round he perceived that his master was ill. Rapidly he drove him home; physicians were sent for immediately, but it was evident that the last scene of the melancholy tragedy was about to be enacted. A confessor was called in, and before the day had closed, whilst performing the religious offices prescribed by the Roman Church, Cardinal d'Andrea ceased to breathe. Until the *post mortem* examination took place, the public were not permitted to see the body; nor do I know that they were so even then; but those who had that privilege speak of a black circle around the eyes and mouth, though the expression of the face was tranquil. In Rome, as elsewhere in Italy, reports were rife of "poison." Such modes of accounting for sudden death in that country are by no means uncommon, but in the present instance there is no necessity for having recourse to such a solution of an apparent mystery, when

another and a much easier one is ready at hand. In the same chamber in which the body lay was found a passport or permit to visit Sorrento, and afterwards Aix. Alas, it came too late! a cruel policy withheld it until it was useless, and until he was summoned before that higher Power in presence of which regal and papal crowns are humbled in the dust.

A *post mortem* examination of the body of the victim has certified that the Cardinal died of tubercular phthisis and angina pectoris, thus in a few words summing up and certifying a long series of cruelties. Refused permission to breathe the air which was necessary to his life, he was morally compelled to return and breathe an atmosphere which was poison to him. Deprived of his bishopric, of his ecclesiastical authority, and menaced with the loss of his cardinalate, he was made to dance attend-

ance in antechambers, and assume the costume of a penitent, or one not accordant with his rank. Persuaded, contrary to his intentions, to sign a recantation against which his conscience revolted, on condition of being restored to his authority as bishop and abbot, these promises were never kept. Is it necessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of poison, when the means of procuring a slow and certain death were so ready at hand, and so ably used? Tubercular phthisis—angina pectoris! What bodily and mental torments are comprised in those four words!

His Eminence left behind him a quantity of valuable old plate, a library of 11,000 volumes, and a mass of manuscripts, which have all been seized. What his opinions were on religious and political matters, the world will therefore never know.

## TEN DAYS IN THE NIVERNAIS.

No foreign country is so often visited by Englishmen as France; in none do they so rarely *travel*. A few spots—one of paramount interest and importance—and a portion of one district are more or less familiar to all who have braved the perils and hardly less appalling inconveniences of the Channel. Most of us have seen Paris; not a few know something of Normandy; but the majority of English visitors to France regard the rest of the country much as they do the Metropolitan Railway—as so many miles of ground over which it is unfortunately necessary to pass to something better beyond them. No doubt there is a great deal of very dull country in France, but then France is very large, and no less varied in its climate, scenery, natural products, architecture, manufactures, people, and language—in everything, in short, which can interest the traveller, be his acquirements and tastes what they may. This is not the time or place for, nor do I propose attempting to give, at any time or in any place, even an approximately complete account of these. My object and intention are much narrower and less ambitious,—to show that some of the by-ways of the continent may be traversed with little less entertainment and facility—certainly with a good deal less cost—than most of the highways.

Every traveller, it may be presumed, cares about something. Every place, too, contains something that would interest somebody, could the thing and the body be brought into juxtaposition. There are, of course, some tastes the want of which must render all continental travelling more or less wearisome and altogether unprofitable. There is one, failing which the non-commercial traveller will do well never to cross the French frontier. I speak of a taste for, regulated too by some knowledge of,

*architecture*, and especially the architecture of the Middle Ages. In the abundance and the splendour of its examples of this phase of art, the French is not merely richer beyond comparison than any other nation, but richer than all other European nations combined. It is not merely that Amiens, Soissons, Noyon, Laon, Rheims, Chartres, Le Mans, Poitiers, Sens, Auxerre—it is useless to multiply examples—contain cathedrals or other churches altogether unrivalled in size, proportion, or detail, beyond the Rhine or the Alps; but that, the Revolution of 1791 notwithstanding, the rage for improvement (more destructive than a hundred revolutions), nay, restoration itself notwithstanding, it is hardly possible to pass over ten miles of French soil without coming upon some monument, generally great and always beautiful, of French mediæval genius and constructive skill. For the most part, with the magnificent exceptions of a few military structures, such as Coucy-le-Château, these are exclusively *ecclesiastical* monuments, for there is comparatively little domestic architecture in France older than the Renaissance; but such is the number of ecclesiastical monuments, and such is their variety of style, that the most accomplished French archæologist might, in a week's tour in some parts of France, meet with a hundred structures of whose existence as yet no account has been got in—structures which have blushed unseen for centuries, structures still unknown, unmeasured, and unsketched, and happily *unrestored*. Nor are there many towns in France (a few years ago there were none) albeit no longer rich in *domestic* Gothic, which are altogether deficient in examples of that rapidly disappearing element, the *picturesque*. True, the Prefect is abroad. There are Baron Hausmanns (Hausmännerchen) in

the provinces. Historical Paris is not the only French city which, in the recollection of all but the youngest inhabitant thereof, has been improved off the face of the earth. Rouen—I mean the Rouen of five-and-twenty years ago—is a thing of the past. A *quartier* of gabled houses and the choir of a fourteenth-century church lay in ruins, necessitated by a new *alignement*, the last time I visited it: while the existing ancient dwellings, once glorying in their construction—their cross-timbered, herring-boned façades, and visible roofs—are now masked under plaster of Paris and parapets; wanting alike the freshness of youth and the dignity of age—like old ladies with paint on their cheeks and “fronts” on their temples. Hasten, then, ye lovers of mediæval architecture! lose not a season, nay, lose not a day, in securing a last look at the glories of which the clever and tasteful French people are despoiling their country—the rich inheritance which they are busy scattering to the winds. Mr. Ruskin, some years ago, said that he had more than once been engaged in drawing one side of a building the other side of which workmen were busily engaged in pulling down. Be assured this was no figure of speech, no rhetorical artifice by which to call attention to a hidden truth, but a plain account of a not uncommon incident.

But the interest of French travelling does not depend exclusively on, however much it may be increased by, French towns. With great deference to those whose knowledge of France is derived from an annual trip by railway from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Basle, France is as highly favoured by nature as it has been by art, and on the whole richly deserves her old epithet, *la belle*. Were some of our autumn tourists, on their way back even from Switzerland, to alight at Dijon, and, turning westward, make their way by carriage or on foot toward Nevers or La Charité, they would pass over a country altogether unlike that which they had left, no doubt, but unsurpassed in its own kind,—a country made

up of hills almost worthy of a nobler title, and these covered, not by woods, but vast *forests* of magnificent timber, and watered by numerous and rapid streams, the tributaries of one of the most pleasing and beneficent of French rivers, the Yonne. The *reverse* of this excursion, *i.e.* the journey from Nevers to Dijon, was the principal incident in a short though not hurried tour in France which I made in the autumn of last year. A brief account of it may not unseasonably occupy a few pages of this present number of *Macmillan*.

Having left London the preceding day, and slept in Paris the preceding night, I found myself and fellow-traveller, on a certain bright morning early in September last, installed in a carriage on the Paris and Lyons Railway, the holder of two tickets and a crumpled receipt, certifying that we and our modest but not extravagantly diminutive luggage were destined for Montargis. And why Montargis? Some years ago, leaving the station at Lille, one of my fellow-travellers asked another, an intelligent-looking Belgian lady, what that historical town was like. She answered epigrammatically, — “Belle ville; mais rien à voir.” On this a weary-looking invalid, who had as yet given no audible sign of life, put forth the following specimen of continental English, — “Ah, madame! j’aime les villes comme ça!” There are moments—and the end of a season of London work is eminently one of them—when a town presenting *rien à voir*, but which is pretty sure to furnish a nicely-cooked French dinner, and a comfortable bed, has more attractions than Rome or Constantinople. We had attained to one of those moments, and had pitched upon Montargis as likely to be one of *les villes comme ça*. And so it proved. We did not expect or desire to find it lively, and we were not disappointed. The inhabitants of Montargis, like those of many equally quiet places, have no doubt their occupations and interests in life. The only thing revealed to us in the course of our afternoon’s ramble, approaching the

character of a common *industrie*, was angling, an occupation which large numbers both of old and young pursued, apparently with more zeal than success. The streams to which this diligent use of the rod are the incentive form, however, a very picturesque feature of the town, overhung as they are by timber houses, from whose salient galleries opposite neighbours might shake hands, and whose decaying frames seem only held together by long confirmed habit. The hotel is a large and sadly empty house full of memorials of past greatness, which a lively imagination might easily re-people (no other power, alas! ever will) with a society which, though really separated from us by less than a century, seems already as remote as that which filled the courts of the Pharaohs.

Leaving Montargis the next morning, at a not extravagantly early hour, we found that there would be time to visit La Charité on the road to Nevers. I am not fond of dashes into towns between two trains. I am continually beset by the fear of being too late for the second of them, or of losing my way, or my luggage; and my attention is at least equally divided between the thing I have come to see and my watch,—rarely out of sight, never out of mind. La Charité, however, possesses but one monument, and that, we had learnt, lay within easy reach of the railway station. So we determined to “do” it.

The town, which owes its name and existence to the hospitality of the Clunisian order, contains the remains of one of the greatest and most perfect of their establishments—a fragment only, but a fragment from which it is not difficult to reconstruct an entire fabric, in all its pristine splendour. The conventual church of St. Croix, surpassed only in dimensions by its parent Cluny and its sister Vezelay, was founded in 1056, and consecrated in 1106. It consisted, like all the establishments of the same rule and epoch, of a vast number of parts—of dormitories, refectories, writing-rooms, painting-rooms, libraries,

kitchens, laboratories, infirmaries, workshops, guest-chambers, cloisters, and whatever else might be needed for the accommodation and security, in health or in sickness, of the community itself, their guests, servitors, and dependants of whatever kind. In connexion with these—the glory and *motif* of the establishment—was a church whose magnitude and richness of decoration were in proportion to the numbers and resources of the fraternity. The plan of a conventual church was, in general terms, invariably the same. It consisted of a choir, having its own more minute divisions, a nave, and a *narthex*, or antechapel—the distinguishing feature of the monastic church, into the choir or even nave of which the laity were not commonly admitted. For the most part the *domestic* portions of monasteries, in France especially, have fallen into such utter decay that it is difficult even to trace many of their ground-plans; but records and drawings are extant which prove that even as early as the tenth century the art of living, whatever its status in the outer world, was well understood in the cloister; and that in all that respects security, health, and even comfort, monastic life in “the dark ages” was not very far behind our own. But the monastic *churches* of France and other countries have in many instances been left to us in part, if not entire. That of Cluny, “le véritable berceau de la civilisation moderne,” has been destroyed within the memory of man; a few inconsiderable fragments of it only remain. Vezelay has recently undergone such thorough and on the whole judicious repair, that with ordinary (*i.e.* very little) watchfulness its ruin may be protracted as far ahead as its foundation is now in the rear of us—nearly a thousand years. The church of La Charité sur Loire is the only one of the three neither utterly destroyed by violence nor restored. Of the nave there remains only a portion of the north wall, the openings in which now serve for the windows of two or three houses whose fronts have been completed by filling up the rest of the bays

with masonry. These dwellings wear a melancholy and yet somewhat ludicrous aspect, as though they were conscious of their incongruous and anomalous condition. So, too, of the narthex nothing remains but the approach—a noble flight of steps; on the north side of which rises a storied tower of vast area, great altitude, and beautiful proportion. Its companion (south) tower has disappeared. The choir, to which one passes under what remains of the west front through an uncovered distance of about 200 feet, in spite of its mutilated proportions (for the floor through the accumulation of ages has risen seven or eight feet), is for a Roman structure unusually lofty. Its roof, like that of most of its Burgundian contemporaries, is semi-cylindrical, and divided only by mouldings continued from the flattened pilasters (a Burgundian peculiarity) which face the principal columns. The intersection of the *chevet* and eastern transepts is marked by an octagonal dome—a feature entirely unknown to French architecture north of the Loire, and which, whether indigenous or borrowed from the East, carries the imagination in an instant thousands of miles “nearer to the sun.” We had the good fortune to encounter the Curé, a very courteous and intelligent person, who had thoroughly studied and was very proud of his church, in which he had succeeded in making a number of very necessary repairs. May the hand of the restorer be long stayed from it! a sentiment to which I fear few Frenchmen would add “Amen.” M. le Curé was so good as to take us into the one remaining quadrangle formed by the north side of the church and some buildings of comparatively recent date. It is now laid out as a garden, full of fruit trees, with stone benches about, these covered with tomatoes, shalots, and other esculents, pleasantly suggestive of *la cuisine Française*, ripening in the sun, and looking as if they liked it. We lingered about this sunny inclosure, the silence of which was only broken by an occasional remark from our host, till it was high time, if not a little after it, for us to release him

from his self-imposed duty of guide. After a very kindly farewell, not wanting an *au revoir* on both sides, we made the best of our way to the river. The Loire at La Charité is crossed by a long bridge from which, as at Blois, a very fine view of the town is presented. Here we sat till the lengthened shadows and diminished light recalled us to the nineteenth-century fact that the train, like time and tide, waits for no man, and that, if we were to get on to Nevers that night, we must be going. After one more long last look at the pretty old town, we passed once again under its guardian tower, now mellowed by the last rays of that same sun whose going down it had watched for eight hundred years; stole once more into the nave, now wearing in the evening twilight its most solemn and touching aspect; and within an hour were at Nevers.

The first discovery we made on awaking next morning was that our windows looked S.E.—always a pleasant one for him “who loves to lie in the sun;” the second was that the Hôtel de France, in which we were lodged, was in very close neighbourhood to a *caserne*, many of the inhabitants of which, it was obvious to the dullest ear, devoted themselves unremittingly to the study and practice of the drum. Now the drum is a very worthy member of the orchestral family; and introduced judiciously, *i.e.* sparingly, it is capable of adding greatly to the effectiveness of simultaneous musical effort. But as a solo instrument, even under the wrist of a master, the drum is wanting in variety. The number of its effects, great as they individually are, is soon exhausted. What then is to be said of it, slung round the neck of a tyro—and not of one, but of a succession of tyros, inexhaustible in number and equal in maladroitness, who from sunrise to sunset drew from it one unintermittent ra-ta-ta-too? I advise any gentleman or lady of nervous temperament, who may be disposed to make a tour in the Nivernais, to think twice before putting up at the Hôtel de France—in itself an unexceptionable place of abode.

Happily Nevers is a large city, and therefore presented plenty of means of escape from the rhythmical but cacophonous studies of our military neighbours. The cathedral and the ducal palace, two of its three principal monuments, are both placed on the top of the hill on and round which the city is built. This hill rises some 250 feet above the level of the Loire, here joined by the Nièvre. Its aspect from below is therefore exceedingly picturesque, clothed as it is with buildings and crowned by the ensigns of the Church and the State. The present cathedral, like almost every other similar structure, is not the first erected on the same site. It has replaced a Romane church, the *western* chapel (Anglicé *Galilee*) and crypt of which, as also the western transepts, now despoiled of their towers, still remain. The nave is attributed to the end of the twelfth century, and has double aisles—a rare and all but unique feature in this part of France. The apparent magnitude of the choir is greatly lessened (I am speaking now of the interior) by the size and paucity of the bays—an error most rare in the works of mediæval architects, who knew well that apparent size is not necessarily attained by actual size, but by multiplicity of parts. No eastern transepts are visible *in the interior* of the church, which in this and some other respects resembles its neighbour Bourges—a structure no doubt in every way superior to Nevers, though, I cannot but think, greatly overrated. The shafts of the clerestory, at the points where they start from the string-course, are decorated with small figures, some of which are very elegantly designed, and all executed with much spirit.

One of the greatest charms of an un-frequented foreign city is the entire absence of the cicerone. Nobody wants to show you or take you to see anything. Connected too with this is another—that anybody of whom you happen to make an inquiry, from the *sous-préfet* of the department to the *sous-marmiton* of the hotel, is ready to act as your cicerone, if you want one.

Having been taught by experience that the best possible mode of seeing a foreign town is to lose your way in it, I have long since given up all intercourse with the ciceronian tribe, contenting myself where there was an inevitable *gardien* who had a rightful claim on my purse, with satisfying *that* at once; a courtesy which he has generally acknowledged by leaving me to my own devices. So at Nevers we soon came to an understanding with the sacristan, who lent us his keys, provided with which we were free of the fabric, from the crypt to the weathercock. A tolerably easy cork-screw staircase soon landed us on the top of the aisles, whose pinnacled roofs have long made way for a slightly-inclined leaden covering, hideous to the eye, but very convenient to the foot. A few steps on, a spectacle presented itself which pleasantly relieved the severity of our ecclesiological studies. On a sort of terrace, only a little below the level we had attained, was seated a party of about a dozen *couturières*, plying their needles with great spirit, and their tongues also. They had placed themselves under the shade of a neighbouring building. The remainder of the terrace, on which were some orange-trees and other plants in pots, and a little fountain, lay in front of them, bathed in the sunshine; and immediately over their heads were some branches of a vine to which the sweet air had no will or power to give more than the very slightest motion. We thought of the West End work-rooms, about which we have all heard, their squalid dulness and their pestiferous atmosphere, and longed for the carpet of Almanzor on which to transport Madame ——'s staff to what, even to us pleasure-finding travellers, seemed a little Paradise. From the aisle-roofs we made our way to the top of the tower, and from the top of the tower down again to the aisle-roofs, studying the fabric in the infinite varieties of aspect in which it presented itself; now getting a bird's-eye peep into some quiet garden at our feet; now speculating as to which of

the surrounding churches was St. Etienne's (which also had to be "done" presently), and now following the two broad rivers at the bottom of the hill till they were lost in the distance. There was no hurry—nobody to hurry us; and as an excellent fellow-traveller said once, when it was proposed to abandon a similar position, and go in search of something else, "How can you be more than happy?" We did get down again into the church, however, at last, and even out of it; and, seating ourselves on a stone under the cool shadow of the north wall, proceeded to sketch the presbytery opposite, much to the entertainment I trust of an individual, called by a bold figure of speech an *employé*, who watched us without intermission from the window of a neighbouring post-office.

The old palace of the Dukes of Nevers is now the Hôtel de Ville. It is a stately structure flanked by uniform towers, with a grand staircase, half of it in advance of the middle of the façade. Some of the details betray hands trained in a Gothic school, but the vain repetitions of the façade are obviously the suggestions of a Renaissance architect. Gothic architects know well the value and force of repetition; but they repeated *with a difference*; as great musical composers repeat in the second period of their movements the passages already heard in the first—in *another key*. Several of the rooms have been appropriated as a museum of *faïences*, in the manufacture of which the Nivernais have excelled since an early period. Some of the best specimens, we were told, were away at the *Exposition*; those which remained, except now and then in the matter of colour, seemed to me more curious than beautiful. To what purpose is the surface of a dish occupied with models in relief of the identical viands it is its use and office to contain? And why should the gradual absorption of my soup reveal the release of Andromeda or the punishment of Actæon?

But the most interesting monument in Nevers is that to which I have

already alluded, the church of St. Etienne. It was finished just at the end of the eleventh century, and is therefore in the style now called by French archæologists *Romane*. Its dimensions are inconsiderable, but the simplicity or severity of its design, the massiveness of its columns, the depth of its embrasures, and its altitude in comparison with the area it covers, give it a dignity often found wanting in structures of later date and more ambitious intention. The second bay of the transept must, I think, be an after-thought; but in all other respects the interior of the church is as it came from the hands of its architect. The recent restorations have been all but limited to the essential. One would like to know, however, what is the authority for the universal practice among modern French restorers of filling the interstices of the masonry with black mastic. The effect is restless and disturbing. Time will perhaps make it less so.

Nevers boasts few houses earlier than the sixteenth century, confirming and illustrating the old story, in France, of bombardment, fire, and sword, the *dénouement* of which is being worked out in our own time by the Préfet and the Maire. Still there are, for those who care and know how to seek them, examples enough in Nevers to show what the city was in the Middle Ages. The street-fronts of these are generally of timber, filled in with brick or plaster; the breast-summers and other structural parts being not merely unconcealed, but often ostentatiously enriched with carving.

The apex of an old French house is generally projected, to afford a covering to a crane, by which wood may be hoisted to the *grenier*. A mediæval house was invariably surmounted by a device in iron-work. Of these devices<sup>1</sup> I have drawn not a few, and studied many more: I do not believe that there are two alike in all France. They are

<sup>1</sup> There are some beautiful examples in M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture française," Art. *Epi* and *Girouette*.



gradually disappearing; but happily they are so firmly set on (the old workmen had a conscience) as to make their removal a serious and expensive process.

Some features in the Burgundian architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are of so classical a character as to have led students at one time into the belief that many ecclesiastical buildings must be considerably *antedated*, and that reputed Gothic is in many instances really Renaissance. There is a fragment in Nevers of what within the memory of man was a church (dedicated to St. Sauveur), which is indisputably *neither* Gothic nor Renaissance, but veritable Classic. All that remains of it now is a single column, from which springs the beginning of an arch, on one face of the capital of which is sculptured a man keeping in check a rearing horse, and on another a *centaur*! The capital is certainly part of the *spolia* of a pagan temple, and not unworthy, from its spirit and freedom, of a Greek hand.<sup>1</sup> Little unfortunately is to be made out of the rest of the fabric, which has dwellings upon it, in it, beside it, and under it. Even speculation is crushed under such mountains of post-structure. The inequality of the ground might suggest the possibility of a subterranean church, but the proportions indicate an altitude exceeding that of any specimen with which I am acquainted.

But enough of Nevers, our visit to which was only an accident—a means to another and a higher end. Pleasant as our stay in it proved, we had originally regarded the ancient capital of the Nivernais as a railway terminus, and therefore the point at which anything worthy of the name of *travelling* was really to begin. A glance at the map of France will show that at Moret the Lyons railway bifurcates, one prong running nearly due south, into the heart of Auvergne, the other, after making a considerable bend to the east, taking

a similar direction towards Lyons and the south. Between these two lines of railway, at the points where for a time they are parallel, lies the Morvan—a district known to French dealers in horses and fire-wood, and to French sportsmen of the old school; but as thoroughly unprofaned by eye or foot of ordinary tourist—English, American, or even French—as the interior of Japan. To make our way across this country to Autun (due east of Nevers) was the object and motive of our journey so far; and we lost no time, on arriving at Nevers, in making arrangements so to do. Our landlord, of the Hôtel de France, undertook for a consideration to forward us to Château-Chinon, whence, we were assured, we should have no difficulty in getting on to Autun, and thence again to Dijon. On the third morning of our stay in Nevers, at half-past eight, we left our room, and had the pleasure to find, at the hotel door, a very tolerable carriage, attached to which was a pair of those generally strong, swift, vicious, and always unkempt horses with which everybody was so familiar in the days of diligences. After the adjustment of a few financial formalities with our host, we sallied forth from Nevers—not exactly with all the *honours* of war. At no preceding moment had our military neighbours exhibited such ardour in their musical studies; and, if the truth must be spoken, we were *drummed out* of Nevers!

There had been a good deal of rain in the night, enough to secure us from the possibility of dust for many hours to come; and the clouds were too few and too far off to raise any fear of their interfering with our enjoyment. The road was an excellent one, to a great extent new, and skilfully carried along the sides of such hills as it was possible to coast. Often, however, it sunk us to great depths, out of which it, as often lifted us up to as great heights. The whole district lies high, and sooner or later we always seemed to rise again to our high level. The population seemed sparse; at any rate the towns and villages on or within sight of the

<sup>1</sup> The late Roman is characterised by the same peculiarity as the early Greek sculpture—a disproportionate shortness in the lower limbs.

road are few. In one of them, Rouy, we came on a charming Romane church, outside of which we found M. le Curé superintending some repairs. He told us that it had been desecrated at the Revolution, and till not long since used as a barn. It had suffered some astonishing treatment preparatory to its reconsecration, the effects of which he had been able, partially, to remove. He lived in hopes of doing more. It was pleasant to find such zeal and intelligence. He knew well the value of the fabric of which he had charge, and had visited most of the principal ecclesiastical monuments in his own district. Whatever may be the likings of some of the *regular* orders (*e.g.* the Oratorians) in France, the *secular* clergy have recovered, or never lost, their liking for the architecture which, north of the Alps, has for a thousand years identified itself with Christianity. At Châtillon, a town of some size, though apparently not much vitality, we halted for a couple of hours. The castle, though altogether defortified, and converted into an apparently comfortable dwelling, retains something of its feudal outline, and gives character, as well as a name, to the town. At a little distance beyond Châtillon the greater glories of the route began to reveal themselves. Forest scenery more beautiful or more varied it is impossible to conceive, nor could any country at once so fertile and so accessible present features more picturesque. No conception of its character can be formed by comparison with any so-called forests—such as Arques, for instance—in Northern France; even Fontainebleau, glorious as it is, sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the Morvan, whose lofty eminences and vast openings bring under the eye, not one or two, but hundreds of points of view of the greatest extent and the most varied beauty. The detail, too, of the country is in no way unworthy of its outline. Oaks, chestnuts, beeches—all the noblest denizens of the wild-wood—abound, and these represented by the noblest specimens; while the soil is

carpeted with mosses and wild flowers, on any square yard of which a botanist might hold forth for a long summer day. For us who have to get to Château-Chinon to-night,—

“Non ragiam di loro, ma guarda e passa.”

Our driver has already indicated our resting-place more than once; but it has been as often lost again in turns of the road, or shut out by intervening hills. At last we have it fairly before us: an eminence greater than any we have yet surmounted or seen, now altogether *château-less*, but with that indelible impress so impossible to mistake, yet so hard to describe, which the hand of man leaves on the soil of which he has once fairly taken possession. A long and slow, but not tedious, climb of two more hours, hardly broken by a yard of descent or even level ground, brought us at last to the platform on which stands the town of Château-Chinon, considerably above and to the north of which rises the denuded site of the *château* itself. A few moments sufficed for taking possession of our quarters and ordering dinner; and we hurried away from the Hôtel de la Poste much faster than we had approached it, to reach the culminating point of our journey before the sun went down. This we hardly succeeded in doing; but the light was amply sufficient to disclose a spectacle which would have moved the coldest, and might have astonished the most *blasé*, of travellers. A larger horizon may be occasionally brought under the eye, though even this must be rare; but an amphitheatre at once so vast, so varied, so individual, the extremest boundary of which, from the lay of the land, can be really well seen, is, I believe, hardly to be found elsewhere. A poor cripple, who lives hard by, seeing the *silhouettes* of a couple of evident strangers against the evening sky, limped up the hill after us, and, adding his local to our book learning, helped us to make out the situation of a hundred places we were prepared to look for. There, far away to the west,

on the edge of the horizon, was Nevers, which we had left ten hours before; and there again to the north was Vezelay, and a little to eastward Semur, both of which we had visited the year before. Over the furthest hills to the right lay Dijon, and a little behind us Autun. But as the more distant objects and localities grew dim, and the circle of vision became gradually lessened by the fading light, the nearer and no less interesting points immediately about us put forward their claims to attention. The eminence on which Château-Chinon once stood is of course isolated and individual, but it is only one eminence in the midst of many others, some of even greater altitude. On one side especially rises what if it were barren might well lay claim to the appellation of a mountain, but what, teeming with sylvan life, draped from head to foot by the forest, can only be regarded as a heaven-kissing hill. On another side lay the town, not in itself an interesting town; but the scattered lights, as one by one they made themselves seen through the growing darkness, and its occasional sounds, as they made themselves heard in the growing silence, all added something to the solemnity of the scene. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter;" and magnificent works, whether of art or nature, can make their presence felt even when the eye is but dimly sensible of it. Gradually, as the little light became still less, even the nearer hills were lost to sight, but we knew they were there; and, as even the nearest objects died away from before the eye, a hundred sounds before inaudible and unnoticed claimed attention of the ear. From the valley immediately below us rose the babble of the infant Yonne, and from this side the cry of some herdsman, and from that the low of oxen. And far, far away—is the wish father to the thought? is imagination or memory playing on the too tightly-strung tympanum, or do we really hear the notes of the *cornemuse*? "Whether this music be of the heaven or the earth," it has gone—and we are left to find

our way as best we can to La Poste and our expecting hostess. To her, the first duty of a hostess having been duly discharged, I put the question whether we had heard with the mind's ear only, or with the body's, the voice of the *cornemuse*. Our imaginations, it appeared, had been less actively exercised than we had believed: we *had* without doubt heard the *cornemuse*, which was a familiar instrument in the country, performers on it being anything but rare. I intimated that I should greatly like to be brought into contact with one of them—accompanied, of course, by his instrument; and, with this view, inquiries were made and requisitions set on foot, the result of which was an understanding that a competent piper should be at my disposal at an early hour the next morning. This understanding was carried out to the letter. I had not quite completed my toilet when the sound of a well-sustained perfect fifth, immediately followed by a few notes at a much more elevated pitch, about whose nature and properties there could this time be no mistake, announced that the piper and the pipe were both in the immediate neighbourhood. On descending, I found both of them waiting my arrival. The piper was a grave, if not quite a sad-looking man, of about five-and-twenty years of age, a peasant, neither more or less; but with that sensitive and refined look which the cultivation of an art almost always gives, even to the vulgarest and most commonplace countenance. My piper's countenance could hardly have been vulgar or commonplace even without his art; with it, he might well be called handsome. After a little talk about his instrument and himself, in the course of which I learned that they had been companions since he was eight years of age, and that he could not read musical notes, he proceeded to draw upon that vast library, his memory, and, I suspect, now and then his invention. The "chanter" of his instrument, though not so harshly voiced as that of the Scottish bagpipe, was still too piercing to be agreeable in a small

room, but at a little distance its quality was not unpleasing. The compass was limited to a single octave, from D to D, not, however, ranging from key-note to key-note, but from the fourth below to the fifth above it, comprising what, under the old tonality, was called a *plagal* scale, of G. By dint of overblowing, he contrived to bring out a very intense sharp fourth (C sharp)—the single means of modulation within his reach. His repertory was for the most part of two kinds—(1) vague and lugubrious melodies, the rhythm of which it was hard to appreciate, generally

leaving off on E (minor of course), immediately preceded by the D natural below, and (2) very sprightly and strongly-marked dance-tunes. Occupying neutral ground between these, however, he had a few tunes of very refined and pleasing character. Here are, I think, two of the best of them. They are both thoroughly modern in their structure; but the dates of popular or national melodies are always puzzling. Modern tonality and modern rhythm were familiar in streets and workshops ages before they made their way into the schools.<sup>1</sup>

## AIR NO. 1.

*Andantino**cres.*

## AIR NO. 2.

*Allegretto mf**Repeat pp*

<sup>1</sup> All so-called national or popular tunes must be received with a little caution: some have proved to be not pure examples of the youth of art, but corrupt ones of its maturity. I should not be surprised to find something like these tunes in some forgotten score of Mondonville or Rameau.

Our friend, who, in spite of my repeated entreaties that he would take a little rest, had continued his musical exercises without interruption from the moment of our first meeting, had got into a lively frame of mind, and was shrieking forth one of his merriest ditties, when our landlady burst into the room in which we were waiting for breakfast, with "Venez, m'sieur et m'dame; venez voir deux de mes voyageurs qui dansent!" In a moment we were at the door, from which a truly comic spectacle was visible. "Deux de mes voyageurs"—two lively young *commis*—and the *chef de cuisine*, in his normal state a dignified and sententious personage, moustachioed à l'Empereur, had got up some sort of *danse du pays*, which they were performing with prodigious gusto and infinite spirit, under the direction of an elderly gentleman with a white cravat and a gold-headed cane, who was manifestly on his way to breakfast, but had been irresistibly attracted by our music. Indeed, the tones of the piper of Hamelin were hardly more persuasive to the children of that rat-delivered town than were those of our minstrel to the population of all ages of Château-Chinon, who flattened their faces against the windows, filled the courtyard, and crowded even within the doors of the hotel. Two or three quadrupeds even had caught the general enthusiasm. A stupid-looking pointer and a nondescript hound gravely watched the dancers; but an ubiquitous white Pomeranian, of more inquiring turn, brought his nose to the study of the piper's boots, as though he expected to smell the music coming out of them.

The dance continued for some time with great animation, and might have gone on longer, but the *chef*, suddenly catching sight of us, was too soon recalled either to a sense of what was due to his position, or to the recollection of the fact that he had left our *cotelettes* on the fire to pursue his saltatory exercises. He vanished, and in a few moments the revels were ended.

The country for many miles round  
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Château-Chinon is of the same character as that in its immediate neighbourhood. Indeed, the little town may be regarded as the capital of the Morvan. Our route, therefore, towards Autun, though not at all inferior to that which we had traversed the preceding day, presented no new feature till we arrived within sight of, though still far away from, that historic city. Autun is strikingly placed on the side of one of a great range of hills, and is approached from the west by a considerable plain. From the last hill of the Morvan, therefore, at a very considerable distance, it is well seen; the cathedral, crowned by its lofty western towers and its loftier stone spire, dominating the town and the country—a true type of the Church of the Middle Ages. We found Autun in a state of excitement hardly to be accounted for even by the fair then being held. Our arrival had been immediately preceded by a great event—the opening of a railway to Nevers, whence we had come, and to Dijon, whither we were going. The ceremonial, in which the whole department—the clerical as well as the lay element—had been represented, was already over, but the city still swarmed with dignitaries—*préfets*, *sous-préfets*, and *employés* of all kinds—so many of whom were *décorés* that one felt rather distinguished in *not* carrying an order.

Autun abounds in Gallic, Roman, and Burgundian remains. It boasts still two Roman gates in tolerable preservation.<sup>1</sup> The interior of the cathedral, which has been for many years under repair, can at present only be seen piecemeal. The choir is entirely shut off from the nave and almost blocked up by four huge piers, built for the temporary support of the spire while its own piers were being entirely rebuilt—a daring and apparently thoroughly successful architectural feat. The church, but for the light recently thrown on the history of French architecture, would be a most puzzling monument. It has pilasters not merely *flat*, as at La

<sup>1</sup> A description and a drawing of one of these, La Porte St.-André, may be found in Mr. Fergusson's "History of Architecture."

Charité, but *fluted*; and yet there is not the smallest doubt that they were as we now see them in the twelfth century. The glory of Autun Cathedral is its porch, which, so far as my own knowledge goes, is matchless. A vast semi-circular arch connects the two towers, and supports with its quadripartite vaulting a large chamber or tribune opening into the church. It is approached by and covers a noble flight of steps, from the first landing of which an arcaded opening in the north side reveals a sort of close, planted with trees and decorated with a quaint Renaissance fountain. It is difficult to understand the original purpose of these porches, of which there are many in France, all built between 1130 and 1200—a period at which the number of adult unbaptized persons could not have been great. Autun, too, was never a conventual church, nor was it originally a cathedral, but simply a private chapel of the Dukes of Burgundy. On the tympanum over the entrance doors is a "Last Judgment," characterised, like all similar works anterior to the thirteenth century, by the *absence* of the Blessed Virgin. It is a grand composition, and executed in a very peculiar style, the relief being very low, and almost without under-cutting of any kind. The heads have an Oriental look, suggestive of Byzantine culture or even handling. The greater school of French sculpture was yet in embryo.

We strolled out after dinner into the fair, and fell in with the last person we had expected to find there—and he behind a counter too—an archæologist. As a working cutler, he told us, he had in his youth visited the greater part of France, always seeking a resting-place in the neighbourhood of great Gothic monuments. He had come first to Autun to see the churches in the neighbourhood, had taken to himself a Burgundian wife, and settled among her belongings; after which, he remarked philosophically, "on ne voyage plus."

We had intended leaving Autun as we had reached it—by road. For this we found we were a day too late. One

of the effects of the opening of a railway is to make all other travelling in the direction it takes nearly impossible. After a few inquiries, not I confess very energetically put, we made up our minds to become railway parcels once more, and to be booked for Dijon. The process was not so simple as we had imagined. Being the day after the formal opening of the line, all Autun that boasted five francs was seized with a desire to travel, and all that did not, with a desire to see travellers start. The station swarmed with Autunese of all ranks and of all ages, with those who were going from it, and with those who were not. The purchase of our tickets was not effected without a considerable exercise of patience and energy, and the booking of our luggage, through the agency of an inefficient and bewildered staff, was an exhausting and dangerous operation. But it got done somehow, and I joined my companion at the end of an hour in the waiting-room, from which eventually we were uncaged, and allowed to take our places in the train. An hour's rapid travelling, during which, as I found afterwards, we had passed Beaune, Nuits, and Vougéot—classic spots, each worthy of a separate pilgrimage—*without knowing it*, brought us to Dijon.

Everybody has been to Switzerland, and everybody therefore has seen at least the outside of Dijon. A good many have slept at the Hôtels du Parc, De la Cloche, or Du Jura. But very few, I fancy, have done anything like justice to the noble old Burgundian capital, or have studied its churches, its museums, its stately hotels, or its less pretending though not less picturesque *bourgeois* dwellings, with anything like the attention they deserve. I have no intention of describing them. Are not their names and qualifications written at length in the books of Murray, Richaud, and other guides, general and local? There are more things, however, in Dijon than are dreamt of in guide-book philosophy, the search after which will repay itself, and be not unfruitful incidentally; for one will often find in

these old towns that the thing we were not looking for is quite as well worth seeing as that in search of which we had set out.

Intending but hesitating travellers in remote France may be glad to be told that the accommodation they will meet with is on the whole generally such as ought to satisfy all but those who cannot exist for a week or two without the comforts and luxuries of an English home. Some of the hotels (*e.g.* in Avallon, Semur, Château-Chinon, and

Autun) have a rough exterior; but they often contain commodious and fairly appointed rooms. Every bedroom in France seems to be furnished with a clean and comfortable bed. "Tout le monde est bien couché en France," is, I know, extensively, and I believe universally, true. The *living*—except of course for those who cannot dine without "a plain joint"—is excellent: the viands abundant, various, and well cooked, and the beverages not made in the neighbourhood of Hamburg.

J. H.

## R E A L M A H.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

## CHAP. XXIV.

## REALMAH'S DANGER FROM CONSPIRACIES.

PERSONAL enemies are very rare. Taking the population of the world at eight hundred millions, it is true that there are at least eight hundred millions of personal enemies; but then, as we must consider each man as his own chief personal enemy, this calculation will not prove much.

It may be said of Realmah that, with the exception of himself, he had no personal enemy, unless, indeed, it was the witch Potochee; but, unfortunately, there were many persons who were much injured, or fancied they were, by the advent of Realmah to power. For example, there were near relatives of the deposed chieftains who had hopes of being elected chiefs of the North, of the South, or of the West, if the old form of government were ever re-established. Besides, there were those who had been attendants at these little courts; and Realmah, though very anxious to do so, had not been able to find room for all these men at his own court. There were, therefore, several persons who, though not particularly disliking the man Realmah, earnestly desired the death of the king. These men formed a band of conspirators, and for several years after his coming to the throne Realmah was exposed to their machinations.

Realmah was a singularly fearless man, possessing all that fearlessness which often belongs to sickly, feeble people, and which seems to be given to them by kind Nature as, in some measure, a compensation for their deficiency in physical force.

His foster-brother Omki, however, was anything but fearless, and was in-

deed a very suspicious person, always upon the look-out for conspiracies against his beloved Realmah. A casual remark made to him by a woman of rank in the northern quarter of the city strengthened these suspicions. One day, when he was enlarging upon the merits of Realmah, this woman happened to exclaim, "Poor man! I doubt whether we shall get a better!" These words dwelt in the suspicious Omki's mind. He kept repeating the words to himself, "'Poor man!' Why poor man? 'We shall never get a better.' Humph! Then somebody is thinking about getting a better." From that time Omki set a sedulous watch upon that woman's husband and her brothers. He soon detected that they met together secretly with other disaffected persons; and he became perfectly sure of the existence of an important conspiracy. He warned Realmah. But the King replied, "Dear Omki, I cannot take all the trouble about my life that you would have me. I should be thinking of nothing else but my life; and the life would become not worth having. It is not much worth having as it is." Omki, however, redoubled his watchfulness, and formed, chiefly from among the fishermen's tribe, a guard of men whose main duty it was to watch the movements of the King, without his knowing that he was so watched.

Now, Realmah had one delight which he thought was quite unknown to his subjects. He would go and mourn, in complete solitude as he supposed, at the grave of the Ainah; and this he was particularly prone to do when more than usually vexed by anything disagreeable in public affairs. Her tomb was in a wood; and he had caused a house to be built close to it, in which one of his stewards dwelt, for it was a



part of the royal domain. By means of a secret approach through this house (he was a great lover of these secret ways), he had unobserved access to the tomb. One side of the house was built against a rocky and wooded eminence, and he had caused a secret aperture to be constructed from that side into this elevated ground.

It may appear inconsistent to say that Realmah was a very fearless man, while mentioning that he took such precautions as the above. But this was eminently characteristic of him: that he should foresee danger; provide, in some measure, against it; and then not trouble himself any further about the matter.

It is a wonder that he was not more anxious about his life; for the conspirators had already tried what poison could do, and their plot had only been defeated by Realmah's fine sense of taste, which had detected something wrong in some beverage that had been handed to him. Careful inquiries had been made about this; but the guilt had not been brought home to any one, and Realmah affected to believe that it was an accident. Omki, however, took care to make great change in the King's immediate attendants.

One morning in the spring-time, very early, a man in the dress of a fisherman might have been seen issuing from an obscure postern of the palace, and making his way rapidly, though with somewhat of a limping gait, to the Bridge of Foxes, as it was called, which led to the wood of the royal domain. He did not turn to look about him. Had there been an observant person present, that person would have seen a small body of men emerge from some spot near the palace, and disperse themselves in twos and threes, taking nearly the same route as the fisherman. In half an hour afterwards, a similar body might have been seen issuing from the same postern of the palace from which the fisherman had come. The first body were the emissaries of the conspirators: the second were the faithful guard, led by Omki. This was not the first time

that the fisherman had been followed in this manner; but it was the first time that the conspirators had received much earlier notice than Omki of the fisherman's intention to take an early walk. It need hardly be said that the fisherman was the King.

It is a fortunate thing for the world that conspiracies are almost always ill-managed. In this instance, nothing would seem simpler than that one or two of the foremost of the conspirators should have gained upon Realmah, and have murdered him before he reached the house. But they did nothing of the kind. It had been agreed that they should meet together near the house, force their way into it, and attack him there. And they kept to their agreement. Probably not one of them really liked the work, and therefore they were all averse to acting, except together in numbers.

Realmah gained the house; and, after speaking a few kind words to the steward's wife, descended into the secret passage that led to the tomb of the Ainah, which was covered in on all sides, and into which, except by this passage, there was no access.

Now this poor woman had been solemnly warned by Omki of the danger that the King incurred during these visits to the tomb; and no sooner had she attended Realmah to the secret passage which led to the tomb, than she went up to the highest room in the house and kept watch. There, to her amazement and dismay, she saw assembling, by twos and threes, no fewer than seventeen men under the shelter of a large "quillpahra," a tree like a beech-tree, but with a larger leaf. She hastened down to the King to give him notice. Realmah instantly appreciated the danger; and, leaving the tomb, betook himself to the place of concealment in the rock which was entered by an opening from the vestibule of the house, at a height of about ten feet from the ground. It was reached by means of a rope-ladder. It led into a long passage, which had an exit in the wood. The King made at once for this exit; but,

hearing voices near, did not venture to take this way into the wood. The truth was, that the conspirators had discovered that there was some such means of exit ; but had not ascertained its exact situation, as it had been very artfully contrived. Their first care, however, had been to place a small party at that spot near which they had once or twice seen the King emerge.

He had not long taken refuge in this concealed passage, when the conspirators came to the door of the cottage, and demanded entrance. The woman made no reply. The conspirators began to force the door, which had been made very strong. Moreover, there were two iron bars which could be drawn across it, and which went into staples fixed in the adjacent walls. The careful Omki had provided these means of defence, and had instructed the steward's wife how to make ready use of them. Seven or eight minutes were lost by the conspirators in forcing this door : at last they made good this entrance. They then seized hold of the poor woman, and by frightful threats compelled her to disclose to them the secret entrance to the tomb. They descended into the vault, where of course they did not find the King ; but one of them, groping about on the floor, picked up a shell brooch of exquisite workmanship, which they were sure could only have belonged to a person of high rank. After a fruitless search, they returned to the vestibule. They then searched all through the house, but without effect. One cruel man then proposed to put the poor woman to the torture. This plan was immediately adopted. A cord was twisted round her forehead, and pulled violently by the men at each end of it. Her agonizing screams rent the air, but no word of betrayal came from the poor woman. Realmah could bear it no longer. He drew aside the rough screen of wood-work that concealed him ; and, standing like a saint in a niche, addressed the conspirators. "I am here : who is it that wishes to kill his king ? If any one, let him do so." Most of the conspirators stood staring

at him. One or two, more hardened than the rest, hurled missiles at him, one of which struck the King on the breast, and made him fall backwards into the recess. They were looking about for the means of ascending, when Omki and his followers, who had pressed upon their steps, rushed into the house. The fight was furious ; but Omki's party prevailed. Six of the conspirators were left dead on the floor, and the others were overpowered and bound. His faithful foster-brother then ascended to Realmah's aid. The King was still senseless. But, though considerably injured, he was not fatally wounded, and after a short time he recovered his senses. His first orders were to spare the conspirators, and to bring them before him. He reasoned with these guilty men, and, upon a promise of clemency, obtained from them a full account of the plot and of the chief movers in it. He then ordered their bonds to be loosed, and was carried home in the arms of his faithful followers.

Such a transaction could not be kept secret, and in a few hours it was noised all through the city. Realmah's clemency was to no purpose. While the King was in a deep sleep, for the physicians of that nation understood the use of opiates, the populace rose in fury, and sacked the houses of the principal conspirators, killing those who had not made their escape.

There was no further attempt upon the life of Realmah ; for those who might still wish to conspire against him felt that, even if they were to succeed in their conspiracy, they would have to endure the rage of an infuriated populace.

#### CHAP. XXV.

#### REALMAH'S GREAT ENEMY, BRISHEE-BRASHEE-VAH.

IN our moral likings and dislikings there are as many odd fancies and peculiarities as in our physical likings ; and we all know in physical matters

how peculiar these likings are. One man is attracted by black hair in his beloved, another by auburn, another by red. The countenance which is absolutely repulsive to one, is fearfully attractive to another. There are even some people to whom obliquity of vision on the part of their beloved is delightful.

But it has often passed unobserved that there are the same invincible likings and dislikings as regards the moral qualities. One man can endure anything but cruelty in those he loves. Another has a positive hatred for the puritanical virtues.<sup>1</sup> A third, and such a man was Hamlet, adores justice, and cannot bear the unjust and passionate man :

“Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear  
him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee, Horatio ;”

while again there are others who are very tolerant of passion and injustice, but cannot abide small, narrow-minded, equitable priggishness.

Now Realmah, great as he was, was not exempt from these prejudices in his moral likings and dislikings. You might oppose him in council, and he would like you just the same. You might say injurious things against him, and he would forgive you, merely observing that he was sorry that you did not understand him. You might even conspire against him, and he would readily pardon you, as we have seen. But he was unspeakably bitter against the men who promoted false rumours. He was wont to say that these false rumours are the great difficulty of government, and that all the skill in the world cannot quite meet and dissipate them. Here it may be remarked how very difficult it must have been before printing had

<sup>1</sup> “I have known distinguished fathers and mothers in our Christian Israel, whose presence was like mildew upon flowers, and who sent you away with the feeling of having been defrauded of half your vital electricity.” The writer of the above, an American named Henry James, would not be likely to admire much even the virtues of Puritanism.

been invented for a government to check these false rumours. Much of what we now call history consists perhaps of the lightest, falsest, and most unauthorized sayings of the most gossiping of mankind.

Realmah would lose all his usual calmness and dignity when inveighing against the men who made and propagated false rumours. Indeed he was in the habit of saying that *Brishee-Brashee-Vah*, which meant in their language *The Lord of False Gabbling*, was the only enemy he never had conquered, and could never hope to conquer.

Of the rumours that made Realmah so angry, some were of this kind. The Varnah, who delighted in household arrangement, and who seldom went out of doors, was ill. The court physician recommended that Her Loftiness should take more air. Realmah, entering her apartments one day, remarked before her and her women—“We must take the open air a great deal this summer, my Varnah ; that is the way to meet your enemy. He is not to be battled with in the house.”

That simple speech led to a report, which was believed throughout Abibah, that the King would take the field at the head of thirty thousand men for a summer campaign against the Bibraskas ; and, absolutely, ambassadors arrived from the Bibraskas to propitiate the wrath of so great a monarch.

Realmah, when he addressed the Varnah, had pointed to an opening in the wall which looked towards the east, and the Bibraskas were the only tribe in that direction who did not admit the suzerainty of Realmah.

The King strove to trace the origin and growth of this report ; and, finding that one of the Varnah's women had repeated his words, with sundry additions, to her lover, was with difficulty persuaded from ordering her to be strangled. The great and good-natured King was never known to have been so fierce as upon this occasion, or to inveigh so loudly against *Brishee-Brashee-Vah*, whom he believed to be the chief god of evil in this lower world.

Corresponding with his hatred of Brishee-Brashee-Vah was Realmah's love for true intelligence. No man, to use an expression of Talleyrand's, was more "avid of facts." He did not care for the facts being apparently important: if they were trivial, but true, he valued them. He desired to know who in Abibah loved whom, who hated whom, who was about to marry whom. He did not despise gossip, if gossip were but based upon facts.

The Varnah and Talora, with the tact of women, discovered this, and, when they wanted him to do anything in household matters, took care to please him first by giving him intelligence that he could rely upon.

His foster-brother, Omki, vexed him much by bringing him rumours and suspicions of all kinds; but there was a great affection between Realmah and Omki, and the King endured from his foster-brother what he would not have borne from any other man.

If Realmah was desirous to know the truth about all manner of minor matters, it may be imagined how anxious he was to have sound intelligence about serious things connected with his government, and, above all, to have exact accounts of the movements of the men of the North.

For this purpose he posted men, upon whose vigilance and judgment he could thoroughly rely, at all the passes of that part of the country which is now called the Vorarlberg.

The instructions he gave to these men were very characteristic of him. He said, "Do not bring me your suspicions; do not bring me even your thoughts; do not worry me with rumours. I will only act upon ascertained facts.

"You all know the story of Kalvi the Timid, who lived in the woods. It was always 'Wolves, wolves!' with poor Kalvi. Even his wives ceased to be frightened by him. At last, the wolves did come; and what said the wives? 'Those are not the howlings of real wolves; but the boys, poor Kalvi, are playing their wicked jokes upon you, as usual; and we will not shut the door.'

"My people must not liken me to Kalvi the Timid. Do not bring me anything in the way of intelligence that you have not seen with your own eyes. There is always time enough. For once that unwisely we delay to act, we act prematurely one hundred times. Be wise; and do not disturb your king until the real moment for action comes."

#### CHAP. XXVI.

##### THE INVASION.

SEVEN years had now passed since Realmah's accession to the throne; and, in the course of that time, his power had immensely increased. Three objects had chiefly occupied his attention: the manufacture of iron, the gaining of allies, and the consolidation of his sway over distant provinces that had hitherto owned but a dubious allegiance to the Sheviri. In all of these objects he had been eminently successful; and it is not too much to say that the kingdom he ruled over was ten times as strong as it had been when the burthen of government first devolved upon him.

He had urged on, with all the power of government, the new manufacture of iron. He had formed many firm alliances—as firm, at least, as alliances ever are. After paying attention, in the first instance, to the arming and disciplining of his own troops, he had bestowed similar care upon those of his allies, and had not hesitated to furnish the choice bands of those allies upon whom he could most rely, with weapons which had been made in his own forges.

There was great murmuring amongst his people upon this point. What a large mind it takes to be profoundly generous! and nations are mostly less generous even than individual men. But few cared to speak out openly against anything that Realmah had set his heart upon; for was he not Realmah-Lelaipah-Mu—Realmah the Foreseeing Youth? And almost all his subjects acknowledged that it was not once, or twice, or thrice, that this man, their King, had been right, and those who

opposed him wrong ; but that his words had uniformly proved to be the words of prudence and of wisdom. Even Condore, who was now an old man, joining the peevishness of age to the confirmed habit of prophesying evil, ceased to have any weight with his fellow-countrymen, though he did not cease on every occasion to foretell that no good would come of whatever was proposed. For had he not once prophesied that good would come ; and, being mistaken, did he not take care never again to prophesy a good result ? Realmah was wont to say to his courtiers, with a smile, " Poor old Condore has been with us to-day, and has told us, in words which I have heard once or twice before from him, that what my government proposes will not succeed. We needed but this confirmation to act upon our resolve ; for has the good Condore ever prophesied that it will thunder on the left hand, that it has not impertinently thundered on the right ? " This was not true, for Condore had often been right in his forebodings ; but this was the way in which Realmah chose to put it.

Meanwhile, what had the men of the North been doing ? It is not known to us ; but we may conjecture that disputes amongst themselves had exhausted for a time their warlike energies, and diverted their attention from the conquest of the South. Whatever was the cause, it is certain that the dreaded invasion from the North had not occurred during these seven years. The prudent mind of Realmah had not, however, been the less solicitous on that account. He had never doubted that this invasion would come in his time ; and not a day had passed in which he had not done something in the way of preparation to encounter it.

Realmah was much given to a splendid hospitality. This hospitality was caused not only by his liberal nature, but also by that spirit of melancholy which ever encompassed him. It is often supposed that the most melancholy among the sons of men retire into privacy to indulge that melancholy ; but, on the other hand, it may frequently be ob-

served, especially if they are in a great public position, that they surround themselves with a multitude in order to chase away the dark thoughts of their own souls. Thus it was with Cortes ; thus it was with Wallenstein, and with many others who have played a great part in the world's affairs.

It was one day, early in the spring of the eighth year of his reign, that Realmah sat at the head of his royal table, surrounded by many of his best friends and most trusted councillors. The King's jester sat at his left hand, and rejoiced to see that every now and then his ready jests provoked a faint kind of smile from the weary monarch.

The feast was not concluded when, from the further part of the hall, there arose an unaccustomed murmur, and then a sudden silence. The crowd opened, and there advanced towards Realmah a man, not clad in festal robes, but dusty, toil-worn, travel-stained. He approached the King hastily, and whispered in his ear the ominous words : " They have come. Through the Pass of Koraun they are pouring into the Vale of Avildama by countless thousands."

He had hardly given his report when another messenger in like guise entered the great hall, and, rushing through the crowd, approached the King, breathing into his ear similar intelligence,—with this addition, that the enemy were accompanied by women and children, flocks and herds ; and that the whole host did not appear to be less than 250,000 souls.

Realmah rose from his seat with alacrity, and, with a loud voice and a most cheerful countenance, announced the news to the assembled guests and servitors.

" This is a day," he said, " that will ever be memorable in our annals. For years we have been awaiting in anxiety this attack ; and, now that it has come, I feel all the relief that there must ever be when suspense is turned into certainty. After the defeat of these hordes (and of that defeat I am well assured), such peace and joy as we have never known,

—at least, such as I have never known, —will be ours for the glad future. But now to Council; and, meanwhile, do all of you spread the joyful tidings throughout the city.”

Thus, like a great commander and politic statesman, did Realmah simulate a joy he was far from feeling, and throw forth a light of hope which was but dimly reflected in the sombre recesses of his own mind.

To both of the messengers he gave what he knew would be considered great largesse, thanking them publicly for their vigilance, and bidding them spread the good news throughout the city. Drawing his sword, he presented that to the first messenger; and to the second he gave his own goblet, ornamented with amber.<sup>1</sup>

The feast was broken up, and the Council met at once. The first thought of Realmah, on hearing this disastrous news, had been a determination to get rid of the greater part of his Council, and to conduct the war in the plenitude of despotic authority.

When, therefore, he met the Council, he did not allow the councillors to speak, but gave out his own views as if they were not for a moment to be gainsaid, or even questioned.

He told them frankly that they would at first be beaten at all points; and that the only question was, to exhaust the enemy's forces by the sacrifice of greater numbers on their own side. He explained to them that that was his policy. He was not for doing anything ungenerous; but the fate of the South hung upon what he was doing. They must not, therefore, scruple to shed the blood of their tributaries and their allies, as they would their own. The war would have a successful issue if they could sacrifice a hundred of their own lives, or of the lives of their tributaries and allies, for every thirty of the enemy.

<sup>1</sup> It has surprised antiquaries to find that the inhabitants of the Lake cities possessed amber; and it has been conjectured that this amber came by trade of some kind with the Baltic.

He gave special missions to almost all the members of the Council, retaining only three with him. These three were Delaimar-Daree, the man of many resources; Londardo, the man of unlimited daring; and Llamah-Mah, Realmah's flatterer and dependant. The King felt nearly sure that he should have his own way in this diminished Council; and secretly resolved, if he were in the least degree thwarted by them, to dismiss them also upon foreign service, and to take the command alone.

Before concluding the business of the Council, he gave general orders for an illumination of the town of Abibah, such as that which was held in the eighth month of the year, in honour of Roton-darah, the god of thunder and of storms.

He also ordered those councillors who were to proceed upon missions to various parts of the kingdom, and to the territories of their allies, to signalize their arrival by similar illuminations in the various towns to which they were ordered to proceed.

After the Council had broken up, he went to his own house, which, from motives of policy, he had always retained, and where he often resided—to show that he did not personally care for grandeur—and, walking up and down the balcony for hours, he revolved the whole conduct of the war.

Ah me! how different are the thoughts of men in this perplexed world from what those thoughts would be if men were left to themselves, and were not perpetually molested by their fellow-men! Here was Realmah, who loved the life of every living creature, who would stoop to save the life of an insect which had become embarrassed in running water; and yet his sole thought that moonlight night, as he paced up and down the balcony, was how he could most advantageously sacrifice the lives of his subjects so as to insure the greatest destruction in the ranks of the enemy. “Were I resolved to die,” he said to himself, “poor creature as I am in battle, they could not kill me without my having at least slain one of the enemy. I will give a great

banquet to-morrow, to the tribe of the fishermen and the ironworkers, and upon them I will impress the idea that no man must perish without having slain one at least of these accursed Northmen."

With this consolatory idea, the great king at last sought the repose that was so much needed for him.

CHAP. XXVII.

REALMAH'S PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE.  
HIS PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

REALMAH lost no time in making his preparations for resisting the siege of Abibah. He felt sure that the Northern tribes would ask who was the greatest king in those parts, and would direct their energies, in the first instance, to the reduction of his power.

What he most feared was fire; and his first efforts were directed to meet that danger. All those parts of the town which lay near the drawbridges he protected with thin plates of iron. The neighbouring parts to them he covered with a coating of clay and small stones; and the more remote parts of the town with the hides of animals.

Fortunately, the supply of water was inexhaustible; but the provisioning of the town for a protracted siege was a matter of anxious thought for Realmah.

As amongst the ancient Peruvians, so amongst the Sheviri, their laws and customs provided for considerable public storages of corn to meet the claims of the widows, the orphans, and the sick. And, as it was spring-time, there was nothing further to be done in the storing of grain.

Much, however, might be accomplished by slaughtering the principal part of their flocks and herds, and drying the flesh in the sun. This was done; and, after great exertions, Realmah found himself in a position to endure, as far as provisions went, a siege of three months, without being in the least degree liable to suffer from famine. He was enabled to persuade his people to consent to the sacrifice

of the best of their flocks and herds, by showing them that when the enemy came to invest the city they must be masters of the plains and the woodlands near, and the only question would be whether the Sheviri, or the enemy, should feed upon these flocks and herds.

The people were thoroughly docile to their king; and, on this memorable occasion, all private interests were merged in a great effort to meet, and if possible to defeat, the public enemy.

The name of the king who led the Northern forces was Lockmar; and the epithet that well described him was Dansta-Ramah—"the All-destroying Flame." Like Attila, or Genghis-Khan, or any of the fearful scourges who have devastated the fairest regions of the earth, he was simply a brute kind of a man, who loved carnage, and had gained the superiority amongst his fellows by being, if possible, a lower and more ferocious animal than any of them. Remorseless as a tiger, subtle as a serpent, and brave as a lion, Lockmar had all the sway which belongs to a supreme pre-eminence in badness.

Against this man the gentle, kind-hearted Realmah was pitted; and it remained to be seen whether brute force was always to be predominant in this world.

The plan of the campaign, as it had long been matured in the mind of Realmah, was very simple. There were to be three armies in the field. The Phelatahs and the Doolmen were to form the bulk of one of these armies. The subject provinces were to furnish a second army; and the third, upon which Realmah placed the greatest reliance, was to consist of Sheviri, and to operate in the plain south of the city, through which the great river Ramassa runs.

A small body of the troops of the Sheviri was to be attached to the first and second armies. The brunt of the war was to be borne by the army of the Ramassa, as it was called. This army was to be commanded by Athlah.

The relations between that chieftain and Realmah had been greatly changed

since the beginning of this story. Athlah was a man who always believed in power, and was very submissive to it. Besides, he had learnt to appreciate fully the great qualities of the King; and there was no one on whose fidelity Realmah could place a firmer reliance than on that of Athlah.

Realmah resolved to remain in the town of Abibah, for he had many devices in his mind to prepare it for a state of siege, and he was determined to fight the invaders street by street, and not to yield as long as a single vestige of the town remained upon the waters.

He intended to be present at the battle in the plain, but he had resolved to come away from it alive, and to reserve all his energies for the siege. He did not hesitate to let this intention be known to his principal friends and councillors. He felt that the knowledge of this intention (which was sure to leak out) would give great comfort to the inhabitants of the town, and induce them to bear without murmuring the great labours and sacrifices which he was about to impose upon them for the defence of the town.

He had in his own mind come to the conclusion that each one of these three armies would be worsted, but not without inflicting considerable loss upon the enemy; that they would then commence a siege; that this siege would be very impetuously maintained for a short time; that it would then languish; that he could direct a guerilla warfare against the southern divisions of the enemy's army; and, in fine, that he could protract matters until the rainy season should come on. By that time, he would have collected the scattered remnants of these three armies, and would make a final grand attack.

The reasons which had led Realmah to form and to rely upon this plan of campaign were these. Though he had armed his own troops and some of his allies with iron weapons, he was well aware that every man of the Northern tribes would be well armed. He was also aware that they had much more practice in war than the nations of the South.

He, therefore, concluded that his people and his allies would inevitably be beaten in pitched battles until he had called in pestilence and famine to his aid. He also concluded that if he could withstand the first great attack upon the town, these Northern barbarians, who, he had heard, were very capricious and unstable beings, accustomed to rapid victories, would become tired of a protracted siege. They would then either retire, or be defeated upon his striking a great blow, in concert with his allies, upon the forces of the enemy diminished and disheartened by pestilence and famine.

#### CHAP. XXVIII.

##### ACCOUNT OF THE CAMPAIGN—THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN REALMAH AND ATHLAH—THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN.

THE early events of the campaign were such as Realmah had foreseen. It is needless to recount the battles, for there is hardly a more dull thing in the way of narration than the narrative of a battle, unless it is given in full detail, or unless it is signalized by some remarkable incident or manœuvre.

The Phelatahs and the Doolmen, who operated to the north-east of the lake, were beaten, but not ingloriously. The army that was furnished by the subject provinces was also defeated.

Just as Realmah had anticipated, the men of the North, after defeating these armies, directed their course to Abibah. The army of the Ramassa went forth to meet them; and from day to day a battle was imminent.

Realmah, as has been said before, resolved to be present at this battle, but not to take any active part in it. He trusted Athlah thoroughly; was willing and ready to give him aid and advice; but told everybody that Athlah was to be the real general, and was to have the full credit for the conduct of the war outside the town of Abibah.

Realmah had a body-guard of sixty men, each of whom was devoted to him; and, previously to the battle, he told them what he had mentioned before to



his councillors, that he had no intention whatever of dying on that field of battle, and that they must take care and bring him back to the town of Abibah unharmed. Before gunpowder was invented, it was very difficult to kill a man who had sixty devoted followers, each one of them ready to die for him.

It is a very remarkable statement to make, but it is true, that not one of Realmah's subjects dared to surmise, much less to say, that it was cowardice on his part to resolve to come away from battle alive and unharmed. On the contrary, all felt that while Realmah was gracious enough to remain alive, and to constitute himself as a rallying-point for his subjects, the great cause could not be altogether lost.

Realmah did not name any successor: he knew that it would be idle to do so, for if *he* fell, the hopes of the South would fall with him, and the Sheviri would hereafter be the mere slaves or vassals of the North.

The interview between Realmah and Athlah on the evening before the battle of the plain was a most interesting one.

In that vast area there was but one tent—the King's. All his people knew his sickness and debility, and were delighted to provide for him that comfort and convenience which he would not ask for himself.

Athlah entered the King's tent. Realmah and Athlah had for many years acted together in affectionate concert; but not one word had passed between them having reference to the past. The wisdom gained from experiencing the difficulties of high command had greatly improved Athlah. He had learned to know himself better, and to understand others better. He knew, for instance, that Realmah's genius was one which could rebuke and dominate his own.

After the first greeting, Athlah fell upon his knees, and, kissing the King's hand, begged pardon for his offences in past time. He said that in early days he had not known the greatness of the King.

Realmah raised him affectionately, and said, "What need of words, my Athlah?

I have long known that you are the truest and most faithful of my subjects. And not subject, but friend and counsellor, and of my heart, the core of heart."

*Milverton.* You see, Sir Arthur, even in that distant age men talked, unconsciously, their Shakespere.

Realmah then explained to Athlah in close detail, as he had done before in general words, the whole drift of the campaign.

"The gods," he said, "dear Athlah, do not always grant our first wishes; and time with them is long; and they are very patient. You must not rely upon gaining a victory. I have made up my mind to bear defeat. The plain to the rear of the wood, where Ramassa curves towards Bidolo-Vamah, must be the spot where, after defeat, you must collect the scattered troops of the three great armies. That spot is propitious to me.

"I have sent our good Londardo to the Phelatahs. He will bring what remains of their forces there.

"I mean to live. You are a warrior, Athlah; I am a craftsman: the resistance to the siege must be under my sole guidance; and, during many a weary night of sickness, have I revolved every incident that will probably occur in it. The siege it is that will test their power, and, I trust, consume their souls.

"The army of the Ramassa, in a few weeks, will be a great army, acting in concert with me."

Then Athlah said, "And must I survive defeat, my King?"

"Yes; if you love me, live."

Then Athlah said, "But I have never turned my back upon the enemy; all my wounds are in front."

"What is life or death to a wise man, Athlah? Even the otlocol<sup>1</sup> has the sense to fly from superior force; but he comes again.

"What is life, I say, my Athlah? On balmy days, when the breeze sighs gently, and all nature is bountiful and loving, I feel the spirit of my Ainal

<sup>1</sup> The puma, or lion.

near me. I would but too gladly join her; but it must not be yet."

Realmah then arranged what should be his mode of communication with Athlah, when that chief should have collected all their scattered forces in the plain to the rear of the great wood.

After Realmah had instructed Athlah fully upon these details, he embraced him lovingly; and the general then took leave of his king.

Athlah was attended by a splendid body-guard, formed of the flower of the army. His conduct must have appeared strange to them. After leaving the King's tent, he walked with hesitating steps. When he had moved a little distance, he drove his spear into the ground and leaned against it, regarding the tent with a fixed look. The chiefs of the Sheviri thought that he was meditating about the battle that was imminent, and observing, with the cautious eyes of a commander, the nature of the ground. But his thoughts were of a very different complexion. The great French writer, Victor Hugo, in his description of "the last days of a condemned man," describes how, while the prisoner was being tried for his life, he thought neither of his crime nor of his approaching condemnation, but regarded, with much interest, the movements to and fro of a little flower that was upon the window-sill of a window in the court, and was played with by a gentle breeze.

So it was with Athlah. The issue of a great battle depended somewhat upon his sagacity and his courage, but his mind dwelt only upon the words of Realmah about the Ainah. "So then," he said to himself, "it was that common-looking girl" (to such a man as Athlah she would naturally appear but common-looking) "who was his only love; and the beautiful Talora is as a painted picture to him!"

And the chiefs that stood around said to one another, "There is not the slightest inequality of ground of which the great Athlah will not make some use in the battle of to-morrow."

And Athlah removed his spear, and walked on moodily to his watch-fire, where he lay down to sleep with his guards around him.

The battle did take place on the morrow. The King surveyed it from a slight eminence on which he was placed. Calmly he saw his choicest legions fall before the disciplined valour of the enemy. Those who were near him might have seen some tears course down his suffering countenance. But he said nothing—not a word. And when the victory was evidently gained by the men of the North, and when further resistance was manifestly hopeless, he allowed himself to be conveyed back to Abibah.

He had previously sent twenty of his body-guard, on whom he could thoroughly rely, to mingle with Athlah's body-guard, and, by force if needful, to convey that general (giving it out as an order from the King) to the plain behind the wood, where, as before said, the Ramassa curves westward towards the ruined mountain, Bidolo-Vamah, and where Realmah had listened to his Ainah's song when she sang—

"My love, he loves many;  
Though I love but one."

## CHAP. XXIX.

### THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE.

IMMEDIATELY after Realmah's retreat into the town, the causeways were destroyed, the drawbridges pulled up, and every part of the town finally prepared for a state of siege.

Before describing this siege it is necessary to give some notion of the skill of the inhabitants of Abibah in the art of building. This is the more necessary as it is a fond idea of modern people that they are pre-eminent in that art; overlooking the masses of falseness, pretentiousness, and inappropriateness which deform so large a part of their greatest towns. It would rather astonish them if they could see again ancient Mexico, Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh,

Babylon, and Cusco<sup>1</sup>—the last perhaps the grandest city that has ever been built upon this earth.

The construction of these Lake cities was also most remarkable. In the remains of one of them there are this day to be seen the relics of about twenty thousand piles. Now the art of pile-driving is a most difficult one; and those who are skilled in it move from place to place where their services are wanted. But if we were to say to the inhabitants of any ordinary English town, "Build us, with all the means and appliances that are at your command, but without any aid from specially skilled workmen, a town upon water which shall have for its basis twenty thousand piles," we should find, from their difficulties and their failures, what great mechanical and workmanlike skill would be requisite for such an undertaking, and should have a just respect for the powers, the skill, and the perseverance of the men of Abibah.

Five days after the battle of the Ramassa, the enemy commenced the siege. They naturally commenced it at the southern part of the town, which was the part nearest to the shore. They had employed the intervening days in constructing rafts, which they did by tying together the smaller trees which they had hewn down in the great wood.

A low, long line of building, devoted to barracks, formed the principal defence on the southern side of the town. It was, in fact, a long semi-enclosed balcony, for the most part open at the back, but having in front only those openings which admitted of missiles being thrown from them.

Realmah's plan of defence for this

<sup>1</sup> An eye-witness says: "I measured a stone at Tiaguanaco, twenty-eight feet long, eighteen feet broad, and about six feet thick; but in the wall of the fortress of Cusco, which is constructed of masonry, there are many stones of much greater size." It appears from modern research that some of these stones were fifty feet long, twenty-two feet broad, and six feet thick. "Habia entre ellas algunas que tenian cincuenta piés de largo, veinte y dos de alto, y seis de ancho."—*Antigüedades Peruanas*, por Mariano Eduardo de Rivero y Juan Diego de Tschudi, cap. ix. p. 250.

building was very singular. He meant the enemy to take it, and to perish after they had taken it. The whole of the flooring was to fall into the water, and the enemy with it, immediately after they had occupied it. But what showed his skill in its construction and his knowledge of human nature, was, that he had planned that this falling-in of the flooring should take place in separate portions, separately. Between the piles there was generally a portion of the flooring that would enable thirty men to stand upon it and defend it; and each of these compartments was so constructed that, by the cutting of a single cord, it would descend into the water.

Realmah knew well that if all the men who were to defend this position knew that the flooring was suddenly, and perhaps without their knowledge, to descend into the water, they would be apprehensive of being left with the enemy and perishing with them. He also knew that if it depended upon the occupants of any particular compartment, or rather upon their captain, at what moment the flooring of that compartment should fall, the men defending it would fight bravely to the last. To insure and reward this bravery, he offered a reward of iron swords with amber handles, to the survivors of that band of thirty men who should make the stoutest resistance.

The enemy advanced upon their rafts to the attack with great determination, and with great confidence of success. Their advance was covered by 3,000 archers, who occupied a small eminence just above the shore, and whose missiles dealt death to many a brave defender who, but for a moment, exposed himself to their deadly shafts. The besieged on their part were not inactive. Many of the attacking party fell by their iron-pointed javelins; many more were disabled by the boiling pitch poured down upon them as they neared the fortress. Still they pressed on, and swarming up the low building, found entrance here and there. For fully an hour the attack and the defence were vigorously maintained. The time would

have been much shorter, but that the covering party of archers on the hill were no longer able to give assistance to their friends, when besiegers and besieged were commingled in the fight. At length the enemy gained entrance at all points, and then the stratagem of Realmah had its full effect. The flooring everywhere descended, and nothing was to be heard but the cries of drowning men, shouting helplessly for succour from their friends, who were cut off from them. Thus ended the first day's siege, with a signal failure on the part of the besiegers.

For seventeen days there was no further attack. Realmah was at first much puzzled at this inaction, but by his spies he soon learnt that a division of the enemy's army had gone to attack Abinamanche, the capital of the Phelatahs.

He readily conjectured that this was done in order to possess themselves of the fleet of canoes belonging to Abinamanche, and therefore was not the least surprised when, on the fifteenth and sixteenth days after the first encounter, he perceived numerous canoes creeping along the shore, and making their rendezvous not far from the enemy's headquarters on the shore.

On the eighteenth day the siege recommenced. This time it was a much more formidable attack. It may seem strange, but will be accounted for hereafter, that Realmah did not bring his own little fleet of canoes into action, but these were reserved for a much more critical occasion.

The enemy, who were skilled warriors, having been accustomed to fight the men of their own hardy North, had not been idle during these seventeen days. Besides availing themselves of the fleet of the Phelatahs, they had constructed three times the number of rafts with which they had attempted the former attack.

On this second attack they brought no less than 16,000 men into immediate action.

Realmah was undismayed. He had too long thought of the coming evil to be unprepared for it.

It is needless to give the almost innumerable details of the attack and defence on this day. Both sides showed the utmost determination; but, as the sun descended behind Bidolo-Vamah, that luminary might have seen that the enemy had made a lodgment in Abibah, and that their troops occupied the "Street of the Ambassadors," which ran parallel to the fortress that had been the point of attack on the first day, and which communicated with the whole of the southern part of the town by four other principal streets. Previously to this lodgment being made by the enemy, Realmah had caused barricades to be formed at the end of these streets.

For eleven more days no fresh general attack was made by the enemy, though continual fighting and great slaughter took place at these barricades.

Meanwhile the valorous Athlah was re-forming his army. Meanwhile the enemy were constructing more rafts.

#### CHAP. XXX.

##### THE CONDUCT OF THE VARNAH DURING THE SIEGE.

I INTERRUPT the description of the horrors of the siege to tell what part the Varnah took in it. The present was an occasion in which her great ability in practical matters shone forth.

She knew her husband's character intimately. She was, perhaps, the only person in his wide dominions who had never changed her view of that character. She liked him because he was very indulgent, and very reasonable—for a man. Moreover, he was a good listener, and entered into all her plans for the welfare of the people very heartily.

Spiritual things were not in her domain. She knew that she was not great in comforting Realmah; and, excellent woman that she was, wished that the Ainah was alive again for that part of the business. She was the only person who conjectured how much comfort Realmah had derived from the Ainah's sympathy.

The Varnah was one of those women

who really have a considerable disrespect for men. She thought contemptuously of their objects in life. She knew that Realmah was great amongst men: he was very clever in managing councils, and settling about treaties and alliances; but she looked upon all these matters as a kind of amusement for beings who did not see what is the real object of life—namely, to be thriving and comfortable.

She was always, however, very deferential, both in public and private, to her husband, and was greatly vexed that Talora did not see that similar conduct on her part was an absolute duty. Much as the Varnah feared Talora's bitter tongue and cruel temper, she once or twice plucked up courage to tell her that she did not behave well to the man who had raised them both to the great position which they occupied.

Her Loftiness was greatly liked by the people. Even her frugality had endeared her to them. People do not like others the less for having something to laugh at about them. Her subjects had well known that Her Loftiness was a very frugal woman, fond of acquisition, very different from their king; but they forgave her these defects when they found that she was willing to sacrifice all her treasures for the public good.

On the present occasion she was in the most fitting element for the display of her gifts and powers. In every place where her presence was needful she was to be found encouraging, consoling, and proffering aid, medicaments,

and food with a most liberal hand. No one said now that Her Loftiness was acquisitive or mean; but they felt what true generosity there may be in a prudence which is only prudent for the sake of others.

Far otherwise was it with Talora. She was ever declaring blame, and prophesying disaster. Realmah grew so wearied of her depressing influence that he had her conveyed to the headquarters of Athlah's army, while he kept the Varnah with him, as his first aide-de-camp, and as the true dear friend to whom he could tell everything, even the worst, that had befallen him.

She had one great merit in his eyes: she never troubled him by wishing to know what he was doing. Realmah received her as he did one of his generals, and gave her instructions as if she had been a man.

I have said that the Varnah, when married, was not remarkable for good looks. But dignity sat well upon her; and whatever beauty and grace she possessed had been developed by the greatness of her position. Such simple-minded characters as hers are never deficient in dignity; and Realmah was thankful, that in this emergency, such a woman had been vouchsafed to him, as his friend and counsellor, if not his consoler, who was worthy in so many respects to be the Queen of the Sheviri, and who proved to be far greater in adversity than in prosperity.

*To be continued.*

## A DEAD LETTER.

*"A cœur blessé—l'ombre et le silence."*—H. DE BALZAC.

## I.

I DREW it from its china tomb;—  
It came out feebly scented  
With some thin ghost of past perfume  
That dust and days had lent it.

An old, stained letter,—folded still!  
To read with due composure  
I sought the sun-lit window-sill  
Above the gray inclosure,

That, glimmering in the sultry haze,  
Faint-flowered, dimly shaded,  
Slumbered, like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,  
Bedizened and brocaded.

A queer old place! You'd surely say  
Some tea-board garden-maker  
Had planned it in Dutch William's day  
To please some florist Quaker,

So trim it was. The yew-trees still,  
With pious care perverted,  
Grew in the same grim shapes; and still  
The lipless dolphin spirted;

Still in his wonted state abode  
The broken-nosed Apollo;  
And still the cypress-arbour showed  
The same umbrageous hollow.

Only,—as fresh young Beauty gleams  
From coffee-coloured laces,—  
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams  
The fresher modern traces;

For idle mallet, hoop, and ball  
 Upon the lawn were lying;  
 A magazine, a tumbled shawl,  
 Round which the swifts were flying;

And tossed beside the Guelder rose  
 A heap of rainbow knitting,  
 Where, blinking in her pleased repose,  
 A Persian cat was sitting.

“A place to love in,—live,—for aye,  
 If we too, like Tithonus,  
 Could find some god to stretch the gray,  
 Scant life the Fates have thrown us;

“But now by steam we run the race  
 With buttoned heart and pocket;  
 Our Love’s a gilded, surplus grace,—  
 Just like an empty locket.

“‘The time is out of joint.’ Who will,  
 May strive to make it better;  
 For me, this warm old window-sill,  
 And this old dusty letter.”

## II.

“Dear *John* (the letter ran), it can’t, can’t be,  
 For Father’s gone to *Chorley Fair* with *Sam*,  
 And Mother’s storing Apples,—*Prue* and *Me*  
 Up to our Elbows making *Damson Jam*:  
 But we shall meet before a Week is gone,—  
 ‘Tis a long Lane that has no Turning,’ *John!*

“Only till Sunday next, and then you’ll wait  
 Behind the *White-Thorn*, by the broken *Stile*—  
 We can go round and catch them at the *Gate*,—  
 All to ourselves, for nearly one long *Mile*;  
 Dear *Prue* won’t look, and *Father* he’ll go on,  
 And *Sam*’s two Eyes are all for *Cissy*, *John!*

“*John*, she’s so smart,—with every *Ribbon* new,  
 Flame-coloured *Sacque*, and *Crimson* *Padesoy*;  
 As proud as proud; and has the *Vapours* too  
 Just like a *Lady*;—calls poor *Sam* a boy,  
 And vows no *Sweet-Heart*’s worth the *Thinking-on*  
 Till he’s past *Thirty*,—I know better, *John*.

“My dear, I don't think that I thought of much  
 Before we knew each other, I and you;  
 And now, why, *John*, your least, least Finger touch  
 Gives me enough to think a Summer through.  
 See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone!  
 Look in this Corner,—mind you find it, *John!*”

## III.

This was the matter of the note,—  
 A long-forgot deposit,  
 Dropped in a Chelsea Dragon's throat,  
 Deep in a fragrant closet,

Piled with a modish Dresden world,—  
 Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,  
 Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,  
 And great jars filled with roses.

Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that kissed!  
 You had no thought or presage  
 Into what keeping you dismissed  
 Your simple old-world message!

A reverent one. Though we to-day  
 Distrust beliefs and powers,  
 The artless, ageless things you say  
 Are fresh as God's own flowers,

Starring some pure primeval spring,  
 Ere Gold had grown despotic,—  
 Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,  
 Or Love a mere exotic.

I need not search too much to find  
 Whose lot it was to send it,  
 That feel upon me yet the kind,  
 Soft hand of her who penned it;

And see, through two-score years of smoke,  
 In prim, bygone apparel,  
 Shine from yon time-black Norway oak  
 The face of Patience Caryl,—



The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed ;  
The gray gown, quaintly flowered ;  
The spotless, stately coif whose crest  
Like Hector's horse-plume towered ;

And still that sweet half-solemn look  
Where some past thought was clinging,  
As when one shuts a serious book  
To hear the thrushes singing.

I kneel to you! Of those you were,  
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—  
Whose fair old faces grow more fair  
As Point and Flanders yellow ;

Whom some old store of garnered grief,  
Their placid temples shading,  
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf  
With tender tints of fading.

Peace to your soul! You died unwed  
Despite this loving letter.  
And what of John? Of John be said  
The less, I think, the better.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## THE SUN AS A TYPE OF THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

BY BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S. AND J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.A.S.

## I.

It is not necessary for our present purpose either that we should re-open the discussion as to the real discoverer of the solar spots, or that we should attempt to realize the strange and overwhelming mixture of wonder and awe, not to say delight and terror, with which the announcement must have been received. Man with a wondrous "optick-tube" had at last dared to peer into the secrets of the sun, and had, all unconsciously, by so doing dealt a deathblow at the fundamental Aristotelian doctrine of the immutability and incorruptibility of the heavens. The secret had been surprised; the sun was no longer the exemplar of spotless purity.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that whether we regard Galileo or Fabricius or Scheiner as the real discoverer, the secret was kept for many months before either of them gave it to the world; or that the latter, a Jesuit, was only permitted by his ecclesiastical superior—who, so runs the record, remarked to him that he had read Aristotle's writings from end to end many times without finding any mention of solar spots—to publish his discovery at last under a *nom de plume*. These facts tell as strongly as anything can do of the mixed emotions of those pioneers in the field of solar research. The secret divulged, however, the schoolman was soon merged in the investigator, and the problem was attacked with a closeness and ardour which are almost models for modern observers. Witness Galileo's first letter to Welser, the chief magistrate of Augsburg, dated May 4, 1612, and Scheiner's last to the same personage, dated July 25, 1612, under the signature of *Apelles latens post tabulam*.

It would seem, indeed, that everything which could be reaped by the in-

struments at their command was immediately garnered. The motion of the spots across the sun's disc from east to west; the period in which they performed a complete circuit; their changes from day to day; the fact that they appeared for the most part in two zones, one north, the other south of the equator,—are samples of the secrets which the sun was at once compelled to yield up. What the spots were *not* was a question amply and closely discussed both by Galileo and Scheiner; but as to what they *were*, agreement was more difficult: Galileo at one time declared for clouds in an invisible atmosphere of the sun, Scheiner for a density and opacity equal to that of the moon—in fact for planets separated from the sun's surface, and revolving round him like Mercury and Venus.

From the time of Galileo to 1769, or during nearly a century and a half, our knowledge was not increased by any new fact of importance, although in 1630 Scheiner managed to write a book of 784 pages<sup>1</sup> on the work which had been done in the two decades which had then elapsed since the discovery. It is true that Delambre has declared that there is not matter in this ponderous folio for fifty pages, but we hold that Delambre's dictum is harsh to a degree, and that when he made it he had entirely left out of sight the conditions under which the book had been written.

In the year 1769 there was a very large spot visible upon the sun, and Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, observed it very carefully, and demonstrated subsequently<sup>2</sup> that the spot was a *cavity*—

<sup>1</sup> "Rosa Ursina, sive Sol ex admirando facularum et macularum suarum," &c.

<sup>2</sup> "Phil. Trans.," 1774.

a conclusion which, although combated by Lalande at once, and by others in quite recent times, maintained and still maintains its ground. He also showed that the surface of the sun was probably of a cloudy nature.

Wilson, the author of the important observation to which we have just referred, was also the first to put forward an elaborate theory of the origin and nature of sun-spots which much influenced the subsequent work till quite recently. These theories, subsequently taken up by Bode and Sir William Herschel, possess, however, but an historical interest, and it is no part of our present purpose to enlarge upon them. It must suffice to say that they were based on the assumption that the sun itself was a habitable, cool, glade-bedecked globe beneath the luminous atmosphere, and that the appearance of a sun-spot was due to a gaseous eruption breaking through the cloudy envelopes of the solid globe: while La Hire held that they were purely surface-phenomena, and Lalande, that they were actual elevations.

Before we allude to the more recent discoveries in solar physics, it will be well to describe as briefly as possible the actual general appearance presented by the sun in a powerful telescope; always remembering that our mighty luminary is some 91,000,000 miles removed, that its diameter is 100 times that of our earth, and that the chasms we call sun-spots are sometimes large enough to swallow us up, and half a dozen of our sister planets besides; while if we employ the finest telescope, under the most favourable atmospheric conditions, we are only enabled to observe the various phenomena as we should do with the naked eye at a distance of 180,000 miles.

We may begin by saying that the whole brilliant surface of the sun, called the *photosphere*, except those portions occupied by the spots, is *coarsely mottled*; the surface is in fact principally made up of luminous masses—described by Sir William Herschel as *corrugations*

—and small points of unequal light, imperfectly separated from each other by rows of minute dark dots, called *pores*, the intervals between them being extremely small, and occupied by a substance decidedly less luminous than the general surface. Mr. Nasmyth has stated that these luminous objects are of an exceedingly definite shape and general uniformity of size (at least as seen in projection, in the central portions of the disc), something like the oblong leaves of a willow-tree. According to other observers, however, these luminous masses present almost every variety of irregular form: they have been stated to resemble “rice grains,” “granules or granulations,” “untidy circular masses,” things “twice as long as broad,” “three times as long as broad,” and so on. With regard to the general surface of the sun, therefore, it is not so easy to reconcile the conflicting opinions to which we have alluded.

The word “willow-leaf,” however, very well paints the appearance of the minute details *sometimes* observed in spots—details made up of elongated masses of unequal brightness, so arranged that for the most part they point like so many arrows to the centre of the spot. At other times, and even in the same spot, the jagged edge has caused the interior edge of the penumbra to be likened to coarse thatching with straw, the edges of which have been left untrimmed. But other appearances are assumed, depending upon the amount and kind of action going on in the spot at the time.

Further, we know that on the bright surface of the sun rests an absorptive atmosphere, for the luminosity is remarkably less bright near the borders.

The first things which strike us—the most salient phenomena—on the sun's surface are the spots, which always make their appearance on the same side of the sun, travel across it in about fourteen days, and then disappear on the other side. This is not all: if observed in June, they describe a *straight* line across the sun's face or disc with a dip downwards; if in September, they

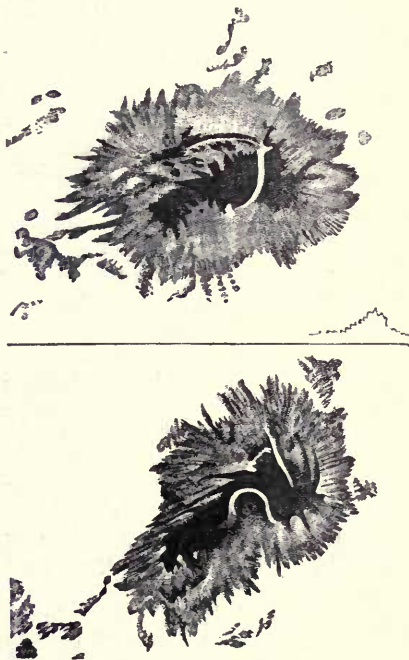
cross in a curve; in December they go straight across again, with a dip upwards; and in February their paths are again curved, this time with the curve in the opposite direction. These were the phenomena which proved to Galileo that the apparent motion is due to the sun's actual rotation, and from their motions the position of the sun's axis has been determined with the greatest accuracy.

Spots generally exhibit three shades of darkness, and float as it were in the general bright surface or photosphere, the darkness increasing from the general surface till the apparent centre of the spot is reached; we have first the *penumbra*, then the *umbra*, then the *nucleus*. But sometimes the darker portions are excentric, and very irregular in outline.

We next come to the brighter portions of the general surface, which are well visible near the edge of the solar disc, and especially about spots approaching the edge. They are bright streaks of diversified form, quite distinct in outline, and either entirely separate or uniting in various ways into ridges and network. These appearances, which have been termed *faculae*, are the most brilliant parts of the sun. Where, near the limb, the spots become invisible because they are hollows, these undulated shining ridges still indicate their place—being more remarkable thereabout than elsewhere on the limb, though everywhere traceable in good observing weather. *Faculae* appear of all magnitudes, and range from barely discernible, softly-gleaming narrow tracts, 1,000 miles long, to continuous, complicated, and heapy ridges, 40,000 miles and more in length, and 1,000 to 4,000 miles broad.

Let us next inquire into the nature of this brilliantly shining envelope. As first imagined by Wilson and afterwards asserted by Herschel, it is doubtless of a cloudy structure. It is impossible to observe the sun, near a spot, under good atmospheric conditions, without being quite convinced of this:

in fact diligent observation of the umbra and penumbra reveals the fact that change is going on *incessantly* in the region of the spots. Sometimes, after the lapse of an hour even, changes are noticed: here a portion of the penumbra is seen setting sail across the umbra; there a portion of the umbra is melting from sight; here, again, is an evident change of position and direction in masses which retain their form. The two following woodcuts show the changes which took place, in two days, in the great sun-spots of October 1865.



Now it has been satisfactorily proved, notably by a beautiful stereoscopic combination of them, suggested by Mr. De la Rue, that the *faculae* are higher than the general surface; that is, where the clouds are highest they appear brightest—we see *faculae*—because they extend high into the absorbing atmosphere, and consequently there is a smaller thickness of atmosphere there between them and us, and consequently less absorption there than elsewhere.

The more minute features—the granules—are most probably the dome-like tops of smaller cloud masses, bright for the same reason that the *faculæ* are bright, but to a less degree; the fact also that the granules lengthen out as they approach the umbra of a spot is similar to the effect observed in the clouds in our own sky lengthened out when they are drawn into a current.

It is seen, therefore, that the surface of the sun is *uneven*, and that change of form is perpetually going on: these are conditions impossible in either a liquid or solid surface, such as land or ocean, possible in a surface of cloud or gas.

The cloud-like nature of the sun's surface follows, moreover, from the nature of the sun's light. This increase of our knowledge we owe to those immortal discoverers Kirchhoff and Bunsen, whose wonderful generalization of the results of spectrum analysis has given the present century a new fulcrum wherewith to move the great unknown by the lever of inquiry, and bring it into the light.

Their beautiful discovery has happily been described so often and so clearly that the readers of *Macmillan* do not require a detailed notice of it here. Suffice it to remark that not only does it enable us to define the sun as the nearest star and to detect some ten terrestrial elements as existing in a state of vapour in its surrounding, absorbing, and *therefore cooler*, atmosphere; but it enables us to state, as a proved fact, that the light of the sun proceeds from solid or liquid particles in a state of intense incandescence or glowing heat.

We shall shortly have occasion to refer again to this method of research: the more recent work regarding the spots demands attention, however, beforehand in order that we may follow as much as possible the order of time. It has already been stated that the early observers detected that the apparent motion of the spots was due to the real motion of rotation of the sun. But this account of their motion we now know is not all the truth. In addition

to this motion they have a motion of their own of such a nature that the nearer a spot is to the sun's equator the faster it travels; in fact the rate of this proper motion depends upon the latitude of the spot. This was one of the chief results deduced by Mr. Carrington from an elaborate daily investigation of the sun extending over six years, a stupendous work unsurpassed in the acumen and patience brought to the task, and rarely equalled in the results achieved.

This discovery of the proper motion of the spots at once explained the strange discrepancies in the time of the sun's rotation as given by different observers—discrepancies so great that Delambre declared it was useless to continue observations.

Mr. Carrington's work did not stand alone about this time. The great Schwabe had previously determined that if the spotted area were taken at any one time, its amount varied from year to year,—that is, that the spots themselves were periodical; having periods of maximum and periods of minimum, the interval between two maximum or minimum periods being about eleven years. The lamented Dawes and Father Secchi largely increased our knowledge of the solar surface, the latter determining specially that there was less heat radiated from a spot than from the general surface.

Some time after Mr. Carrington's book<sup>1</sup> appeared, M. Faye took up the question of solar physics with his usual elaborate treatment, and communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences two papers of great value, in which, *inter alia*, he broached a new theory to account for the observed phenomena, and especially to explain the dark appearances presented by the spots.

M. Faye regards the interior of the sun as consisting of the original nebula, from which our whole system has been slowly condensed, in a state of dissociation; that is, at such an intense heat that chemical combinations are impos-

<sup>1</sup> "Observations on Solar Spots." By R. C. Carrington.

sible; and he looks upon the photosphere as the surface at which this heat is so acted upon by the cold of space as to allow chemical combinations and solid and liquid particles to exist. He goes on to remark that, if the molecular and atomic forces of cohesion and affinity cease to act in the interior of the mass, they come into play on the surface, where, in a gaseous mixture of the most varied elements, the operations of these forces will give rise to precipitations (Herschel), clouds (Wilson), and non-gaseous particles capable of incandescence, of which our brilliant terrestrial flames offer so many examples. These particles, obeying the force of gravity, will, in falling, regain the temperature of dissociation, and will be replaced in the superficial layer by ascending gaseous masses, which will act in the same manner. The general equilibrium, therefore, will be disturbed in the vertical direction only by an unceasing exchange going on between the interior and the exterior.

Having in this manner accounted for the photosphere and for the incessant change which is observed, M. Faye goes on as we translate him:—

“The formation of the photosphere will now enable us to account for the spots and their movements. We have seen that the successive layers are constantly traversed by vertical currents, both ascending and descending. In this perpetual agitation we can readily imagine that where the ascending current becomes more intense the luminous matter of the photosphere is momentarily dissipated. Through this kind of unveiling it is not the solid cold and black nucleus of the sun that we shall perceive, but the internal ambient, gaseous mass.”

In this quotation we have the two most important points of M. Faye's theory; namely, that the spots are caused by an uprush, and that their dark appearance is due to feeble radiation from a gaseous surface.

M. Faye also considers that the faculæ, like the spots, are due to ascending currents, and he then attempts to account

for the proper motion of the spots by these ascending currents:—“From the continual changes going on between the lower beds of the surface by means of vertical currents, we must conclude that the ordinary laws of rotation in a fluid mass in a state of equilibrium are strangely altered, since this equilibrium is constantly disturbed in a vertical direction. The ascending masses which spring from a great depth arrive at the top with a linear velocity of rotation less than that of the surface, because the layers whence they are derived have a smaller radius. Hence a general lagging in the movement of the photosphere.”

These remarks of M. Faye will be found in the *Comptes Rendus* for 16th and 23d Jan. 1865. During the same month, a paper<sup>1</sup> was read at the Royal Society, in which certain results derived from the photographs taken at Kew, and certain theories based therefrom, were discussed. We limit ourselves to the two most typical passages in this paper:—

“Since the central or bottom part of a spot is much less luminous than the sun's photosphere, it may perhaps be concluded that the spot is of a lower temperature than the photosphere. . .”

“May not the falling behind of faculæ” (ample evidence of which is given in the paper) “be the physical reaction of the proper motion of spots observed by Carrington? so that while the current passing upwards falls behind, carrying the luminous matter with it, the current coming down moves forward, carrying the spot with it; and may not this current coming from a colder region account for the deficient luminosity which characterises a spot?”

We see at once that on these points there is a perfectly clear issue between the two theories. M. Faye holds the spot to radiate feebly because it is hotter—in fact because it unfolds to us the interior of the sun in a state of dissociation. The Kew observers hold that it is less lumi-

<sup>1</sup> “Researches on Solar Physics.” By Warren De la Rue, Balfour Stewart, and B. Loewy (Proc. Royal Society, vol. xv. p. 37).

nous because it is *colder*. Again, M. Faye holds that a spot is due to an uprush: the Kew observers, that it is due to a downrush.

At the outset there were many arguments against M. Faye's hypothesis. The law of exchanges was utterly against his idea of the darkness of a spot, for if it were the interior of the sun which we saw, and its radiation were feeble, then its absorption would have been equally feeble and the sun would be spotless; for where the photosphere was torn away on the side nearest us, we should be able to see, *through the sun*, the lower surface of the photosphere on the opposite side.

Again, the arguments in favour of an uprush, in the case both of spots and faculæ, are not very clear, nor have we a satisfactory explanation of the falling behind of the faculæ. But we had not long to wait for facts which, as far as we can see, have entirely settled the question. First, as to the downrush into a spot. In 1865 two observers—one in France, the other in England—carefully observed the fine spots from time to time visible on the sun's disc in that year; and the observations of both tend to show the absolute certainty that if spots are not caused by downrushes, they are, at all events, fed by them.

Let us hear the French observer first:<sup>1</sup>

“La rapidité des changements est telle, que l'on peut suivre dans une même journée des courants des matières photosphériques se précipitant dans le gouffre principal en y transportant les petites taches voisines; celles-ci en s'ajoutant à la grande, augmentent son ouverture et prouvent ainsi que la masse entière de cette portion de l'écorce solaire est transportée par ce courant.”

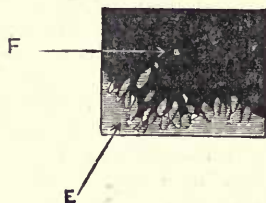
The evidence derived from a spot observed in the next month through London fog is not less conclusive.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. Chacornac, “Bulletin des Observations faites à Ville-urbaine. Groupes des Taches Solaires,” 6th March, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> “Observations of a Sun-Spot,” by J. Norman Lockyer (Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, vol. xxv. p. 236).

The spot had a tongue of facula stretching half-way over it. When the observation commenced at 11:30 on April 2, this tongue of facula was extremely brilliant; by 1 o'clock it had become less brilliant than any portion of the penumbra: at the same time the faculous mass seemed to be giving out its end, veiling the umbra gradually with a kind of stratus cloud evolved out of it, which after a time again condensed into masses resembling the willow-leaves in the penumbra, only less distinct.

The argument for the downrush is to be found in the fact of the diminution of brightness; accepting as proved, first, that the faculæ are higher than the general surface, and, secondly, that a spot is a cavity. But it does not wholly depend upon this, for the masses or granulations on the general surface of the sun appear to lengthen out when they reach the penumbral region, as if they were acted upon by a current, and this may also explain the constantly observed difference in the shape of the



“Willow-leaves” detaching themselves from the penumbra. A very faint one at F.

cloud masses on the general surface and in the penumbra. In this connexion it is worthy of remark, that when a solitary willow-leaf is seen over the centre of a spot, it is often observed to be nearly circular, as if its longer axis were tipped down. It is fair to add, however, that observations of the requisite delicacy can be very rarely made, owing to the many coincident conditions necessary.

The fact that a spot is due to absorption has next to be considered. On M. Faye's theory, as it will doubtless have already suggested itself to the

reader, could a sun-spot be observed by means of a spectroscope; as, *by hypothesis*, we have radiation from a gas in a state of dissociation, the resulting spectrum would be a gaseous one—that is, it would consist of bright lines. We, in fact, should get from a spot a spectrum absolutely different from that which belongs to the light emitted from the general surface, *the latter* being a band of rich colour going from red through yellow, green, blue, indigo, to the intensest lavender, crossed by innumerable black lines of different intensity, the former consisting only of three or four thin bands of light, located in the green portion of the spectrum.

On the absorption-hypothesis there would be none of these bright lines; we should get a spectrum in the particular region of the spot similar to the average solar one, but showing evidence of greater absorption. This was put to the test in 1866.<sup>1</sup>

The method adopted was to apply a direct-vision spectroscope to a 6¼-inch equatorial, so that it was possible to observe at one time the spectra of the umbra of a spot and of the adjoining photosphere or penumbra.

On turning the telescope and spectrum-apparatus, driven by clock-work, on to the sun, the solar spectrum was observed in the field of view of the spectroscope with its central portion (corresponding to the diameter of the umbra falling on the slit) greatly enfeebled in brilliancy.

All the absorption-bands visible in the-spectrum of the photosphere, above and below, were visible in the spectrum of the spot; *but they appeared thicker where they crossed the spot spectrum.* There was not the slightest indication of any bright bands.

The dispersive power of the spectroscope employed was not sufficient to enable it to be determined whether the decreased brilliancy of the spot-spectrum was due in any measure to a greater number of bands of absorption.

<sup>1</sup> "Spectroscopic Observations of the Sun," by J. Norman Lockyer (Proceedings of the Royal Society, vol. xv. p. 256).

The Royal Society at once recognised the importance of this discovery, although it was put forward with much hesitation, as the instrument employed was not of sufficient dispersive power, and the spot itself was not a very favourable one for the experiment. A larger instrument has now been constructed, and detailed observations are now about to be commenced under the auspices of that body. In the meantime, however, this settlement of the long-debated question has recently been entirely endorsed by Mr. Huggins, whose discovery of the physical constitution of nebulae, and spectroscopic observations of the fixed stars, make his opinion of the greatest possible weight.

We have thus, as briefly as possible, traced up our knowledge of the sun's surface from the times of Galileo to our own. That surface, we have learnt, is of a cloudy nature, the light and heat being derived from the solid incandescent particles of which the clouds are composed. Further, there are exchanges perpetually going on between the cooler exterior and the interior. The descending current is accompanied by a spot, the ascending one by a facula; and finally, the dark appearance of a spot, like the darkening of the limb, is due to the absorptive properties of the sun's atmosphere.

Let us, for one moment, compare the sun's envelope with our own, and observe the action of the latter when the sun is withdrawn.

The general surface of the ground is a good radiator. On the other hand, the atmosphere is at once a feeble absorbent and a feeble radiator. When the sun's influence is withdrawn from the earth's surface, and the sky is clear, the general surface of the ground and the leaves of plants give off their heat, which is radiated into space unimpeded by the very feeble absorbing power of the air; on the other hand, the air, being a feeble radiator, gives back little or nothing in return.

As far as radiation is concerned, there-



fore, the ground and leaves get rapidly cooler, nor is this loss of heat made up by any other process. Little or no heat can reach the cooled surface by conduction, for ground, leaves, and air are bad conductors. Further, convection does not operate, for the particles of air next the cooled surface becoming cooler themselves become also heavier, and remain where they are. There is, therefore, no hindrance to the cooling of the earth's surface, which in its turn cools the air in contact with it until the air has reached so low a temperature that it cannot longer retain all its vapour. Part of the vapour is, therefore, deposited as moisture (or hoar frost if the temperature be below freezing-point), on the surface of the ground and the leaves of plants; and this is the explanation of dew and hoar frost, which we get when there is free exposure to the open sky. If there be cloud, a glass frame, matting, or any obstacle in the shape of a good radiator, interposed between the body and the sky, there will be no deposition of dew, because a quantity of heat will be derived from the radiator which has been interposed. Heat will therefore be lost very slowly, and moisture will not be deposited. It must be borne in mind that the presence of cloud makes an essential difference. We may suppose something equivalent to the deposition of dew, or, at all events, great radiation, to be taking place *on the upper surface of the cloud, not under the cloud*. The heat of the bodies is retained in the latter region, the radiation being diminished, or rather compensated, by counter-radiation. It may be instructive to place ourselves in imagination above the surface of such a cloud, the sun being withdrawn, and consider for a moment what probably takes place. The small deposited particles, being great radiators, will rapidly get colder than the surrounding air; they will, at the same time, cool the air around them; and the air, being cooled, and thereby rendered heavier, will descend. *There will thus be descending currents of air*. But descending convection currents are

naturally accompanied with ascending ones. *There will therefore be ascending currents*, conveying upwards some of the comparatively warm air from below. It is not impossible that such currents may assume in nature somewhat large dimensions, and that the cloud may therefore present to a beholder regarding it from a great distance above, an irregular, pitted, notched shape; in fact, exactly such an appearance as we see on the sun, the envelope of which, *parvis componere magna*, may resemble in its mechanism that of a planet like our own with its sun withdrawn.

So far we have only referred to the phenomenon ordinarily visible to us. Another part of the sun's physical constitution is rendered visible during total eclipses. We allude to the nature of its atmosphere. Eclipse-teachings, therefore, are of high value; but they certainly are not of such high value as ordinary observations of its surface, although they are in their nature much more sensational, for a total eclipse of the sun is at once one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring sights it is possible for man to witness. All nature conspires to make it strange and unearthly. The sky grows of a dusky livid, or purple, or yellowish crimson colour, which gradually darkens, and the colour appears to run over large portions of the sky, irrespective of the clouds; the sea turns lurid red; the moon's shadow sweeps across the surface of the earth, and is even seen in the air; all sense of distance is lost; the faces of men assume a livid hue; fowls hasten to roost; flowers close; cocks crow; nor does the animal world escape the general excitement.

Soon the stars burst out; and surrounding the dark moon on all sides is seen a glorious halo, generally of a silver-white light: this is called the corona. It is slightly radiated in structure, and extends sometimes beyond the moon to a distance equal to her diameter. Besides this, rays of light, called aigrettes, diverge from the moon's edge, and appear to be shining through the

light of the corona. In some eclipses parts of the corona have reached to a much greater distance from the moon's edge than in others.

It is supposed that the corona is the sun's atmosphere, which is not seen when the sun itself is visible, owing to the overpowering light of the latter.

When the totality has commenced, apparently close to the edge of the moon, and therefore within the corona, are observed fantastically-shaped masses, full lake-red, fading into rose-pink, variously called red-flames and red-prominences. Two of the most remarkable of these hitherto noticed were observed in the eclipse of 1851.

It has been definitely established by the exquisite eclipse photographs of De la Rue and Secchi, that these prominences belong to the sun, as those at first visible on the eastern side are gradually obscured by the moon, while those on the western are becoming more visible, owing to the moon's motion from west to east over the sun. The height of some of them above the sun's surface is upwards of 70,000 miles.

It is not yet known what these strange red prominences are; but while we write astronomers are trooping to India to settle the question at the coming total eclipse. England, France, Prussia, and other European states will be represented, while—a happy evidence of the sooner or later prevalence of truth—the successor of Galileo's persecutor, will be represented by one of the most accomplished astronomers of modern times—Father Secchi, a Jesuit, who, we trust, will be among the foremost to crown the edifice of which Galileo laid the foundation-stone; for, in fact, a knowledge of the nature of the red prominences seems now to be the only thing wanting to complete a sketch of the visible solar phenomena apart from their causes. Of course there is much detailed drawing to be added afterwards.

But, even at present, we are in a position to imagine what the real nature of the prominences may be.

In the first place, a diligent spectro-scope sweeping round the edge of the sun has not revealed any bright lines. This is strong negative evidence that they are not masses of incandescent vapour or gas; for as the light from such vapour or gas is almost monochromatic, it should be as easy to detect as that of the immeasurably distant nebulæ.

Secondly, we know that the atmosphere of the sun is colder than the photosphere, and that in the latter we have incandescent particles of solid matter. As the prominences are possibly not due to incandescent vapour, the question remains whether they may be attributable to sub-incandescent particles of solid matter at a red glowing heat only, suspended in the atmosphere. In fact, whether the particles in the photosphere itself may not be likened to a white-hot poker, and those in the atmosphere to merely a red-hot one.

In the previous part of this article attention has been directed solely to the *immediate cause* of a sun-spot; and an attempt has been made to show that a downrush of comparatively cold atmosphere from above, accompanied with an uprush of warm atmosphere from below, is the only sufficient explanation of the phenomena observed. It has also been shown, as the result of a careful scrutiny of the whole surface of the sun, that there are probably convection currents in constant operation all over the disc—a condition of things which we might expect from the intensely hot state of the sun's surface combined with the enormous gravity of matter there placed. A sun-spot may thus not improbably be regarded as an enormous development under exceptional circumstances of what is constantly occurring all over the sun's surface. This remark brings us a step further in our inquiry by suggesting the question, What are the exceptional circumstances that cause the ordinary convection currents of the sun's surface to develop themselves occasionally into sun-spots? This inquiry

may be rendered more general by dismissing from the mind all idea of the nature of sun-spots: it is not essential to know what they are, whether convection currents or something else. The question now is not what is their nature, but what is their cause, or rather, in the present state of our ignorance, are they connected with any other phenomena that may serve to throw light upon their cause? This inquiry divides itself into the four following heads:—

1. Does the amount of spotted surface of the sun vary from time to time?

2. Is the region of outbreak of a spot confined to any particular part of the sun's disc?

3. When a spot is formed, does it obey any laws with regard to increase and diminution?

4. And finally, are spots connected with any other phenomena on the earth's surface or elsewhere?

The remainder of the article will consist of an attempt to answer these four questions.

Now, in the first place, as has been already noticed, the amount of spotted surface has a ten-yearly period. This has been discovered through the labours of the veteran astronomer Hofrath Schwabe, of Dessau, who has now for about forty years been engaged without intermission in registering the number of spots which appear on the sun's surface.

Herr Schwabe has found as the result of his labours, that in the year 1828 there were 225 groups, against 161 groups in 1827, and 199 in 1829; the year 1828 was therefore a year of maximum. After this the number of groups gradually decreased until in 1833 there were only 33 new groups observed. After this year they began again to increase, and in 1837 they attained another maximum. The next year of maximum was 1848, and the next after it 1859. We may therefore expect another in the course of a few years; indeed at the present moment the number of spots is increasing. We are still ignorant of the ultimate cause of this periodicity, but independent

observations by the Kew Observers,<sup>1</sup> and by Hofrath Schwabe, lead to the impression that in years of minimum there is a less amount of cold-absorbing atmosphere above the photosphere and consequently a smaller tendency to the downrush of cold matter in large quantity. The observations above referred to seem to indicate for years of minimum a more uniform brightness of the sun's surface,—that is to say, a less amount of absorption or falling off towards the limb, a phenomenon which, it has been already shown, depends upon the amount of cold-absorbing atmosphere above the region of light.

We pass on to the second question, as to the region of outbreak of a spot.

This question has been answered in an admirable manner by Carrington, who showed in a complete discussion of all the spots extending from 1854 to 1860, that, generally speaking, the region of outbreak of spots is the equatorial zone of the sun. At certain periods, however, he has shown that the zone is very closely confined to the equator, though at other periods it opens out. Such an opening out began about September 1856, at which epoch the generality of spots were for the most part found at a latitude of 30° either north or south of the solar equator. After this they gradually narrowed in towards the equator. The date of the next widening out cannot be given until the Kew records are reduced, but it is believed that at the present moment, or very recently, there has been a similar phenomenon. Thus while, generally speaking, spots attach themselves to the equatorial region of the sun, they are nevertheless inconstant in their attachment; and just as we have a small ripple proceeding on the back of a large wave, so we have minor periods of opening out proceeding on the back of the large period described by Carrington. The Kew Observers have very

<sup>1</sup> "Researches on Solar Physics." 1st and 2d Series. By Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy.

recently described a smaller period of this kind, of four months as nearly as possible.

So much for the solar latitude of sun-spots, and now one word with regard to solar longitude. If the sun could be sliced like an orange from pole to pole by sections of longitude, it is conceivable that one of these sections might be found to be composed of a different material from the others, more favourable to the development of spots. As a matter of fact, however, we have no reason for supposing this; and we believe that the conclusion come to by Carrington as the result of his researches is, that there seems to be no continuous preference given to one solar longitude over another as far as regards the outbreak of spots. But this leads us on to the next question, as to the behaviour of a spot when once formed, with regard to increase and diminution.

Now, while it may with much probability be asserted, that no continuous preference is shown to one solar longitude over another as regards the outbreak of spots, yet the longitudinal portion at which a spot breaks out, and its behaviour after it has made its appearance, are nevertheless not accidentally determined. It is an astounding but apparently well-proved fact, that the birth and behaviour of spots is regulated by the position of the planetary bodies, so that we may cast the horoscope of a sun-spot with some approach to truth. In order to obtain grounds for this conclusion, the Kew Observers have laboriously measured the area of all the sun-spots observed by Carrington from 1854 to 1860, and they find, as the result of their inquiries, that a spot has a tendency to break out at that portion of the sun which is nearest to the planet Venus. As the sun rotates, carrying the newly-born spot further away from this planet, the spot grows larger, attaining its maximum at the point furthest from Venus, and decreasing again on its approaching this planet. We here speak of Venus, as it appears to be the most influential of all

the planets in this respect. Jupiter appears also to have much influence; and more recently, it has been shown that Mercury has an influence of the same nature, although more difficult to discuss on account of his rapid motion.

Should therefore any two of these planets—or, still better, should all three—be acting together at the same place upon the sun, we may expect a very large amount of spots, which will attain their maximum at that portion of the sun most remote from these planets. When we say that very good evidence has been shown for this statement, we mean that it would have been reckoned conclusive had the statement been of a less wonderful character; and, as this conclusion is not less important than wonderful, we trust that these researches, which are being prosecuted under the auspices of the Royal Society, will be continued until the last remnant of doubt is removed from the mind of the most sceptical.

Finally, are spots connected with any other phenomena on the earth's surface or elsewhere? For an answer to this question we are mainly indebted to the labours of General Sabine, the present distinguished President of the Royal Society. General Sabine has shown, as the result of laborious and long-continued observations in various parts of the globe, that there are occasional disturbances in the magnetic state of the earth, and that these disturbances have a periodical variation coinciding in period and epoch with the variation in frequency and magnitude of the solar spots as observed by Schwabe; and the same philosopher has given us reason to conclude that there is a similar coincidence between the outburst of solar spots and of the Aurora Borealis.

Very recently, also, Mr. Baxendell, of Manchester, has published some observations from which we may, perhaps, conclude that the direct heat of the sun's rays varies with the state of the sun's surface. These observations require confirmation, but they bear out the idea that at these periods there is a greater

amount of cold absorbing atmosphere above the sun's photosphere; that is to say, the photosphere is further down or nearer the sun's centre, and hence we may suppose of a somewhat higher temperature than when it is further up. Under this heading it may be stated that we believe Hofrath Schwabe conjectures the possibility of a periodicity in the appearance of the planet Jupiter, coinciding with the period of spot-frequency. This, however, is not yet proved. We now give the following extract from the concluding remarks of the Kew Observers in their paper on Planetary Influence:—

“The following question may occur to our readers:—How is it possible that a planet so far from the sun as Venus or Jupiter can cause mechanical changes so vast as those which sun-spots exhibit? We would reply in the following terms to this objection:—

“We do not of course imagine that we have as yet determined the nature of the influence exerted by these planets on the sun; but we would nevertheless refer to an opinion expressed by Professor Tait, that the properties of a body, especially those with respect to heat and light, may be influenced by the neighbourhood of a large body. Now an influence of this kind would naturally be most powerful upon a body such as the sun, which possesses a very high temperature, just as a poker thrust into a hot furnace will create a greater disturbance of the heat than if thrust into a chamber very little hotter than itself. . . . .  
“The molecular state of the sun, just as that of the cannon or of fulminating powder, may be externally sensitive to impressions from without,—indeed, we

“have independent grounds for supposing that such is the case. We may infer from certain experiments, especially those of Cagniard de Latour, that at a very high temperature and under a very great pressure the latent heat of vaporisation is very small, so that a comparatively small amount of heat will cause a considerable mass of liquid to assume the gaseous form, and *vice versa*. We may thus very well suppose that an extremely small withdrawal of heat from the sun might cause a copious condensation; and this change of molecular state would, of course, by means of altered reflection, &c. alter to a considerable extent the distribution over the various particles of the sun's surface of an enormous quantity of heat, and great mechanical changes might very easily result.”

The speculative outcome of the investigation described in the latter part of this article may be briefly stated as follows:—

There seems to be great molecular delicacy of construction in the sun, and probably also, to an inferior extent, in the various planets; and the bond between the sun and the various members of our system appears to be a more intimate one than has hitherto been imagined. *The result of all this will be that a disturbance from without is very easily communicated to our luminary, and that when it takes place it communicates a thrill to the very extremities of the system.*

In a future article the principle of delicacy of construction will be dwelt upon at greater length, more especially with reference to the Place of Life in a Universe of Energy.

## FROM CHRISTIANIA TO MOLDE.

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

## PART I.

WE awoke from a very unrefreshing sleep on board the *Viken*, by which we had come from Copenhagen, about six o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 27th June last, and found the steamer quietly moored to the quay of Christiania. The morning was very bright and sunny. Hastily dressing ourselves and collecting our traps, we stepped ashore, glad enough to exchange the heaving deep for solid earth, and the coffin-like airless berths of the steamer for a limitless supply of fresh air blowing from the hills of Gamle Norge. A few leisurely porters and drowsy Government officials, blinking in the sun, were lounging about, and neither bustle nor business reminded us that we were standing on the quay of a metropolis. After waiting a while, a custom-house officer condescended to examine our luggage, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth; and as we carried no contraband goods, not even a flask of Glenlivet or a canister of "bird's-eye," we were let off very easily, and our crumpled toggery was speedily repacked. We tried two of the hotels which the English are in the habit of frequenting, but fortunately for our purses we found them quite full, and were at last obliged to take refuge in the *Hôtel Scandinavie*, where we were charged something like native prices, and had no reason to complain either of the fare or the attention. We were told that it was a great gala day in Christiania, a market being held there called *St. Han's Fair*, at which timber-merchants from every part of Norway meet to buy and sell wood. We should certainly not have found out this fact for ourselves, for the streets appeared to us exceedingly quiet and deserted, only two or three people

at long intervals walking very slowly along the rough pavement smoking the eternal cigar, and wearing an air of leisureliness and repose, as if they were the heirs expectant of time, most provoking to a fidgety and active Englishman. Most of the population seemed to have congregated in our hotel, overflowing bedrooms, stairs, and lobbies, treading on each other's toes, distracting the hapless waiters by their multifarious commands, and filling all the air with a confused clattering of unknown tongues.

Christiania does not strike a stranger with much admiration. It is a very small city to be a capital, and none of the buildings are either ancient or imposing; most of the picturesque log-houses that used to exist having been destroyed by fire and replaced by plain brick buildings without any architectural features. There are few shops, and these generally small and shabby, dealing in miscellaneous ware like a druggist's emporium in an English country village. The best places of business are in the *Kirke-gaden*; but the Norwegians have so little skill and taste in displaying their goods in the windows, that even the finest shops present but a poor appearance outside. Some beautiful pieces of flagree silver, of native metal and manufacture, may be purchased in this quarter, as well as very ingenious specimens of Norwegian carving, an art in which the inhabitants, especially of *Telemarken*, rival the Swiss and Germans; but the prices to English visitors are generally very high. The people in their intercourse with one another and in their business transactions outdo the Parisians themselves in politeness. Their hats are more frequently in their hands than on their heads; and the magnificent sweep of the bow with which one grocer acknowledges the presence of another in the

street always elicited my unqualified admiration. The free and independent British tourist, who persists in defiance of all international laws in wearing his hat alike under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome and in a Christiania curiosity shop, suffers immensely by the comparison; and a blush of guilt rose to my own cheek on more than one occasion, when, in momentary forgetfulness that I was not at home, I entered a shop with my hat on, and was recalled to painful consciousness by the significant pantomime of the shopkeeper. If slaves cannot breathe in England, Quakers certainly could not exist in Norway.

The only buildings that are at all handsome are the Storthing or House of Commons, where the Parliament of Norway meets once every three years to transact during three months a very large amount of gossip and a very small amount of business; the university, with its library and museums; and the palace of the king, situated on a commanding eminence above the town, and surrounded by gardens kept in a very slovenly style, the walks of which are a favourite promenade of the citizens in the cool of the evening. We visited this palace. It was guarded by a solitary shabbily-dressed sentinel, who paced slowly backwards and forwards with a slouching gait, stopping every ten minutes to rub a lucifer match against the wall of the building and light a penny cigar. We asked him if we could get admittance, and he pointed out to us a small side door, at which we knocked. A tall, fat, good-natured woman appeared, and, conducting us through a series of underground passages, brought us up to the principal entrance-hall, from whence we followed her over the whole building. We found the palace of Charles XV. very similar to other palaces. There were great rooms of state with much *bizarre* gilding and little comfort; and there were small rooms with little gilding and great snugness. The private apartments of the king, queen, and heir to the throne were very plainly furnished; and the bedrooms in which royalty takes the sleep that, according

to the Turkish proverb, makes pashas of us all, had small curtainless beds like sofas, and couches draped with a very threadbare-looking tartan of the clan M'Tavish. I suppose the descendant of Bernadotte, on the same etymological principle that Donizetti was proved to be the Italianized form of the Celtic Donald Izzet, was a ninety-second cousin of some Highland family, and therefore took the tartan. The view of the fjord and surrounding country which we obtained from the leaden roof was truly magnificent, and decidedly the most regal thing about the palace. A wide expanse of sea stretched out before us, calm and blue as an inland lake, studded with innumerable islands, covered with ships and boats sailing in every direction, each floating double, ship and shadow, in the transparent water, and bounded in the distance by an irregular grouping of picturesque hills, which gave the fjord a varied outline like the Lake of the Four Cantons in Switzerland. Immediately below was the old romantic castle of Aggershuus, situated on a bold promontory of the sea, and adorned with fine avenues of linden-trees along the ramparts. This castle was besieged and taken by the redoubtable Charles XII. of Sweden, and now contains the regalia and the state records of Norway. Close to the old town rose up the hill of Egeberg, richly cultivated and wooded to the top, and commanding an extensive prospect on every side. Westwards the white tower of Oscar's Hall—a summer residence of the King of Norway, and containing a fine series of Tidemand's paintings—peeped out with picturesque effect from the midst of a perfect nest of foliage, while the landscape in that direction was perfected by the snow-capped mountains of Valdres and Telemarken visible in the far background. Everywhere there were rich woods, not only of pine and fir, but of deciduous trees, elm, plane, ash, lilacs, and laburnums, growing in the utmost luxuriance. On every side there were cultivated fields, picturesque groups of rocks, gleaming waters, rugged hills, and elegant villas embosomed among fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. I know of

no town that has so many country-houses scattered around it ; and it would be difficult to say which of them is most beautifully situated. Each has its own separate view, its own woody knoll, and cultivated field, and rocky islet, and vista of the fjord. And this wondrous combination of art and nature makes the environs of Christiania quite a fairy scene. The sky too was so mellow and blue, the air so clear and sunny, and the colouring of the landscape so intense and glowing, that I almost fancied myself in Italy instead of on the 60th degree of north latitude—in the parallel of the Shetland Islands. The only scenery which the view from the palace suggested to me was the southern extremity of the Lake of Geneva, looking across the outskirts of the town to the Jura mountains ; but the comparison is greatly in favour of Christiania.

We paid a visit, as in duty bound, to Mr. Bennett, who is the great authority on matters Norwegian to all Englishmen—reverenced by them almost as much as Murray or Bradshaw. He lives amid a curious collection of novels, "Leisure Hours," old broken-down carriages, silver drinking-cups, and a lot of mixed pickles and Worcester sauce ; the last supposed to be absolutely essential to the existence of the British tourist in Norway. He acts in so many capacities that he must be a kind of universal genius, being antiquarian, librarian, purveyor, custom-house agent, *Deus ex machinâ* of the Christiania-Carriole Company, and last, not least, churchwarden and collector of subscriptions for the English chapel in town. He has done, I have heard, many kind and disinterested acts to strangers introducing themselves to him ; and he has been repaid in too many instances by dishonesty and ingratitude. We did not need the aid of his topographical knowledge, however, as we had previously sketched out our tour with remarkable fulness, and were determined to adhere to the programme in every particular. We therefore contented ourselves with buying from him the last edition of the "Lomme reiseroute," or Government road-book, and a translation or commen-

tary upon it in English, called "Bennett's Handbook," both of which we found exceedingly useful, indeed indispensable on the journey ; for an appeal to the prices of posting marked in the "Lomme-reiseroute" was never disputed by the station-house keepers, and it saved much loss of temper and waste of time in haggling about payment.

Having seen all that was to be seen in the way of curiosities about Christiania—which certainly was not much—we took out tickets on the following Saturday for a short ride of forty-five miles on one of the only two railways in all Norway, as far as Eidsvold, the Norwegian Runnymede. The railway was constructed by British navvies, and the railway carriages were made in Birmingham. Proud of our country's universal services to humanity, we rolled along at the rate of eight miles an hour, over a broken country of pine-woods, lakes, and rocky foregrounds, till we came at last to the scene of the Convention which framed the present admirable constitution of Norway. Here we embarked on the Miosen lake in a steamer, boasting the funny name of *Skibladner*, so called from Odin's magical pocket-ship. This lake is the largest in Norway, being 63 miles long and about 7 broad. It is very highly praised by the Norwegians, and the scenery on its banks is considered the finest they have. This can only be, however, by the same law of contrast which made the Swiss peasant say to the Dutchman when told that Holland had not a single mountain bigger than a molehill, "Ah ! yours must be a fine country." The Norwegians have so little arable land, and such an overwhelming preponderance of huge barren mountains and rocky plateaux, that the scarcer article as usual is most valued, and the profitable is preferred to the picturesque. We were a good deal disappointed in the scenery, having heard it compared to Lake Como, with which it has not a single feature in common. It is a fine sheet of water for boating purposes and for the transport of timber, through many rafts of which the steamer in some places fought its way ; but the shores at the lower extremity are banks



of bare clay, crowned on the top with a few miserable birches, and further up the land around it lies low and is thickly dotted with red wooden farmhouses and variegated by potato and corn-fields; while the hills beyond are of no great elevation, and are covered with interminable forests of sombre pines which produce a melancholy impression by their extreme monotony—especially when, as is usually the case, the sky overhead is grey and cloudy. We landed at about half-past nine at night at a pretty large village at the head of the lake, called Lillehammer, amid the silver splendours of a very singular sunset. We found accommodation at an inn kept by a man called Hamar, who does not enjoy a very good reputation among travellers; though, with the exception of his charges, which were a good deal higher than in other places of the same style, we had nothing to find fault with. We spent the Sunday in the village, and had the privilege of worshipping in a little Lutheran church not far from the inn. There are some very fine waterfalls in this place, formed by the Mesna, an impetuous mountain torrent which flows down the hill through rich pine-woods into the lake; and all the air is filled with their murmurs, and sweetened with the resinous breath of the pines.

We started from Lillehammer early on Monday morning, through the valley of Gudbrandsdal, to Molde, a distance of nearly 200 miles, in a north-western direction. Fortunately there was at the village a four-wheeled English carriage that had brought a party from Molde to the Miosen lake, and now waited to be brought back to its owner. We got the carriage free on the condition of paying for the horses, and this arrangement materially lessened the expense of the journey, as well as added greatly to the comfort of the ladies of the party. We formed a somewhat imposing procession as we passed through the village, and attracted a considerable share of attention from the inhabitants. The vehicle which contained my friend and myself was what is called a *stolkjerre*, or double carriole. It was simply a square unpainted box, mounted on two wheels,

without springs, and furnished with long shafts and a hard board laid across for a seat. It held us both tightly jammed; free to turn our heads round, but not our bodies. The animal did not reflect much credit upon his species, and his accoutrements consisted of a most complicated and ragged system of grey cord and old leather. Altogether it was a sorry turn-out, and it would require a considerable amount of moral courage to drive down Oxford Street in it. But the villagers thought it rather grand than otherwise; at least the boys did not run after us, and a few peasants doffed their caps as we jolted past. I presume, however, that we were basking in reflected glory. The Milord and Miladies in the carriage before us covered our shabbiness with the grandeur of their appearance, but we were contented with the measure of honour given to us, as belonging in a humble way to a party so illustrious. On we sped, seeing the rich hilly scenery in glimpses through the dust of our chariot wheels, with frequent and loud exclamations of "Oh!" as the machine made a rougher jolt than usual. After about an hour and a half's drive, the carriage suddenly disappeared up a by-road. But we, absorbed in conversation or in looking at the scenery, had not noticed this movement; and thinking the carriage was ahead, though out of sight, drove confidently onwards at full speed. We were alarmed when we had gone a few hundred yards by hearing shouts in very energetic Norwegian—meaning probably "Stop thief!"—and seeing half-a-dozen fellows bounding rapidly towards us through the brushwood above the road. One of them came forward, and, mounting on our vehicle, without a single word of explanation seized hold of our reins, and drove us back prisoners up a side-path till we came to a cluster of wooden houses, where we halted. It seems that we had arrived at the first of the series of stations placed for the convenience of travellers at distances of about one Norwegian or seven English miles through the whole length of the Gudbrandsdal valley. The horse and machine we had brought with us from Lillehammer must

here be changed for a fresh horse and machine, and the boy who had accompanied the horses of the carriage had to take them back along with our equipage. Hence the alarm of the natives at our ignorant escapade. They thought that we were going to run off with our magnificent dog-cart, and sell the whole affair for a large sum at Molde. Of course, had they known that we were clergymen, they would not have insulted us and excited themselves by cherishing such fears; but there was nothing in our appearance to indicate our profession, and I suppose our faces, apart from our professional habiliments, were not accepted as conclusive evidence of our honesty.

I must here pause a little to give an idea of the mode of travelling in Norway, as this is a convenient halting-place for the purpose. There are no stage coaches or diligences, for the people very seldom travel, and then only on pressing business. The most common and characteristic vehicle of the country is called a *carriole*, shaped somewhat like an old-fashioned gig. It has no springs, but the shafts are very long and slender, and the wheels very large, so that its motion is far from being uncomfortable. It carries only one person, who has to drive with his feet nearly on a level with his nose, and a boy sitting behind on the portmanteau, amalgamating its contents, whose duty it is for an exceedingly small *drinkepenge* or gratuity to take back the horse and machine. Owing to this arrangement, a large party must go in a long file of carriages like a funeral procession. The Norwegian horses are all small, of a cream colour, remarkably docile and sure-footed, so that the most timid lady or the youngest child might safely drive them down the steepest gradients at full speed. The roads are made by Government; but each proprietor along the highway has to keep a certain portion of it in good working order, this portion being regulated according to the size and value of the property through which it passes. Painted wooden poles are placed at certain intervals along the road, inscribed with the name of the

person who has to keep that part of it in order, and the number of yards or *alen* intrusted to his supervision. You can, therefore, form a pretty good idea of the wealth or poverty of any neighbourhood through which you travel by the greater or less distances of road thus distributed to the owners of land. At regular intervals of seven or eight English miles—as already observed—there are placed station-houses, where fresh horses and fresh conveyances may be had, as well as lodging and entertainment for man and beast. These stations are either fast or slow stations. At the fast stations a number of horses and carriages are kept regularly, ready for the convenience of travellers; there you cannot be detained on your journey more than half an hour. A printed Government-book is kept at each of these stations, where the traveller writes down his name, the number of horses and carriages he requires, the place he has come from, and his destination, as well as any complaint he may have to make on the score of carelessness or detention. Such complaints are inquired into regularly by a Government inspector, and redressed as far as possible. Some of the remarks made in the column of complaints by Englishmen are very amusing. There was one English name which we found in the road-book of every station, coupled with some depreciating remark upon the scenery, the manners of the people, the nature and price of food, &c. &c. Nothing seemed to please his jaundiced eye and bilious stomach. Doing the journey post-haste, a detention of ten minutes in changing his horse and carriage at a new station was a most exaggerated offence. Desirous of making a profit of his tour, by spending less for travelling and keep together than his ordinary personal expenses would have cost at home, the charge of fivepence for a cup of coffee with solid accompaniments was considered most exorbitant. Here the people were excessively disobliging, and he was half-starved upon strong-smelling *gamle ost* (old cheese), parchment-like *fladbrod*, of which nearly an acre is required to satisfy an ordinary appetite,

and butter that looked like railway grease; there the eggs were all rotten, there were no toothpicks, and the landlord was an extortionate Jew. With a slight variation upon the same lively tune he went from place to place. Fortunately, as English was not the language of the country, his Parthian shafts did not wound so severely as he intended. On the contrary, it was amusing to see the conscious pride with which his ill-natured remarks were pointed out to us by more than one innkeeper, who imagined in the innocence of his heart that they could not be anything else than highly laudatory. We were glad to see that others of our countrymen, following in the wake of Mr. Smith, had reversed his decision, and by their genial and hearty commendation of many things that were really excellent saved Englishmen from the imputation—which they too often justify abroad—of being a nation of grumblers. And while I am on this subject I may as well mention that very great harm is done to the peasantry by the thoughtless and indiscriminate lavishness on the one hand, and the excessive meanness and stinginess on the other, of our countrymen. The simple-hearted people cannot understand the inconsistency; and Norway promises, if the same demoralizing system continues to be pursued as at present, to be a second edition of Switzerland and the Rhine—a result which every one who knows and can appreciate the primitive straightforwardness, the genuine kindness, and honest independence of the Norwegians must deplore.

At the slow stations, the peasants of the neighbourhood are obliged by turns to supply the traveller with a horse and conveyance; and, unless he sends a *forbud* or messenger before him to apprise the people of the exact time of his coming, he may have to wait several hours while the horse is being caught on the hills. Of course, should the traveller disappoint the station-keeper, either by delay or by failing to appear altogether, compensation must be given. We had no experience of these slow

stations, for all the stations on the route we took were fast, so that we got on very swiftly and pleasantly. We met no English travellers all the time; we had everything to ourselves, and our claims for horses and conveyances were never brought into competition with those of others. Some of the stations are poorly furnished and very scantily supplied with provisions. You may riot in Goshen-like plenty to-day, and to-morrow be reduced to fladbrod and porridge. The traveller who passes in the morning may fare sumptuously upon reindeer-venison, ptarmigan, and salmon; while he who comes late in the day may have to content himself with polishing the bones and gathering up the fragments which his more fortunate predecessor has left. In some quarters the innkeepers shift so frequently that no dependence for two successive years can be placed upon Murray's certificate of character; and we ourselves found the best entertainment, the greatest attention, and the most moderate charges, in places marked dangerous on account of the very opposite qualities. Many of the stations are filthy, and uninhabitable by any one more refined than a Laplander, swarming with F sharps and B flats. Indeed, the king of the fleas keeps his court—not at Tiberias, as travellers say—but at a Norwegian station-house of the worst class. We, however, were either more fortunate than the great bulk of tourists, or our bodies were unusually pachydermatous, for in no case were we tormented during the night watches, and generally the larder was well supplied with salmon, trout, beefsteaks, and eggs. The price of accommodation was ridiculously low—at least when compared with the bill of a Highland hotel. We had a magnificent supper, a capital bed, and a breakfast of salmon, trout, coffee, eggs, beefsteaks, and potatoes, at the first station we halted at, and the cost of the whole was only 1s. 10½*d.* for each. The price of accommodation, as well as the charge for horses and conveyances, is fixed by Government tariff, but the innkeepers invariably ask more from Englishmen,

as they imagine that every native of these islands who travels in their country must be an embryo Rothschild. The usual rate of keep per day is a specie-dollar,—that is, 4s. 6d. of our money; and the day's travelling expenses, along with keep, unless you go enormous distances at a stretch, should very rarely exceed an average of 10s. The station-house keepers are a very respectable class of men usually. They are often landed proprietors or justices of the peace, and only set themselves out for the entertainment and transport of travellers because they are obliged to do so by Government. Indeed, this innkeeping and posting business is a tax, and they pay it as we pay income-tax, with something like a grudge. They must, therefore, be treated with civility, and in some instances with very considerable respect. A Norwegian innkeeper, if ordered about like a Highland Sandie M'Tonald, would considerably astonish the traveller guilty of such boldness.

But to return from this digression, necessary to explain our mode of travel, to the route itself. The road through the Gudbrandsdal is the regular postal route from Christiania to Throndhjem, and is therefore the most frequented and the best known part of the country. And yet the people are almost as unsophisticated as in the remotest districts. They crowded around us at the different stations, questioned us on all sorts of subjects, and carefully examined our dress and luggage. The ladies of our party were especial objects of curiosity to the women. Their ornaments and watches were tenderly touched, and greatly admired. Hands were lifted up in amazement at the strange wonders which glimpses of foreign boots and petticoats disclosed. An air cushion inflated for their benefit, and placed on the carriage-seat, and then sat upon by an adventurous Dutch-built dame, elicited shouts of merriment. A few presents of pins, buttons, and Birmingham trinkets made them insist on shaking hands with us all round, a proof of friendship which, owing to the general

prevalence of that touch of nature which makes Norway and Scotland kin, the ladies were somewhat shy of accepting. The flaxen-haired cherubs had a revelation of a higher world than the common world of fladbrod and porridge—a foretaste of Valhalla itself, in the unknown delights of English comfits and lollipops; though I am not sure that it was really kind in us thus to awaken capacities and educate senses which, after a momentary fruition of bliss, must thenceforward be craving for the unattainable and “the unconditioned.”

After passing several stations, and accomplishing nearly fifty miles, we arrived late in the evening at Listad, where we stayed all night. The scenery of the Gudbrandsdal valley is praised in the most exaggerated terms by Murray. He says that it affords a series of the finest landscapes in the world, and that it is doubtful whether any other river can show such a constant succession of beautiful views as the Lougen, which flows through it. The valley is indeed remarkable for its length, being 168 English miles long; and the greater part of it is richly cultivated with pine-clad hills rising on either side, but almost never picturesque in outline, or assuming an Alpine character. It is in fact a mere trough across one of the most massive and featureless mountain chains in Norway, bounded on both sides by comparatively uniform and level background. The great peaks retire behind the sky-line so as to be completely invisible; there are no distant prospects, none of those charming lateral vistas caused by interlacing mountains, which reveal enough only to stimulate the imagination, and solicit it onward to grander scenes beyond. Even in the wildest and most romantic parts of the route, which are considered to be the entrance of the valley between Lillehammer and Moshuus, and the Pass of Rusten, between Laurgaard and Braendhaugen, the view is either exhausted altogether, or, as in passing up Loch Katrine to the west, the eye sees out through the romantic to the tame and flat beyond; thus greatly impairing the

impression which such a spot ought to produce. There are many landscapes in the Highlands quite equal, if not superior to those of the Gudbrandsdal valley. Owing to the peculiar conformation of the mountains the really splendid scenery of Norway is confined to the fjords of the west coast.

We were greatly charmed with the river Lougen, which, always very broad and deep, expands here and there into chains of lakes—some of which, like the Lake of Losna, are navigable for large vessels. Indeed, for upwards of twenty miles, between Moshuus and Listad, the journey used to be accomplished by a steamer, which has now been withdrawn. Some very fine cataracts occur in the course of the river; and the roar of the immense body of water, broken up into snow-white masses contrasting beautifully with its uniformly rich green colour elsewhere, combined with the picturesqueness of its lofty banks adorned with hanging woods of pine and birch, produce a profound impression. At the Pass of Rusten especially the river is truly sublime, forcing its way through a narrow gateway in the mountains, which approach each other so closely that the road has been cut out of the living rock. It is a fearful place, of which the Pass of Killicrankie can give one no idea; and we drove shudderingly through it on the brink of precipices overhanging the deep foaming linnis of the river. We saw no villages cosily grouped round a church, whose spire is conspicuous from afar. The churches are lonely buildings, few and far between; and the names crowded so thickly on Munch's admirable map indicate mere farmhouses with their steadings, called a *gaard*, equivalent to the Scottish *toun*. This isolation and dispersion of the houses over a wide area is a singular feature in Norwegian landscapes, and arises from the fact that almost every head of a family is the proprietor of the land on which he dwells. It gives, as Professor Forbes has remarked, a dreary interminable aspect to a journey, like that of a book unrelieved of subdivision into

chapters, where we are at least invited to halt, though at liberty to proceed.

Next day, before coming to the gorge of Rusten, we passed the cleft of Kringelen, where Colonel Sinclair, nephew of the Earl of Caithness, and his regiment of Scotch mercenaries, were massacred by an ambush of the peasants in 1612. Sinclair offered his services to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, who was then at war with Norway and Denmark. Landing from Scotland at Molde, he marched through Romsdal, intending to cross the uplands of Norway to the frontiers of Sweden, laying waste as he passed the country with fire and sword, and committing many acts of remorseless cruelty. Exasperated to the utmost fury, and unable to contend with Sinclair in open fight, a band of 500 peasants adopted the same expedient recorded in the Tyrolese war of independence. Having collected an enormous quantity of rocks and stones on the brow of the hill immediately above the pathway leading through the narrow defile of Kringelen, they awaited the signal of a young man who had undertaken to guide Sinclair to this spot. No sooner were the devoted troops fairly underneath, and the signal given, than the fatal avalanche descended, burying them under the huge pile, so that only a few escaped. An affecting incident in connexion with this tragic event is commonly told to the traveller. A Norwegian lady in the neighbourhood, hearing that Mrs. Sinclair was with her husband, sent her own lover, to whom she was to be married next day, to protect her from insult; but Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his intentions, drew a pistol from her bosom, and shot him dead on the spot. It is said that Mrs. Sinclair, a young and beautiful woman, was most devotedly attached to her husband, whom she followed across the sea disguised in male attire, and did not reveal herself until the arrival of the troops in Norway, when she could not be sent home. The dalesmen are never tired of reciting the praises of their valorous countrymen on this occasion. An inscription on a pillar

by the roadside marks the scene of the massacre, and tells how "the peasants, among whom dwell honour, virtue, and all that earns praise, brake the Scotch to pieces like a potter's vessel." In the peasants' huts, matchlocks, broadswords, powder-flasks, and other relics of the regiment are shown to tourists with much patriotic enthusiasm. There is a Norwegian ballad entitled "Herr Sinclair's Vise af Storm," sung by almost every native, of the end of which the following is a free translation:—

- "Strike home! ye valiant Northmen all,  
Was the dalesmen's answering cry,  
And fast the Scottish warriors fall,  
And in their gore they lie.
- "The raven flapped his jet black wing  
As he mangled the face of the slain;  
And Scottish maids a dirge may sing  
For the lovers they'll ne'er see again.
- "No one of the fourteen hundred men  
E'er returned to his home to tell  
What peril awaits the foe in each glen,  
Where the stalwart Northmen dwell.
- "A pillar stands where our foemen lie,  
In deadly fight o'erthrown;  
And foul fall the Northman whose heart  
beats not high  
When he looks on that old grey stone."

The natives, as in this ballad, try to prove that the slaughter of the Scotch was not a treacherous massacre, but the result of a brave hand-to-hand encounter. And they will not believe that Scotchmen care very little for the fate of Sinclair and his mercenaries, of whom not one in a thousand has ever heard. We certainly did not blush for our country when we surveyed the wild scene.

After passing through the dark gorge of Rustenberg the road gradually ascends, until, at last, an elevation of 1,800 feet above the level of the sea has been attained. The scenery in consequence becomes bleaker and less wooded; the spruce and pine gradually giving place to the birch, which here forms the principal tree—and, as usual, has a whiter and cleaner trunk and brighter foliage in proportion to the altitude. The cultivation of corn and potatoes is merged in that of grass and hay; and the fields

which look dry and parched are irrigated by means of wooden troughs in which water is led down, often for long distances, from the mountains. The air feels keener and more bracing; patches of snow appear in the shady hollows far down the mountain sides on our left; and the landscape assumes a wilder and more Alpine character. At Braendhaugen the road is very sandy; this part of the valley, called Lessoe, which is purely pastoral, having evidently been once the bottom of an extensive glacier lake. Great banks of clay, scantily covered with grass, and presenting a peculiarly bleak grey appearance, rise up on the right hand side of the river. This feature continues uninterruptedly to Dombaas, and the soil is so loose and sandy that the steep sides of the road are covered with withered patches of artificial turf fastened by wooden nails to prevent them slipping. It is very disagreeable travelling along this part of the route in dry weather, owing to the clouds of dust raised by the vehicles. Following immediately behind the carriage—for our spirited horse could not be kept back—we were nearly suffocated. Our clothes were as white as a miller's, and the scenery appeared to us all the harsher on account of the scanty glimpses we obtained of it, and the irritation of the gritty particles in our eyes. At Braendhaugen the good old lady who keeps the station showed us the silver cup presented to her by the Queen of Norway and Sweden; but my recollection of this stage hangs chiefly upon a pair of magnificent reindeer antlers nailed above the door, indicating that reindeer venison is occasionally found here.

We were very tired after the long day's journey; the heat and dust had been very oppressive; and, for my own part, the jolting on a cushionless seat had made me so sore and tender that I could scarcely walk or sit. At eight o'clock at night we arrived at the mountain station of Toftemoen. Here we expected to stay all night; but a party from Thronhjelm had sent on a *forbul* and secured all the available accommodation, and we had therefore to go

on to the next station, where we could get quarters. We were glad, however, to rest a little and get some refreshment at Toftemoen. This is a very ancient place, and famous in the sagas. It is one of the mountain stations which have the privilege of immunity from taxes, and appears to be one of the most comfortable resting-places in Norway. The proprietor is Mr. Tofte, well known throughout the whole country. He is the lineal descendant of Harold Håarfager, the first King of all Norway, and, in consequence of Odin, the mythological Hercules of the North. The family are exceedingly proud of their birth, and take precedence of all the other proprietors at church and market. They have never been known for many generations to marry out of their own family—the result being that the present owner of the name is a simpleton, and his eldest son nearly a dwarf. This descendant of kings and representative of the oldest family in Europe unharnessed our horses for us like any common stable-boy. I treated him with considerable deference—though whether he was more impressed by my manner or my attempts at Norwegian I cannot say. But, in return, he showed me the principal rooms in his house, which contain many curious old cabinets, and a broad slate table on which the present King of Norway and Sweden dined on his way to be crowned at Thronhjelm. I saw the king's autograph, which he had scratched with a knife at one corner of the table. Tofte told me, with an air of considerable self-importance, of the dignified reception which he had given to the king; and related that, when the king wished to bring out his silver for dinner, he replied that he had as much silver in his house as would suffice to dine a much larger party than the king's. This was no idle boast, for I never saw in a private person's dwelling such a vast quantity of massive silver articles, evidently heirlooms dating some of them many centuries back. Besides being possessed of the bluest of blue blood, Tofte is a wealthy landed proprietor, a member of the Storting

or House of Commons, and a justice of the peace. This did not prevent him, however, from charging us a higher price than we had paid anywhere else for the entertainment we had at his house. I suppose we had to pay for blood and dignity and the silver spoon! He presented me with his photograph taken at Christiania, dressed very stiffly and uncomfortably in Sunday clothes. The face is intensely Scotch, but has a look of simplicity and shrewdness which *naturals* only have in this country.

The rest of our journey that night was not very pleasant, and it was past eleven o'clock when we arrived at the telegraphic station of Dombaas. All was quiet and still; the people apparently having gone to bed, and sunk into the first deep sleep. Though so late at night, there was no darkness. You could read the smallest print with the utmost distinctness; and but for the stillness of nature, and an indefinable feeling of mellowness and tenderness in the air, you might imagine it to be noon instead of midnight. The long bright Norwegian twilight is inexpressibly beautiful. The earth sleeps, but her heart waketh; the golden tints of the departing day still linger on the distant hills; and a light, soft and sweet as the smile of an infant in its first slumber, fills all the sky, and you would think that the dawn had returned, only that the glory is in the west instead of in the east. Nothing reminds you of darkness and sleep but the rich liquid lustre of Venus hanging near the pale blue horizon, like a silver lamp let down out of heaven by an unseen hand, and flecking a little shadowy pathway of light upon every exposed sheet of water. The long daylight is very favourable to the growth of vegetation, plants growing in the night as well as in the day in the short but ardent summer. But the stimulus of perpetual solar light is peculiarly trying to the nervous system of those who are not accustomed to it. It prevents proper repose and banishes sleep. I never felt before how needful darkness was for the welfare of our bodies and minds. I longed for night,

but the farther North we went the farther we were fleeing from it, until at last, when we reached the most northern point of our tour, the sun set for only one hour and a half. Consequently, the heat of the day never cooled down, and accumulated until it became almost unendurable at last. Truly for a most wise and beneficent purpose did God make light and create darkness. "Light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to the eyes to behold the sun." But darkness is also sweet; it is the nurse of nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep; and without the tender drawing round us of its curtains, the weary eyelid will not close, and the jaded nerves will not be soothed to refreshing rest. Not till the everlasting day break, and the shadows flee away, and the Lord himself shall be our light and our God our glory, can we do without the cloud in the sunshine, the shade of sorrow in the bright light of joy, and the curtain of night for the deepening of the sleep which God gives His beloved.

We had considerable difficulty in arousing the people from their slumbers, but at last we succeeded in obtaining the services of a blithesome lass, who speedily extemporised beds for us, and made us as comfortable as possible on such short notice. The beds in Norway, I may mention, are all procrustean; a kind of domestic guillotine invented for the purpose of amputating the superfluous length of Englishmen's legs. The Norwegians are a tall race, but I suppose they lie doubled up in bed like the letter V, the *os coccygis* touching the footboard, and the feet and head keeping loving company on the same pillow. Though not above the average height, my own unfortunate limbs were hanging exposed over the footboard; the down quilt lay in all its rotundity in my arms like a nightmare of some monster baby; and, while sleeping uneasily in this awkward posture, I dreamt that I had been metamorphosed somehow into a waterfall, and was flowing in white masses of foam, and with a considerable murmur, over very hard and slippery rocks. Next morning we felt the air a good

deal colder, for we were now at an elevation of upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery of the place was bare treeless upland, very sparingly cultivated. The road to Thronhjelm passed in a series of ups and downs over monotonous brown hills to our right; while the highway to Molde lay far down in an equally featureless valley to our left. A few hillocks here and there broke the level surfaces, covered with grey boulders, and clothed instead of heather, which is somewhat rare in Norway, with crowberry and arbutus bushes. The lovely large blue-bells of the *Menziesia*, a kind of heath almost extinct in this country, peeped up everywhere among the familiar moorland vegetation; the andromeda displayed its rich crimson blossoms on every dry knoll; while the clayey banks were brightened and beautified exceedingly with multitudes of the fairy Scottish primrose, whose sulphury leaves and tiny purple flowers are the ornament of the Caithness cliffs, but proceed no farther south in this country. There was an air of inexpressible loneliness about the place; the stillness being broken only by the feeble bleat of a few sheep and goats—as diminutive, though full-grown, as lambs and kids—and the tinkle of the bells suspended round the necks of the no less Lilliputian cattle. A few pigs ran about as thin as greyhounds, and the Alpine vegetation, as well as the small size of animal life, testified to the ungenial character of the climate. The coolness of the air was very pleasant to us, roasted as we had been so long in the confined valley; but it must be a very trying thing to live at this elevated station in winter. Storms must blow over its shelterless fields with unexampled fury, and the snow drift in huge masses around it. The short black December day will be like the frown of Odin, and every wild night lit up by the magical radiance of the Aurora Borealis will be a Walpurgis-Nacht. Woe to the traveller who is then obliged to cross the Dovrefjeld!



THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS;  
OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DYING KING.

"Die in terror of thy guiltiness,  
Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and  
death,  
Fainting, despair, despairing yield thy  
breath."

*King Richard III.*

A FEW days later, when Berenger had sent out Philip, under the keeping of the secretaries, to see the Queen-mother represent Royalty in one of the grand processions of Rogation-tide, the gentle knock came to his door that always announced the arrival of his good surgeon.

"You look stronger, M. le Baron; have you yet left your room?"

"I have walked round the gallery above the hall," said Berenger. "I have not gone downstairs; that is for to-morrow."

"What would M. le Baron say if his chirurgeon took him not merely downstairs, but up one flight at the Louvre."

"Ha!" cried Berenger; "to the King?"

"It is well-nigh the last chance, Monsieur; the Queen-mother and all her suite are occupied with services and sermons this week; and next week private access to the King will be far more difficult. I have waited as long as I could that you might gain strength to support the fatigue."

"Hope cancels fatigue," said Berenger, already at the other end of the room searching for his long-disused cloak, sword, gloves, hat, and mask.

"Not the sword," said Paré, "so please you. M. le Baron must condescend to obtain entrance as my assistant—the plain black doublet—yes, that is admirable; but I did not know that

Monsieur was so tall," he added, in some consternation, as, for the first time, he saw his patient standing up at his full height—unusual even in England, and more so in France. Indeed, Berenger had grown during his year of illness, and being, of course, extremely thin, looked all the taller, so as to be a very inconvenient subject to smuggle into the palace unobserved.

However, Ambroise had made up his mind to the risk, and merely assisted Berenger in assuming his few equipments, then gave him his arm to go down the stairs. Meeting Guibert on the way, Berenger left word with him that he was going out to take the air with Maître Paré; and on the man's offering to attend him, refused the proposal.

Paré's carriage waited in the court, and Berenger, seated in its depths, rolled unseen through the streets, till he found himself at the little postern of the Louvre, the very door whence he was to have led off his poor Eustacie. Here Ambroise made him take off his small black mask, in spite of all danger of his scars being remarked, since masks were not etiquette in the palace, and, putting into his arms a small brass-bound case of instruments, asked his pardon for preceding him, and alighted from the carriage.

This was Ambroise's usual entrance, and it was merely guarded by a Scottish archer, who probably observed nothing. They then mounted the stone stair, the same where Osbert had dragged down his insensible master; and as, at the summit, the window appeared where Berenger had waited those weary hours, and heard the first notes of the bell of St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois, his breath came in such hurried sobs, that Paré

would fain have given him time to recover himself, but he gasped, "Not here—not here;" and Paré, seeing that he could still move on, turned, not to the corridor leading to the King's old apartments, now too full of dreadful associations for poor Charles, but towards those of the young Queen. Avoiding the ante-room, where no doubt waited pages, ushers, and attendants, Paré presently knocked at a small door, so hidden in the wainscotting of the passage, that only a *habitué* could have found it without strict search. It was at once opened, and the withered, motherly face of an old woman with keen black eyes under a formal tight white cap, looked out.

"Eh? Maître Paré," she said, "you have brought the poor young gentleman? On my faith, he looks scarcely able to walk! Come in, sir, and rest a while in my chamber while Maître Ambroise goes on to announce you to the King. He is more at ease to-day, the poor child, and will relish some fresh talk."

Berenger knew this to be Phillippine, the old Huguenot nurse, whom Charles IX. loved most fondly, and in whom he found his greatest comfort. He was very glad to sink into the seat she placed for him, the only one in her small, bare room, and recover breath there while Paré passed on to the King, and she talked as one delighted to have a hearer.

"Ah, yes, rest yourself—stay; I will give you a few spoonfuls of the cordial potage I have here for the King; it will comfort your heart. Ah! you have been cruelly mauled—but he would have saved you if he could."

"Yes, good mother, I know that; the King has been my very good lord."

"Ah! blessings on you, if you say so from your heart, Monsieur; you know me for one of our poor Reformed. And I tell you—I who saw him born, who nursed him from his birth—that, suffer as you may, you can never suffer as he does. Maître Ambroise may talk of his illness coming from blowing too much on his horn; I know better. But, ah! to be here at night would make a stone shed tears of blood. The Queen and I

know it; but we say nothing, we only pray."

The sight of a Huguenot was so great a treat to the old woman in her isolated life, that her tongue ran thus freely while Berenger sat, scarce daring to speak or breathe in the strange boding atmosphere of the palace, where the nurse and surgeon moved as tolerated, privileged persons, in virtue of the necessity of the one to the King—of the other, to all the world. After a brief interval Paré returned and beckoned to Berenger, who followed him across a large state-bedroom to a much smaller one, which he entered from under a heavy blue velvet curtain, and found himself in an atmosphere heavy with warmth and perfume, and strangely oppressed besides. On one side of the large fire sat the young Queen, faded, wan, and with all animation or energy departed, only gazing with a silent, wistful intendment at her husband. He was opposite to her in a pillowed chair, his feet on a stool, with a deadly white, padded, puffy cheek, and his great black eyes, always prominent, now with a glassy look, and strained wide as though always gazing after some horrible sight. "Madame la Comtesse" stood in her old, wooden automaton fashion behind the Queen; otherwise, no one was present save Paré, who, as he held up the curtain, stood back to let M. de Ribeaumont advance. He stood still, however, merely bowing low, awaiting an invitation to come forward, and trying to repress the startled tear called up by the very shock of pity at the mournful aspect of the young King and Queen.

Elisabeth, absorbed in her husband, and indifferent to all besides, did not even turn her head as he entered; but Charles signed to him to approach, holding out a yellow, dropsical-looking hand; and as he dropped on one knee and kissed it fervently, the King said, "Here he is, Madame, the Baron de Ribeaumont, the same whose little pleasure-boat was sucked down in our whirlpool."

All Elisabeth's memories seemed to

have been blotted out in that whirlpool, for she only bowed her head formally, and gave no look of recognition, though she, too, allowed Berenger to salute her listless, dejected hand. "One would hardly have known him again," continued the King, in a low husky voice; "but I hope, sir, I see you recovering."

"Thanks, Sire, to Heaven's goodness, and to your goodness in sparing to me the services of Maître Paré."

"Ah! there is none like Paré for curing a wound *outside*," said Charles, then leant back silent; and Berenger, still kneeling, was considering whether he ought to proffer his petition, when the King continued, "How fares your friend Sidney, M. le Baron?"

"Right well, Sire. The Queen is about to confer on him the honour of knighthood."

"Not after this order," said Charles, as with his finger he traced the long scar on Berenger's face. "Our sister of England has different badges of merit from ours for her good subjects. Ha! what say they of us in England, Baron?"

"I have lain sick at home, Sire, and have neither seen nor heard," said Berenger.

"Ah! one day more at Montpipeau had served your turn," said the King; "but you are one who has floated up again. One—one at least whose blood is not on my head."

The Queen looked up uneasy and imploring, as Charles continued: "Would that more of you would come in this way! They have scored you deep, but know you what is gashed deeper still? Your King's heart! Ah! you will not come, as Coligny does, from his gibbet, with his two bleeding hands. My father was haunted to his dying day by the face of one Huguenot tailor. Why, I see a score, night by night! You are solid; let me feel you, man."

"M. Paré," exclaimed the poor Queen, "take him away."

"No, Madame," said the King, holding tight in his hot grasp Berenger's hand, which was as pale as his own, long, thin, and wasted, but cold from

strong emotion; "take not away the only welcome sight I have seen for well-nigh two years." He coughed, and the handkerchief he put to his lips had blood on it; but he did not quit his hold of his visitor, and presently said in a feeble whisper, "Tell me, how did you escape?"

Paré, over the King's head, signed to him to make his narrative take time; and indeed his speech was of necessity so slow, that, by the time he had related how Osbert had brought him safely to England, the King had recovered himself so as to say, "See what it is to have a faithful servant. Which of those they have left me would do as much for me? And now, being once away with your life, what brings you back to this realm of ours, after your last welcome?"

"I left my wife here, Sire."

"Ha! and the cousin would have married her—obtained permission to call himself Nid-de-Merle—but she slipped through his clumsy fingers; did she not? Did you know anything of her, Madame?"

"No," said the Queen, looking up. "She wrote to me once from her convent; but I knew I could do nothing for her but bring her enemies' notice on her; so I made no answer."

Berenger could hardly conceal his start of indignation—less at the absolute omission, than at the weary indifference of the Queen's confession. Perhaps the King saw it, for he added, "So it is, Ribaumont; the kindest service we can do our friends is to let them alone; and, after all, it was not the worse for her. She did evade her enemies?"

"Yes, Sire," said Berenger, commanding and steadying his voice with great difficulty, "she escaped in time to give birth to our child in the ruined loft of an old grange of the Templars, under the care of a Huguenot farmer, and a pastor who had known my father. Then she took refuge in La Sablerie, and wrote to my mother, deeming me dead. I was just well enough to go in quest of her. I came—ah! Sire, I found only charred ruins. Your Majesty knows how Huguenot bourgs are dealt with."

"And she——?"

Berenger answered but by a look.

"Why did you come to tell me this?" said the King, passionately. "Do you not know that they have killed me already? I thought you came because there was still some one I could aid."

"There is, there is, Sire," said Berenger, for once interrupting Royalty. "None save you can give me my child. It is almost certain that a good priest saved it; but it is in a convent, and only with a royal order can one of my religion either obtain it, or even have my questions answered."

"Nor with one in Paris," said the King drily; "but in the country the good mothers may still honour their King's hand. Here, Ambroise, take pen and ink, and write the order. To whom?"

"To the Mother Prioress of the Ursulines at Luçon, so please your Majesty," said Berenger, "to let me have possession of my daughter."

"Eh! is it only a little girl?"

"Yes, Sire; but my heart yearns for her all the more," said Berenger, with glistening eyes.

"You are right," said the poor King. "Mine, too, is a little girl; and I bless God daily that she is no son—to be the most wretched thing in France. Let her come in, Madame. She is little older than my friend's daughter. I would show her to him."

The Queen signed to Madame la Comtesse to fetch the child, and Berenger added, "Sire, you could do a further benefit to my poor little one. One more signature of yours would attest that ratification of my marriage which took place in your Majesty's presence."

"Ah! I remember," said Charles. "You may have any name of mine that can help you to oust that villain, Narcisse; only wait to use it—spare me any more storms. It will serve your turn as well when I am beyond them, and you will make your claim good. What," seeing Berenger's interrogative look, "do you not know that by the marriage-contract the lands of each were settled on the survivor?"

"No, Sire; I have never seen the marriage-contract."

"Your kinsman knew it well," said Charles.

Just then, Madame la Comtesse returned, leading the little Princess by the long ribbons at her waist; Charles bent forward, calling, "Here, *ma petite*, come here. Here is one who loves thy father. Look well at him, that thou mayest know him."

The little Madame Elisabeth so far understood, that, with a certain lofty condescension, she extended her hand for the stranger to kiss, and thus drew from the King the first smile that Berenger had seen. She was more than half a year older than the Béangère on whom his hopes were set, and whom he trusted to find not such a pale, feeble, tottering little creature as this poor young daughter of France, whose round black eyes gazed wonderingly at his scar; but she was very precocious, and even already too much of a royal lady to indulge in any awkward personal observation.

By the time she had been rewarded for her good behaviour by one of the dried plums in her father's comfit-box, the order had been written by Paré, and Berenger had prepared the certificate for the King's signature, according to the form given him by his grandfather.

"Your writing shakes nearly as much as mine," said the poor King, as he wrote his name to this latter. "Now, Madame, you had better sign it also; and tell this gentleman where to find Father Meinhard in Austria. He was a little too true for us, do you see—would not give thanks for shedding innocent blood. Ah!"—and with a gasp of mournful longing, the King sank back, while Elisabeth, at his bidding, added her name to the certificate, and murmured the name of a convent in Vienna, where her late confessor could be found.

"I cannot thank your Majesty enough," said Berenger. "My child's rights are now secure in England at least, and this"—as he held the

other paper for the King—"will give her to me."

"Ah! take it for what it is worth," said the King, as he scrawled his "*Charles*" upon it. "This order must be used promptly, or it will avail you nothing. Write to Ambrose how you speed; that is, if it will bring me one breath of good news." And as Berenger kissed his hand with tearful, inarticulate thanks, he proceeded, "Save for that cause, I would ask you to come to me again. It does me good. It is like a breath from Montpipeau—the last days of hope—before the frenzy—the misery."

"Whenever your Majesty does me the honour——" began Berenger, forgetting all except the dying man.

"I am not so senseless," interrupted the King sharply; "it would be losing the only chance of undoing one wrong. Only, Ribault," he added fervently, "for once let me hear that one man has pardoned me."

"Sire, Sire," sobbed Berenger, totally overcome, "how can I speak the word? How feel ought but love, loyalty, gratitude?"

Charles half smiled again as he said in sad meditation—"Ah! it was in me to have been a good king if they had let me. Think of me, bid your friend Sidney think of me, as I would have been—not as I have been—and pray, pray for me." Then hiding his face in his handkerchief, in a paroxysm of grief and horror, he murmured in a stifled tone, "Blood, blood, deliver me, good Lord!"

In effect, there was so sudden a gush of blood from mouth and nose that Berenger sprang to his feet in dismay, and was *bonâ fide* performing the part of assistant to the surgeon, when, at the Queen's cry, not only the nurse Philippine hurried in, but with her a very dark, keen-looking man, who at once began applying strong essences to the King's face, as Berenger supported his head. In a few moments Paré looked up at Berenger, and setting him free, intimated to him, between sign and whisper, to go into Philippine's room and wait there; and it was high time,

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for though the youth had felt nothing in the stress of the moment, he was almost swooning when he reached the little chamber, and lay back in the nurse's chair, with closed eyes, scarcely conscious how time went, or even where he was, till he was partly aroused by hearing steps returning.

"The poor young man," said Philippine's kind voice, "he is fainting. Ah! no wonder it overcame any kind heart."

"How is the King?" Berenger tried to say, but his own voice still sounded unnatural and far away.

"He is better for the time, and will sleep," said Paré, administering to his other patient some cordial drops as he spoke. "There, sir; you will soon be able to return to the carriage. This has been a sore trial to your strength."

"But I have gained all—all I could hope," said Berenger, looking at his precious papers. "But, alas! the poor King!"

"You will never, never let a word of blame pass against him," cried Philippine earnestly. "It is well that one of our people should have seen how it really is with him. All I regret is that Maitre René thrust himself in and saw you."

"Who?" said Berenger, who had been too much engrossed to perceive any one.

"Maitre René of Milan, the Queen-mother's perfumer. He came with some plea of bringing a pouncet-box from her, but I wager it was as a spy. I was doing my best to walk him gently off, when the Queen's cry called me, and he must needs come in after me."

"I saw him not," said Berenger; "perhaps he marked not me in the confusion."

"I fear," said Paré gravely, "he was more likely to have his senses about him than you, M. le Baron; these bleedings of the King's are not so new to us familiars of the palace. The best thing now to be done is to have you to the carriage, if you can move."

Berenger, now quite recovered, stood up, and gave his warm thanks to the old nurse for her kindness to him.

"Ah! sir," she said, "You are one of us. Pray, pray that God will have mercy on my poor child! He has the truth in his heart. Pray that it may save him at the last."

Ambroise, knowing that she would never cease speaking while there was any one to hear her, almost dragged Berenger out at the little secret door, conveyed him safely down the stairs, and placed him again in the carriage. Neither spoke till the surgeon said, "You have seen a sad sight, Monsieur le Baron: I need not bid you be discreet."

"There are some things that go too deep for speech," sighed the almost English Berenger; then, after a pause, "Is there no hope for him? Is he indeed dying?"

"Without a miracle, he cannot live a month. He is as truly slain by the St. Bartholomew as ever its martyrs were," said Paré, moved out of his usual cautious reserve towards one who had seen so much and felt so truly. "I tell you, sir, that his mother hath as truly slain her sons, as if she had sent René there to them with his drugs. According as they have consciences and hearts, so they pine and perish under her rule."

Berenger shuddered, and almost sobbed, "And hath he no better hope, no comforter?" he asked.

"None save good old Flipote. As you heard, the Queen-mother will not suffer his own Church to speak to him in her true voice. No confessor but one chosen by the Cardinal of Lorraine may come near him; and with him all is mere ceremony. But if at the last he opens his ear and heart to take in the true hope of salvation, it will be from the voice of poor old Philippine."

And so it was! It was Philippine, who heard him in the night sobbing over the piteous words, "My God, what horrors, what blood!" and, as she took from him his tear-drenched handkerchief, spoke to him of the Blood that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel; and it was she, who, in the final agony, heard and treasured these last words,

"If the Lord Jesus will indeed receive me into the company of the blest!" Surely, never was repentance deeper than that of Charles IX.—and these, his parting words, were such as to inspire the trust that it was not remorse.

All-important as Berenger's expedition had been, he still could think of little but the poor King; and, wearied out as he was, he made very little reply to the astonished friends who gathered round him on his return. He merely told Philip that he had succeeded, and then lay almost without speaking on his bed till the Ambassador made his evening visit, when he showed him the two papers. Sir Francis could hardly believe his good fortune in having obtained this full attestation of the marriage, and promised to send to the English Ambassador in Germany, to obtain the like from Father Meinhard. The document itself he advised Berenger not to expose to the dangers of the French journey, but to leave it with him to be forwarded direct to Lord Walwyn. It was most important, both as obviating any dispute on the legitimacy of the child, if she lived; or, if not, it would establish those rights of Berenger to the Nid-de-Merle estates, of which he had heard from the King. This information explained what were the claims that the Chevalier was so anxious to hush up by a marriage with Madame de Selinville. Berenger, as his wife's heir, was by this contract the true owner of the estates seized by the Chevalier and his son, and could only be ousted, either by his enemies proving his contract to Eustacie invalid and to be unfulfilled, or by his own voluntary resignation. The whole scheme was clear to Walsingham, and he wasted advice upon unheeding ears, as to how Berenger should act to obtain restitution so soon as he should be of age, and how he should try to find out the notary who had drawn up the contract. If Berenger cared at all, it was rather for the sake of punishing and balking Narcisse, than with any desire of the inheritance; and even for righteous indignation he was just now too weary and too sad. He could not discuss his

rights to Nid-de-Merle, if they passed over the rights of Eustacie's child, round whom his affections were winding themselves as his sole hope.

The next evening Paré came in quest of Berenger, and after a calm, refreshing, hopeful Ascension-day, which had been a real balm to the weary spirit, found him enjoying the sweet May sunshine under a tree in the garden. "I am glad to find you out of doors," he said; "I fear I must hasten your departure."

"I burn to lose no time," cried Berenger. "Prihee tell them I may safely go! They all call it madness to think of setting out."

"Ordinarily, it would be," said Paré; "but René of Milan has sent his underlings to see who is my new, tall assistant. He will report all to the Queen-mother; and though in this house you could scarcely suffer personal harm, yet the purpose of your journey might be frustrated, and the King might have to undergo another of those *bourrasques* which he may well dread."

"I will go this very night," said Berenger, starting up; "where is Philip?—where is Sir Francis?"

Even that very night Paré thought not too soon, and the Ascension-tide illuminations brought so many persons abroad that it would be easy to go unnoticed; and in the general festivity, when every one was coming and going from the country to gaze or worship at the shrines and the images decked in every church, it would be easy for the barriers to be passed without observation. Then the brothers would sleep at a large hostel, the first on the road to England, where Walsingham's couriers and guests always baited, and the next morning he would send out to them their attendants, with horses for their further journey back into Anjou. If any enemies were on the watch, this would probably put them off the scent, and it only remained further to be debated, whether the Norman Guibert had better be dismissed at once or taken with them. There was always a soft place in Berenger's heart for a Norman, and the man was really useful; more-

over, he would certainly be safer employed and in their company, than turned loose to tell the Chevalier all he might have picked up in the Hôtel d'Angleterre. It was, therefore, decided that he should be the attendant of the two young men, and he received immediate orders that night to pack up their garments, and hold himself ready.

Nevertheless, before the hour of departure, Guibert had stolen out, had an interview with the Chevalier de Ribaumont at the Hôtel de Selinville, and came back with more than one good French crown in his pocket, and hopes of more.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE ORPHANS OF LA SABLIERE.

"The cream tarts with pepper in them."

*Arabian Nights.*

HOPE, spring, and recovery carried the young Baron de Ribaumont on his journey infinitely better than his companions had dared to expect. He dreaded nothing so much as being overtaken by those tidings which would make King Charles's order mere waste paper; and therefore pressed on with little regard to his own fatigue, although happily with increasing strength, which carried him a further stage every day.

Luçon was a closely-guarded, thoroughly Catholic city, and his safe-conduct was jealously demanded; but the name of Ribaumont silenced all doubt. "A relation, apparently, of M. de Nid-de-Merle," said the officer on guard, and politely invited him to dinner and bed at the castle; but these he thought it prudent to decline, explaining that he brought a letter from the King to the Mother Prioress.

The convent walls were pointed out to him, and he only delayed at the inn long enough to arrange his dress as might appear to the Abbess most respectful, and, poor boy, be least likely to startle the babe on whom his heart was set. At almost every inn, the little children had shrieked and run from his

white and gashed face, and his tall, lank figure in deep black ; and it was very sadly that he said to Philip, " You must come with me. If she turns from me as an ogre, your bright ruddy face will win her."

The men were left at the inn with charge to let Guibert speak for them, and to avoid showing their nationality. The three months of Paris, and the tailors there, had rendered Philip much less conspicuous than formerly ; but still people looked at him narrowly as he followed his brother along the street. The two lads had made up their minds to encumber themselves with no nurses, or womanfolk. The child should be carried, fondled, and fed by her boy-father alone. He believed that, when he once held her in his arms, he should scarcely even wish to give her up to any one else ; and, in his concentration of mind, had hardly thought of all the inconveniences and absurdities that would arise ; but, really, was chiefly occupied by the fear that she would not at first let him take her in his arms, and hold her to his heart.

Philip, a little more alive to the probabilities, nevertheless was disposed to regard them as " fun and pastime." He had had many a frolic with his baby-sisters, and this would be only a prolonged one ; besides, it was " Berry's " one hope, and to rescue any creature from a convent was a good work, in his Protestant eyes, which had not become a whit less prejudiced at Paris. So he was quite prepared to take his full share of his niece, or more, if she should object to her father's looks, and he only suggested halting at an old woman's stall to buy some sweetmeats by way of propitiation—a proceeding which much amazed the gazing population of Luçon. Two reports were going about, one that the King had vowed a silver image of himself to St. Ursula, if her Prioress would obtain his recovery by their prayers ; the other that he was going to translate her to the royal Abbey of Fontévrault to take charge of his daughter, Madame Elisabeth. Anyway, high honour by a royal messenger must be intended to the Prioress, Mère Monique,

and the Luçonnais were proud of her sanctity.

The portress had already heard the report, and opened her wicket even before the bell could be rung, then eagerly ushered him into the parlour, the barest and most ascetic-looking of rooms, with a boarded partition across, unenlivened except by a grated hollow, and the outer portion empty, save of a table, three chairs, and a rugged wood-cut of a very tall St. Ursula, with a crowd of pigmy virgins, not reaching higher than the ample hem of her petticoat.

" Did Aunt Cecily live in such a place as this ? " exclaimed Philip, gazing round ; " or do they live on the fat among down cushions inside there ? "

" Hush—sh," said Berenger, frowning with anxiety ; for a rustling was heard behind the screen, and presently a black veil and white scapulary appeared, and a sweet, calm voice said, " Peace be with you, sir ; what are your commands ? "

Berenger bowed low, and replied, " Thanks, reverend Lady, I bring a letter from the King, to request your aid in a matter that touches me nearly."

" His Majesty shall be obeyed. Come you from him ? "

He was forced to reply to her inquiries after the poor King's health before she opened the letter, taking it under her veil to read it ; so that as he stood, trembling, almost sickening with anxiety, and scarcely able to breathe, he could see nothing but the black folds ; and at her low murmured exclamation, he started as if at a cannon-shot.

" De Ribault ! " she said ; " can it be—the child of—of—our poor dear little *pensionnaire* at Bellaise ? "

" It is—it is ! " cried Berenger. " O Madame, you knew her at Bellaise ? "

" Even so," replied the Prioress, who was in fact the Sœur Monique so loved and regretted by Eustacie. " I loved and prayed for her with all my heart when she was claimed by the world. Heaven's will be done ; but the poor little thing loved me, and I have often thought that had I been still at Bellaise when she returned she would not have



fled. But of this child I have no knowledge."

"You took charge of the babes of La Sablerie, Madame," said Berenger, almost under his breath.

"Her infant among those poor orphans!" exclaimed the Prioress, more and more startled and amazed.

"If it be anywhere in this life, it is in your good keeping, Madame," said Berenger, with tears in his eyes. "Oh! I entreat, withhold her no longer."

"But," exclaimed the bewildered nun, "who would you then be, sir?"

"I—her husband—widower of Eustacie—father of her orphan!" cried Berenger. "She cannot be detained from me, either by right or law."

"Her husband," still hesitated Monique. "But he is dead. The poor little one—Heaven have mercy on her soul—wrote me a piteous entreaty, and gave large alms for prayers and masses for his soul."

The sob in his throat almost strangled his speech. "She mourned me to the last as dead. I was borne away senseless and desperately wounded; and when I recovered power to seek her it was too late! O Madame! have pity—let me see all she has left to me."

"Is it possible?" said the nun. "We would not learn the parentage of our nurslings since all alike become children of Mother Church." Then, suddenly bethinking herself, "But, surely, Monsieur cannot be a Huguenot."

It was no doubt the first time she had been brought in contact with a schismatic, and she could not believe that such respectful courtesy could come from one. He saw he must curb himself, and explain. "I am neither Calvinist nor Sacrementaire, Madame. I was bred in England, where we love our own Church. My aunt is a Benedictine Sister, who keeps her rule strictly, though her convent is destroyed; and it is to her that I shall carry my daughter. Ah, Lady, did you but know my heart's hunger for her!"

The Prioress, better read in the lives of the saints than in the sects of heretics, did not know whether this meant

that he was of her own faith or not; and her woman's heart being much moved by his pleadings, she said, "I will heartily give your daughter to you, sir, as indeed I must, if she be here; but you have never seen her."

"No; only her empty cradle in the burnt house. But I *must* know her. She is a year old."

"We have two babes of that age; but I fear me you will scarce see much likeness in either of them to any one you knew," said the Prioress thoughtfully. "However, there are two girls old enough to remember the parentage of their companions, though we forbade them to mention it. Would you see them, sir?"

"And the infants, so please you, reverend Mother," exclaimed Berenger.

She desired him to wait, and after an interval of suspense there was a pattering of little *sabots* behind the partition, and through the grating he beheld six little girls in blue serge frocks and tight white caps. Of the two infants, one with a puny, wizen, pinched face was in the arms of the Prioress; the other, a big, stout, coarse child, with hard brown cheeks and staring black eyes, was on its own feet, but with a great basket-work frame round its head to save it from falls. There were two much more prepossessing children of three or four, and two intelligent-looking girls of perhaps eight and ten, to the elder of whom the Prioress turned, saying, "Agathe, I release you from my command not to speak of your former life, and desire you to tell this gentleman if you know who were the parents of these two little ones."

"Yes, reverend Mother," said Agathe, readily: "the old name of Claire" (touching the larger baby) "was Salomé Potier: her mother was the washerwoman; and Annonciade, I don't know what her name was, but her father worked for Maître Brassier who made the kettles."

Philip felt relieved to be free from all doubt about these very uninviting little ones, but Berenger, though sighing heavily, asked quickly, "Permit me,

Madame, a few questions.—Little maid, did you ever hear of Isaac Gardon ?”

“Maitre Isaac ! Oh yes, sir. We used to hear him preach at the church, and sometimes he catechised us,” she said, and her lip quivered.

“He was a heretic, and I abjure him,” added the other girl, perking up her head.

“Was he in the town ? What became of him ?” exclaimed Berenger.

“He would not be in the town,” said the elder girl. “My poor father had sent him word to go away.”

“*Eh quoi ?*”

“Our father was Bailli la Grasse,” interposed the younger girl consequentially. “Our names were Marthe and Lucie la Grasse, but Agathe and Eulalie are much prettier.”

“But Maitre Gardon ?” still asked Berenger.

“He ought to be taken and burnt,” said the new Eulalie ; “he brought it all on us.”

“How was it ? Was my wife with him—Madame de Ribaumont ? Speak, my child.”

“That was the name,” said one girl.

“But Maitre Gardon had no great lady with him,” said the other, “only his son’s widow and her baby, and they lodged with Noémi Laurent, who made the *pâtisserie*.”

“Ah !” cried Berenger, lighting up with the new ray of hope. “Tell me, my dear, that they fled with him, and where ?”

“I do not know of their going,” said Agathe, confused and overborne by his eagerness.

“Curb yourself, sir,” said the Prioress, “they will recollect themselves and tell you what they can.”

“It was the little cakes with lemoned sugar,” suggested the younger girl. “Maitre Tressan always said there would be a judgment on us for our daintiness. Ah ! he was very cross about them, and after all it was the Maire of Luçon who ate fifteen of them all at once ; but then he is not a heretic.”

Happily for Berenger, Agathe unravelled this speech.

“Mademoiselle Gardon made the sugar-lemoned cakes, and the Mayor of Luçon, one day when he supped with us, was so delighted with them that he carried one away to show his wife, and afterwards he sent over to order some more. Then, after a time, he sent secretly to my father to ask him if Maitre Gardon was there ; for there was a great outcry about the lemon cakes, and the Duke of Alençon’s army were coming to demand his daughter-in-law ; because it seems she was a great Lady, and the only person who could make the cakes.”

“Agathe !” exclaimed the Prioress.

“I understand,” said Berenger. “The Curé of Nissard told me that she was traced through cakes, the secret of which was only known at Bellaise.”

“That might be,” said Mère Monique.

“I remember there was something of pride in the cakes of Bellaise, though I always tried to know nothing of them.”

“Well, little one, continue,” entreated Berenger. “You are giving me life and hope.”

“I heard my father and mother talk about it,” said Agathe, gaining courage.

“He said he knew nothing of great people, and would give nobody up to the Catholics, but as to Maitre Isaac he should let him know that the Catholic army were coming, and that it would be the better for us if we had no pastor within our walls ; and that there was a cry that his daughter’s lemon cakes were made by the Lady that was lost.”

“And they escaped ! Ah ! would that I could thank the good man !”

“Surely yes, sir, I never saw them again. Maitre Tressan the elder prayed with us. And when the cruel soldiers came and demanded the Lady and Maitre Isaac, and all obstinate Calvinists, our mayor and my father and the rest made answer that they had no knowledge of the Lady, and did not know where Maitre Gardon was ; and as to Huguenots we were all one as obstinate as the other, but that we would pay any fine within our means so they would spare our lives. Then the man in the fine coat said, it was the Lady they wanted, not the fine ; and a great deal he said besides, I know

not what, but my father said, 'It is our life's blood that they want,' and he put on his breastplate and kissed us all, and went away. Then came horrible noises and firing of cannon, and the neighbours ran in and said that the enemy were battering down the old crumbly bit of wall where the monastery was burnt; and just then our man Joseph ran back all pale, and staring, to tell us my father was lying badly hurt in the street. My mother hurried out, and locked the door to keep us from following."

The poor child broke down in tears, and her sister went on. "Oh, we were so frightened—such frightful sounds came close, and people ran by all blood and shrieking—and there was a glare in the sky—and nobody came home—till at last it grew so dreadful that we hid in the cellar to hear and see nothing. Only it grew hotter and hotter, and the light through the little grating was red. And at last there was a noise louder than thunder, and, oh, such a shaking—for it was the house falling down. But we did not know that; we tried to open the door and could not; then we cried and called for father and mother—and no one heard—and we sat still for fear, till we slept—and then it was all dark, and we were very hungry. I don't know how time went, but at last, when it was daylight again, there was a talking above, a little baby crying, and a kind voice too; and then we called out, 'Oh take us out and give us bread.' Then a face looked down the grating. Oh! it was like the face of an angel to us, with all the white hair flying round. It was the holy priest of Nissard; and when one of the cruel men said we were only little heretics who ought to die like rats in a hole, he said we were but innocents who did not know the difference."

"Ah! we did," said the elder girl. "You are younger, sister, you forget more;" and then, holding out her hands to Berenger, she exclaimed, "Ah! sir, take us away with you."

"My child!" exclaimed the Prioress, "you told me you were happy to be in the good course."

"Oh yes!" cried the poor child; "but I don't want to be happy! I am forgetting all my poor father and mother used to say. I can't help it, and they would be so grieved. Oh, take me away, sir!"

"Take care, Agathe, you will be a relapsed heretic," said her sister solemnly. "For me, I am a true Catholic. I love the beautiful images and the processions."

"Ah! but what would our mother have said!" cried poor Agathe, weeping more bitterly.

"Poor child, her old recollections have been renewed," said the Prioress, with unchanged sweetness; "but it will pass. My dear, the gentleman will tell you that it is as impossible for him to take you as it is for me to let you go."

"It is so, truly, little one," said Berenger. "The only little girl I could have taken with me would have been my own;" and as her eyes looked at him wistfully, he added, "No doubt, if your poor mother could, she would thank this good Mother-prioress for teaching you to serve God and be a good child."

"Monsieur speaks well and kindly," said the Prioress; "and now, Agathe, make your curtsy, and take away the little ones."

"Let me ask one question more, reverend Mother," said Berenger. "Ah! children, did you ever see her whom you call Isaac Gardon's daughter-in-law?"

"No, sir," said the children; "but mother did, and she promised one day to take us to see the baby, for it was so pretty—so white, that she had never seen the like."

"So white!" repeated Berenger to himself; and the Prioress, struck, perhaps, by the almost flaxen locks that sparsely waved on his temples, and the hue of the unglowed hand that rested on the edge of the *grille*, said, smiling, "You come of a fair family, Monsieur."

"The White Ribaumonts," said Berenger, "and, moreover, my mother was called the Swan of England; my little

sisters have skins like snow. Ah! Madame, though I have failed, I go away far happier than if I had succeeded."

"And I," she said, "shall cease to pray for that dear one as for one in the grave."

"Ah! you have prayed for me. Pray still that Heaven will have pity on us, and unite us once more."

"And reveal the true faith," began the nun; but Philip in the meantime was nudging his brother, and whispering in English, "No Popish prayers, I say! Stay, give these poor little prisoners one feast of the sweetmeats we brought."

Of this last hint Berenger was glad, and the Prioress readily consented to a distribution of the dainties among the orphans. He wished to leave a more lasting token of his gratitude to the little maiden whose father had perhaps saved Eustacie's life, and recollecting that he had about him a great gold coin, bearing the heads of Philip and Mary, he begged leave to offer it to Agathe, and found that it was received by good Mère Monique almost in the light of a relic, as bearing the head of so pious a queen.

Then, to complete Philip's disgust, he said, "I took with me my aunt's blessing when I set out; let me take yours with me also, reverend Mother."

When they were in the street again, Philip railed at him as though he had subjected himself to a spell.

"She is almost a saint," answered Berenger.

"And have we not saints enough of our own, without running after Popish ones behind grates? Brother, if ever the good old days come back of invading France, I'll march straight hither, and deliver the poor little wretches so scandalously mewed up here, and true Protestants all the time!"

"Hush! People are noticing the sound of your English."

"Let them! I never thanked Heaven properly before that I have not a drop of French——" Here Berenger almost shook him by the shoulder, as men turned at his broad tones and foreign words, and he walked on in silence, while Berenger at his side felt as one treading on air, so infinite was the burden taken off his mind. Though for the present absolutely at sea as to where to seek Eustacie, the relief from acquiescence in the horrible fate that had seemed to be hers was such, that a flood of unspeakable happiness seemed to rush in on him, and bear him up with a new infusion of life, buoyancy, and thankfulness.

*To be continued.*

“THE SPANISH GYPSY.”

IN the case of an admittedly great writer and consummate artist, the critic does well to distrust his own first impressions of a new work. They are pretty sure either to be overcharged with enthusiasm, or to be improperly weakened and distorted by the disappointment of special preconceived expectations. And the latter of these two states of feeling is especially likely to possess us where the artist has chosen a new form and a new instrument. We cannot help measuring performance in the new medium by standards and ideas moulded from the study of achievements in the old; and George Eliot has such unrivalled mastery in prose that to equal herself she must be nothing short of transcendent in verse. The finest passages in her prose stories are so vibratory and tremulous with depths of suppressed emotion as to be in the highest sense poetic in every respect save form. The imposition of poetic form has not deepened or widened this emotion; the noble opening of “*Romola*,” indeed, seems to surpass in imaginative breadth and force anything in the “*Spanish Gypsy*,” in spite of the advantage which the latter might be expected to draw from its stately rhythm. To put this in another way, the poetic form appears to have been added from without, and not to represent the shape spontaneously assumed by the writer’s thought in the course of its growth within her own mind. This is not incompatible with splendid poetic work, as the example of Wordsworth, of whom something of the same account is true, might suffice to prove. But, then, to one remembering the vibrating cadences of the prose of “*Romola*,” and of many parts of the “*Mill on the Floss*,” it is some disappointment at first to find that the new form has not quickened the beat, nor much heightened the pitch, nor given

anything new of sweep and fire and intensity. If we had no memory for the grave and lofty emotion that pulsates and shakes through all her best prose work, we might not perhaps have sighed for some added heat and quickness of passion in her poetry. It is, possibly, the mellow fervour of her prose that makes the verse, from which we expect something yet higher and more passionately melodious, ring as with a less inspired harmony on the listener’s ears.

A word upon the form. Its prime and weightiest fault—one that we cannot as yet in its unfamiliarity see any means of one’s ever becoming reconciled to—is the constant interspersal of long narrative passages. We have pieces of epical description followed by dramatic dialogue with stage directions, so to speak. For example, the finest meditative passage in the poem, if it is not even the subtlest and weightiest the authoress has ever written—Don Silva’s night-watch among the gypsies in the fourth book—is immediately followed by a dozen lines of such stage direction, thus:—“*The Moorish Hall in the Castle of Bedmar; the morning twilight dimly shows stains of blood on the white marble floors*,” &c.; and then forthwith a dramatic scene between Zarca and Sephardo. Not to be conscious of the jar and incongruity of this intermixture is, in our very humble judgment, to manifest an absolute insensibility to the elementary rights of form and to all artistic fitness of things. Repugnance to the pedantries and pettinesses of the critical schools which have so often made men ready to sacrifice all truth of effect in worship of rule, should not blind us to the indisputable fact that there are such laws as those of unity of composition, coherence of texture, distinct and mutually excluding classes of form and

artistic framework. It is possible, though we venture to think not at all probable, that use may breed a tolerance or enjoyment of the intermixtures of form which the authoress of the "Spanish Gypsy" permits herself; meanwhile they affect us very much the reverse of agreeably.

George Eliot is most deeply impressive where she brings forth from her treasures the fruits of prolonged moods of brooding and religious meditateness. This quality, more than any other, lies at the root of her greatness as a writer. But is it a quality likely to co-exist with the vivid, fresh, many-sided, creative force requisite for a perfect and capacious dramatic poem? Is it not the sign of an artistic temperament of a kind not favourable to the presentation of that rapid play and swift-moving conflict of passion and motive and object which constitutes the matter of true poetic action? In telling a story, the author is privileged to play the part of chorus, and to instruct his readers of the deeper moral meaning of this and that, in reflective aside or meditative episode. We find no monotony in the impress of a single ripe and ever-brooding intelligence, thus marked upon each chapter of ever so long a story. But in a dramatic poem these widely meditative moods can only embody themselves in character, and they have such predominant mastery in the authoress's mental constitution, that they insist on finding expression not in one personage but in all, to the grave detriment of the dramatic variety of the poem. It is true that both thought and expression are often noble almost beyond comparison; and hence one feels it churlish and ungracious to complain that a Jew astrologer, a gypsy chieftain, a Spanish duke, and a gypsy maiden bred in a Spanish palace, should all habitually manifest moral tempers or mental modes so nearly identical. Still, the impression which results from this is unmistakeable: a strong sense of insufficient play, diversity, flexibility, antiphony, call it what you will. And it may be worth remark

that those profound and luminous general reflections which impart such size and deep colour when they figure as the inwrought comment of a mind surveying the action of fictitious characters from without or above, seem to lose something when they come from the lips of the actors themselves. They no longer sound as the large and impartial utterances of some sympathetic oracle of human destiny. They have become personal; and though this does not impair by ever so little the intrinsic value of the sentiments, yet they come into our minds less weightily laden with serene fulness of meaning.

Again, one misses resting-places of thought. The actors, as we have said, are too much cast in a single mould. Their spirits travel too much in the same plane. Their speech moves too exclusively along the grooves of a solemn and uniform eloquence. And the lyrics scattered, with tolerably liberal hand, through the work fail to afford an adequate relief. The intense concentration requisite for vigorous lyrical composition of this relieving order is not easily gained by minds that are essentially and characteristically meditative and philosophic. The predominant key of the poem is emphatically intellectual, and it may well be that the intellectual aspects of a subject thus strongly conceived have mastered and overshadowed the lyrical impulse. In the lyrics less even than elsewhere do we perceive any marks of the poetic form having been the spontaneously assumed robe of poetic thought and emotion. We have more than one fine lyrist among us, and with the echo in our ears of their strains, now of storm, and now of tenderness,—

"The long notes lingering on the trembling  
air,  
With subtle penetration entering all  
The myriad corridors of the passionate  
soul,"

we find a certain want of pulse and harmonious swell in the lyric pieces of the "Spanish Gypsy." We are possessed with a fatal notion that the poetry is not much more than verbal, and ex-

perience the sensations that are stirred by speech, and not such as are born of impassioned music; we are neither swept away by impetuous surgings from the tidal depths, nor transported high into the bright spaces of some upper ether. In grace and delicacy of phrase they abound; nothing can be more gracefully plaintive than the four stanzas beginning, "The world is great; the birds all fly from me," or than the tender trifle, in the same passage, opening—

"Bird that used to press  
Thy head against my cheek,  
With touch that seemed to speak,  
And ask a tender 'yes.'"

But the solemn movement of the tragedy demands a more vehement lyrical relief than this.

We do not overlook the relief which the poet designs to furnish in the humoristic interludes of character and incident—in the scene with Blasco, Juan, Lopez, Roldan, and the Host; in the scenes near the close of the second book, between Don Amador and the pages of Don Silva's household; and between Blasco and Lorenzo; or last of all, as things are mounting to their climax, when Juan and the mischievous gypsies make sport,—admirable as are the various strokes of humour and of true wit, yet here, as elsewhere, if we may be forgiven for a phrase which savours of the pedantry of criticism, there seems to be some lack of room and atmosphere. The figures are full of cleverness, quaintness, and truth, like the best art of the century in which the action of the poem is placed, and, like the figures of that art, they show forth without distances and varied interspace. One fancies that there are certain signs of want of ease in the handling; and if we recall the marvellous nicety, finish, and breadth with which scenes of this sort were executed in the same author's novels,—in the Florentine piazza, for example, or in the ale-house of the English village in "Silas Marner," in the parlour of the Tullivers and Dodsons, and in other not less memorable places,—it is impossible not to feel that the

condensation demanded by poetic purpose has been hostile to the ease and perfection of touch that were so conspicuous when she was working in another medium. One of these minor personages, Juan, we ought to say, strikes us as the most vividly and distinctly drawn character in the poem, if, indeed, he be not the only one to whom these epithets would unqualifiedly apply. There is about the rest not only a want of outline, of which, in such a composition, we should have no right to complain, but a want of clear and intelligible personality. Juan, on the contrary, stands out with defined traits, fresh and bright in colour, full of gaiety, yet deeply touched with that unrepining sadness that goes along with gaiety in the finest natures,—loyal, tender, playful, musical, "shimmering bright, as butterfly or bird, with quickest life." Juan moves; too; circumstance works on him, sheds its alternative of lights and shadows over his mobile nature, with quick and ever-shifting effect. In other words, he is a truly poetic character and creation. The others are hardly characters. They are a philosophy.

And when we turn to this philosophy it is so sublime, so admirably human, that at thought of it one feels half-ashamed of having lingered even for an hour, peddling among the lesser things of criticism. The story by this time everybody is familiar with, and we may assume that every reader knows what it was that Fedalma gave up, and why she was driven to give it up in obedience to hard circumstance; who Duke Silva was, and how he strove to avoid circumstance, and in what fashion circumstance after all wrought too direly for him to overcome it; and how Zarca, the rare centre of boundless and unknown possibilities, fell, and all the possibilities enwrapped in his life came to an end, strangled in the web of two pettier existences. Such is the rich and sombre tissue of the author's story, finely interwoven from the strands of these three lives. It gives us a warning and a precept, a monition of relentless fact, and an enduring solace to them who will

understand it, and are large enough of soul to be able to accept it; the statement of great laws, the conditions of wise compliance, and the grievous penalties that haunt evasion. Like Romola and Tito, the Spanish Gypsy and her lover represent two types; but Tito came gradually, by long habit of preference for his own ease and pleasure, to be very base and vile; while Don Silva, having in a single act sacrificed the larger interests of race and nature to the narrower interest of his own affection, itself a self-devoting passion, brings tragedy and ruin to noble causes and noble lives, and sheds a blight on the remnant of his own stricken days. The close of Romola, as we all remember, consists of a few grave and lofty and tender words from Romola to Tito's child: "We can only have the highest happiness, and such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before every thing else, because our souls see it is good." And compare the speech of Savonarola, in which fervour and pathos and remonstrance are fused in words of unsurpassed elevation, where he warns Romola that in fleeing from suffering she shows herself "below the life of the believer who worships that image of the Supreme Offering, and feels the glow of a common life with the lost multitude for whom that offering was made, and beholds the history of the world as the history of a great redemption in which he is himself a fellow-worker in his own place, and among his own people." Here is the theme and key-note of the "Spanish Gypsy;" and, whatever may be the defects and errors which even a reverent critic may own that he is sensible of in the form and composition, we can admit that the new work passes the old in the vigour with which this cardinal idea is presented, in the strength and compactness of phrase in which it

is set forth and urged upon us, and, most of all, in the new completeness which unseals the source and discovers the foundations of this sense of supreme obligation owed to the multitudes of our fellows, all working in our own place, and among our own people. It is the mighty, overspreading inheritance from the past of our race, nation, family, and birthplace, which is at once the starting-point of our individual activity, and the spring and reason of our duty. "The dead rule the living more and more," as a great philosopher has said; in other words, each successive generation is more indebted than the other to the ever-deepening impress of those who have gone before; the constantly accumulated force of their efforts is steadily preserved, and works irresistibly in the lives of all who shall follow them; and it is only when men see the tremendous share of the past in their own lives, that they can understand, and with religious energy and devotion respond to, the claim of new generations yet to come upon their constant duty and faithful self-denying service. These, then, are the two pregnant ideas at the centre of the poem; the overwhelming grasp which past circumstance of race and family and creed has upon our physical sense, and thence upon the moral nature, and its all but decisive share in defining the direction of our duty; and second, it is only by recognising this largeness and depth of great interests in our lives, by harmonizing all our aims with them, and by subordinating the yearnings of fleshly affections and personal desires to them, that we attain the single kind of happiness worth having, or worthy of the name. The competent student of the poem will perceive that it is thus the highest morality is transformed, and becomes identical with the highest religion and faith.

Sephardo says, in a remarkable scene, which perhaps contains too much close-packed philosophy to be as dramatically effective as it is profound:—

"Two angels guide  
The path of man, both aged and yet young,



As angels are, ripening through endless years.  
On one he leans : some call her Memory  
And some Tradition ; and her voice is sweet,  
With deep mysterious accords : the other,  
Floating above, holds down a lamp which  
streams

A light divine and searching on the earth,  
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory  
yields,

Yet clings with loving cheek, and shines anew,  
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp  
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked  
But for Tradition ; we walk evermore  
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's  
lamp."

Duty, that is to say, receives the lineaments of Memory or Tradition ; and these are gradually and ever increasingly illumined and modified by the inward diffusion of Reason. Perhaps to be complete, hopeful anticipation for some remote future, when cruelty shall not be the dire law for sentient beings ought to be one of the seeds of virtue and high living. But this is an element on which the author places little reliance ; it is one, indeed, which she might be thought deliberately to exclude, as savouring, if ever so faintly, of that mean and gross doctrine which lets men hold, that to rob virtue of the association of comfort, immediate or prospectively assured, would be to rob the world of virtue. As Zarca—a non-Christian Savonarola—says, when Fedalma deprecatingly asks, "Will these sharp pangs buy any certain good?"—

"No great deed is done  
By falterers who ask for certainty.  
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,  
The undivided will to seek the good.

\* \* \* \* \*

The greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail !  
We feed the high tradition of the world."

And when Fedalma eagerly responds :

"I will seek nothing but to shun base joy,"

we are conscious of the same resolution in the poet to leave no lurking-place for hope of ultimate recompense in indirect and future joy for present pain, and to press men to embrace the grim truth that joy is not the test nor measure, the aim nor the fulfilment of duty, nay, is thinnest and unworthiest of

states, so long as "all fatness here  
"snatches its meat from leanness—feeds  
"on graves."

Sephardo tells Don Silva, that :

"Though Death were king,  
And Cruelty his right-hand minister,  
Pity insurgent in some human breasts  
Makes spiritual empire, reigns supreme,  
As persecuted faith in faithful hearts."

There are those—perhaps the poet is among them—who, looking over the universe of created things with the capacity for enduring anguish, from the wild beast robbed of her young up to the subtly-organized man or woman crushed by poignancy of remorse for irreparable ill done to another, ask after all whether Death then is not king and Cruelty his right-hand minister, and whether pity, with all the pain that abides in pity, must not remain the nearest approach to joy permitted to noble natures. This at any rate is something like the tone in which George Eliot, deliberately or otherwise, encourages her readers to conceive life.

When Fedalma has been wrought up to the climax of sacrifice by the Bossuet-like fervour of her gypsy sire, she is made to speak thus :—

"Father, my soul is weak, the mist of tears  
Still rises to my eyes, and hides the goal  
Which to your undimmed sight is clear and  
changeless.

But if I cannot plant resolve on hope,  
It will stand firm on certainty of woe.  
I choose the ill that is most like to end  
With my poor being. Hopes have pre-  
carious life.

\* \* \* \* \*

But faithfulness can feed on suffering,  
And knows no disappointment. Trust in  
me !

If it were needed, this poor trembling hand  
Should grasp the torch—strive not to let it  
fall

Though it were burning down close to my  
flesh,

No beacon lighted yet : through the damp  
dark

I should still hear the cry of gasping swim-  
mers."

However unattractive the story may be to the light folk whose palates have been ruined by the wild extravagances of modern fiction and some contemporary

verse, its structure is, with the exception of a single point, eminently suited to the tragic laws of life which it illustrates. Persons inured to vulgar comfort, especially if they be of English or American stock, cannot endure to be made to think that there are knots of tragic circumstance, evil concurrence of iron facts, which no amount nor strength of resolve can touch. But the wiser few, who know that there is after all a destiny ready made for the sons of men, even while they lie waiting in their swaddling-clothes,—the destiny of foregoing circumstance,—will more justly appreciate such a presentation and such a solution as the "Spanish Gypsy" suggests. They will enter too with full zest into the reconciliation between this overmastering destiny and the power of the human will in the face of it, as propounded in the scene, already referred to, with the Jew astrologer:—

"No horoscope makes slaves.

'Tis but a mirror, shows one image forth,  
And leaves the future dark with endless 'ifs.'"

Divested of its technical astrologic phrase, Sephardo gives us in the best form the most satisfactory modern solution and summary of the old Free Will controversy; and if we substitute sociology for the speaker's science, now outworn, his words have still a closely modern bearing:—

"What our science tells

Of the stars' influence hath contingency  
In special issues. Thus the loadstone draws,  
Acts like a will to make the iron submit;  
But garlick rubbing it, that chief effect  
Lies in suspense; the iron keeps at large,  
And garlick is controller of the stone.  
And so, my lord, your horoscope declares  
Nought absolutely of your sequent lot,  
But by our lore's authentic rules sets forth  
What gifts, what dispositions, likelihoods,  
The aspects of the heavens conspired to fuse  
With your incorporate soul. Aught else  
Is vulgar doctrine. For the ambient,  
Though a cause regnant is not absolute,  
But suffers in determining restraint  
From action of the subject qualities  
In proximate motion."

The single point in which the structure appears to us less nicely conformable to the rigours of fact and the often tragic demands of duty, is the nature of

the circumstances that draw Fedalma away from her love. She was gypsy by birth and blood, it is true, but we cannot forget that she had been bred from earliest infancy among Spanish associations and Spanish comrades; it was these, therefore, which formed the moulding antecedents of her character, as they too made the first claim upon the allegiance of her duty. Is it compatible with what experience teaches us of the known probabilities of character, that the suddenly awakened sense of kinship should instantly suffice to overthrow the long and solidly reared fabric of training and the common life; that the apparition of Zarca should in a moment steal all their colour and force from the traditions of young and of riper days, and immediately choke up the streams of thought and affection that had their beginnings from the earliest conscious hours? As Don Silva with far vision is made to tell us—

"The only better is a Past that lives

On through an added Present, stretching  
still

In hope unchecked by shaming memories  
To life's last breath."

The question arises whether it is true or ethically sound to assume that in the past of a maiden of twenty summers all that has befallen her from childhood may be taken to count for nothing in the sum of influence and duty. In other words, do not the instincts popularly and falsely supposed to have their only firm roots in blood and kin, spring up with amplest strength and tenacity from adoptive or other association? And if this be so, as it undeniably is so, how should the simple sight of Zarca, of whom heretofore she had known nothing, at once turn irrevocably aside so steady a current? It is surely, too, as ethically doubtful as it is ethologically unreal. The Jew Sephardo says in lines as admirable for their truth as they are nervous and vigorous in expression:—

"There's no such thing

As naked manhood. If the stars look down  
On any mortal of our shape whose strength  
Is to judge all things without preference,

He is a monster, not a faithful man.  
While my heart beats, it shall wear livery—  
My people's livery, whose yellow badge  
Marks them for Christian scorn. I will not

say  
Man is first man to me, then Jew or Gentile :  
That suits the rich *marranos* ; but to me  
My father is first father, and then man."

This is excellently said, as against the disguised selfishness of a cosmopolitan philosopher, who, vowing love for men in general, shirks his service due to men in particular ; yet there is serious question of the precise measure of the claims of a father whom Fedalma had never seen nor heard of until after her nature and purpose had taken root in the Spanish palace.

The picture of Don Silva in his night-watch after his desertion of the faith of his race and order is a powerful and penetrating analysis of the man who yields to his own passionate affection in this thing or that, and then cloaks his conduct to himself by assumed superiority to the liveries of the ordinary human heart, and by a fancied strength to judge all things without preference. There is no finer piece of thought, few finer pieces of verse, than the passage (pp. 291—294), beginning—

" Well, this solitude,  
This company with the enduring universe,  
Whose mighty silence, carrying all the past,  
Absorbs our history as with a breath,  
Should give him more assurance, make him  
strong  
In all contempt of that poor circumstance  
Called human life—customs, and bonds, and  
laws,

Wherewith men make a better or a worse,  
Like children playing on a barren mound  
Feigning a thing to strive for or avoid.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus he called on Thought,  
On dexterous Thought, with its swift alchemy  
To change all forms, dissolve all prejudice  
Of man's long heritage, and yield him up  
A crude fused world to fashion as he would.  
Thought played him double ; seemed to wear  
the yoke  
Of sovereign passion in the noon-day height  
Of passion's prevalence ; but served anon  
As tribune to the larger soul, which brought  
Loud mingled cries from every human need  
That ages had instructed into life."

And so on down to the lines—

" Such revenge  
Is wrought by the long travail of mankind  
On him who scorns it, and would shape his life  
Without obedience."

The only thing to be said against this is, that on the whole the obedient instinct in man is, as a rule, infinitely strong without further encouragement, and that some, if not most, of the world's deliverers have been great, and handed over great gifts to them that came after, by shaking off ancestral gods, ideas, laws, just as Don Silva did.

But the limit of our space is reached. The "Spanish Gypsy," it may be pretty safely said even now, will be loved not by the crowd but by a select few, and this not for its general structure but on the strength of select passages. How far this is a success in so deep-reaching and noble-minded an artist it is not for us to undertake to pronounce.

J. M.

## A SEA-SHELL.

Cool lips of shell, sing, Sea-shell, warm and sweet,  
 Of ripples curling on the creamy beach,  
 Of soft waves singing in each other's ear,  
 Small wavelets kissing one another's feet,  
 Where flakes of foam make music, a low speech  
 Tenderly sad to hear.

Tell me of half-formed little broken words,  
 Sung by the ripples to the still sea-flowers  
 In silent sleeping tideless deeps of sea ;  
 For there the flowers have voices like to birds,  
 That sing full-throated in this world of ours  
 On each melodious tree.

Not now, not now, sweet shell, some other day  
 Tell me of sighings on the lonely shore,  
 And seas that sob to birds that scream above ;  
 Tell me not now of earth grown weak and gray,  
 Nor longing for the things that come no more,  
 Nor any broken love.

To me thy breathing bears another tone,  
 Of fresh cool currents running under sea,  
 And happy laughter of the sunny spray :—  
 Ah ! hearest thou the words that are thine own,  
 Know'st thou the message that they bear to me,  
 The things they seem to say ?

Ah, Sea-shell, it is this—"The soft blue deep,  
 Which thrills with a heart that knows thee and is kind,  
 Sighed for thy sorrow, now it laughs with thee ;  
 Love is a secret which man cannot keep,  
 Hide it from heaven and the heedless wind,  
 But trust it with the sea !"

[A. C. BRADLEY.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1868.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

BY CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, AND GEOGRAPHER TO THE EXPEDITION.

### IV.

#### CONCLUSION.

THE destruction of the power of King Teóodoros was absolutely necessary. It was on the understanding that this was the object of the English invasion that we were welcomed and assisted by the Abyssinian chiefs and people along the line of march; and it would have been a gross breach of faith to have failed in performing our part of the bargain.

After the fall of Magdala a great responsibility devolved upon the invaders. The fortress was in the midst of an enemy's country, and it was necessary to provide for the departure and safe-conduct of the immense unarmed multitude, now without a leader, which had congregated from all parts of Abyssinia round the court of the great king. There were arrangements to be made respecting the family of Teóodoros, his chiefs, his political prisoners, his disarmed soldiers and families, and as to the disposal of the guns and plunder, as well as of the fortress itself.

Magdala is a plateau about a mile and a half long by half a mile across, with

perpendicular sides of columnar basalt, overlooking the Kúlkula gorge on the south side, and the Mênchura on the north. It is about 9,050 feet above the sea, and is approached from the west side by the Koker-bir gate, and on the east by the Kaffer-bir, which leads out on the lower Sangallat plateau, and so, by Thaddat, to the Tanta table-land. The *amba* is almost covered with well-built circular thatched huts of various sizes, many of them surrounded by a hedge or wall. There is a very large open space, a sort of *place d'armes*, near the centre of the plateau. After passing through the second gate at the Koker-bir, there was a street of small huts, used as prisons, which led to the great open space. On the west side of this *place d'armes* was the hedge inclosing the quarters of the English captives, and further to the north-west was the king's house, with its outlying buildings. The approach to the little space in which our countrymen were confined for nearly two years, was by a sort of street, with huts on either side, where they took such exercise as their chains rendered possible; but at the further end was the largest hut of all, almost attaining to the dignity of a house. It

was approached by a pretty verandah, overgrown with tomatoes, shading a lane neatly paved with flag-stones. The walls were whitewashed, the roof well thatched, and the interior consisted of a large circular room, with small square windows, and an inner room beyond. A bedstead, table, chairs, and rugs composed the furniture. This was the house of Mr. Rassam. To the left was a smaller hut, not so well built, but on the same plan, with a small garden of celery in front, which was shared by Lieut. Prideaux and Dr. Blanc. Behind it was the hut occupied by Ayto Samuel, the interpreter, and his family; and the huts of Consul Cameron and the other captives, small and comfortless, lined the little street. The captives had many servants, who brought their water and marketings from Salangi, baked excellent bread in clay ovens, and brewed most delicious *tej*, or mead. But there was no view beyond the dry-hedge inclosing the huts, and it must have been depressingly dull. The King's house, where the Queen Toronech, with her little boy, and latterly the concubine Itamanyu, dwelt, was an oblong building of two stories. The ground-floor was used as a granary, and was full of *tef* grain (*Poa abyssinica*); and a staircase outside the building led to a large upper room, supported by pillars down the centre, which had been used as a sleeping apartment. By the side of this large building there were two *helfinês*, or circular houses, for the use of female attendants. A row of wooden pillars supported the roof, as well as the outer walls; and between every two pillars there were wooden bedsteads, with a tumbler and decanter in baskets, and a small box for carding wool, hanging on the wall at each bed-head. Another large building was used as a cellar, and was filled with huge jars once containing excellent *tej*, but which were emptied by the troops at a very early period of the occupation. On the wall of the north-west corner of the inclosure a flight of steps led to a little look-out chamber, or *lust-haus*, commanding a glorious view of the Mên-

chura gorge, from a point almost overhanging the perpendicular black cliffs of the *amba*. These buildings comprised the "King's house," or more properly the Queen's house; for Teodoros was too fond of camp-life ever to endure the confined air of an Abyssinian hut, and always lived in a tent.

On the opposite or eastern side of the *place d'armes* was the treasury, and the Church of St. Michael. The treasury consisted of a number of small huts surrounded by a wall, and was the receptacle of all the property and plunder collected by the King. Here were ecclesiastical crowns, chalices, crosses, censers, silks, velvets, and carpets, besides tons of Ethiopic manuscript books. There were also arms of every description—spears and swords, gold and silver shields, kettledrums, and many thousands of muskets and pistols, some of them old and very curious. The most interesting relic was a golden chalice, brought from Gondar, with an inscription setting forth that it was made for the Emperor Adamas Segued, in the sixteenth century. There was also a well-stored granary. The church, dedicated to St. Michael, was a wretched place, without proper furniture, consisting of a *tabot* and a surrounding cloister. Indeed, Magdala was not looked upon as Christian ground, and the bodies of those of high rank who died there were deposited in small huts in the inclosure surrounding the church, with a view to their being removed to the precincts of a church on Christian land when opportunity offered. Thus the body of the unfortunate Abuna Salama, after his death, was placed in a large box in one of these huts, clothed in his rich canonicals; and to our shame be it said that the box was broken open, and the body desecrated, on the night of the capture of Magdala. Towards the south-east corner of the *amba*, on rather higher ground, there were some tall trees, near which was the house where the Abuna was confined; and at the eastern end there were many huts of soldiers, stationed there to resist attacks on the Kaffir-bir by the Gallas.

The chiefs and their families lived in huts like that of Mr. Rassam, and the other buildings were occupied by prisoners and the families of the soldiers. Altogether Magdala was far and away the largest town we had seen in Abyssinia. Its permanent population was about 3,000 souls.

After the capture the troops dispersed over the *amba* to plunder. The treasury was soon entirely rifled, and the inhabitants were ordered to assemble on the great open space, where they erected temporary huts. The place was garrisoned by the 33d and a wing of the 45th, commanded by Brigadier Wilby, and sentries were placed at the gates to prevent plunder from being taken down to the camp, it having been determined that it should all be reclaimed and sold as prize for the troops.

On the 14th of April, the morning after the capture, General Merewether went up to Magdala, as political officer, accompanied by M. Munzinger and Mr. Rassam, to make all the numerous arrangements which had become necessary.

The body of King Teóodoros had been removed to the hut of the Italian Pietro, in the compound of the English captives, and handed over to the priests. Dr. Lumsdaine examined the wound to ascertain whether or not it was self-inflicted, and the body was then wrapped first in a fine cotton cloth, then in a rich gold and silken kinkob, and lastly in a coarse cloth. A grave was dug in the outer cloister of the church, but the tools were inefficient, the ground was hard, and it was very shallow. All the chiefs had permission to attend their old master to his last resting-place, but only a very few came, and the body was carried on an old bedstead from the hut to the church. There was a small guard of the 33d to keep order, but no honours whatever were shown by the English to their brave enemy, and his body was placed in the grave, the stones were filled in, and the surface strewn with straw, without any ceremony. Afterwards the priests muttered some prayers, while the few mourners stood

round them. It was a bleak chilly afternoon, and an hour or two before a hail-storm had swept over the fortress.

The Queen Toronech had been insulted by the soldiers who broke into her room, and had taken refuge with her little boy in the house of Mr. Rassam. She was not more than twenty-six years old, a handsome delicate-looking woman, with beautiful hair, thin lips, and fine features, and not darker than an Italian brunette. General Merewether, in ascertaining her wishes, refrained from intruding upon her, but remained in the verandah, and sent the interpreter Samuel into the room to convey his messages. The Queen said that she wished to go to her own native country of Semyen, but that it was the last wish of his father that her son should be taken charge of by the English. She was then asked whether she would consent to part with her child, and replied that she was prepared to comply with his father's wish. It was arranged that she and her son, with the concubine Itamanyu, should come down to the camp and accompany the march of the English army as long as their roads led in the same direction.

The next business was with the chiefs of the fallen King, who were assembled in the court of one of the larger houses. All the best and bravest had fallen, either in the battle at Arogy, or defending the Koket-bir, on the afternoon of the 13th. Among them was poor Basha Negusye, a firm friend of the English captives and a sincere Christian, who was killed by the 33d at the door of his house, near the Koket-bir. The survivors were about twenty-five in number, and their spokesman was the plausible Dejatch Hasani, the chief of the musketeers. They began by saying that, as their king was dead, they wished now to transfer their allegiance to the Queen of the English; but they were told that all that was required of them was that they should return quietly to their homes and refrain from meddling in politics. They were to be allowed to take mules for themselves and their families, and a certain number of them

were to be supplied with arms, to defend the others on the road. It was rather repulsive to see them bow down and touch the ground with their foreheads, as each announcement was made to them; and it must be acknowledged that it would not be easy to find a more repulsive-looking set of ruffians in any part of the world, than were these surviving officers of the court of King Teodoros.

The numerous political prisoners were released from their fetters, and informed that their captivity was at an end. First among them was Biru Goshu, the chief of Godjam, and formerly the most formidable rival of Teodoros—now bowed down by fourteen years of close imprisonment. He started almost immediately for his own land, and will no doubt assume the lead in that part of Abyssinia. Then there were the Waagshum Tefere, the best horseman and most popular general in the country; Faras Ali, a nephew of Ras Ali, the chief of the Yedju Gallas; Dejatch Araya of Tigré, the maternal uncle of Kasa; Ayto Dargi, a son of Sahela Selassie, the old King of Shoa; Aragowe, the youngest son of Sabagadis, looking cowed and broken-spirited from his long confinement; and Kasa and Guangul, sons of Dejatch Oubie, and brothers of the Queen.

The numerous inhabitants of Magdala, including the soldiers and their families, amounting to upwards of 30,000 souls, formed a large camp near the battle-field, and soon afterwards began their forlorn and perilous march towards their native land, escorted by the English troops across the Beshilo and Jita ravines, as far as Wadela. This escort was absolutely necessary to protect the fugitives from the bands of Galla robbers who infested the roads, and murdered all stragglers. The ill-fated Teodoros had laid a solemn obligation on the English to protect his people. In the last letter but one that he ever wrote he said:—"Believing that all power had been given to me, I had established my Christian people in this heathen spot. In my

"city are multitudes whom I have fed: maidens protected, and maidens unprotected; women whom yesterday made widows, and aged parents who have no children. God has given you the power. See that you forsake not these people. It is a heathen land."

The question then arose as to the disposal of the fortress of Magdala. It was at first intended to hand it over intact to Dejatch Gobazie, who was at that time the most powerful chief in Southern Abyssinia, and his general, the Dejatch Mashasha, who had done such good service in sending in supplies, since the English crossed the Takkázie, was sent for to receive possession. But, after some consideration, Mashasha resolved to decline the proffered gift on the part of his master. He said that to defend and occupy so large a place would require more troops than he could afford for that service, while any subsequent evacuation of so famous a fortress would cause great loss of prestige; and he added that the line of the Beshilo was the natural and defensible frontier between the Christian country and that of the Gallas, while Magdala was a distant outpost. Mashasha, however, received 200 of Teodoros's muskets, and the chiefs of Daunt and Dalanta were given 100 each. Sir Robert Napier then determined to burn all the houses on Magdala, to blow up the Koket-bir and Kaffir-bir gates, and to burst all the guns. It was found that King Teodoros had collected as many as 37 pieces of ordnance, 28 guns and 9 mortars, as follow:—

BRASS GUNS, 24.

- 3 between 6 and 7 inches' calibre, equal to 40 pounders, but carrying 50 pound shot, composed of zinc and antimony.
- 3 between 4 and 5 inches' calibre, equal to 9 and 12 pounders.
- 9 between 3 and 4 inches' calibre, equal to 9 and 6 pounders.
- 9 between 2 and 3 inches' calibre.

—  
24

- 4 IRON GUNS, of 2 inches' calibre, 4.

—  
28



## BRASS MORTARS, 9.

1	with metal 8 inches thick, and bore 20 inches in diameter.
1	with bore 13 inches in diameter.
2	10 "
1	6 "
3	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
1	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
<hr/>	
9	

All the mortars were of native manufacture, some with a neat inscription in Amharic. The best cast was the 13-inch mortar. Four of the guns were Turkish field-pieces; two were English guns, cast at the Cassipore foundry near Calcutta, and presented to the King of Shoa by Harris in 1842; and two were French of old date. All were good and serviceable, except one of the three largest, which had burst at Fala in the action of the 10th. Rude shells were also found, and a good deal of case, the latter made in cases containing bullets, chips of castings, &c., rammed down with cow-dung. There were also English forges of different kinds. On the 17th the destruction of the guns was completed, and every building in Magdala was burnt to the ground, including the church, which contained the body of King Teodoros. The Queen and her little son, with a few attendants, came down to the camp; and soon afterwards there appeared a very old man on a mule, so old indeed as to be quite in his dotage, dressed in a silken shirt. This proved to be the Hatze Joannes, the legitimate Emperor of Abyssinia, the lineal representative of one of the oldest families in the world. He had always been treated with the utmost respect by the upstart Teodoros, and had been brought by him to Magdala. On the death of his protector, the old man had wandered down into the English camp, where he was treated with scant ceremony.

In order to give a clear idea of the state of affairs round Magdala, after the fall of the King, it is necessary to say a few words respecting the Gallas,—that intruding race which, in the last few centuries, has overrun a large part of

Abyssinia, and taken a leading part in its history. They first appeared in the sixteenth century, coming from the south, and old Tellez calls them "the scourge God has made use of against the Abyssinians," and likens their irruption into Ethiopia to "an inundation from a mighty river." They are as fair, or fairer than the Abyssinians, and better looking. At present they form a great wedge dividing Abyssinia proper from the Christian kingdom of Shoa to the south. The Azebo Gallas, a Moslem tribe of savage robbers, form the thin end of the wedge, their territory running far up to the north, round the eastern side of the great watershed; next came the Yedju Gallas, near the sources of the Takkázie and Beshilo, who, owing to the long period that their chiefs ruled in Abyssinia, are for the most part Christians; while the Wallo Gallas spread over the wide tract between the Beshilo and Shoa. The commencement of the decline of the power of Teodoros may probably be traced to his persistent and obstinate attacks on these untameable tribes. In 1855, when he first became king, the Wallo Gallas were ruled by a woman of dauntless courage, named Wurkit, who was regent for her young son. Teodoros declared war upon all people who were not Christians, marched to the Beshilo, defeated the Galla chief Adana Bille, and committed great slaughter among his people, who fled to their fastnesses. It was then that the King selected Magdala as the base of future operations, and as his principal fortress on the Galla frontier. The Queen Wurkit had unwisely neglected to assist Adana Bille, and the storm next fell upon her. At first she destroyed the best part of the army of Teodoros, and in 1861 the King was again baffled by the Galla cavalry, led by a young chief named Beshir. But in 1862 the ruthless tyrant carried a war of extermination into the Wallo Galla country, cut off the hands and feet of 8,000 people, sold women and children into slavery, devastated the fields, and, having got the son of Wurkit into his power,

eventually hurled him over the cliff at Salamgi. So there was no love lost between Teódoros and the Gallas. At present Queen Wurkit, who is now a childless old woman, only rules a small portion of the tribe, which faithfully adheres to her fortunes. Another queen, a younger woman named Mestiat, acts as regent to her young son, the Iman Achmet, and is far more powerful. While the English force was still on the Dalanta plateau, a native Indian, who had accompanied the expedition as Arabic interpreter, was sent on a mission to Mestiat, to request that she would cause her people to invest Magdala, and attack any one who attempted to leave the fortress. The Gallas obeyed these orders with great alacrity, and not only as regarded the Christian Abyssinians of Magdala, for they extended their attentions to the mules and followers of the English force. Queen Wurkit paid a visit to Sir Robert Napier on the 16th, and shortly after her departure the more fortunate Mestiat arrived in the camp with her son. Her people took up handfuls of earth, and said, "This is our land, that we have not seen for twelve years." The Queen was asked whether a sketch that had been taken of Teódoros after death was like; and she answered, "How should I know? who has ever seen him and lived?" On the departure of the English troops Queen Mestiat and her Gallas took possession of the abandoned fortress of Magdala. One more fortress still held out for the fallen King. Amba Geshen is a classic spot. It was here that, for four centuries, all the sons of the Emperors of Abyssinia were immured during the lifetime of their fathers; and Dr. Johnson, following the untrustworthy Ureta, converted the desolate plateau into the delightful valley of Rasselas. We could see it from the camp on Aficho, at a distance of about four miles, and could distinguish a church and some clumps of trees on its summit. Amba Geshen was garrisoned by an officer in the service of Teódoros, named Aba Meerza, a Bengal

Jew, with a few soldiers guarding some political prisoners. Dejatch Mashsha was recommended to take possession of this strong fort, but instead of doing so he attacked Faras Ali, the Yedju Galla chief, who had just been released from Magdala, was betrayed by his own people, and made prisoner. As this misfortune was brought on by his own act, he was left to his fate, Sir Robert Napier merely requesting Faras Ali to treat his prisoner well, and refer the case to Gobazie.

The English force was encamped on Aficho from the 10th to the 18th of April. The water supply was very bad, horses being obliged to be taken a distance of several miles to the Beshilo, and the place was becoming very unhealthy, owing to the number of dead bodies of men and animals which surrounded the camp, and tainted the air. On the 16th all the freed captives from Magdala commenced their first march home, and on the 18th the whole force recrossed the Beshilo, and again encamped on the Dalanta plateau. A review of all the troops was held on the 20th, and afterwards the plunder brought up from Magdala was sold for the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The arrangements for the return to the coast were then matured, and the troops commenced their march in three divisions. The host of disarmed fugitives from Magdala had by this time crossed the Jita ravine, and we found them, on April 21st, encamped on the Wadela plateau, near Yesendie. It was a strange but most distressing sight. Their camp, consisting of hundreds of black tents of various sizes, and placed in no regular order, covered two eminences and an intervening valley; and at night the thousands of lights made it look like a large city. In wandering amongst the tortuous lanes formed by the tents, we came upon many forms of human misery. Men in cruel pain with undressed wounds; helpless old people stripped by robbers on the road, and exhausted by the fatigues of the march; children crying for food, and mothers with no means of

satisfying their hunger. Many were gently nurtured ladies, wives and daughters of chiefs, women who had been made widows and orphans by the slaughter of the 10th. They had never known what it was to want, but now the poor things were eager to sell their personal ornaments, their sacred pictures and books, all their most cherished possessions, for the means of buying bread. In the English camp there was no misery save such as was caused by rather tough beef and the absence of grog, but here were some of the horrors of war. The fugitives accompanied the march of the retiring army as far as the Täckäzie valley, and then wearily turned their steps towards their homes in Bege-meder or Dembea or Godjam, doubtless to be harassed and stripped by the villagers along their line of march. Itamanyu, the King's concubine, left the English camp at Santara, with a handsome present for immediate expenses, and reached her home amongst the Yedju Gallas in safety. The poor Queen, suffering from illness, continued to travel with her little boy, as a guest of the English, and had latterly resolved to accompany her son whithersoever he might be taken. But at Haik-hallat, one stage beyond Antalo, she ended her short unhappy life, and was buried in the church at Chelicut. It was arranged that Alum-ayahu, the only legitimate child of Teödoros by this poor lady, should be taken to England. Her brothers Guangul and Kasa, the sons of Dejatch Oubie, left the camp at Lat, and proceeded to their native province of Semyen.

The return march of the English army, along roads which had been repaired and made excellent for ordinary mule traffic, was effected without any incident, beyond occasional attacks on straggling baggage-mules and their drivers by Azebo Gallas and other marauders. The whole line had been kept well open by the force in the rear, and besides the troops at the larger stations of Dildi, Ashangi, Antalo, Adigerat, and Senafé, there were small detachments of cavalry at intermediate stations, where non-commissioned officers

purchased and stored grass and grain in anticipation of the return of the army. From Adigerat to Zoulla, a distance of a hundred miles, there was an excellent first-class fair-weather road, suited for wheel traffic, including three well-traced zigzag ghauts at Khursabur, near Adigerat, at Goona-Goona, and between Senafé and Raraguddy, as well as the built-up causeway over the famous Devil's Staircase at Sooroo; while the engineers on the coast had completed a railroad from Zulla nearly to Komayli. Thus that part of the expedition which had not been so fortunate as to share in the operations before Magdala had been employed on equally important work in the rear, and had done it well. The rear-guard reached Senafé, as had originally been arranged, towards the end of May.

Sir Robert Napier was joined at Senafé by Kasa, the ruler of Tigré, and his chiefs, who remained encamped in the neighbourhood until the departure of the English. The great chiefs of Tigré, who had been released from Magdala, Dejatch Araya, Aragowe, the son of Sabagadis, and the chief of Haramat, swore allegiance to Kasa at a durbar held at Senafé in presence of Sir Robert Napier, who presented the ruler of Tigré with a battery of mountain-guns and mortars, and smooth-bore muskets for one regiment. The supplies of arms were intended partly as a return for assistance rendered by Kasa in furnishing the English troops with provisions, and partly to enable him to hold his own against the Egyptians on one side, and the possible attacks of Dejatch Gobazie on the other.

The arrangements for the re-embarkation of the Abyssinian expeditionary force were so accurately calculated, that all the troops had departed by the middle of June, when the rainy season on the highlands commences; and Abyssinia, which for eight months had been the scene of the marches and encampments of English troops, was again left entirely to itself, to work out its own destiny in its own way.

From most points of view this Abyssinian expedition may be looked upon by Englishmen with unmixed satisfaction. The cause of quarrel was absolutely just, the main objects for which the expedition was undertaken were secured, and public opinion was still sufficiently alive to the honour of England to approve the addition of a penny to the income-tax to maintain it. But in thus seeking our own ends there was a responsibility incurred, and that responsibility should not have been lost sight of. The English invaded Abyssinia to liberate captives, whose deliverance was essential to England's honour; and, therefore, to destroy the power of the existing King, and introduce such changes into the country as an invasion of this kind must of necessity give rise to. This action on the part of a great nation, although forced upon it by circumstances, and not voluntarily undertaken, brought with it a duty to the weaker and invaded people. England should not have abandoned Abyssinia to her fate. The main cause of the barbarism of the one Christian country in Africa is undoubtedly its isolation; and the occupation of the sea-coast by the Turks towards the end of the sixteenth century was a terrible calamity. It cut off a people, with a literature and a Christianity dating from the fourth century, from all intercourse with their fellow-Christians, from all civilizing influences, and from every chance of improving their condition. There was once, amongst the

nobles of Abyssinia, an officer with the title of Behar-negais, or Lord of the Sea, who ruled the maritime provinces. But this was before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, before the ships of Europe began to trade in the ports of the East. At the very time when the Portuguese first appeared in the Red Sea, the Turks seized upon Massowah and Suakim, and the Abyssinians were deprived of the benefits which intercourse with the traders of the West would have brought them. From that time, the title of Behar-negais had no meaning; but it has always been preserved, and is still held by the mountain chief of Dixan. If the English had once more made that title a reality, if they had unlocked and thrown wide open the gates of Abyssinia, the results of the march to Magdala would have been a blessing to a large fraction of Africa, and would have been productive of permanent good. Zulla should—with the concurrence of France and the other great Powers—have been declared a free port with resident consuls, like Aden, and the sovereignty should have been intrusted to an Abyssinian Behar-negais, under the ruler of Tigré; the limits of the port to include Senafé and the intervening line of road. The Egyptians might have received some money compensation for the loss of an imaginary right which they had never exercised; and the curse which their occupation of the coast has brought upon Abyssinia would have been removed.

SUGGESTIONS ON PRIMARY EDUCATION,  
AND A SHORT NOTICE OF THE METHOD OF TEACHING READING  
AND WRITING IN GERMANY.

FROM all the discussion that has recently taken place on the subject of education, it may be fairly presumed that great changes will be made in the present system. The country at large seems to have awakened to a sense of the vast importance of the question, and to have begun to see that, if we are not more earnest, more skilful, and we may add more liberal, in dealing with it, our people will cease to hold the place that they have held among civilized nations.

Much has been said of late on the subject of compulsory education, and it does not seem improbable that something in this line may be attempted. Whether or not the principle is introduced, it is surely desirable that every means should be adopted to bring the children of the working classes to school, and to keep them a certain time under effective instruction. Our object here is to give a few practical suggestions as to the means of furthering this end.

In introducing alterations and improvements into the working of schools, the circumstances of each locality should be carefully considered. All children of the working classes should pass through school examinations, and one of the teacher's difficulties in preparing for these is the irregular attendance of the pupils. In special cases, leave of absence might be granted for certain times—parents or volunteer teachers engaging to get them up in certain lessons; and, if they passed, a promise of further leave should be held out. This would apply especially to country-places or watering-places where there is a *season*. We have only here touched upon an idea, to which we may return more in detail, that of forming an organized system of voluntary aid in National Education.

Should the Permissive Bill pass, even without compulsory rating, it will probably throw a great deal of responsibility on corporations. They will have

it in their power to make a general scheme for schools under their management, and to work them, if they please, on a large scale. The opportunity that would be thus offered for trying a new experiment has tempted us to call attention to the working of primary schools in Germany. We believe the system to which we allude is carried on throughout that country, though we can speak with certainty only of Prussia and Bavaria.

The fact that, in the Berlin primary schools for the poor, children are taught the elements of reading and writing in six months, and that at the end of one year they are able to read in the Testament and to write a tolerable small-hand, is one deserving of all attention.

Let us now consider the past and present condition of our own National Schools, and then relate all we have learnt about those in Germany.

Before the Revised Code came into action, one master or one mistress ruled over each school, having under them a number of pupil-teachers. Each school was divided into five or six classes, or perhaps even more. The first class was the teacher's special delight. All the bright and intelligent children passed rapidly into it. In them the teacher's heart rejoiced, and the labour for these children was a labour of love. No pains were spared, and the inspector could, no doubt, record many instances of successful pupils.

It would, however, be untrue to say that no pains were bestowed on the lower classes, where the dull and slow children continued, perhaps, during their whole school-life. The very pride and pleasure that the teacher felt in his much-loved first class would, no doubt, often prevent him from wilfully neglecting the others. Yet some, we believe, unwittingly fell into this error; it is a fault which a teacher can understand and excuse, but certainly it is

one that should not be overlooked by an inspector.

We are perfectly ready to allow that the Revised Code was a wise and necessary measure; but we cannot but think that its effect in details has not been sufficiently considered. The work of teaching has become almost entirely task-work. The life seems to have gone out of it. Let us look at the state of our schools since this code first came into operation. With exactly the same machinery, the teachers are required to attend to every child, to see that he or she passes in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is evidently a great security to the managers of the school and to the parents of the children. They can ascertain the position of each child in the school. But for the teacher, alas! the change is a grievous one. A great part of the pleasure of teaching the first class must be given up. The anxiety of having to ascertain the proficiency of each child in the school is extremely fatiguing; and if the school be a large one, there can be little time and energy left for teaching higher subjects. Pupil-teachers cannot often be trusted to do the work. In England children enter school at all times of the year, and the difficulty of classing them is very great; the classes are frequently very unequal in knowledge, and require sub-dividing, and all this labour falls upon the master.

The plan of employing under-teachers is becoming popular, and it is, we think, a wise one. Pupil-teachers should not be intrusted with much responsibility until they have had considerable experience; and, moreover, the practice of conferring on young boys and girls authority over those who ought really to be their companions is often injurious to the character. They should learn and practise under older teachers, and at first their work should be exclusively to help under supervision.

But to return to our subject. The point especially to be noticed is the fact that it is extremely difficult for teachers under the present school organization to produce the results required; and that the existing arrangements tend to

destroy a most important element of education, which it will be a serious error to neglect,—namely, moral influence, and much of that spirit of affection which used formerly to prevail. Happily these influences cannot be said to have died out entirely, for teachers are too conscientious to let this be the case, but they are smothered under the requirements of the new code.

These requirements need not be lessened, but schools might be so constituted that teachers could produce the needful results without excessive labour; at the same time preserving leisure and composure sufficient to learn the characters of their pupils, and to attend to their moral training and development.

One means of attaining this end would be to facilitate the teaching of reading and writing, and this, we think, might be done by adopting the method followed in the primary schools of Germany. Reading and writing are taught together, the sound of each letter is learnt first, and the letters are called by their sounds, not by the names that we have been accustomed to give them. The letter is then written, and the child tries to copy in writing each letter and word that it learns. The next step is to put these sounds of letters together, and very soon words of some length are learnt.

A primer explaining this method has been prepared by a German teacher on the plan of Dr. Vogel's German primer, and is now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press.<sup>1</sup>

This German lady gives the following account of a primary school in Berlin,

<sup>1</sup> It would be of great service if the authoress of this little work could herself be induced to give lessons in England on her method. The writer of this article would gladly assist in bringing this about if she found that managers of schools in any town or district would be willing to avail themselves of this teacher's instructions and to contribute towards the necessary expenses. The new method of teaching reading and writing together, will be found fully and clearly explained in the preface to the Primer. Any further information in her power about this plan will be gladly furnished on application, by letter, to Miss A. J. Clough, Post-office, Ambleside.

with reference to the teaching of reading and writing :—

“ I went to speak to the head-master of one of our national schools to see the way in which the children were taught, in order to give an exact account. The school is in one of the poorest and worst districts in Berlin. Boys and girls are taught in the same building, but in different classes,

“ and in different rooms. Each class consists of fifty or sixty children. They come to school at six years old, and generally remain till fourteen, when they are confirmed.

“ I add the weekly time-table of this primary school, which will show that reading and writing do not occupy an unusual length of time in German schools :—

DAILY TIME-TABLE OF THE LOWEST CLASS IN A GERMAN PRIMARY SCHOOL.

TIME.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
8-9	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.	Religion.
9-10	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.	Writing and Reading.
10-11						
		{ Lesson on Objects or Learning. }			{ Lesson on Objects or Learning. }	
AFTERNOON.						
2-3	Writing.	Writing and Reading.	Half-Holiday.	Writing.	Writing and Reading.	Half-Holiday.
3-4	Singing.			Singing.		

GENERAL PLAN OF A PRIMARY SCHOOL AT BERLIN (1868).

SUBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION.	(Lowest Class.)		CLASS IV.		CLASS III.		CLASS II.		(Highest Class.)	
	CLASS V.								CLASS I.	
	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.
Religion . . . . .	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	4	4
Reading . . . . .	8 <sup>1</sup>	8 <sup>1</sup>	8	8	6	6	4	4	4	3
Learning by Heart and Conversation on Pictures . . . . .	2	2	2	2						
Spelling and Grammar . . . . .	...	...	...	...	4	4	4	4	4	3
Writing . . . . .	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
Arithmetic . . . . .	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
Singing . . . . .	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Knowledge of Home and Country . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	...	...	2
History . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	
Geography . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	
Drawing . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	...	2	2
Geometry . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	
Physics . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2	2
Sewing and Knitting . . . . .	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8	...	8
Sum Total of Hours per Week . . . . .	26	26	26	26	26	26	28	32	32	32

<sup>1</sup> Reading and writing combined.

“ Reading and writing are taught together. The sounds of the letters are taught first with the help of pictures, and when the children know *the sound* they learn to write it at once.

“ The special writing-lessons in the lower classes aim at practising the arm, the finger, and the eye. The children write their strokes to the beating of time (*Takt-schreiben*)—one for the up-stroke and two for the down-stroke—a method which is adopted in all the classes.

*A*<sup>1</sup> *A*<sup>2</sup>

“ Everything is done by the word of command. They begin by writing first in the air with outstretched forefinger and arm; and great attention is paid to the position in sitting and to the manner of holding the pen. In the two lower classes the pupils write on slates.

“ Children are expected to pass through the fifth or lowest class in six months, and at the end of that time to be perfect in all the sounds, and to be able to make out some words and write them down. The next six months are employed in gaining fluency in reading and facility in writing. One teacher takes a class of fifty or sixty children for reading and writing; and the teacher to whom I spoke had been teaching in this way for ten years, and assured me that, if all the children attended the lessons regularly, they would all learn to read and write in six months; but, as many were irregular in their attendance, only about three-fifths of the pupils learnt satisfactorily, the other two-fifths remaining in the lowest class to begin again with the new-comers. In the rooms, seven cubic feet of space for each child is considered needful. The lowest class is divided into two sections, and taught by one teacher—the children who are in the second half-year at school forming the first section, and the new-comers the second. While those in the first section are copying what they have read, those in the

“ second are reading, and *vice versá*. In lessons on objects, religion, learning by heart, and arithmetic, the whole class works together, and the first section generally proves a great help to the teacher, the children in it acting as guides to the new-comers.”

We cannot hope at first to accomplish as much as the Germans do, but we might surely make our children read and write well in eighteen months if in Germany this is done in a year in national schools, and in much less time in private schools. Some system for the better organization of our national school elementary instruction, if not precisely such as is here indicated, would surely produce better results than those we now obtain. The expense might be increased, though very slightly in large schools. To facilitate the adoption of this new method of teaching reading and writing in our existing schools, with their separate departments for boys, girls, and infants, one of the class-rooms might be used as a reading and writing school for boys and girls together, under one teacher. Children might begin attending this class at *five*, having been previously occupied in singing, drawing, counting, drilling, and knitting.

Boys and girls might be taught together till they have passed through one or two other classes; more especially if the teachers were women. But after that it would be better to divide them till they entered the highest class, when they might again share the instruction of the same teacher, a female teacher being present with the girls, even if she took no part in giving the lessons.

At all events, we hope that if any new schools be founded by corporations or associations, the principle of large classes, which is acted on in German schools, may be recognised. Teachers will then be able to concentrate their undisturbed attention on their classes, and will have some little leisure to know and love the children that compose them. It has been proposed that these new schools should be secular; and indeed, owing to the great number of sects and the consequent difficulties, we sup-



pose it may sometimes be necessary; but, at least, let the moral influences have full play. By kindness, by thoughtful care, by speaking in a religious way of things secular, a religious and a reverential spirit may be cultivated; and there is little doubt that the very fact of having the same children to watch over and instruct day by day for at least a year must excite a deep and affectionate interest in the teachers if they are good for anything.

We should be disposed to give teachers further advantages, by allowing them leisure for a fortnightly class, to which they might invite their especial favourites—for we, indeed, do believe in favourites; no doubt teachers should ever strive to be strictly just, but it is through their best-beloved pupils that they learn to love the whole class or school, and through them their work becomes light and pleasant. The time and thought expended on skilfully planning our school arrangements will not be thrown away if the teachers are enabled to go through their work with composure, and the certainty that with due industry the results will be satisfactory.

In schools from which religious instruction was not banished, of which there would be many, the teachers would have far more power to instruct on these higher subjects, since their minds would be more at rest, more fitted to speak of important things; while in secular schools the result would be the same when the higher duties of life had to be touched upon.

Some will, we know, contend that the weariness of perpetual repetition in one subject will take the life and spirit out of teachers. But if they feel that they are doing well for their pupils they do not easily weary; it is unsatisfactory work that tires most. Many, too, greatly prefer teaching little children, and find immense interest and variety in watching and developing their different natures from the beginning. Moreover, it might be arranged that a teacher of the lower division in a school might take a class in the upper school on certain days in some special subject; this would stimu-

late study, and prevent stagnation of mind.

Some subjects might be taught by special teachers, who would either visit several schools—as is the custom in private schools—or else lecture to groups of pupils of both sexes collected from several schools in one district. These teachers might be chosen from among the young men and women who had just left the training-schools, and such a scheme, properly managed, would give them an opportunity of seeing different parts of the country, and observing the working of various schools. At the end of a year, or at most two, these teachers should be required to take schools or situations as under-teachers, and to work at the routine of their calling; but the hope should be held out that at the end of seven or ten years they would be able to claim a relief of three months' rest, and one year of lecturing; and, with a view to obtaining this relief, they should be required to keep up and improve themselves in certain subjects, and perhaps to pass an examination in them before claiming it.

This scheme for lectures and higher class teaching must of course be undertaken by Government or by districts in association. It would give an aim for intellectual development which does not now exist for persons of this profession; it need hardly be said that the remuneration should be liberal, and the work not so great as to interfere with leisure for observation. We would even suggest that for the most intelligent teachers there should be further rewards provided and advantages offered for distinguished services in education, such as permission to travel and visit schools in Europe and America, with a grant to cover expenses.

Such recognitions of merit would tend to bring in a higher class of persons as primary teachers, and thus, as is most desirable, the social status of our teachers would be raised. And surely all faithful, earnest workers in this cause should be honoured, and every opportunity seized of affording them both pleasure and fuller intellectual development.

To return to the subject of voluntary help, we cannot but think that this is an element which, if properly organized, might be turned to great account in national education.

In each town or country district there ought to be an Educational Association. The school inspectors of the district should be members of the association, and should assist in planning the work for volunteers, who would be responsible to them for all work done out of school. But the master or mistress should rule supreme over his or her school, and the volunteer workers be expected to fall in with the plans of the several teachers, though they might assist or even preside at examinations, recitations, or any other public exhibitions that might be instituted occasionally to give life and spirit to the daily routine of school, and to excite the interest of the parents.

This association should receive and register the names of those willing to give any aid. Volunteers should state what kind of work they would undertake, and the amount of time to be given to it; they should be content to work under authority in the matter of bringing up children to a certain standard, though the method need not be prescribed. They would also be expected to visit the parents, to induce them to send their children to school, and to take an interest in furthering their improvement. The school managers should have a voice in accepting or refusing the services of voluntary teachers, though they should not have the right of appointing them. Classes might be formed by these volunteers for children whose attendance at school was necessarily irregular. In all cases the aim should be to work up pupils to the appointed standard. Thus education would come within the reach

of many children who would otherwise be kept at home. Meetings for parents should be held, the fathers to come at night, the mothers in the day-time; and here would be explained the objects of the Educational Association. Every means would be taken to kindle in parents a desire for their children's improvement, and suggestions given as to how they could best assist in their education. Emulation might be excited by speaking of what is done in other countries, and how much they are before us in these matters.

Would not this be a noble cause, and a fitting opportunity for bringing together different classes? They could surely unite in the object of the education of the young, where on one side the ties are so tender, and on the other the responsibility of neglect so great.

We would enter further into the details of such an organization as this, but that we fear to be tedious; and these few hints, indicating the general plan, are as much as the general public can be expected to notice.

In conclusion we would draw attention to the fact, that it seems to be the tendency of the age to seek for co-operation and combination, thus saving power and utilizing it to the utmost. In the plan suggested we have, we believe, but caught the spirit of the age and applied it to education. Scattered over the country are many brave soldiers fighting, single-handed or in small bands, against crying and gigantic evils; these we ardently desire to see united into great armies of workers, well equipped with skill, perseverance and fortitude, and crowned with that true charity without which all our doings are nothing worth.

A. J. C.

## R E A L M A H.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

## CHAP. XXXI.

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIEGE.

ON the twelfth day began another great attack upon the southern and western quarters of the town.

A few words must here be given in explanation of the way in which Abibah had been built.

When the first settlers commenced driving their piles, there was, from some inequality in the nature of the ground at the bottom of the lake, a curved line about eighteen feet in breadth and about a thousand yards in length, in which the piles sank hopelessly into soft mud, finding no footing. This part therefore had been abandoned as foundation, and had been bridged over by flooring which could be easily removed. It divided the city in this way: that two-fifths of the city were on the southern and western side of this sort of covered canal, and three-fifths on the other side. The canal itself was called "The Way of the Pescaras" (the largest kind of fish found in those waters). Unfortunately, there was a bit of the eastern quarter of the town which was in a similar way cut off from the main part of that eastern quarter by a canal. The enemy became aware of this fact. That island, if it may be so called, in the eastern quarter, was mainly occupied by a small fortress.

The attack, on the part of the besiegers, commenced at the rising of the sun. The number of assailants who were brought into immediate action was twice as great as that which had been brought into action on the previous occasion. And, moreover, they had this great advantage, that their people had gained and maintained a lodgment in the Street of the Ambassadors. From early morning till late evening the battle raged furiously in the southern and

western quarters, and also at that part of the eastern quarter which I have described.

All the barricades were forced by the evening. The women and children were hastily removed into the northern and eastern quarters of the town, where the poor creatures were huddled together in the open spaces.

Where the battle raged most furiously was in the great market-place, which, for the sake of convenience, as being nearer to the land whence they drew their supplies, was in the southern part of the town. Here Realmah himself was present, though not taking much part in the action. In his mind he compared the attack of the numerous enemy to a flood of molten lava. The comparison was a just one; for, as in the flow of a stream of lava it is at the edges of the torrent that there is least force, while at the middle part it boils up and overflows the edges, so it was with the attack of the enemy, who pressed over the prostrate bodies of their own men, and overwhelmed Realmah's now disheartened forces.

The shades of evening came on, and found the men of the North in possession of the two-fifths of the town, bounded by the Pescara Canal; and also, which was still more alarming, of the fortress in the eastern quarter of the town. The slaughter on both sides had been immense; and, alas! many women and children of the town of Abibah had been slain during this dreadful day. One remarkable incident must be commemorated. Litervi, that cautious and judicious counsellor, had returned from his mission, and had been placed in command of the eastern fortress. Like another great man whose fate is commemorated in the story of one of the greatest sieges that ever took place in the world, Litervi had found himself alone at the topmost part of the fortress, with

all his warriors slain around him ; and, after hurling his massive club (for he was one of those old-fashioned warriors who could not abide the new weapons) upon the enemy beneath him, he threw himself down—being resolved to slay at least one of the enemy by that last missile. This was told to Realmah, who merely remarked that Litervi was a wise, happy, and good man.

Llama-mah, too, had shown his devotion in a very unexpected manner. According to the usual theory, Llama-mah, who had been a flatterer in the days of prosperity, ought to have been a coward and betrayer in the days of adversity. But men are so strange in their ways that there is no accounting for them. Llama-mah, at the risk of his own life, and receiving a dangerous wound, had stepped in front of Realmah and saved his life in the great fight in the market-place ; for Llama-mah really loved the man he had so often flattered and beguiled.

Realmah sat in the great Hall of Audience on the evening of this day's disastrous fight. A cordon of his guard kept off the crowd of persons who came for orders, admitting them one by one. Suddenly a head, which had been hurled over the canal by the enemy with loud triumphant shouts, was brought to Realmah. He recognised at once the noble features of Londardo, who, it appears, had fallen in some skirmish, while leading the scattered troops of the Phelatahs to the place of rendezvous.

Realmah was much affected by this sight, but did not show what he felt. He merely observed—" Preserve it for a noble burial when we have conquered."

All night long the King received his chieftains, and gave to each man the orders and the encouragement that he required. There was one thing that much astonished these chieftains, who were all men of high rank, namely, that sundry obscure persons, mere artisans, fishermen, and iron-workers, were admitted to Realmah's presence, and had long audiences of the King.

The first faint dawn of morning, with its cold grey light, began to appear. Realmah quitted the Hall of Audience

and went up to the topmost story of his uncle's palace, now his own. Realmah was fond of high places ; and this topmost story, or watch-tower, having an open gallery round it, was the only addition he had made to that palace.

What a scene was spread before him ! Towards the north and west he could hardly discern any water for the innumerable rafts of the enemy, which now surrounded those parts of the town. To the extreme east, however, there was a sight to be seen which gladdened the King's heart. A large army of the Sheviri and their allies was posted on the eastern heights about three miles and a half distant ; and, to attack them, numerous bodies of the enemy's troops were already beginning to march eastward, deserting their quarters on the southern shore of the town.

Realmah had ordered that, upon no account, whatever might happen, should he be disturbed while he remained in this watch-tower. Joyfully he observed the movement of the enemy's troops on shore, until the greater part of them had moved to a position within a mile's distance of Athlah's. He then raised a large green flag, and watched with satisfaction his little fleet, which he had kept far out of harm's way until the present moment (a fleet of arrant cowards, as the enemy called them), move in good order, round the eastern part of the town, and take up a position close to the southern quarter of the town, near that part of the shore which the enemy had abandoned.

Meanwhile he had raised a large red flag which he still kept in his hand. One half hour, a time of dreadful suspense, in which Realmah seemed to himself to live a life, passed away ; and then, to his infinite joy, appeared in twenty or thirty different places in the southern and western parts of the town, on the further side of the Pescara Canal, light wreaths of smoke—the prelude to so many great fires.

Realmah's plan was simple. He had resolved to sacrifice two-fifths of his town, and by that means to secure victory. His own escape at the outbreak of the revolution had long given him

the groundwork of this plan. He had caused maps to be carefully made of what we may call the underground, or rather underfloor, part of his city, and knew to a nicety those devious paths upon the waters along which small boats could make their way amongst the piles. Thirty canoes, which had been moored under his palace, had been destined for this work of incendiarism: and their men had been furnished with the most inflammable materials.

Realmah had hardly time to descend from his watch-tower and place himself at the head of his troops before the flames had burst out furiously in many quarters of that part of the town occupied by the enemy. They were utterly dismayed by this new and unexpected form of attack, and before they had time to recover their presence of mind, Realmah had thrown planks across the Pescara Canal, forming temporary bridges, and was upon them.

His own people had not thoroughly known Realmah before that day. There are two lines of Byron's which well describe what had been, and what were now, Realmah's feelings and his mode of action:—

“Then all was stern collectedness and art,  
Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart.”

Thus it is ever with men in whose natures are combined great passion and great prudence. A hundred times, perhaps, they play with the hilt of their swords; and the bystander, or opponent, little knows how much they have longed to draw them, and what restraint they have exercised upon themselves. But when the time has come, and they do flash forth those swords, it is with a fury that contains in itself the long-accumulated passion hitherto oppressed and controlled, but never really annihilated, by the restraints of prudence.

The King's feelings were very bitter against the men of the North. To them he traced all the misfortunes of his life. By reason of them, he had been made a prisoner. For them he had lost his Ainah. To contend with them, he had

left the peaceful paths of life so dear to him, and had become a king, with all the miseries (for to such a man miseries they were) of kingly state. Silently he had seen his choicest troops fall before these barbarians. Silently, and with no outward demonstration of sorrow, but with tears of the heart, he had seen the poor women and children of Abibah slaughtered before his eyes by them; and, at this moment, he saw a large part of the city he loved so well about to be consumed by fire, to get rid of these hateful invaders.

The King was that day as one possessed. Danger and Death, scared by such a madman, fled before him. His guards, the most active and energetic young men, toiled after their sickly, careworn, almost-deformed King, in vain.

The enemy in the city being attacked at once by fire, by the fierce Realmah, and by the fleet of boats which prevented their escape, and cut off their retreat, perished nearly to a man. Those on the rafts made at once for the southern shore, where they joined the main body of the troops, who, discovering the stratagem that had been devised against them, quitted their position opposite to Athlah's camp, and returned to their old quarters.

There was mourning and lamentation in the enemy's camp that night. Three of their greatest chiefs (amongst them it was said the King of the North himself) had perished in the town.

All night the flames rose higher and higher, and affronted the placid skies. These flames did not invade that part of the town which lay to the north and east of the canal; but the rest of the town was completely consumed. There was not, however, a man amongst the Sheviri so base as to deplore publicly the loss of his own habitation.

Meanwhile Realmah joined Athlah. The next day a great attack was made upon the position of the men of the North; and their complete defeat ensued. Hardly a man escaped to tell the tale; but Realmah, naturally merciful, gave orders for sparing the women and children who had accompanied the men of the North. These were incorporated

into the nation of the Sheviri, who learnt many of the arts of life from their captives.

Thus were the men of the North defeated, without the aid of pestilence and famine; and not for generations did they venture again to invade the now indomitable South. The name of Realmah became a word of terror with which they scared their fretful children into swift obedience. And the land had peace.

*Ellesmere.* I am not too much devoted to Realmah, but I am glad that he and the besieged have got the best of it. I am always on the side of the besieged. I remember becoming quite excited on behalf of the Dutch when I read Motley's account of the siege of Antwerp.

*Sir Arthur.* And then, as boys, how we pitied poor Priam, and longed for Hector to gain the victory. I suppose there is no boy who has not been against that bully Achilles, and who has not been anxious to blab to the Trojans about the real contents of that wooden horse, which seems so stupid a device.

*Lady Ellesmere.* I wonder that the Trojan women did not find it out. Now Realmah would not have been taken in by such a device, for he had something of woman's nature in him, and of woman's wit.

*Ellesmere.* Say, craft. But indeed, my lady, you are talking a great man's talk without knowing it. That deep thinker, but not always perfectly intelligible writer, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, maintained that all the greatest men have something of the feminine nature in them.

*Sir Arthur.* One Trojan maiden, Lady Ellesmere, did warn her people—Cassandra; but nobody believed in her.

“Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris  
Ora, dei jussu, non unquam credita Teucris.”

*Lady Ellesmere.* Without translating, gentlemen must not talk Latin, or smoke, or swear, in the presence of ladies.

*Ellesmere.* She thinks now she has been very epigrammatic. Then men may swear if they translate it? The commonest form of muddlement in sentences is occasioned by this endeavour to be brief. You apply two or three substantives to one verb, or two or three verbs to one substantive or adverb, which do not agree together if you look at them separately. I am obliged to translate for Lady Ellesmere. What she did mean was,—that, in the presence of

ladies, men must not smoke without permission: must not swear at all: and must not quote Latin without translating it.

*Sir Arthur.* Sir John's conjugal correction of Lady Ellesmere, of the justice of which I am very dubious—

*Ellesmere.* Saccharinity again!

*Sir Arthur.* —has given me time to make my translation:—

“For ever disbelieved by Trojan ears,  
So willed the god, Cassandra told her fears.”

*Ellesmere.* Such an odd thought struck me while Milverton was reading.

I recalled to my mind Dr. Johnson's going about, with his ink-bottle stuck in his coat, at the sale of Thrals's brewery, and saying, “We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.”

You do not see how this applies, do you? But I said to myself, We are not here to listen to the obscure battles of the Sheviri and the Phelatahs, of the Doolmen or the Koolmen, and their Athlahs, and Realmahs, and Lockmars (about as interesting, as Milton would have said, as the battles of kites and crows); but we are listening to the political notions of a man who is contemplating the present state of Europe and America.

What he means I do not know for certain, but I have ideas.

*Sir Arthur.* And so have I.

*Ellesmere.* But I shall not declare my ideas, because Milverton will be sure to say they are not the right ones.

*Cranmer.* I am sure I do not see what is meant.

*Ellesmere.* Perhaps not; I only said I had ideas. They are not taxable things, Cranmer, and you cannot prevent my having them. They won't hurt you, Cranmer.

*Mauleverer.* I see nothing more in it than this, which I believe I knew before, without the aid of the ingenious Milverton, that men had always had plenty of tyrants and oppressors among them, and that, a few times in the world's history, these tyrants and oppressors had been beaten back.

But the Northmen will come again, and that time there will be no Realmah to resist them.

*Ellesmere.* I know all about it. I know the nation which eventually conquered the Lake cities; and, what is of more importance, I know how the nation attained to its greatness.

To make the rest of Sir John's discourse intelligible, I must give a little explanation. Sir John is a man who

indulges in very few theories. He chiefly employs himself in demolishing the theories of other people; but one theory he has, and holds to very strongly, viz. that grey-eyed people are much cleverer, wiser, and better than the black-eyed or the blue-eyed. It was pointed out to him that Lady Ellesmere has grey eyes, and we knew that he would never admit in public that she had any especial merit. He merely said that this was the one exception which did not "prove the rule," as foolish people say, but which confirmed the statement that there is an exception to almost every rule, however well founded.

*Ellesmere.* The nation in question was the nation of the Gogoes. A Gogoe of more intelligence than his neighbours put forth the theory that all the blue-eyed female children under three years of age should be made into mince-meat. This theory found favour among many ingenious and thoughtful people. There was soon a mince-meat question, then a mince-meat newspaper.

The question then entered into the domain of politics. The Gogoes were chiefly governed by two great councils. The most potent council was that which sat in the Hall of Echoes, and was an elected body. The other council consisted of the stoutest men of the community, and was an assemblage of Mauleverers, but chiefly of a jolly nature.

The mince-meat question was taken up by an important party in the first-named council. They were never able, however, to make it the law of the land.

You can easily imagine what an excellent subject it was for debate—how much there was to be said on both sides of the question. Eventually the anti-mince-meat party came into power.

Here I am going to say something so profound, and yet so simple, as regards politics, that if people were allowed to carry round a hat, and to receive subscriptions when they had said anything very good, I should, of course, receive much largesse from this liberal company.

It is this. You suppose that the mince-meat party fell from power for some great political reason. Those are the kind of reasons that historical people, like Milverton, endeavour to impose upon us, to account for great political changes; whereas I am a practical man, and I know better. The party fell because people were tired of it.

You think that it is only Aristides of whom his neighbours were tired. But I tell you that Julius Cæsar, Sejanus, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, and hosts of others, fell—simply because the principal people concerned with them were tired of them. You are fond, Milverton, of quoting that saying of Talleyrand, "that he was avid of facts." I say that "all men are avid of change." Why, men become tired even of themselves, and of their position, however powerful! And thus it was that the mince-meat party in the Gogoe Hall of Echoes fell.

Meanwhile public opinion amongst the Gogoes had been pronounced more and more in favour of the mince-meat question. What did the party newly in power do? They were always for large measures, if they were for any measures at all. Largeness was their forte. They proposed that the black-eyed portion of the young maidens should undergo the same fate as that which had been proposed for the blue-eyed.

The original mince-meat party was astounded; but what could they say or do? Their arguments against the blue-eyed were found to have equal force against the black-eyed, and the large measure passed unanimously.

From that time forward the Gogoes became a great nation. They were not so much "blessed"—or shall we say "bored?"—by an affluence of women, as the surrounding nations were; but all their women, whether won by conquest of neighbouring nations, or born in their own territory, were grey-eyed, which became the fashionable colour. It was the Gogoes, as far as my historical researches have gone, who devastated Europe, and conquered the Lake Cities, and to this day their grey-eyed descendants are ruling men wherever they are to be found.

The original country of the Gogoes (this will be a Milvertonian touch) is where the great river Niebelungen curves round the base of the great mountain Oltivago, and falls into the Lake of Palmah, which was then the central part of Europe. I flatter myself that that is equally precise and descriptive, and conveys to you the idea of a territory which can easily be recognised in the present day.

We all laughed very much at the droll way in which Sir John had illustrated his favourite theory, and had combined it with a satirical view of modern politics. Afterwards there was no more conversation, and we went our separate ways.

## CHAPTER XIII.

My master, Mr. Milverton, has a great dislike to taking a walk. He can be energetic enough if there is anything to be seen, or done; but walking for walking's sake is odious to him. When the others were going for a walk, he would accompany them across the little bit of flat garden, and even to the entrance of a paddock: but there he would take leave of them, unless there were some remarkable clouds to be seen which could be observed better in the open space of the paddock. Beyond the confines of the paddock I hardly ever knew him favour anybody with his company.

I mention this trifling circumstance because it occasionally prevented me from reporting conversations which I should like to have reported.

Mr. Milverton always viewed with pity anybody who went for a long walk. He would say, "Ellesmere has gone for a long walk upon the Downs to-day, poor fellow!" And I really believe he did pity Sir John upon such an occasion, though Sir John himself immensely enjoyed getting rid of some of his superfluous energy by a walk of ten or twelve miles.

Upon the present occasion they had all gone for a long walk, except Mr. and Mrs. Milverton and myself. We stayed at home and worked at "Realmah."

On their return, they all came rushing into our study, boasting of the immense walk they had taken, with a kind of insolence, as if they had done something wonderful; and calling us "muffs" for having stayed at home all day.

I will now report the conversation which followed:—

*Ellesmere.* Ah! Master Leonard, we have had such brilliant talk during our excursion. I would have given anything for you to have been with us. After discussing almost all human affairs with a degree of wisdom which is only known to stalwart walkers, we came to a question which would have delighted you. It was, Given a benevolent fairy (I have never myself held a brief for any such party, but Sir Arthur is

sure that there are such parties), and given that the said fairy offered to each of us the absolute fulfilment of any wish we might please to make, what should we wish for? Now you know you would have been in your element in such a conversation. You must not suppose for a moment that this was the ordinary benevolent-fairy business. I limited their wishes in this way—that they must wish for something, not for themselves, but for the good of the world, and that the something in question must not be foolishly wide and conclusive, such as "I wish that everybody may be happy and good;" in short, they were to wish for means, not ends. Moreover—and this was the best part of my limitation, as it knocked off all such things as invisible coats, and ten-leagued boots, and swords of all-powerful sharpness that would make their way even to the brains of bores in Parliament—that the thing wished for must be an increase of something which is in existence.

I need hardly tell you what they all wished for. Mr. Cranmer, of course, wished that the benevolent fairy would endow him with an insight into the depths of political economy, and especially favour him with its views about the Bank Charter Act, in order that he might make the world happy by his next speech upon that subject in the ensuing session of Parliament.

Sir Arthur, of course, wished that the benevolent fairy would impress upon mankind his notions of the beautiful. He thought that an increased perception of beauty in nature and in art would add immensely to human happiness.

Mr. Mauleverer wished that the benevolent fairy would have the goodness to inform mankind thoroughly and completely what a miserable set of wretches they are. They would not then follow after all manner of foolish schemes of happiness, which only lead to disappointment.

Lady Ellesmere expressed a wish that the benevolent fairy would instruct mankind as to the wonderful qualities and merits of her son Johnny. His future success in the world would be the best means she knew of for insuring happiness to mankind.

*Cranmer.* There are very few grains of truth, we need hardly tell you, Milverton, in all he has said.

*Ellesmere.* I disregard their vain assertions. You know as well as I do, Milverton, that these were their secret thoughts, even if they pretended to wish for others.

Now what do you say?

*Milverton.* Well, if I must make a choice, I should say this: Please, benevolent fairy, grant that there should be more love in the world.



*Ellesmere.* This is vague. These philosophers are always vague. What do you mean by love?

*Milverton.* You know very well what I mean—that charity, as described by St. Paul, should prevail to the extent which that great Apostle himself desired.

*Ellesmere.* Well, Master Sandy, and what do you say?

*Johnson.* Well, I say, Let intellect prevail: let the great thinkers among mankind be able to impose their views upon the rest.

*Ellesmere.* This, now, is also somewhat vague. Like master, like man! The thinkers differ amongst themselves. My dear Sandy, you must be more precise. You know very well what you mean—namely, that what Milverton dictates and you write should govern the whole of the habitable globe.

*Johnson.* I do, Sir John.

*Ellesmere.* That is an honest boy. Have you nothing especial to say about Scotland?

*Johnson.* No; I will be quite content with the wish I have expressed.

*Ellesmere.* Now, Mrs. Milverton, it is your turn to have a wish. Shall we wish that Milverton shall be made Lord Milverton? Shall we wish that little Leonard shall cut all his teeth without suffering, and shall become one of the wisest of mankind?

*Mrs. Milverton.* I will not have words thrust into my mouth. I am not going to say anything that Sir John Ellesmere chooses that I should say. My wish is of a totally different kind. I wish that all mankind should see the beauty of what Goethe calls Renunciation.

*Milverton.* Bravo, my dear! I believe that you have mentioned the thing which would tend most to raise mankind into a higher atmosphere of being.

*Mrs. Milverton.* This is not my own idea; but what, in his most serious mood, I have heard Leonard dilate upon.

*Ellesmere.* You see, Lady Ellesmere, what it is to follow out your husband's views. If you had only said that your wish was that there should be an affluence of good and good-natured criticism—in fact, that there should be a *Saturday Review* for every day in the week—what *kudos* you would have gained from this worshipful company.

Now then, Sir Arthur, and Mr. Cranmer, and Mr. Mauleverer, and Lady Ellesmere, if I have not represented you all truly, say your say.

*Mauleverer.* I say, Let the earth produce more corn, and with less trouble.

*Sir Arthur.* I say, Let the distinction of

nations, or rather of races, cease to have such effect as they have had in latter days.

*Ellesmere.* You forget, Sir Arthur: you must ask for something more, not something less.

*Sir Arthur.* Well, then, let there be more cosmopolitan good feeling.

*Lady Ellesmere.* What I wish is this: That the feeling for pain (physical pain, if you please to put it so) should be so predominant throughout mankind, that no one should knowingly do anything which should increase the physical pain of man, woman, animal, fish, or insect.

Here the ladies rose and left us.

*Ellesmere.* I declare the women have been very clever to-day. It was very sharp of Mrs. Milverton "going in," as the slang phrase is, for "Renunciation;" and for my wife trying to do away with all pain that is caused by our recklessness of physical sufferings. Of course, she does not see the full extent of her views, and that all war would be put an end to, if her benevolent fairy granted her the wish that she seeks for. But now, Cranmer, you protested against my representation of your opinions. What do you wish the fairy to grant you?

*Cranmer.* That representative government should be brought to perfection, and should prevail everywhere.

*Ellesmere.* I declare you are all very unkind to me: you have never seriously asked what I wish for.

*Sir Arthur.* Pray tell us. We are sure that it will be something quite out of the common way.

*Ellesmere.* No; I believe what I should ask would be the greatest boon that could be demanded for mankind. I only ask this simple, trifling thing—that good reasoning should have its exact weight with mankind.

Now all of you think that this is a small, poor, inadequate wish; but you may depend upon it, it beats all of yours out of the field.

Give me eight thousand millions of mankind (that is the present number on the earth, is it not, Cranmer?) reasoning accurately upon the arguments brought before them, and I, for my part, do not wish any more.

I hate to "talk shop," as it is called; but if you will give me the present Lord Chancellor, that good, just, and honest man, Lord —, to decide upon all questions for the world, I shall be perfectly satisfied. And if my wish were granted, every man would be as good an appreciator of arguments as Lord —.

*Sir Arthur.* So, you would remit all earthly and heavenly questions to the Court of Chancery.

*Ellesmere.* I would ; and you will never have a tribunal so competent to decide upon them. We don't look at popular opinion, or at aristocratic opinion, or at philosophic opinion, or at unphilosophic opinion ; we decide upon the exact matters brought before us ; and I do say, however much it might horrify you, that if you would only have the humility to submit any great question to the judicial authorities of this kingdom, it would be well decided.

*Milverton.* What, the highest abstract questions ?

*Ellesmere.* Yes. We—I am speaking for the great lights of the Bench—are equal to decide any earthly question brought before us. We have ascertained what justice means. We are really impartial. I believe that in England there is more of the judicial faculty developed than in any other nation. Newspapers, what you are pleased to call public opinion, political considerations of all kinds, personal considerations of all kinds, weigh not with us. We shall simply (I am speaking for our great judges) give its due weight exactly to what is brought before us to decide upon.

I must admit that Sandy and I seem to have somewhat of the same idea. There is, however, this distinction. He says, Let great intellect prevail ; I say, Let good reasoning prevail. According to his system there would be endless contention ; whereas, according to mine, there would be clear judicial decision and precise action consequent thereupon.

The company then rose.

*Mauleverer.* Stay. I must say something more. You have all taken this matter more seriously than I expected, and I desire to recall my former wish. I should ask for more knowledge.

It has become the fashion in this house of late, to express one's ideas after the mode of the Sheviri, by fables or apologues. Now I wish you to listen very patiently to a little story of mine.

Once upon a time there was an island (I observe most of your stories relate to islands), the unfortunate inhabitants of which were molested in this way. An invisible fiend supposed to rise from the ground would lay hold of one of these inhabitants and give him a sound beating, making every bone to ache. The fiend would repeat this chastisement at regular intervals, say every two, three, or four days,

at the same hour of the day. At last any poor man who was so persecuted would tremble and shiver all over when the time for his punishment came. But if this poor man had but known (see the advantage of knowledge) one or two simple things, he could have defied his enemy.

The first was a salve which, when applied to the eyes, rendered the foul fiend perfectly visible. Now this fiend was a slow, dull, heavy fiend —

*Ellesmere.* Slow, dull, heavy, and punctual, therefore a good fiend of business, as we say a good man of business, Cranmer.

*Mauleverer* — and never could mount higher than thirty feet.<sup>1</sup> Consequently if the man went up a ladder thirty feet high, he could laugh at the dull fiend, and defy him.

But more than this, there was a good-natured wood-sprite, a dryad, who would walk hand-in-hand with any of the poor men of the island, and would carry him safely through any of the fastnesses of the foul fiend. Unfortunately, however, for thousands of years, neither the eye-salve, nor the habitation of the wood-sprite, who by the way lived some six thousand miles off, though he would come at a minute's notice, were known to the inhabitants of the island.

*Cranmer.* I have not the least idea what you mean. I wish all of you would talk more plainly. You despise blue books, but really they are much more intelligible than you are with your sleep-stuffs and Spoolans, and foul fiends and wood-sprites.

*Mauleverer.* To come down then to a blue book, the foul fiend is the ague. The eye-salve is the microscope, which has shown us exactly the limits of the ague spore. The wood-sprite is Jesuit's bark or quinine.

Now I beg to ask you, Milverton, whether your "love," or Mrs. Milverton's "renunciation ;" or, Mr. Johnson, your "thinking ;" or, Ellesmere, your "reasoning," would ever have found out a remedy for the ague ? No : you must all admit that I should ask the fairy for the right thing, merely, more knowledge.

I hope too, you all observe, that the instance I have given shows the exceeding misery of man, and how much too small he is for his place, that he should go on suffering all this misery for thousands of years when a little knowledge would have raised him above it.

Depend upon it the present generation is suffering in an exactly similar way from many such evils, moral, intellectual, and

<sup>1</sup> See an excellent paper on this subject in a recent number of *All the Year Round*.

physical, which a little more knowledge would dispel.

No one made any reply, and the company then separated.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

I was telling Mr. Milverton the interest I had felt in the conversation of yesterday about the choice of gifts from the benevolent fairy. "Well," he said, "if you like this kind of fanciful discussion, we will have another. What shall we choose? I think it would call out all Ellesmere's comicalities, if we were to ask what he would do if his life were to be prolonged to the length of those of the patriarchs."

When two people have resolved that a conversation shall come to a particular point, they can always manage to effect their object. Accordingly, when we next met, Mr. Milverton and myself soon contrived to place the question before Sir John Ellesmere in the manner that we had proposed, and the conversation proceeded thus:—

*Ellesmere.* I am to have a 900 years' life. Let me see, what age did I convince you all the other day that I was? I think thirty-seven. Well, then, in the first place, I decline to live 863 years with Lady Ellesmere. You know, my dear, you are a most agreeable woman; but in the course of a few hundred years, always struggling, as you do, for mastery, you would be sure to gain complete power over me, and I object to being such a slave as you would then make of me.

*Lady Ellesmere.* There was nothing said, John, about my having the same term of life as yours. No person, even in imagination, could be so cruel as to make a poor woman live for hundreds of years with you.

*Sir Arthur.* Pray let these interesting conjugal remarks cease; and let us hear what you would aim at, Ellesmere, if you had before you this great length of life.

*Ellesmere.* I have no objection to tell you. But you must not fancy that everything I say is a joke. I do not like being always the funny man of the company. If I say something which I really mean, but which does not happen to fit in with your small notions of wisdom and propriety, you laugh your silly laughs, and have not the slightest faith in the earnestness of what I say.

*Cranmer.* We will believe in you, Sir John, as much as we possibly can.

*Milverton.* Now, then, Ellesmere, proceed.

*Ellesmere.* In the first place, I would abolish the penny post.

*Milverton.* That we knew before.

*Ellesmere.* In the next place I would disinvent telegraphic communication.

*Milverton.* Good. That we knew too.

*Ellesmere.* When I say I would do this thing, or that thing, you must readily see that I should have the power to do it, because, outliving the rest of mankind, I should get the whip-hand of the whole nation. My experience would prevail over theirs, and I should be universally listened to and respected.

I should abolish bells, and so win Sir Arthur's heart. I mean out-of-door bells. I never met with any sensible person who liked these noises.

*Milverton.* True: but really, Ellesmere, what small things you are proposing.

*Ellesmere.* Well, I will come to much greater then. I would set my face against the growth of great cities. People laugh at James the First, and think him a pedant and a fool; but I have always thought him very wise in his strong objection to the increase of London. If you allow cities to increase in this way you ultimately get them so big that it is impossible to have fresh air. I am as serious as I ever was in my life, when I say that the perpetual and rapid increase of London is a grief to me.

*Milverton.* I quite agree with you.

*Ellesmere.* Well, then, I would build a house—a model house. I really think that a great part of the evils that afflict mankind are to be traced to the badness of their habitations. I do not bother myself with what you sanitary reformers say about things; but I can see that nine-tenths of your difficulties would vanish if good houses and cottages were built.

*Cranmer.* But what do you mean by a good house?

*Ellesmere.* Well, if you must know, I mean, in the first place, a washable house—washable thoroughly, inside and outside. Building, as I should, for 800 years, I should resolve to be free from paperers and painters and plasterers, and, in short, from repairers of all kinds.

*Sir Arthur.* But, Ellesmere, as Milverton says, you have hitherto mentioned such trivial things—mere mint and cummin.

*Ellesmere.* I would reform dress. Is that a small thing?

Again: I would establish recreation—such recreation as has never hitherto been thought of. There should be no town, how-

ever small, which should not have its appointed place for recreation—for indoors and out-of-doors recreations. In every town—yes, almost in every village—there is musical talent enough to form the delight of the population if it were well developed.

*Milverton.* I really think that Ellesmere is upon the right tack now.

*Ellesmere.* I would also provide medical aid and service for almost every centre of population, however small.

By the way, I would certainly set up an *Ædile*.

*Mrs. Milverton.* I am very ignorant, but I do not know what an *Ædile* is. I suppose it is a person, not a thing. And if it is a person, what duties has he to perform?

*Ellesmere.* It is said that the late Bishop of London being asked by some inquisitive foreigner (what a nuisance it is when people are always wanting information) what an English Archdeacon had to do, judiciously replied, "Oh, an Archdeacon is a person who performs Archidiaconal duties." So I say an *Ædile* was a person who performed *Ædilian* duties. Seriously, I am afraid, in the presence of these learned men, to undertake to give a full account of an *Ædile's* duties. I may say briefly that he was the arch-putter-down of nuisances. If there was such an officer now—mark you, he was a very powerful man—I should not be plagued with street cries, with the howling of my neighbour's dog, with unwholesome odours of all kinds; and it would be his business to see that I was generally made comfortable. Only tell him that you suspected that your goods were dealt out to you with false weights and measures, and he would soon settle that matter for you. No Boards, or Commissioners, or people of that kind to consult, and to receive dreary official letters from; but you would have a swiftly perambulating Lord Mayor with plenary authority. London would require a good many *Ædiles*.

*Cranmer.* Would you abolish lawyers?

*Ellesmere.* This is a very painful question; but I think I would. In the course of 800 years, using the legal talents of each generation, I should be able to arrange and codify the law; and then I would only have public notaries.

*Sir Arthur.* What about war?

*Ellesmere.* Here I should shine. Here would come in that practical good sense of which I possess so large a share. We are such a set of foolish, quarrelsome little beasts, and we derive so much pleasure from hearing about sieges and battles, and knowing of the miseries of our fellow-creatures, that I should not endeavour to abolish war altogether. But what I should do is this. I should reduce the European

armies in the following proportion. I should allow them one man for each thousand that they now possess. France, for instance, should have 700 soldiers; Austria, about the same number; Prussia, 600; England, 450; Russia, 800; and the United States, 900.<sup>1</sup> The great naval powers should be allowed a ship apiece, and one or two gun-boats. These little armies and navies should go about fighting away like fun, and undertaking what would then be thought great battles and sieges. The newspapers would still be well fed with interesting events; and taxation for war purposes would be insignificant. I should have little model cities outside the great cities, which should represent them for war-like purposes—a neat little Paris outside Paris: and I should scatter some squalidity in the way of building about Wimbledon Common, and call it London in military despatches.

Again, another reform I should institute of the utmost magnitude is this: I should abolish after-dinner speeches.

*Sir Arthur.* The world would be grateful to you for that.

*Ellesmere.* Then I should bring my enormous power and experience to bear upon all literature. I should reduce three-volume novels to one.

*Cranmer.* But about the newspaper press? What should you do with that?

*Ellesmere.* For the sake of freedom, I should allow one article in each newspaper to be published without signature. To all the others I should require signature. I should make the newspapers into an octavo shape, with the leaves cut.

*Johnson.* What about the Church?

*Ellesmere.* I should forbid any one to preach a sermon more than once in three weeks. I would make sermons, instead of being nuisances, things to which the congregation would look forward with expectation, and listen with delight.

*Mauveverer.* What about education?

*Ellesmere.* Oh, in that matter I would institute reforms that would astound you. I would organize bands of well-instructed persons who should go about the country and teach everybody everything; and not merely teach in the ordinary way, but exemplify.

*Cranmer.* And this is your practical man, who laughs at theorists and enthusiasts!

*Ellesmere.* Recollect I have 800 years and more to work in. I should be able to

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that this conversation took place some time ago.

organize a system which, if it were well developed, would far surpass the present. I would have people who could teach the rudiments of the best arts in life—who could instruct in cookery, in natural history—in the properties of earth, air, and water. I know what is to be said in respect of the shallowness that may result from mere lecturing; but, on the other hand, I have observed how greatly those people are enlightened, elevated, and instructed, who have had only what is called a smattering of knowledge, derived from judicious lectures. And then, look at this. There is a genius in some remote place or obscure position—one of those people described in Gray's Elegy:—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,”

and the good seed of instruction falls upon his or her mind; and then we have an inventor. The consideration of Newton's life has always weighed much with me. It has been a great blessing to mankind that that wonderful man was not a labourer's child. Being a farmer's son, he got the *rudiments* of education, and upon that small platform what a building did he not erect! I mean my peasants' children to have, at least, all the advantages that Newton had.

*Sir Arthur.* I declare, Sir John, you are becoming quite eloquent.

*Ellesmere.* Oh! I should mainly rely upon education. That is the chief fulcrum upon which we could raise society.

*Cranmer.* What about political economy?

*Ellesmere.* Don't be unhappy, Cranmer. In the course of 800 years—about the 781st—I would settle the Bank Charter Act, and there should be no more of these absurd panics.

*Milverton.* What about government?

*Ellesmere.* I would in this respect institute reforms of which now you are only dreaming. Do you think I would be plagued to death with distant peoples' affairs? Not I. Do you think, as Sydney Smith says, I would have upon every bare rock, where a cormorant can hardly get its living, a Governor, and a Bishop, and an Attorney-General? Not but what the last-named officer would be useful anywhere; but still we must do even without him when we cannot afford to have him.

*Milverton.* I beg you all especially to remember what Ellesmere has just now said.

*Ellesmere.* Then, as to home government; I would abolish bribery and suppress bores in the House of Commons.

A man should prove to me that he knew something about government before he should govern; and not even Milverton himself, with all his schemes, should educe a more comprehensive form of official government than I, in my 800 years, would strive to create. You do not think I would have a Lord Privy Seal, do you, when the Privy Seal had ceased to be an entity of any importance?

*Cranmer.* What about the House of Lords?

*Ellesmere.* I would certainly make my House of Lords a senate consisting of the wisest and ablest men who had filled public functions, and also consisting of those men who, from their education, their health—or rather, their want of health—and their peculiar nature, were not especially fit to solicit popular suffrages, but were justly fitted to become members of a legislative assembly.

*Milverton.* What would you do about the poor?

*Ellesmere.* Well, I feel that the labouring poor have an immense claim upon us. I would render smooth and happy their life in latter days. I believe that we could well afford to do so, and that these poor people have the greatest claim upon us. If a man or woman has worked, we will say, for fifty or sixty years, in the production of the fruits of the earth for us, we are bound, I think, to render happy, as far as we can, the last years of this poor person's life.

*Sir Arthur.* I must still say, Sir John, that your inventive genius does not take great flights. You would crush the penny post, disinvent—I think that was the word—the telegraph, build a house, abolish bell-ringing, and send round lecturers, who—if I make out right—were chiefly to be good cooks, improve the House of Lords, and a few other little transactions of that kind. But the human mind—

*Ellesmere.* Wait a bit, Sir Arthur. I am going to take the human mind, or rather the human soul, in hand presently. You may depend upon it, however, that the human body needs our first attention. How can a man be virtuous in a smoky house, listening to the noise of those detestable bells, startled by the penny postman's rap, delivering bills all the day, and being threatened by those alarming telegraph envelopes?

But now for the human mind. I shall put down jealousy. I do not mean man-and-woman jealousy; but all that misery which arises from sensitive people being afraid that they are not liked enough, that they are not made enough of, that they are

neglected, that somebody is foolish enough to prefer somebody else to them.

*Milverton.* Your 863 years will be full of work, I see.

*Ellesmere.* I am discontented with that word jealousy. Give me another word, Milverton.

*Milverton.* Claimfulness?

*Ellesmere.* Not a bad idea; but the word is an ugly word, and will not do.

*Milverton.* Claimativeness, then?

*Ellesmere.* That is better.

Now the reason that Milverton and I have been such good friends from boyhood upwards, is that we are both so free from jealousy, or, to use his own word, claimativeness.

This is no merit on his part; but a great one on mine. Of course Milverton has great faults in my eyes. He always likes everybody. He has fewer dislikes than any man I ever met with. Whereas I own to having a good many hearty dislikes—and he never partakes them with me. I might have been jealous or claimative a thousand times, seeing him take to people whom I cannot endure, and whom I might fancy he prefers to me.

You come and complain to him that So-and-So is a horrid bore, and Milverton replies:—"Well, but he has built a great many cottages on his estate"—or "he is very kind to his three maiden aunts"—or "he is very great in Byzantine literature"—or "his views upon the digamma are sound,"—or "he is a great natural historian, supereminent in moths,"—or "he knows which are the edible fungi; and the poor would gain so much if the right fungi were brought into fashion."

Well, I distrust fungi: I do not care much for moths, they are as sure to worry one by burning themselves in the candle as a poor clergyman is to invest his savings in Poyais Bonds or any other destructive security. I loathe the digamma, which I believe to have been a thing invented by schoolmasters to plague mankind, or rather boykind. I am not attracted by the three maiden aunts, and I am not going to live in So-and-So's cottages; but I know that So-and-So is an egregious bore, and I might naturally be jealous of Milverton's making so much of this man.

I am really so free from jealousy or claimativeness, that if I were to find that Milverton had invited a very agreeable party to Worth Ashton, and I was not asked, I should not feel that I was neglected; but should conclude at once that there was good reason for my not being asked—that the digamma man was to be there, and

it was thought that I should speak irreverently of the digamma, or that there was scarlatina in the village, and that no risk was to be run for dear little Johnny. In a word, I should firmly believe that Milverton would long to have me with him; but could not manage it. I should not be in the least claimative. Indeed the more I consider myself, which I seldom have time to do sufficiently, the more I perceive that I am really a very great man (though Lady Ellesmere does not think so); and in the course of these 863 years I should make other people as great as myself.

*Mr. Cranmer.* But how is this to be done, Sir John?

*Ellesmere.* Why, man, I should direct all literature and all education, and all sermonizing; and I should have claimativeness written, talked, educated, and sermonized down.

*Sir Arthur.* Does it ever enter into your imagination, Sir John, that this claimativeness, which you inveigh against, proceeds from modesty?

*Ellesmere.* I hate modesty.

*Lady Ellesmere.* No wonder.

*Milverton.* But, seriously, my dear fellow, do consider that you have always been a successful man; that you have good health; that your enemies would say—not that I say it—that you have a little touch of hardness in your character; and that, perhaps, you do not make sufficient allowance for humble, timid, sensitive people, who are naturally prone to think they are neglected.

*Ellesmere.* It is all selfishness or immoderate self-esteem. That too is the cause of shyness. I am not shy.

*Lady Ellesmere.* Oh yes, you are, John. I do not know anybody who is more shy when he is in the company of those who do not sympathise with him, or understand him.

*Ellesmere.* Well, in the course of the 863 years I will get rid of shyness, and modesty, and claimativeness, and all my other vices—if I have any; and I will become a great man, and will bring all other people up to my level.

*Sir Arthur.* You are gradually to rule all literature. You kindly intimated to us that you would reduce all three-volume novels to one. How is this to be done?

*Ellesmere.* I am an outrageous and immoderate reader of fiction. I admire, as I have told you, the writers of fiction amazingly; but I have great faults to find with them, especially with their incidents.

Now there is dear old Sandy there. He is just the sort of quiet, observant fellow

to be mapping all our characters down, and forming us into a novel. I will address him as if he were an arch-novel writer, and will give him such a lecture as will make him the first novel-writer of his time.

*Johnson.* Pray do, Sir John, for then my fortune is made.

*Ellesmere.* Now, Sandy, you are the arch-novel writer, and I am the hero of the novel.

In the first place I decline to go to a picnic party. You novel-writers always make something very important occur at a picnic, whereas in real life I have never found anything important occur, except that the earwigs are mixed up with the salt. I will not go to a picnic.

*Johnson.* Yes, sir.

*Ellesmere.* I will not be upset from a boat. No sooner do I read in any novel that there is a river, or a lake, near the principal house, than I know that I, the hero, am to be upset from a boat. Matilda and Louisa are to be with me. Matilda I really love, Louisa I am engaged to. In rescuing these two dear creatures I am to throw Louisa carelessly into the bottom of the boat, while I am to support Matilda in my arms, and to whisper to her (loud enough to be heard by Louisa), "Matilda, dearest, open your eyes once more, and gaze upon your beloved Augustus." I object, in this damp fashion, to be brought to betray my affections and to lengthen out the second volume. Do you hear, Mr. Novel-writer?

*Johnson.* I do, Mr. Hero. You shall not be upset from a boat.

*Ellesmere.* Thank you. Well then, sir, I decline, after having enjoyed my property for twenty years, to have a will of my great-uncle's discovered in an old book, which should dispossess me of the property and make me liable for the back rents received during those twenty years.

*Johnson.* The great-uncle's will shall not be found, Sir John.

*Ellesmere.* Thank you. Again I do not wish my uncle in India, Mr. Currie Pudder, to have made a fortune and to leave it to me exactly at the right moment. I can do without my uncle.

*Sir Arthur.* Few people there are who can.

*Johnson.* I must not be rash. I cannot promise you, Sir John, that you are not to have Mr. Currie Pudder as your rich uncle in India; and if you please I must kill him when I choose, and not when it is perfectly convenient to you.

*Ellesmere.* Very good. There is one comfort, Master Sandy, that you are not going to live for 863 years.

I am now going to impress upon Mr. Novel-writer one of my strongest objections to his usual mode of proceeding. I have declined many pleasant things; and now I decline to be made successful in any calling or profession upon having merely distinguished myself upon one occasion. In your novel, Johnson, if I, the hero, make a speech, as a lawyer or a politician, produce a remarkable sermon as a clergyman, cure one difficult case as a doctor—all of a sudden, honours, dignities, and riches pour in upon me like a flood, and Matilda's father withdraws all his objections. If I am a poet, and write a sonnet; if I am a prose-writer, and write an essay; the great publishers all at once besiege my doors—that is, in the novel, for in real life I never experienced anything of the kind. My early sonnets were laughed at, and my first speeches were said to be "very well for a young man;" but Pump Court was not inundated by attorneys' clerks inquiring the way to Mr. Ellesmere's chambers.

The truth is, the world is a very hard, and yet a somewhat elastic substance; and you have to hit it many consecutive blows, and to keep on hitting it, before you produce any such impression as will create for you a serviceable reputation.

Why, in a novel I have known Mr. Hero rise suddenly from being a private secretary to being a Cabinet Minister; but nothing like this happens in real life. When you see a successful man, you generally find him middle-aged, slightly bald, very haggard-looking, and generally with dints in his face which show how much he has endured and laboured. He is a much battered-about individual, and not at all like the young man who rejoices in Matilda's love, and who has suddenly, at one bound, prevailed over adverse fates, and conquered fortune.

Now, without any joking, it is a very mischievous thing to misrepresent life as novelists often do in this respect, and so to indicate that success is to be attained by anything but hard, long, and continuous effort.

Mr. Novel-writer, I would rather you would overwhelm me with rich uncles, or make me pick up treasure in Oxford Street, than delude me by making me put forth an all-commanding speech, sonnet, essay, or sermon. What do you say to this, Sandy?

*Johnson.* I really am placed in very unpleasant and difficult circumstances. My hero is without any money; and Matilda's father is obdurate. My hero has gone forth to seek his fortune in the world; and

I really cannot wait until he is slightly bald and somewhat "battered," to use Sir John's expression, and Matilda has grown very stout, before they are to be married. What is to be done? There must certainly be an unlimited supply of uncles, or on that little bit of land which my hero has retained out of all his possessions, and which lies on the top of a down, a coal-mine must be discovered. I am not to be bullied by geology, at any rate.

*Ellesmere.* Well, discover your coal-mine for me, Sandy, in preference to your making statesmen and attorneys and publishers all act contrary to their natures.

Well, then, I absolutely refuse to have a brain-fever brought on by change of circumstances and unaccustomed work at a critical time of my fortunes. I never had a brain-fever—even when Lady Ellesmere, be-nighted woman, at first refused to have anything to say to me. Have you had a brain-fever? or you, or you, or you, or you, or you? [turning to us all.]

We all answered in the negative.

Then why should I have one; and why should I reveal in moments of delirium any especial regard for Matilda—and her blue-grey eyes, black eyelashes, and auburn hair?

*Johnson.* I am very sorry not to be able to oblige a gentleman-hero in your position; but I am not sure that I can carry on my novel without your having a brain-fever.

*Ellesmere.* What tyrants and pedants these novel-writers are!

Well, one thing I protest against, namely—Matilda's coming and nursing me when I have the brain-fever. I cannot imagine a more disagreeable thing for a poor hero, when he is ill, than having the young woman he keeps company with to come and look after him in his deadly illness.

Would you like to hear the passage in the novel which describes the unpleasant transaction?

We said that we should.

"Edwin,"—I like the name of Edwin better than Augustus—"had for a month been hovering between life and death. Dimly, during the last few days, he had been conscious of a presence which had seemed to him like a beautiful vision. On the fifth day he opened his eyes, and discerned a creature of joy and beauty which reminded him of his Matilda; but which he thought to be an angel.

"On the sixth day with a sigh he opened his eyes, regarded the vision steadily, and exclaimed, 'Matilda!'

"Later in the day he uttered the words. 'Again, again!' This was in reality a demand for more chicken broth, but was supposed by the bystanders to be a demand for the reappearance of his Matilda—especially as he stretched out his white and wasted hand as if to have it clasped in hers."

I cannot go on any more. My feelings overpower me; but to speak plainly, Matilda is a nuisance in the sickroom. Now I am getting used to Lady Ellesmere; but, if I were to tell the honest truth, I should prefer being nursed by Peter Robinson, my old clerk, to anybody in the world. Peter does not mind one's fractiousness. Scold Peter ever so much about the gruel, and he would only move up and down his bushy eyebrows and wink at you, as much as to say, "You are very tiresome; but I don't mind it a bit." Now Lady Ellesmere would go and cry—Yes, my dear, you know you would—and would never recognise the fact that an invalid is a tiresome, querulous, irritable, unreasonable being.

No: as the hero of the novel I take my stand upon this. I will go to a picnic; I will be tumbled out from a boat; I will be dispossessed of my property; I will spring into full success at one bound; I will have a brain-fever; but I will not be nursed by the young woman that I keep company with. Don't talk to me about Richard Swiveller and the Marchioness. The Marchioness was accustomed to squallid and misery; but my Matilda has been brought up in the best circles, and I cannot be plagued with her in a sickroom.

*Johnson.* I will be merciful, Sir John. You shall not be plagued with Matilda when you have a brain-fever.

*Ellesmere.* I could go on throughout the whole evening, cutting down the incidents which form the ordinary staple of modern novel-writers. For example, I would insist that when the novel-writer has brought eight or ten characters upon the scene, he shall not contrive their movements in such a way as that whether the hero or heroine remain in England, or go to Australia, or to India, he or she shall always find himself or herself surrounded by the same people.

Now I have said enough, I think, to show that if I could eliminate these foolish and unreasonable accidents and incidents, we should have no more three-volumed novels; and by the time I had lived through my eight hundred and sixty-three years, all fiction would be so much like fact that there would be no more occasion for any biographers or historians; and if that would



not increase the happiness of the world, I do not know what would.

But I have not done yet. I should devote myself greatly to instructing people in the arts of reading and writing. In the course of 800 years I should persuade the English to open their mouths, and speak plainly. This would be a grand improvement.

Then, as to writing, I would insist upon everybody being able to write clearly. I am "lost in astonishment,"—do you know that phrase of Milverton's which he is so fond of, and also that other one of "humanity shudders when it contemplates?" Well, I am going to borrow them both for the occasion. I say that I am lost in astonishment at the audacity of people who write letters to me which I cannot read. And humanity shudders when it contemplates, or at least it ought to shudder when it contemplates, how very badly, all over the world, it writes. It is all the fault of that villain who invented a fine up-stroke.

There have been one or two sneers at my having mentioned only small matters. Did you hear that I meant to put down the bores in the House of Commons? Do you call that a small thing? Why, all the other things I should accomplish in the first 300 years; and the remaining 500 I should devote to putting down bores and sending up balloons. Not easy matters, either of them; but still, I believe, within the reach of human power.

*Sir Arthur.* You said something about reforming dress, Ellesmere?

*Ellesmere.* Yes; the lion should have his mane again.

*Cranmer.* I haven't a conception what he means.

*Ellesmere.* Why, that the male creature should dress well.

*Mrs. Milverton.* But what about us?

*Ellesmere.* My dear Blanche, I should devote thirty solid years to your improvement; and, in the course of those thirty years, I should institute two such great reforms in your nature, that I should make you all perfectly lovable.

I should make each woman not to be afraid of all other women. They are to fear us, and not their own sex—consequently a woman should not be ashamed of going out five times following to parties in the same dress, if the dress were becoming, and pleased her husband, her brother, or her lover.

*Lady Ellesmere.* The second great reform?

*Ellesmere.* I should develop vanity amongst women—personal vanity—which seems now to be so dead amongst them.

*Sir Arthur.* I have always prided my-

self upon having the greatest admiration for women, and never uttering any foolish sneer against them; but Sir John goes far beyond me. I did imagine, I dare say without due thought, that they had vanity enough.

*Ellesmere.* No, no, Sir Arthur, you are quite mistaken. Each woman sacrifices her own personal appearance to the conceits of fashion—whereas, when I had properly developed every woman's personal vanity, she would only think how she could dress herself in the manner that would be most becoming to her. At present, they are all sadly deficient in a care for their own especial beauties.

*Mrs. Milverton.* There is a great deal of truth in what Sir John says.

*Ellesmere.* I believe there is, but I have yet a great deal more to say.

I would make everything in the way of festivity shorter and earlier. Balls should begin at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer. Dinners should never last more than two hours, concerts be abridged by one hour. There should never be performed more than one play at a time. As for evening parties, unless they are very much improved in the course of these 900 years, I shall abolish them altogether.

At remote railway stations, I shall have lending libraries. Is there anything more suicidal in its tendency than having to wait at one of these stations for two mortal hours?

Now I come to what I suppose you will call a great thing, as if the things I have just proposed were little things! I shall do away with the adulteration of food and drugs. I believe I could do that now, with my present term of life, if I could only get one or two clever young members of Parliament to back me, and get up the facts, leaving me to see how the matter could be dealt with legally.

*Milverton.* This is really good, Ellesmere.

*Ellesmere.* Now I don't take that as any compliment—just as if the other things were not good!

Why, man! do you suppose that there are not as many lives injured or lost by ill-managed festivity as even by the adulteration of food? And recollect this, that I mean to take care of the recreation of the poor, and not allow them to bolt down their beer and their spirits without tempering it with plenty of real recreation—open air, music, dancing, quoits, bowls, and cricket; and for quiet people, like Milverton, dominoes and backgammon.

I shall set my face against hurry.

Lastly, I shall put down parentheses, snub fine writing of all kinds, and make people say what they have to say in clear, distinct sentences, with a proper nominative case, verb, and accusative; and nobody shall use words of which he does not understand the meaning; consequently, the words "objective" and "subjective" will be banished from the language.

I have said my say.

*Sir Arthur.* I must sum up, for I have noted down the great labours which Ellesmere purposes for himself in these 853 years.

You will observe that three-fourths of them have reference to getting rid of something tiresome, and indicate the natural wishes of a man who, unhappily for himself in this tiresome world, is easily bored.

He would abolish the penny post, disinvent the telegraph, silence bell-ringing, stop the growth of great cities, build a good house, reform dress (chiefly by making women more vain), abolish lawyers and substitute notaries, reduce armies 999 per 1000, send lecturers on practical subjects throughout the country, put down bores in the House of Commons and set up balloons, crush all jealousy, do away with after-dinner speeches, reduce all three-volume novels to one volume, make everybody write well, make everything in the way of recreation shorter and earlier, prevent the adulteration of food, provide lending libraries at remote stations, set his face against hurry, and put down parentheses.

Goodly work, all of it! Let us hope that he will make a beginning of some of this work during his natural lifetime.

*Ellesmere.* One thing more! My after-thoughts are, perhaps, the best of my thoughts. I will have it declared, absolutely, and finally, that this nation does not undertake to protect missionaries who go into distant countries with which we have no settled diplomatic relations.

Great will be the joy of the Three per Cents. as Sydney Smith would say, when I have brought the nation to this most needful resolve.

More last words! I have a brilliant idea. Indeed I am as full of ideas as an egg is of meat.

I told you that I should make a small London, for military purposes, out of London—on Wimbledon Common, I think. Well, I shall remove most of the London statues

to that small town. If the enemy should be of an æsthetic turn of mind, and should gain entrance into the town, they will be so disgusted, horrified, and amazed by these statues that they will fall an easy prey to our troops. On the other hand, if they should survive the shock, and take the town, they will carry off the statues as trophies taken from the barbarians. At any rate, we shall get rid of the statues from London proper.

Now, is it not desirable that I should have this long life, which Milverton and Sandy are kind enough to arrange for me, if only to effect this grand reform?

I end with what I began with—that Milady must not have this length of life too. You know women are so persevering, and so one-idea'd. Men can be bored out of anything. I do feel that if you gave her the same vitality as I am to have, it would be Lady Ellesmere, and not Sir John, who would govern the world. And I leave you to guess how it would then be governed. Eventually, she would put down smoking, and take away from the male part of the human race the chief element of consolation—the one thing which enables men to bear their troubles with an equal mind.

Our conversation had now lasted so long that it was getting towards evening, and the gong began to sound for dressing. Mr. Mauleverer, who had hitherto been silent, now burst out with the exclamation,—“Oh, what dinners we should have, if Sir John could rule us for eight hundred and sixty-three years! What a pretty idea that was of his to send about the country consummate cooks as lecturers. But humanity, as I have always told you, is a poor creature. And even in the greatest characters—Sir John's, for instance,—there are sad defects and shortcomings. The remarks he made about edible fungi were those of a man, comparatively speaking, small-minded, prejudiced, and ignorant.”

We all laughed at Mr. Mauleverer's enthusiasm, and then separated to dress for dinner.

*To be continued.*

## THE SUN AS A TYPE OF THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE.

BY BALFOUR STEWART, LL.D., F.R.S., AND J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.A.S.

### PART II.

#### THE PLACE OF LIFE IN A UNIVERSE OF ENERGY.

THERE is often a striking likeness between principles which nevertheless belong to very different departments of knowledge. Each branch of the tree of knowledge bears its own precious fruit, and yet there is a unity in this variety—a community of type that prevails throughout. Nor is this resemblance a merely fanciful one, or one which the mind conjures up for its own amusement. While it has produced a very plentiful crop of analogies, allegories, parables, and proverbs, not always of the best kind, yet parables and proverbs are or ought to be not fictions but truths.

We shall venture to begin this article by instituting an analogy between the social and the physical world, in the hope that those more familiar with the former than with the latter may be led to clearly perceive what is meant by the word ENERGY in a strictly physical sense. Energy in the social world is well understood. When a man pursues his course undaunted by opposition, unappalled by obstacles, he is said to be a very energetic man. By his energy, we mean the power which he possesses of overcoming obstacles; and the amount of his energy is measured by the amount of obstacles which he can overcome, by the amount of work which he can do. Such a man may in truth be regarded as a social cannon-ball. By means of his energy of character he will scatter the ranks of his opponents and demolish their ramparts. Nevertheless, such a man will sometimes be defeated by an opponent who does not possess a tithe of his personal energy. Now, why is this?

The reason is that, although his opponent may be deficient in personal energy, yet he may possess more than an equivalent in the high position which he occupies, and it is simply this position that enables him to combat successfully with a man of much greater personal energy than himself. If two men throw stones at one another, one of whom stands on the top of a house and the other at the bottom, the man at the top of the house has evidently the advantage.

So in like manner, if two men of equal personal energy contend together, the one who has the highest social position has the best chance of succeeding.

But this high position means energy under another form. It means that at some remote period a vast amount of personal energy was expended in raising the family into this high position. The founder of the family had doubtless greater energy than his fellow-men, and spent it in raising himself and his family into a position of advantage. The personal element may have long since vanished from the family, but it has been transmuted into something else, and it enables the present representative to accomplish a great deal, owing solely to the high position which he has acquired through the efforts of another. We thus see that in the social world we have what may be justly called two kinds of energy, namely—

1. Actual or personal energy.
2. Energy derived from position.

Let us now turn to the physical world. In this as in the social world, it is difficult to ascend. The force of gravity may be compared to that force which keeps a man down in the world.

If a stone be shot upwards with great velocity, it may be said to have in it a great deal of actual energy, because it

has the power of overcoming the obstacle interposed by gravity to its ascent, just as a man of great energy has the power of overcoming obstacles.

This stone as it continues to mount upwards will do so with a gradually decreasing velocity, until at the summit of its flight all the actual energy with which it started has been spent in raising it against the force of gravity to this elevated position. It is now moving with no velocity, and may be supposed to be caught and lodged upon the top of a house.

Here, then, it rests, without the slightest tendency to move, and we naturally inquire, What has become of the energy with which it began its flight? Has this energy disappeared from the universe without leaving behind it any equivalent? Is it lost for ever, and utterly wasted? Far from it, the actual energy with which the stone began its flight has no more disappeared from the universe of energy than the carbon which we burn in our fire disappears from the universe of matter.

It has only changed its form and disappeared as energy of actual motion in gaining for the stone a position of advantage with respect to the force of gravity.

Thus it is seen that during the upward flight of the stone its energy of actual motion has gradually become changed into energy of position, and the reverse will take place during its downward flight, if we now suppose it dislodged from the top of the house. In this latter case the energy of position with which it begins its downward flight is gradually converted into energy of actual motion, until at last, when it once more reaches the ground, it has the same amount of velocity, and therefore of actual energy, which it had at first.

Thus we have also in the physical world two kinds of energy: in the first place we have that of actual motion, and in the next we have that of position. We see from this how intimate is the analogy between the social and the physical worlds as regards energy, the only difference being that, while in the former it is impossible to

measure energy with exactness, in the latter we can gauge it with the utmost precision, for it means the power of performing work, and work (it is needless to mention in this mechanical age) is capable of very accurate measurement.

There are several varieties of energy in the universe, and, Proteus-like, it is always changing its form. Had it not been for this habit we should have understood it long since, but it was only when its endeavours to escape from the grasp of the experimentalist were of no avail, that it ceased its struggles and told us the truth.

All of these varieties may, however, be embraced under the two heads already mentioned,—namely, *energy of actual motion* and *energy of position*.

A railway train, a meteor, a mountain torrent, represent *energy of motion*, but there is also invisible molecular motion which does not the less exist because it is invisible. Such for example is heat, for we have reason to believe that the particles of hot bodies are in very violent motion. A ray of light is another example of energy of motion, and so likewise is a current of electricity; and if we associate the latter with a flash of lightning, it ought to be remembered that the flash is due to particles of air that have been intensely heated by electricity becoming changed into heat. Electricity in motion is pre-eminently a silent energy, and it is only when changed into something else that its character becomes violent.

Then, again, as representing *energy of position* we may instance our stone at the top of the house, or a head of water, both of which derive their energy from their advantageous position with respect to gravity.

But there are other forces besides gravity. Thus a watch newly wound up is in a condition of visible advantage with respect to the force of the mainspring, and as it continues to go it gradually loses this energy of position, converting it into energy of motion. A cross-bow bent is likewise in a position of advantage with respect to the spring of the bow; and when its bolt is dis-

charged this energy of position is converted into energy of motion.

Besides this, there are invisible forms of energy of position.

When we tear asunder a stone from the earth, and lodge the former on the top of a house, we obtain visible energy of position, the force *against* which we act being *gravity*.

But we may also tear asunder from each other the component atoms of some chemical compound, our act here being performed *against* the very powerful force called *chemical affinity*.

Thus taking a particle of carbonic acid we may tear asunder the oxygen from the carbon, and, if our scale of operations be sufficiently great, we shall obtain separate from each other one mass of carbon and another of oxygen,—not, however, without the expenditure of a very large amount of energy in producing this separation.

We have, however, obtained a convenient form of energy of position as the result of our labours, which we may keep in store for any length of time, and finally, by allowing the carbon and oxygen to reunite,—that is to say, by burning the carbon,—we may recover in the shape of heat and light the energy which we originally expended in forcing these bodies asunder.

Some of the most prominent varieties of energy of motion and of position have now been described, and the remarks made have induced the belief that this thing, energy, this capacity which exists in matter for performing work of one kind or another, is by no means a fluctuating element of our universe, but has a reality and a permanence comparable to that which we associate with an atom of matter.

The grand principle of the conservation of energy, a principle lately proved by Dr. Joule,<sup>1</sup> asserts that energy, like ordinary matter, is incapable of being either created or destroyed. We will endeavour to give two examples

in illustration of this great law, which is worthy of the highest attention.

Let us first ask, with Rumford and Davy, When a hammer has struck an anvil, what becomes of the energy of the blow? or when a railway train in motion has been stopped by the break, what becomes of the energy of the train? A proper understanding of what here takes place will very much conduce to a clear conception of the laws of energy.

Unquestionably in both these instances energy seems to have disappeared—to have vanished, at least, from that category which embraces visible energy, and we are taught to ask if the disappearance means annihilation or only a change of form. Let us examine what other phenomena accompany this seeming disappearance. It is well known that an anvil or piece of metal repeatedly struck by a hammer becomes hot, nay, even red hot, if the process be continued long enough. It is also known that when a railway train is stopped there is much friction at the break-wheel, from which on a dark night sparks may be seen to issue. We may add to these the experiment of Davy, in which two pieces of ice are melted by being rubbed against each other. The concomitants of percussion and friction are thus seen to be in the first place an apparent destruction of energy, and in the second the apparent generation of heat; and this mere juxtaposition of the two phenomena is quite enough to suggest that in this case mechanical energy is changed into heat.

The second example to be mentioned in illustration of the laws of energy is the origin of coal or wood. Coal or wood, as we all know, is a very concentrated and convenient form of energy. We can bring a great deal of heat out of it, or we can make it do a great deal of mechanical work.

Now as wood grows, from whence does the wood derive its energy? We are entitled to ask this just as fairly as from what source it derives its particles. The wood, we answer, derives its energy from the sun's rays. Part of these rays

<sup>1</sup> We ought not to omit the names of W. R. Grove and Mayer in connexion with this generalization.

is spent in decomposing carbonic acid in the leaves of plants, ejecting the oxygen (one of the products of this decomposition) into the air, but retaining the carbon in the leaf, and ultimately building up the woody fibre from this very carbon.

Nothing for nothing in these regions. The sun's energy is spent in producing the wood or coal, and the energy of the wood or coal is spent (far from economically, it is to be regretted) in warming our houses and in driving our engines.

These two illustrations will tend to impress upon the minds of our readers the truth of the grand principle of the conservation of energy.

The principle now described has reference, however, merely to quantity, and asserts that in all the various transmutations of energy there is no such thing as creation or annihilation. An additional principle discovered by Sir W. Thomson, and named by him the "dissipation of energy," refers to quality. And here also there is a striking analogy between the social and the physical world; for as in the social world there are forms of energy conducing to no useful result, so likewise in the physical world there are degraded forms of energy from which we can derive no benefit. And as in the social world a man may degrade his energy, so also in the physical world may energy be degraded; in both worlds, when degradation is once accomplished, a complete recovery would appear to be impossible, unless energy of a superior form be communicated from without.

The best representative of superior energy is mechanical effect. Another is heat of high temperature, or the means of producing this in the shape of fuel.

The mechanical energy of a machine in motion may not only give us useful work, but, if we choose, we can transmute it either directly or indirectly into all other forms of energy. Again, high-temperature heat is another very useful form of energy, and by means of the steam-engine it may be converted into mechanical effect. On the other hand, when heat is equally diffused or spread

about, it represents the most degraded and worthless of all forms of energy. Nothing of value can be accomplished by its means. Thus, for instance, there is abundance of heat spread throughout the walls of the chamber in which we now write, but not a particle of all this can be converted into useful mechanical effect.

Long before any of these laws were known the superiority of certain kinds of energy was instinctively recognised; and desperate, but of course futile, efforts have ever and anon been made by enthusiastic visionaries to procure a perpetual motion or an ever-burning light. We could amuse our readers, if we had time, with some of these: the lesson they teach is that no ingenuity can raise a superstructure without foundations. The possibility of a perpetual motion still lingers in the minds of certain enthusiasts, but the idea of an ever-burning light has vanished long since; it seems more than the other to have been associated with pretensions to magic. Thus, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," we find the monk of St. Mary's Aisle describing in the following words the grave of the famous wizard Michael Scott:—

"Lo, warrior! now the cross of red  
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;  
Within it burns a wondrous light,  
To chase the spirits that love the night.  
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,  
Until the eternal doom shall be."

Now the law of the dissipation of energy shows us at once why a perpetual motion and an ever-burning light are both equally impossible. It asserts that there is a tendency in the universe to change the superior kinds of energy into inferior or degraded kinds, which latter can only to a very small extent be changed back again into superior forms. Thus we have seen how easy it is by percussion or friction to transmute all the mechanical energy of a blow or visible motion into heat, but only a very small portion of this heat can be transmuted back into visible motion. There is, in fact, a tendency abroad to change all kinds of energy

into low-temperature heat equally spread about,—a thing that is of no possible use to any one.

Seeing, then, that our existence and well-being depend on the presence in the universe of a large quantity of superior energy, which we may be able to utilize, it becomes us to look about us, and take stock as it were of the goods that have been placed at our disposal. Now the nearest approach to an ever-burning lamp is the sun, and a near approach to a perpetual motion is represented by the motion of the earth on its axis, and it will shortly appear that it is from these two sources of superior energy that we draw all our supplies of this indispensable commodity.

Of the two sources the sun is by far the most important. Let us examine very briefly the extent of our obligations to our great luminary. In the first place, without his energy in the shape of heat and light everything in the world would be frozen and dark; for the little heat left, being unrecruited, would very soon pass off into space, and our scanty stock of fuel would form a very poor substitute for the sun's rays. But this is only a small part of what we get from the sun, for we have already hinted that it is by means of the energy of his rays as absorbed by the leaves of plants that carbonic acid is decomposed, and coal and wood produced, coal being a product of the past and wood of the present age.

Food has the same origin as fuel; it is in fact the fuel which we burn in our own bodies instead of on our hearths or in our engines. Without a proper supply of food we should soon cease firstly to perform work and ultimately to live, and the more hard work we have to accomplish the more food must be taken.

In like manner, without a proper supply of fuel a steam-engine would soon cease to perform work. Again, wind and water power, or the power of air and water in motion, ought not to be forgotten as forms of energy which may be usefully applied. These also are indirectly due to our luminary,

whose heat produces currents in the atmosphere, and also carries up in the form of vapour the waters of the ocean to be again precipitated in the form of rain. Windmills and watermills are therefore due to the sun as well as steam-power and muscular energy. Tidal energy stands, however, on another footing. The tides are produced by the action of the moon and of the sun upon the waters of the ocean, but the energy which they represent is not derived from these luminaries, but from the rotative energy of our own globe, which is gradually losing its speed of rotation from this cause, although at a rate which is extremely small, indeed almost infinitesimal.

Is it then the case that we have been furnished on a grand scale with that which enthusiasts have in vain tried to imitate on a small one, namely,—an ever-burning light and a perpetual motion?

If we allow that myriads of years bear a nearer approach to eternity than a few hours, then we may assert that this is the case; but if we regard all duration and all magnitude as comparative, then we have only been furnished on a large scale as regards both these elements with what we can ourselves produce on a small one.

The principle of degradation is at work throughout the universe, not less surely, but only more slowly, than when it combats our puny efforts, and it will ultimately render, it may be, the whole universe, but more assuredly that portion of it with which we are connected, unfit for the habitation of beings like ourselves. As far as we are able to judge, the life of the universe will come to an end not less certainly, but only more slowly, than the life of him who pens these lines or of those who read them.

It is desirable to state clearly, and once for all, that our standpoint in what follows is that of students of physical science. We are here only as such students, and, from the trifling elevation which we may have reached as followers of science, we shall endeavour to answer, it may be imperfectly, but

yet honestly, certain questions which might be put to us by those who are interested in knowing "how the day goes."

More particularly then with regard to the place of life,—What are the conditions necessary in order that the universe may be a fit abode for living beings?

It has already been shown that one of these conditions is the existence in the universe of a quantity of energy, not in a thoroughly degraded state, but capable of producing useful effect; we have now to add that *another condition is the capability of great delicacy of organization.*

The motions of the universe would seem to be of two kinds; it is in fact the old story of a shield with two sides, each side with its champion, and the quarrel between them very hot. If we reflect we shall see that the perfection of the laws which regulate the larger masses of the universe, such as planets, consists in the fact that the motions produced are eminently capable of being made the subject of calculation. But, on the other hand, the very perfection of the animated beings of the universe consists in the fact that their motions cannot possibly be made the subject of calculation. A man who could predict his own motion is an inconceivable monster; in fact, having calculated what he is about to do, he has only to do the opposite in order to show the absurdity of the hypothesis.

This freedom which is given to animated beings is nevertheless held quite in conformity with, and in subjection to, the laws of energy already mentioned, but it requires as a condition of its existence *great delicacy of organization.*

In order to comprehend what is meant by this expression, we may imagine to ourselves a universe consisting of nothing but carbon and oxygen separate from one another. Such a universe would possess to a very large extent a superior kind of energy, yet we cannot by any possibility imagine how such materials could be moulded into organized forms or become the

residence of living beings. The very idea of its sable monsters provokes a smile, although we might perhaps be at a loss were we asked definitely to state our objection to this condition of things.

Let us, however, consider this imaginary universe for a moment, and the nature of its deficiency will soon appear. If on fire, it will continue to burn at a rate which may be calculated without much trouble; if not on fire, it will continue as it is. There is not, therefore, in such a universe any, or hardly any, capacity for producing or sustaining delicate organizations possessing freedom of motion.

A living being (at least one of a superior order) is not only a machine capable of producing motion, but of producing it discontinuously, and in a great variety of ways which cannot be calculated upon except to a very limited extent.

In this respect there is a class of machines analogous to some extent to living bodies. Suppose, for instance, a gun loaded with powder and ball, and very delicately poised, then by the expenditure of a very small amount of energy upon the trigger a stupendous mechanical result may be achieved, which may be greatly varied; touch the trigger, and the gun is discharged, driving out the ball with great velocity. The direction of its path will, however, depend upon the pointing of the gun; if well pointed, it may explode a magazine,—nay, even win an empire.

Here then there is a very stupendous result in the way of visible motion produced through the agency of a very small amount of energy bestowed upon the trigger, and all in conformity with the conservation of energy, since it is a certain kind of energy of position resident in the gunpowder that has been changed into mechanical effect; but yet the result cannot be achieved without the application of this small amount of directive energy to the trigger, for if the trigger be touched too lightly the gun will not go off. The small amount of energy bestowed upon the trigger becomes, as it were, the parent or source of the much larger amount of energy of



the cannon-ball. We have in fact here a machine of *great* though *finite* delicacy of construction.

It is not, however, impossible to suppose a machine of *infinite delicacy of construction*. We may, for instance, imagine an electric arrangement so delicate that by an amount of directive energy less than any assignable quantity a current may be made to start suddenly, cross the Atlantic, and (as far as physical results are concerned) explode a magazine on the other side. Indeed, the forces of nature appear to be such that an infinite delicacy of construction is not inconceivable.

We have thus considered two cases of machines having great delicacy of construction. In the former of these it required a certain finite and definite amount of energy to be expended on the trigger before the gun was discharged, but in the second case things were brought to such a pass that by an application of an amount of energy less than any assignable quantity, the electric circuit would be rendered complete. The first case in fact represents a machine of great but yet finite delicacy ; the latter, a machine of infinite delicacy of construction.

Let us now proceed to state the various conceivable functions that life may be supposed to discharge with relation to the energy of the universe : we say conceivable, for in the sequel the reader will be called on to select from a list of four kinds of action, of which two, although conceivable, are yet extremely improbable. Our choice therefore must finally be restricted to two conceptions, neither of which is inconceivable or impossible as far as the laws of energy are concerned ; and between these two we must finally choose on other grounds than can with propriety be treated of in this article.

There are four functions which life or intelligence may be supposed to discharge. In the first place, there is the purely materialistic view of life, which may be stated thus :

A living being is a very complicated machine, consisting of matter very deli-

cately organized, but containing besides no other principle ; so that, if we knew completely the laws of matter and the position of the various particles which constitute the machine, and if we knew at the same moment the disposition of the exterior universe which is capable of influencing the machine, and if our methods of calculation were sufficiently developed, we should be able to predict all future motions of the living being.

The second hypothesis is, that life or intelligence has the capacity for creating energy. This view is so very improbable that we may dismiss it with a very few remarks. What we can say with truth is that, in all experiments and observations which we have been able to examine thoroughly, energy is not created. It is conceivable that there may be a region beyond our ken in which energy is created, but, arguing according to the principles which are universally admitted to be our guides in such matters, we must pronounce the creation of energy by a living being to be out of the question.<sup>1</sup>

The third conceivable hypothesis regarding the function of life is that which asserts that life, although it cannot create energy, can yet transmute *immediately, and by virtue of its presence*, a finite quantity of energy from one form to another. It is necessary to explain the meaning of the word *immediately*. Referring to the gun with a delicate trigger, which we have already alluded to, it cannot be said that the *immediate* cause of the motion of the ball was the energy bestowed upon the trigger : the immediate cause of this motion was the aërifor state which the gunpowder had assumed, while again the immediate cause of the change of state in the gunpowder was the heat developed by the explosion of the fulminating powder in the touch-hole, and the cause of the powder's exploding was the blow given to it by the hammer of the lock. The blow again may be traced to the action of the lock-spring, which is set free to act through the small impulse communicated to the trigger. We see from

<sup>1</sup> This was recognised at an early period by Carpenter and Joule.

this, that whenever a finite amount of energy changes its form,—as for instance, when the chemical energy of the gun-powder is changed into the mechanical energy of the ball,—we naturally look to some material circumstance which precedes and explains this change. We may be quite certain that the gun-powder will not explode unless a small quantity of high-temperature heat be communicated to it, nor will the fulminating powder explode unless it receives the blow, nor will the blow be given unless the trigger is pulled.

Thus, in this example, if we are able to change some energy which we have at hand into visible energy sufficient to pull the trigger, that small change will form the original germ of the much greater one implied in the explosion of the powder and the motion of the ball, or rather it will be the first link in a series of changes of which the last is the motion of the ball; and so in similar machines we find a change of energy preceded by some other change, perhaps much smaller in amount, which explains it. And now the question arises, Can life, while it does not create energy, be yet the *immediate* cause of the change of a finite quantity of energy from one form to another, which change would not have taken place without the presence of life, and which is not, therefore, preceded by a material cause in the shape of a parent change of energy? We cannot readily allow that life can act thus, for this would imply that of the finite and measurable changes of energy which take place in the universe, and which therefore either are, or may become, subjects of experiment and observation, some are immediately preceded by a material cause, and some by an immaterial one, and that this is the regular system of things; to the minds of most men an uncertainty of this nature in the immediate causes of measurable results will appear improbable *à priori*, and, moreover, it is a view entirely unsupported by experiment and observation. Let us, therefore, dismiss this view of the action of life, and consider the only other view of its action which appears to be possible.

Assuming, therefore, that life can neither create energy nor yet immediately transform a finite amount of energy from one form to another, may not the living being be an organization of infinite delicacy, by means of which a principle in its essence distinct from matter, by impressing upon it an infinitely small amount of directive energy, may bring about perceptible results? We have shown that such a class of machine is conceivable, when we suggested a certain electrical arrangement, and we know that our bodies are machines of exquisite delicacy. Such a mode of action of the vital principle is not, therefore, inconceivable, and, by supposing that it does not immediately change a finite quantity of energy from one form to another, we get rid of that element of irregularity which we cannot easily admit to be consistent with the order of nature. We are thus presented with two hypotheses of the action of life. The first of these is the materialistic hypothesis, which denies the existence of life as a principle apart from matter; while the other allows the existence of an independent principle, but assumes its action to take place through the medium of a machine of infinite delicacy, so that by a primordial impulse of less than any assignable amount a finite and visible outcome is produced. These are the two alternatives, and it is not within our province to attempt to decide between them. The battle must be fought in other pages than ours, and by other weapons than those which we can produce.

Let us here pause for a moment to consider the wonderful principle of delicacy which appears to pervade the universe of life. We see how from an exceedingly small primordial impulse great and visible results are produced. In the mysterious brain chamber of the solitary student we conceive some obscure transmutation of energy. Light is, however, thrown upon one of the laws of nature; the transcendent power of steam as a motive agent has, let us imagine, been grasped by the human mind. Presently the scene widens, and as we proceed, a solitary engine is seen

to be performing, and in a laborious way converting heat into work; we proceed further and further until the prospect expands into a scene of glorious triumph, and the imperceptible streamlet of thought that rose so obscurely has swelled into a mighty river, on which all the projects of humanity are embarked.

And now a hint to those who are disposed to adopt that theory of life which demands an infinite delicacy of construction.

May it not be possible that in certain states of excitement there is action at a distance? This is a field of inquiry which men of science do not seem disposed to enter, and the consequence is that it appears to be given over to impostors. We need scarcely, after this, inform the reader that we do not believe in so-called spiritual manifestations; nevertheless we ask, does there not appear to be an amount of floating evidence for impressions derived from a distance in a way that we cannot explain? For are not the most curious and inexplicable actions of instinct those in which distance seems to be set at nought? Then, again, if we take the element time, instead of distance:—who has not felt some past scenes perhaps of his early childhood, called up suddenly and vividly before him by some trivial sight, or sound, or smell? May there not, after all, be a deep physical meaning in these words of the poet:—

“ Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,  
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne,  
As from an infinitely distant land  
Come airs and floating echoes, and convey  
A melancholy unto all our day.”

Hitherto we have been confining our thoughts to the realms of life, in which the principle of delicacy is sufficiently obvious, but the results of a preceding article will have prepared our readers for a wider application of this principle. It is not only in the organic world that we see a delicacy of construction, but in the inorganic also. Thus it will be

remembered that, in discussing the molecular state of the sun, we came to the conclusion that it was one of great delicacy, so that in our luminary a very small cause might be the parent of enormous effects, of a visible and mechanical nature. And when we came to analyse the behaviour of sun-spots, we found that this behaviour had a manifest relation to the positions of the two planets Venus and Jupiter, although these two planets are never so near the sun as they are to our own Earth. We have also shown that sun-spots or solar disturbances appear to be accompanied by disturbances of the earth's magnetism, and these again by auroral displays. Besides this, we have some reason to suppose a connexion between sun-spots and the meteorology of our globe. From all these circumstances we cannot fail to remark that the different members of our system (and the thought may be extended to other systems) are more closely bound together than has been hitherto supposed. Mutual relations of a mathematical nature we were aware of before, but the connexion seems to be much more intimate than this—they feel, they throb together, they are pervaded by a principle of delicacy even as we are ourselves.

We remark, in conclusion, that something of this kind might be expected if we suppose that a Supreme Intelligence, without interfering with the ordinary laws of matter, pervades the universe, exercising a directive energy capable of comparison with that which is exercised by a living being. In both cases delicacy of construction would appear to be the thing required for an action of this nature.

Bearing in mind, however, our physical standpoint, we cannot venture to offer any further remark on this subject. Whether such a mode of action is a *fact* must be decided by other considerations; whether it would appear to be *physically possible* is a question which we may suppose put to us, and which we have ventured to answer as above.

## THE AUTOGRAPH OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

ONE would fain believe that Handel had some presentiment, however vague, of his now universal renown. It is hard to imagine him writing, far in advance of contemporary ideas and resources, with no assurance of a time when men would preserve to his genius—

" a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

Still more difficult is it to suppose that one so gifted and so brave—for Handel was, in his way, a hero—had no greater present reward than the brightness of that Indian summer of success which came to him when in the "sere and yellow leaf." But, however this may have been, it is certain that of one thing recently done in his honour the master never dreamed. Visions of gigantic Festivals were possible (he was once told that his music demanded armies for executants), but a reproduction of his autograph of the "Messiah" by means of sunlight and chemicals could not have entered into his wildest imaginings. Great are the uses of photography. It has long ministered to friendship, furnished the detective with an unerring guide, brought home to us the ends of the earth, and perpetuated the changing glories of the heavens. Now, however, this beneficent invention has assumed an unexpected form of usefulness. It was a happy idea that led the Sacred Harmonic Society to photo-lithograph the manuscript of Handel's greatest work, and the success of their experiment will have interesting and important results. We may now hope to see the scores of all the great masters reproduced in like manner, and the masters themselves brought closer to us than ever before, so close that we can look over them as they write, trace the current of their thoughts, and mark the guise in which their conceptions

first took shape. Let the *fanatico per la musica* rejoice, therefore, at the prospect of being as familiar with the hieroglyphics of Beethoven, and the neatly written characters of Mendelssohn, as with the process—longer and more painful than is commonly believed—by which art perfects the inspirations of genius. Not the least of the many services rendered to music by the Sacred Harmonic Society is this their latest act of homage to Handel.

But this new application of photography can hardly fail to have an interest for the general public. The least curious of men loves to pry into creative processes. Even though he care nothing for what is produced, he is eager to know how it came about. Especially is this the case if the result be a world-famous and imperishable thing. The various stages of conception and execution that led up to the Cartoons of Raphael, the Apollo Belvedere, or "Paradise Lost," would, were they revealed to us, absorb universal attention, just as—to illustrate by a fact—there is nothing better remembered in connexion with Sir Joseph Paxton's glass palace than its first design on blotting paper. The volume under notice, therefore, has an interest for everybody. To a great extent it gratifies that natural and legitimate curiosity which cannot but be felt with regard to one of the finest masterpieces of art.

This "Messiah" score is an oppressively suggestive volume; giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest, and tantalizing from the difficulty of selecting which first to entertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where, and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, unhappily,

history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossiping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, atones for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of "Mr. Jenning's house at Gopsal" as against those of the metropolis, because, without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me confess, however, to a fondness for believing that the "Messiah" was written in the quiet Leicestershire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life, spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country; working uninterruptedly at his great task the while, with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty-three days' labour possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the "Messiah" in his London lodging, amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accredit him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his deathbed, Handel seems to have had a strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had however been promised to his favourite pupil Smith, who refused 3,000*l.* rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed; and next into those of George III., thus becoming a heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham

Palace is as unsafe to the MSS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. Ten years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schœlcher, thus wrote:—"Buried in a sort of "private office, and still kept in its poor "original binding, it [the collection] is "concealed from all the world; and I "may say that, if I were the Queen, I "should have those precious volumes "bound in crimson velvet, mounted "with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them, which "should be surmounted by Roubilliac's "fine bust, and supported by four "statues, of white marble, representing "Sacred and Profane Music, Moral "Courage, and Honesty. This I should "place in the throne-room of my palace, "proclaiming by this means to every "one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown." M. Schœlcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realized. The "sort of private office" was described, the other day, as being over a stable, unguarded, and with its inestimable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photograph the "Messiah," will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves "on receipt of own handwriting," but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This "Messiah" score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to

neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labours hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable self-contained musician could have produced the "Messiah" manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was it author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose that the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of penknife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed, or swallowed up in blackness according to the humour of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The "Messiah" score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendour of his genius.

Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that cannot be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the "Messiah" as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care; touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of

the fac-simile before us, every change thus made can now be noted; we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician, and can learn the processes by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else deserves to be called the Pallas of music. But while this is true, it is equally so that between the accepted "Messiah" and the first score there are material differences. To the more suggestive of these I may invite attention with confidence.

As far as can be judged by what remains of the Overture, and "Comfort ye" (several pages are here missing from the otherwise unmutated volume), Handel began his work with much ease and fluency. In fact the opening bars of "Thus saith the Lord" supply the first instance in which he is found hesitating. His intention was to set these *a tempo*, and introduce the voice at the end of a short orchestral passage (nearly illegible) in this fashion:—

*Grave*

Thus saith the Lord, The Lord

after which the recitative began as it

now stands. A vigorous penstroke, however, disposed of the matter thus written, and the opening familiar to everybody took its place. The following air, "But who may abide," differs widely as it stands in the MS. from what it afterwards became. In fact, only here and there is a phrase retained; a good deal of the *larghetto* and the whole of the

*prestissimo*, "For He is like a refiner's fire," being written subsequently. That in this instance Handel's second thoughts were best a comparison between the two versions will suffice to show. But with what vigour he originally set the words just quoted deserves notice. Here are the opening bars:—

For He is like a re - fi - ner's fire - - - -

tellest," is in the first *ritornello*, where instead of the violin passage,—

Handel previously wrote this:—

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system shows the vocal line with the lyrics "For He is like a re - fi - ner's fire - - - -" and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line with a rest and the piano accompaniment. To the right of the score, there are two short musical excerpts. The first is a violin passage in G major, and the second is a piano passage in G major, both in 4/4 time.

There is no lack of fire in this music, yet the composer did well to replace it by the agitated movement which so strikingly contrasts with the solemn query going before. "And He shall purify the sons of Levi" calls for no remark, being sung now note for note as it stands; and the only point presented by "O thou that

How much the amendment affects all that follows need not be pointed out. The airs, "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth," and "The people that walked in darkness," together with the chorus "For unto us a Child is born"

(meagrely scored for voices and a quartet of strings), underwent no change. But the same cannot be said of the "*Pifa larghetto e mezzo-piano*" (Handel's own superscription), better known as the "Pastoral Symphony." This originally consisted only of the first strophe; the second (in the dominant key) being an afterthought, written in three lines on a small strip of paper and interleaved. At the outset, therefore, Handel intended

to give merely a snatch of the old Calabrian tune, but upon that idea he improved so much that one wishes he had given it all. The "Nativity music" shows two settings of "And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them," the first being that now used; and the second an *andante* in F major of some length. An extract from the latter will be examined with interest:—

*Andante*

And lo! The an-gel of the Lord came up-on them, And the glo-  
-ry of the Lord shone round a-bout them And they were sore a-fraid sore a-fraid.

The image shows a musical score for a vocal part. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a bass line. The second system also has a vocal line and a bass line. The music is in F major and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Handel appears to have laboured a good deal at this air (instance an entire line crossed out and re-written), but with no satisfactory result, and, in the exercise of that sound judgment which never failed him, he finally rejected it. Passing over "Glory to God," with the solitary observation that here, for the first time, wind instruments (two trumpets) are found in the score, the florid air, "Rejoice greatly," presents itself in the 12-8 measure which Handel afterwards thought fit to discard for 4-4. He made no other change, but this substitution of groups of semi-quavers for quaver triplets was material. That it was an alteration for the better the result of a performance of the original version given once (and only once) in Exeter Hall, may be taken as proof. Of the final air and chorus in the first part there is nothing to be said. As Handel wrote them so they stand, always excepting the indefensible transposition of "He shall feed His flock."

There are two noticeable points in "Behold the Lamb of God." One is that Handel's first impulse was to give the lead to the sopranos (as in the

*ritornello* he gives it to the first violins), but that, immediately changing his plan, he assigned the post of honour to the altos. The second favours a notion that he abruptly put an end to what was intended to be a longer chorus; for immediately preceding the last phrase comes the following:—

world; Behold, behold, the Lamb of God.

The image shows a musical score for a phrase. It consists of two staves. The music is in F major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Dashing this out, however, the master took advantage of being in the dominant key to get speedily home, and so have done. The air "He was despised" appears from the MS. to have been a genuine inspiration. Its music flowed from Handel's pen without let or hindrance; not a note suffering change or erasure. Surely it may be said of the story about Handel being found in tears when writing this air, *Se*



*non e vero e ben trovato.* Anyhow, he was at that instant the medium of a profound pathos, which will go to the hearts of men so long as music shall last. Only one or two important alterations appear in the chorus "Surely He hath borne our griefs," but the close of "And with His stripes" underwent a complete change. Instead of the impressive ending on the dominant that now leads direct to the next chorus, Handel first wrote an ordinary tonic cadence, the weakness of which, when compared with its successor, is sufficiently striking. The only remark to be made about "All we like sheep" is that in point of slovenly penmanship it ranks first; one page in particular—where occurs the *adagio* "And the Lord hath laid on Him"—being little better than a mass of blots. No manuscript could bear stronger testimony to the headlong haste of its writer. Over the recitative "All they that see Him" occurs the first of Handel's directions as to the singers. "Mr. Beard" is the vocalist thus immortalized; while to Signora Avolio is assigned "Thy rebuke," with "Behold and see;" and to Mr. Low, "He was cut off," and "But Thou didst not leave." A good deal of controversy has been excited about the propriety of giving the whole of the "Passion" music to a tenor voice, as is now the custom. It is needless to reopen a discussion practically settled, but here, at all events, is the composer's first intention; an intention not merely disregarded, but till within the last few years absolutely reversed. With respect to the music itself Handel left

it exactly as it was first written. The original of "Lift up your heads" is in like manner undisturbed, while the amendments in the ingenious chorus, "Let all the angels of God," are none of them important enough to deserve quotation. Hence these numbers may pass without comment, as may, for the same reason, the solo, "Thou art gone up on high." In "Great was the company of the preachers" there is one interesting point to be noticed. It must have occurred to most of those who concern themselves with such matters that, when writing this chorus, Handel had in his mind "He spake the word," from "Israel," composed three years previously. Similarity of text seems to have suggested similarity of treatment, and the inference that the master's thoughts reverted to his former work is well-nigh proved by the fact of his first writing "The Lord *spake* the word" in the "Messiah" score. Discovering the error he marked out "spake," and substituted "gave," but the inadvertence remains a significant testimony.

So far Handel had got through his task unchecked, but in attempting to set "How beautiful are the feet," with its sequel "Their sound is gone out," he found himself in difficulty. Beginning by writing the air as it now stands, the dissatisfied composer afterwards took its theme as the subject of a duet (*andante* in D minor) for alto voices, to which he appended a chorus on the words, "Break forth into joy." The former is brief, and not sufficiently distinctive to call for quotation. The chorus begins thus:—

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of three staves for voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment staff. The music is in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break". The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

After varying the subject in a manner delian student, the duet theme reappears that will suggest itself to every Han- in this fashion:—

How beautiful are the feet of him that bring - eth good  
How beautiful are the

How beautiful are the feet of him of him that bringeth good tidings. How

The leading idea is then resumed, and carried on to the end. How far this setting was an improvement upon the original must be a matter of opinion. For my own part I see no reason to regret Handel's ultimate decision in favour of the air. With "Their sound is gone out," the composer had even greater difficulty. These words appear in the body of the MS. set as a second strophe to "How beautiful are the feet," and ending in D minor, with a *da capo*. The passage is so interesting that I am tempted to give its opening bars:—

Their sound is gone out in - to all lands. Their sound is gone  
out in - to all lands,

In the Appendix, the same verse appears as a solo for "Mr. Beard," opening with a phrase which will at once be recognised.

*Andante Larghetto*

Their sound is gone out, Their sound is gone.

Eventually Handel discarded Mr. Beard's air also, and wrote the chorus afterwards embodied in the work. It must not be supposed that even these amendments represent the whole of the composer's struggle. In a volume of MS. sketches now at Buckingham Palace, the duet before mentioned is considerably altered, as well as prefaced by part of a Chandos Anthem overture. The same collection is said to contain also an entirely new air in D, for soprano; but, so far as is known, the last was never used in public. Such facts will help to remove a very erroneous impression entertained, not merely with regard to Handel, but all other composers of genius. Great musicians have ever been something more than inspired media, and the greatest musical works bear evidence of painful, persevering labour, which should be recognised as among their strongest claims to admiration.

Nothing in "Why do the nations" calls for remark, except that Handel's first idea was to let the first two bars of the air read thus:—



Why do the nations so fu - ri - ous

while in "Let us break their bonds," the only noticeable amendment consists in giving the lead at "And cast away their cords" to the tenors instead of to the basses. "Thou shalt break them" stands just as it was originally written, and so, one or two unimportant points excepted, does the magnificent "Hallelujah" which Handel scored in his first copy for trumpets and drums, as well as for the invariable string quartet. It should be observed, however, that the *pianissimo* delivery of "The kingdom of this world" is unsanctioned by the manuscript. There is no direction whatever appended to the phrase, and hence the German fashion of giving the chorus *forte* throughout is more Handelian than that of the Handelian nation *par excellence*. Not only so, but it is artistically more correct. There is nothing in the words to call for change, and if it be desirable to

produce a special effect upon the passage "The kingdom of our God, and of His Christ," Handel amply secured it by a higher pitch. But in these days, unhappily, there is a rage for new readings, and the "Hallelujah" is by no means the only chorus of Handel with which liberties are taken. The reader's thoughts will revert to "For unto us a Child is born," and the outbursts upon its *tutti* passages. It is true that Handel intended the greatest possible effect for those points, but not at the cost of what precedes and follows. In his score there are no marks appended to the voice parts, and their occurrence in the accompaniment shows that he was content with such results as could be produced by the orchestra alone. This is but one instance out of a thousand that prove an intuitive and delicate perception of his text. He could not have tolerated the whispering, as if in fear and trembling, of the most glorious announcement ever made by joyful lips. It is time all licences for meddling with a great composer's works were withdrawn; or, at all events, that the licencees were jealously watched. At present, things are permitted in music which, in any other art, would be indignantly cried down. If any one desires to test this, let him tamper with an Ode of Horace, or a soliloquy of Shakespear; let him retouch one of Raphael's faces to give it more expression, or for the same purpose lay his chisel upon the Venus de' Medicis. Why should not a like veneration be shown to the works of the Horaces, Shakespeares, and Raphaels of music?

The air "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is sung now exactly as first written, and the score shows an almost entire freedom from second thoughts. Not without a special reason, therefore, is the composer represented in Westminster Abbey as receiving his theme from the angels. Like "He was despised," the most pathetic recital of suffering, this song, the most confident expression of hope, appears as a veritable inspiration. In the short quartets and choruses which follow, there are at least two points of interest. One is,

that "Since by man came death" originally opened thus:—

*Grave*

Since by man came death.

The image shows a musical score for a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking is 'Grave'. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The basso continuo line consists of a series of chords: G major, A major, B major, and C major.

It will be observed that by his amendment Handel avoided ending both phrases of the quartet upon the same chord—E major. The next point is that the words, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," were introduced as an after-thought, the first idea being to repeat "Since by man," &c. Few alterations were required in the music to adapt it to the new verse, and these duly appear in the manuscript.

"The trumpet shall sound" affords a curious example of misplaced accent. Throughout the air, Handel has divided the word "incorruptible" after this fashion:—

In - cor - rup - ti - ble.

The image shows a musical score for the word 'Incorruptible'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (half).

The reader does not require to be told that the mistake was subsequently corrected, nor need he be reminded into how few like errors the German composer fell when dealing with our English language. Save this verbal alteration, the air remains precisely as found in the MS. It should be noticed, however, that it is the first instance in the "Messiah" of the second or minor strophe being accompanied only by a figured bass. The duet "O death, where is thy sting?" is sixteen bars shorter as now sung than as originally written, a large portion of the somewhat over-elaborated first subject being cut out.

"Thanks be to God" calls for no remark; but the following air, "If God be for us," presents another example of Handel's happy after-thought. His first impulse was to introduce the words "Who makes intercession for us" upon this phrase:—

Who makes intercession for us. Who

The image shows a musical score for the phrase 'Who makes intercession for us'. It consists of a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The basso continuo line consists of a series of chords: G major, A major, B major, and C major.

His second, however, was to substitute the longer and more melodious passage with which everybody is familiar. In "Worthy is the Lamb" the alterations are too unimportant for citation; but its superb sequel, "Amen," offers two noteworthy features. One of these is in the subject given out by the basses. Had Handel kept to the idea which first came into his mind, we should have lost that grand progress through an entire octave now so striking a feature of the theme. Originally, the second part of the phrase imitated the first in its relative minor key, as thus:

A - - - - - men.

The image shows a musical score for the original 'Amen' phrase. It consists of a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The basso continuo line consists of a series of chords: G major, A major, B major, and C major.

The remaining point is in the final bars, which show the crashing 4-2 chord immediately preceding the *Adagio* cadence to be an amendment. Before alteration, the *Adagio* was led up to in this manner:—

A - - - - - men. A - - - - - men.

The image shows a musical score for the original 'Amen' phrase. It consists of a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The basso continuo line consists of a series of chords: G major, A major, B major, and C major.

As to the value of the changes thus made in the beginning and end of one of the finest choral fugues ever written, there can hardly be a difference of opinion.

Scrawled underneath the blurs and blots made by the eager musician, then exulting in the close of his task, are the words, "*Fine dell' oratorio, G. F. Handel, Settembre 12. Ausgefüllt en 14 dieses.*" Who is there that cannot sympathise with this Hercules as he rested from his labours conscious of having produced an imperishable thing?

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS;  
OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE KING'S NAME.

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."  
"Under King Harry."

*King Henry IV.*

"ONE bird in the hand is not always worth two in the bush, assuredly," said Philip, when Berenger was calm enough to hold council on what he called this most blessed discovery; "but where to seek them?"

"I have no fears now," returned Berenger. "We have not been borne through so much not to be brought together at last. Soon, soon shall we have her! A minister so distinguished as Isaac Gardon is sure to be heard of either at La Rochelle, Montauban, or Nîmes, their great gathering places."

"For Rochelle, then?" said Philip.

"Even so. We will be off early to-morrow, and from thence, if we do not find her there, as I expect, we shall be able to write the thrice happy news to those at home."

Accordingly, the little cavalcade started in good time, in the cool of the morning of the bright long day of early June, while apple petals floated down on them in the lanes like snow, and nightingales in every hedge seemed to give voice and tune to Berenger's eager, yearning hopes.

Suddenly there was a sound of horses' feet in the road before them, and as they drew aside to make way, a little troop of gendarmes filled the narrow lane. The officer, a rough, harsh-looking man, laid his hand on Berenger's bridle, with the words, "In the name of the King!"

Philip began to draw his sword with one hand, and with the other to urge his horse between the officer and his brother, but Berenger called out, "Back!

This gentleman mistakes my person. I am the Baron de Ribaumont, and have a safe-conduct from the King."

"What king?" demanded the officer.

"From King Charles."

"I arrest you," said the officer, "in the name of King Henry III. and of the Queen-Regent Catherine."

"The King dead?" exclaimed Berenger.

"On the 30th of May. Now, sir."

"Your warrant—your cause?" still demanded Berenger.

"There will be time enough for that when you are safely lodged," said the captain, roughly pulling at the rein, which he had held all the time.

"What, no warrant?" shouted Philip "he is a mere robber!" and with drawn sword he was precipitating himself on the captain, when another gendarme, who had been on the watch, grappled with him, and dragged him off his horse before he could strike a blow. The other two English, Humfrey Holt and John Smithers, strong, full-grown men, rode in fiercely to the rescue, and Berenger himself struggled furiously to loose himself from the captain, and deliver his brother. Suddenly, there was the report of a pistol: poor Smithers fell, there was a moment of standing aghast, and in that moment the one man and the two youths were each pounced on by three or four gendarmes, thrown down and pinioned.

"Is this usage for gentlemen?" exclaimed Berenger, as he was roughly raised to his feet.

"The King's power has been resisted," was all the answer; and when he would have bent to see how it was with poor Smithers, one of the men at arms kicked over the body with sickening brutality, saying, "Dead enough, heretic and English carrion."

Philip uttered a cry of loathing horror, and turned white; Berenger, above all else, felt a sort of frenzied despair as he thought of the peril of the boy who had been trusted to him.

"Have you had enough, sir?" said the captain. "Mount and come."

They could only let themselves be lifted to their horses, and their hands were then set free to use their bridles, each being guarded by a soldier on each side of him. Philip attempted but once to speak, and that in English, "Next time I shall take my pistol."

He was rudely silenced, and rode on with wide-open stolid eyes and dogged face, stedfastly resolved that no Frenchman should see him flinch, and vexed that Berenger had his riding mask on so that his face could not be studied; while he, on his side, was revolving all causes possible for his arrest, and all means of enforcing the liberation, if not of himself, at least of Philip and Humfrey. He looked round for Guibert, but could not see him.

They rode on through the intricate lanes till the sun was high and scorching, and Berenger felt how far he was from perfect recovery. At last, however, some little time past noon, the gendarmes halted at a stone fountain, outside a village, and disposing a sufficient guard around his captives, the officer permitted them to dismount and rest, while he, with the rest of the troop and the horses, went to the village *cabaret*. Philip would have asked his brother what it meant, and what was to be done, but Berenger shook his head, and intimated that silence was safest at present, since they might be listened to; and Philip, who so much imagined treachery and iniquity to be the order of the day in France, that he was scarcely surprised at the present disaster, resigned himself to the same sullen endurance. Provisions and liquor were presently sent up from the inn, but Berenger could taste nothing but the cold water of the fountain, which trickled out cool and fresh beneath an arch surmounted by a figure of our Lady. He bathed his face and head in the refresh-

ing spring, and lay down on a cloak in the shade, Philip keeping a constant change of drenched kerchiefs on his brow, and hoping that he slept, till at the end of two or three hours the captain returned, gave the word to horse, and the party rode on through intricate lanes, blossoming with hawthorn, and ringing with songs of birds that spoke a very different language now to Berenger's heart from what they had said in the hopeful morning.

A convent bell was ringing to even-song, when passing its gateway; the escort turned up a low hill, on the summit of which stood a chateau, covering a considerable extent of ground, with a circuit of wall, whitewashed so as perfectly to glare in the evening sun; and at every angle a round, slim turret, crowned by a brilliant red-tiled extinguisher-like cap, and the whole surmounted by a tall, old keep in the centre. There was a square projection containing an arched gateway, with heavy doorways, which were thrown open as the party approached. Philip looked up as he rode in, and over the doorway beheld the familiar fretted shield, with the leopard in the corner, and "*A moi Ribaumont*" round it. Could it then be Berenger's own castle, and was it thus that he was approaching it? He himself had not looked up; he was utterly spent with fatigue, dejection, and the severe headache brought on by the heat of the sun, and was only intent on rallying his powers for the crisis of fate that was probably approaching; and thus scarcely took note of the court into which he rode, lying between the gateway and the *corps de logis*, a building erected when comfort demanded more space than was afforded by the old keep, against which one end leant; but still, though inclosed in a court, the lower windows were small and iron barred, and all air of luxury was reserved for the mullioned casements of the upper storey. The court was flagged, but grass shot up between the stones, and the trim air of ease and inhabited comfort to which the brothers were used at home was utterly wanting.

Berenger was hustled off his horse, and roughly pushed through a deep porch, where the first thing he heard was the Chevalier de Ribamont's voice in displeasure.

"How now, sir; hands off! Is this the way you conduct my nephew?"

"He resisted, sir."

"Sir," said Berenger, advancing into the hall, "I know not the meaning of this. I am peacefully travelling with a passport from the King, when I am set upon, no warrant shown me, my faithful servant slain, myself and my brother, an English subject, shamefully handled."

"The violence shall be visited on whatever rascal durst insult a gentleman and my nephew," said the Chevalier. "For release, it shall be looked to; but unfortunately it is too true that there are orders from the Queen in Council for your apprehension, and it was only on my special entreaty for the honour of the family, and the affection I bear you, that I was allowed to receive you here instead of your being sent to an ordinary prison."

"On what pretext?" demanded Berenger.

"It is known that you have letters in your possession from escaped traitors now in England, to La Noue, Duplessis Mornay, and other heretics."

"That is easily explained," said Berenger. "You know well, sir, that they were to facilitate my search at La Sablerie. You shall see them yourself, sir."

"That I must assuredly do," replied the Chevalier, "for it is the order of her Majesty, I regret to say, that your person and baggage be searched;" then, as indignant colour rushed into Berenger's face, and an angry exclamation was beginning, he added, "Nay, I understand, my dear cousin, it is very painful, but we would spare you as much as possible. It will be quite enough if the search be made by myself, in the presence of this gentleman, who will only stand by for form's sake. I have no doubt it will enable us quickly to clear up matters, and set you free again.

Do me the honour to follow me to the chamber destined for you."

"Let me see the order for my arrest," said Berenger, holding his head high.

"The English scruple must be gratified," said the Chevalier. And accordingly the gendarme captain unfolded before him a paper, which was evidently a distinct order to arrest and examine the person of Henri Bérenger Eustache, Baron de Ribamont and Sieur de Leurre, suspected of treasonable practices—and it bore the signature of Catherine.

"There is nothing here said of my stepfather's son, Philip Thistlewood, nor of my servant, Humfrey Holt," said Berenger, gathering the sense with his dizzy eyes as best he could. "They cannot be detained, being born subjects of the Queen of England."

"They intercepted the justice of the King," said the captain, laying his hand on Philip's shoulder. "I shall have them off with me to the garrison of Luçon, and deal with them there."

"Wait!" said the Chevalier, interposing before Berenger's fierce, horror-struck expostulation could break forth; "this is an honourable young gentleman, son of a chevalier of good reputation in England, and he need not be so harshly dealt with. You will not separate either him or the poor groom from my nephew, so the Queen's authority be now rightly acknowledged."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, as if displeased; and the Chevalier, turning to Berenger, said, "You understand, nephew, the lot of you all depends on your not giving umbrage to these officers of her Majesty. I will do my poor best for you; but submission is first needed."

Berenger knew enough of his native country to be aware that *la justice du Roi* was a terrible thing, and that Philip's resistance had really put him in so much danger that it was needful to be most careful not further to offend the functionary of Government; and abhorrent as the proposed search was to him, he made no further objection, but taking Philip's arm, lest they should

be separated, he prepared to follow wherever he was to be conducted. The Chevalier led the way along a narrow stone passage, with loophole-windows here and there ; and Philip, for all his proud, indifferent bearing, felt his flesh creep as he looked for a stair descending into the bowels of the earth. A stair there was, but it went up instead of down, and after mounting this, and going through a sort of ante-room, a door was opened into a tolerably spacious apartment, evidently in the old keep ; for the two windows on opposite sides were in an immensely massive wall, and the floor above and vaulting below were of stone ; but otherwise there was nothing repulsive in the appearance of the room. There was a wood fire on the hearth ; the sun, setting far to the north, peeped in aslant at one window, a mat was on the floor, tapestry on the lower part of the walls, a table and chairs, and a walnut chest, with a chess-board and a few books on it, were as much furniture as was to be seen in almost any living-room of the day. Humfrey and Guibert, too, were already there, with the small riding valises they and poor Smithers had had in charge. These were at once opened, but contained merely clothes and linen, nothing else that was noticed, except three books, at which the captain looked with a stupid air ; and the Chevalier did not seem capable of discovering more than that all three were Latin—one, he believed, the Bible.

“Yes, sir, the Vulgate—a copy older than the Reformation, so not liable to be called a heretical version,” said Berenger, to whom a copy had been given by Lady Walwyn, as more likely to be saved if his baggage were searched. “The other is the Office and Psalter after our English rite ; and this last is not mine, but Mr. Sidney’s,—a copy of Virgilius Maro, which he had left behind at Paris.”

The Chevalier, not willing to confess that he had taken the English Prayer-book for Latin, hastily said, “Nothing wrong there—no, no, nothing that will hurt the State ; may it only be so with what you carry on your person, fair

cousin. Stand back, gentlemen, this is gear for myself alone. Now, fair nephew,” he added, “not a hand shall be laid on you, if you will give me your honourable word, as a nobleman, that you are laying before me all that you carry about you.”

An instant’s thought convinced Berenger that resistance would save nothing, and merely lead to indignity to himself and danger to Philip ; and therefore he gave the promise to show everything about him, without compulsion. Accordingly, he produced his purse for current expenses, poor King Charles’s safe-conduct, and other articles of no consequence, from his pockets ; then reluctantly opened his doublet, and took off the belt containing his store of gold, which had been replenished at Walsingham’s. This was greedily eyed by the captain, but the Chevalier at once made it over to Philip’s keeping, graciously saying, “We do no more than duty requires ;” but at the same time he made a gesture towards another small purse that hung round Berenger’s neck by a black ribbon.

“On my sacred word and honour,” said Berenger, “it contains nothing important to any save myself.”

“Alas ! my bounden duty,” urged the Chevalier.

An angry reply died on Berenger’s lip. At the thought of Philip, he opened the purse, and held out the contents on his palm : a tiny gold ring, a tress of black hair, a fragment of carnation-ribbon pricked with pin-holes, a string of small, worthless yellow shells, and, threaded with them, a large pear-shaped pearl of countless price. Even the Chevalier was touched at the sight of this treasury, resting on the blanched palm of the thin, trembling hand, and jealously watched by eyes glistening with sudden moisture, though the lips were firm set. “Alas ! my poor young cousin,” he said, “you loved her well.”

“Not loved, but love,” muttered Berenger to himself, as if having recourse to the only cordial that could support him through the present suffer-



ing, and he was closing his fingers again over his precious hoard, when the Chevalier added, "Stay! nephew—that pearl?"

"Is one of the chaplet; the token she sent to England," he answered.

"*Pauvre petite!* Then, at least a fragment remains of the reward of our ancestor's courage," said the Chevalier.

And Berenger did not feel it needful to yield up that still better possession, stored within his heart, that *la petite* and her pearls were safe together. It was less unendurable to produce the leather case from a secret pocket within his doublet, since, unwilling as he was that any eye should scan the letters it contained, there was nothing in them that could give any clue towards tracing her. Nothing had been written or received since his interview with the children at Luçon. There was, indeed, Eustacie's letter to his mother, a few received at Paris from Lord Walwyn, reluctantly consenting to his journey in quest of his child, his English passport, the unfortunate letters to La Noue; and what evidently startled the Chevalier more than all the rest, the copy of the certificate of the ratification of the marriage; but his consternation was so arranged as to appear to be all on behalf of his young kinsman. "This is serious!" he said, striking his forehead, "you will be accused of forging the late King's name."

"This is but a copy," said Berenger, pointing to the heading; "the original has been sent with our Ambassador's despatches to England."

"It is a pity," said the Chevalier, looking thoroughly vexed, "that you should have brought fresh difficulties on yourself for a mere piece of waste paper, since, as things unhappily stand, there is no living person to be affected by the validity of your marriage. Dear cousin,"—he glanced at the officer and lowered his voice,—“let me tear this paper; it would only do you harm, and the Papal decree annuls it.”

"I have given my word," said Berenger, "that all that could do me harm should be delivered up! Besides," he added, "even had I the feeling for my

own honour and that of my wife and child, living or dead, the harm, it seems to me, would be to those who withhold her lands from me."

"Ah, fair nephew! you have fallen among designing persons who have filled your head with absurd claims; but I will not argue the point now, since it becomes a family, not a State matter. These papers"—and he took them into his hand—"must be examined, and to-morrow Captain Delarue will take them to Paris, with any explanation you may desire to offer. Meantime you and your companions remain my guests, at full liberty, provided you will give me your parole to attempt no escape."

"No, sir," said Berenger, hotly, "we will not become our own jailers, nor acquiesce in this unjust detention. I warn you that I am a naturalized Englishman, acknowledged by the Queen as my grandfather's heir, and the English Ambassador will inform the Court what Queen Elizabeth thinks of such dealings with her subjects."

"Well said," exclaimed Philip, and drawing himself up, he added, "I refuse my parole, and warn you that it is at your peril that you imprison an Englishman."

"Very well, gentlemen," said the Chevalier, "the difference will be that I shall unwillingly be forced to let Captain Delarue post guards at the outlets of this tower. A room beneath is prepared for your grooms, and the court is likewise free to you. I will endeavour to make your detention as little irksome as you will permit, and meantime allow me to show you your sleeping chamber." He then politely, as if he had been ushering a prince to his apartment, led the way, pointing to the door through which they had entered the keep, and saying, "This is the only present communication with the dwelling-house. Two gendarmes will always be on the outside." He conducted the young men up a stone spiral stair to another room, over that which they had already seen, and furnished as fairly as ordinary sleeping chambers were wont to be.

Here, said their compulsory host, he would leave them to prepare for supper, when they would do him the honour to join him in the eating-hall on their summons by the steward.

His departing bow was duly returned by Berenger, but no sooner did his steps die away on the stairs than the young man threw himself down on his bed, in a paroxysm of suffering, both mental and bodily.

"Berry, Berry, what is this? Speak to me. What does it all mean?" cried Philip.

"How can I tell?" said Berenger, showing his face for a moment covered with tears; "only that my only friend is dead, and some villanous trick has seized me, just—just as I might have found her. And I've been the death of my poor groom, and got you into the power of these vile dastards! Oh, would that I had come alone! Would that they had had the sense to aim direct!"

"Brother, brother, anything but this!" cried Philip. "The rogues are not worth it. Sir Francis will have us out in no time, or know the reason why. I'd scorn to let them wring a tear from me."

"I hope they never may, dear Phil, nor anything worse."

"Now," continued Philip, "the way will be to go down to supper, since they will have it so, and sit and eat at one's ease as if one cared for them no more than cat and dog. Hark! there's the steward speaking to Guibert. Come, Berry, wash your face and come."

"I—my head aches far too much, were there nothing else."

"What! it is nothing but the sun," said Philip. "Put a bold face on it, man, and show them how little you heed."

"How little I heed!" bitterly repeated Berenger, turning his face away, utterly unnerved between disappointment, fatigue, and pain; and Philip at that moment had little mercy. Dismayed and vaguely terrified, yet too resolute in national pride to betray his own feelings, he gave vent to his vexation by impatience with a temperament more visibly

sensitive than his own: "I never thought you so mere a Frenchman," he said contemptuously. "If you weep and wail so like a sick wench, they will soon have their will of you! I'd have let them kill me before they searched me."

"'Tis bad enough without this from you, Phil," said Berenger faintly, for he was far too much spent for resentment or self-defence, and had only kept up before the Chevalier by dint of strong effort. Philip was somewhat aghast both at the involuntary gesture of pain, and at finding that there was not even spirit to be angry with him; but his very dismay served at the moment only to feed his displeasure; and he tramped off in his heavy boots, which he chose to wear as a proof of disdain for his companions. He explained that M. de Ribaumont was too much fatigued to come to supper, and he was accordingly marched along the corridor with the steward before him bearing a lighted torch, and two gendarmes with halberds behind him. And in his walk he had ample time for, first, the resolution that illness, and not dejection, should have all the credit of Berenger's absence; then for recollecting of how short standing had been his brother's convalescence; and lastly, for a fury of self-execration for his own unkindness, rude taunts, and neglect of the recurring illness. He would have turned about and gone back at once, but the two gendarmes were close behind, and he knew Humfrey would attend to his brother; so he walked on to the hall—a handsome chamber, hung with armour and spoils of hunting, with a few pictures on the panels, and a great carved music-gallery at one end. The table was laid out somewhat luxuriously for four, according to the innovation which was beginning to separate the meals of the *grande*es from those of their household. Great concern was expressed by the Chevalier, as Philip, in French, much improved since the time of his conversation with Madame de Selinville, spoke of his brother's indisposition, saying with emphasis, as

he glared at Captain Delarue, that Maître Paré had forbidden all exposure to mid-day heat, and that all their journeys had been made in morning or evening coolness. "My young friend," as his host called him, "should, he was assured, have mentioned this, since Captain Delarue had no desire but to make his situation as little painful as possible." And the Chevalier sent his steward at once to offer everything the house contained that his prisoner could relish for supper; and then anxiously questioned Philip on his health and diet, obtaining very short and glum answers. The Chevalier and the captain glanced at each other with little shrugs; and Philip, becoming conscious of his shock hair, splashed doublet, and dirty boots, had vague doubt whether his English dignity were not being regarded as English lubberliness; but, of course, he hated the two Frenchmen all the more, and received their civility with greater gruffness. They asked him the present object of the journey—though, probably, the Chevalier knew it before; and he told of the hope that they had of finding the child at Luçon.

"Vain, of course?" said the Chevalier. "Poor infant! It is well for itself, as for the rest of us, that its troubles were ended long ago."

Philip started indignantly.

"Does your brother still nurture any vain hope?" said the Chevalier.

"Not vain, I trust," said Philip.

"Indeed! Who can foolishly have so inspired him with a hope that merely wears out his youth, and leads him into danger?"

Philip held his tongue, resolved to be impenetrable; and he was so far successful, that the Chevalier merely became convinced that the brothers were not simply riding to La Rochelle to embark for England, but had some hope and purpose in view; though as to what that might be, Philip's bluff replies and stubborn silence were baffling.

After the meal, the Chevalier insisted on coming to see how his guest fared;

and Philip could not prevent him. They found Berenger sitting on the side of his bed, having evidently just started up on hearing their approach. Otherwise he did not seem to have moved since Philip left him; he had not attempted to undress; and Humfrey told Philip that not a word had been extracted from him, but commands to let him alone.

However, he had rallied his forces to meet the Chevalier, and answered manfully to his excuses for the broiling ride to which he had been exposed, that it mattered not, the effect would pass, it was a mere chance; and refused all offers of medicaments, potions, and *tisanes*, till his host at length left the room with a most correct exchange of good nights.

"Berry, Berry, what a brute I have been!" cried Philip.

"Foolish lad!" and Berenger half smiled. "Now help me to bed, for the room turns round!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### CAGED IN THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

"Let him shun castles;  
Safer shall he be on the sandy plain  
Than where castles mounted stand."

*King Henry VI.*

WHILE Berenger slept a heavy morning's sleep after a restless night, Philip explored the narrow domain above and below. The keep and its little court had evidently been the original castle, built when the oddly-nicknamed Fulkes and Geoffreys of Anjou had been at daggers drawn with the Dukes of Normandy and Brittany; but it had since, like most other such ancient feudal fortresses, become the nucleus of walls and buildings for use, defence, or ornament that lay beneath him like a spider's web, when he had gained the roof of the keep, garnished with pepper-box turrets at each of the four angles. Beyond lay the green copses and orchards of the Bocage, for it was true, as he had at first suspected, that this was the

Château de Nid-de-Merle, and that Berenger was a captive in his wife's own castle.

Chances of escape were the lad's chief thought, but the building on which he stood went sheer down for a considerable way. Then on the north side there came out the sharp, high-pitched, tiled roof of the *corps du logis*; on the south, another roof, surmounted by a cross at the gable, and evidently belonging to the chapel; on the other two sides lay courts—that to the east, a stable-yard; that to the west, a small, narrow, chilly-looking, paved inclosure, with enormously-massive walls, the doorway walled up, and looking like a true prison-yard. Beyond this wall—indeed, on every side—extended offices, servants' houses, stables, untidy, desolate-looking gardens, and the whole was inclosed by the white wall with flanking red-tiled turrets, whose gaudy appearance had last night made Philip regard the whole as a flimsy, Frenchified erection, but he now saw it to be of extremely solid stone and lime, and with no entrance but the great barbican gateway they had entered by; moreover, with a yawning, dry moat all round. Wherever he looked he saw these tall, pointed red caps, resembling, he thought, those worn by the victims of an *auto-da-fé*, as one of Walsingham's secretaries had described them to him; and he ground his teeth at them, as though they grinned at him like emissaries of the Inquisition.

Descending, he found Berenger dressing in haste to avoid receiving an invalid visit from the Chevalier, looking indeed greatly shaken, but hardly so as would have been detected by eyes that had not seen him during his weeks of hope and recovery. He was as resolved as Philip could wish against any sign of weakness before his enemy, and altogether disclaimed illness, refusing the stock of cooling drinks, cordials, and febrifuges, which the Chevalier said had been sent by his sister the Abbess of Bel-laise. He put the subject of his health aside, only asking if this were the day that the gendarme-captain would return to Paris, and then begging to see that

officer, so as to have a distinct understanding of the grounds of his imprisonment. The captain had, however, been a mere instrument; and when Philip clamoured to be taken before the next justice of the peace, even Berenger smiled at him for thinking that such a being existed in France. The only cause alleged was the vague but dangerous suspicion of conveying correspondence between England and the heretics, and this might become extremely perilous to one undeniably half English, regarded as whole Huguenot, caught on the way to La Rochelle with a letter to La Noue in his pocket; and, moreover, to one who had had a personal affray with a King famous for storing up petty offences, whom the last poor King had favoured, and who, in fine, had claims to estates that could not be spared to the Huguenot interest.

He was really not sure that there was not some truth in the professions of the Chevalier being anxious to protect him from the Queen-mother and the Guises; he had never been able to divest himself of a certain trust in his old kinsman's friendliness, and he was obliged to be beholden to him for the forms in which to couch his defence. At the same time he wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, and to his grandfather, but with great caution, lest his letters should be inspected by his enemies, and with the less hope of their availing him, because it was probable that the Ambassador would return home on the King's death. No answer could be expected for at least a fortnight, and even then it was possible that the Queen-mother might choose to refer the cause to King Henry, who was then in Poland.

Berenger wrote these letters with much thought and care, but when they were once sealed, he collapsed again into despair and impatience, and frantically paced the little court as if he would dash himself against the walls that detained him from Eustacie; then threw himself moodily into a chair, hid his face in his crossed arms, and fell a prey to all the wretched visions called up by an excited brain.

However, he was equally alive with Philip to the high-spirited resolution that his enemies should not perceive or triumph in his dejection. He showed himself at the noon-day dinner, before Captain Delarue departed, grave and silent, but betraying no agitation; and he roused himself from his sad musings at the supper-hour, to arrange his hair, and assume the ordinary dress of gentlemen in the evening; though Philip laughed at the roses adorning his shoes, and his fresh ruff, as needless attentions to an old ruffian like the Chevalier. However, Philip started when he entered the hall, and beheld, not the Chevalier alone, but with him the beautiful lady of the velvet coach, and another stately, extremely handsome dame, no longer in her first youth, and in costly black and white garments. When the Chevalier called her his sister, Madame de Bellaise, Philip had no notion that she was anything but a widow, living a secular life; and though a couple of nuns attended her, their dress was so much less conventual than Cecily's, that he did not at first find them out. It was explained that Madame de Selinville was residing with her aunt, and that, having come to visit her father, he had detained the ladies to supper, hoping to enliven the sojourn of his *beaux cousins*.

Madame de Selinville, looking anxiously at Berenger, hoped she saw him in better health. He replied, stiffly, that he was perfectly well; and then, by way of safety, repaired to the society of the Abbess, who immediately began plying him with questions about England, its Court, and especially the secret marriage of Queen Elizabeth and "*ce Comte de Dudley*," on which she was so minutely informed as to put him to the blush. Then she was very curious about the dispersed convents, and how many of the nuns had married; and she seemed altogether delighted to have secured the attention of a youth from the outer world. His soul at first recoiled from her as one of Eustacie's oppressors, and from her unconvient-like talk; and yet he could not but think

her a good-natured person, and wonder if she could really have been hard upon his poor little wife. And she, who had told Eustacie she would strangle with her own hands the scion of the rival house!—she, like most women, was much more bitter against an unseen being out of reach, than towards a courteously-mannered, pale, suffering-looking youth close beside her. She had enough affection for Eustacie to have grieved much at her wanderings, and at her fate; and now the sorrow-stricken look that by no effort could be concealed, really moved her towards the young bereaved husband. Besides, were not all feuds on the point of being made up by the excellent device concocted between her brother and her niece?

Meantime, Philip was in raptures with the kindness of the beautiful Madame de Selinville. He, whom the Mistresses Walsingham treated as a mere clumsy boy, was promoted by her manner to be a man and a cavalier. He blushed up to the roots of his hair and looked sheepish whenever one of her entrancing smiles lit upon him; but then she inquired after his brother so cordially, she told him so openly how brilliant had been Berenger's career at the Court, she regretted so heartily their present danger and detention, and promised so warmly to use her interest with Queen Catherine, that in the delight of being so talked to, he forgot his awkwardness, and freely and confidentially, may be too confidentially, for he caught Berenger frowning at him, and made a sudden halt in his narrative, disconcerted but very angry with his brother for his distrust.

When the ladies had ridden away to the convent in the summer evening, and the two brothers had returned to their prison, Philip would have begun to rave about Madame de Selinville, but his mouth was stopped at once with, "Don't be such a fool, Phil!" and when Berenger shut his eyes, leant back and folded his arms together, there was no more use in talking to him.

This exceeding dejection continued for a day or two, while Berenger's whole spirit chafed in agony at his helplessness,

and like demons there ever haunted him the thoughts of what might betide Eustacie, young, fair, forsaken, and believing herself a widow. Proudly defiant as he showed himself to all eyes beyond his tower, he seemed to be fast gnawing and pining himself away in the anguish he suffered through these long days of captivity.

Perhaps it was Philip's excitement about any chance of meeting Madame de Selinville, that first roused him from the contemplation of his own misery. It struck him that if he did not rouse himself to exert his influence, the boy, left to no companionship save what he could make for himself, might be led away by intercourse with the gendarmes, or by the blandishments of Diane, whatever might be her game. He must be watched over, and returned to Sir Marmaduke the same true-hearted honest lad who had left home. Nor had Berenger lain so long under Cecily St. John's tender watching without bearing away some notes of patience, trust, and dutifulness that returned upon him as his mind recovered tone after the first shock. The whispers that had bidden him tarry the Lord's leisure, be strong, and commit his way to Him who could bring it to pass, and could save Eustacie as she had already been saved, returned to him once more : he chid himself for his faintness of heart, rallied his powers, and determined that cheerfulness, dutifulness and care for Philip should no longer fail.

So he reviewed his resources, and in the first place arranged for a brief daily worship with his two English fellow-prisoners, corresponding to the home hours of chapel service. Then he proposed to Philip to spend an hour every day over the study of the Latin Bible ; and when Philip showed himself reluctant to give up his habit of staring over the battlements, he represented that an attack on their faith was not so improbable but that they ought to be prepared for it.

"I'm quite prepared," quoth Philip ;  
 "I shall not listen to a word they say."

However, he submitted to this, but

was far more contumacious as to Berenger's other proposal of profiting by Sidney's copy of Virgil. Here at least he was away from Mr. Adderley and study, and it passed endurance to have Latin and captivity both at once. He was more obliged for Berenger's offer to impart to him the instruction in fencing he had received during his first visit to Paris ; the Chevalier made no difficulty about lending them foils, and their little court became the scene of numerous encounters, as well as of other games and exercises. More sedentary sports were at their service, chess, tables, dice, or cards, but Philip detested these, and they were only played in the evening, or on a rainy afternoon, by Berenger and the Chevalier.

It was clearly no part of the old gentleman's plan to break their health or spirits. He insisted on taking them out riding frequently, though always with four gendarmes with loaded arquebuses, so as to preclude all attempt at escape, or conversation with the peasants. The rides were hateful to both youths, but Berenger knew that so many hours of tedium were thus disposed of, and hoped also to acquire some knowledge of the country ; indeed, he looked at every cottage and every peasant with affectionate eyes, as probably having sheltered Eustacie ; and Philip, after one visit paid to the convent at Bellaise, was always in hopes of making such another. His boyish admiration of Madame de Selinville was his chief distraction, coming on in accessions whenever there was a hope of seeing her, and often diverting Berenger by its absurdities, even though at other times he feared that the lad might be led away by it, or dissension sown between them. Meetings were rare—now and then Madame de Selinville would appear at dinner or at supper as her father's guest ; and more rarely, the Chevalier would turn his horse's head in the direction of Bellaise, and the three gentlemen would be received in the unpartitioned parlour, and there treated to such lemon cakes as had been the ruin of La Sablerie ; but in general the

castle and the convent had little intercourse, or only just enough to whet the appetite of the prisoners for what constituted their only variety.

Six weeks had lagged by before any answer from Paris was received, and then there was no reply from Walsingham, who had, it appeared, returned home immediately after King Charles's funeral. The letter from the Council bore that the Queen-mother was ready to accept the Baron de Ribaumont's excuses in good part, and to consider his youth; and she had no doubt of his being treated with the like indulgence by the King, provided he would prove himself a loyal subject, by embracing the Catholic faith, renouncing all his illegitimate claims to the estates of Nid-de-Merle, and, in pledge of his sincerity, wedding his cousin, the Countess de Selinville, so soon as a dispensation should have been procured. On no other consideration could he be pardoned or set at liberty.

"Then," said Berenger slowly, "a prisoner I must remain until it be the will of Heaven to open the doors."

"Fair nephew!" exclaimed the Chevalier, "make no rash replies. Bethink you to what you expose yourself by obstinacy. I may no longer be able to protect you when the King returns." And he further went on to represent that, by renouncing voluntarily all possible claims on the Nid-de-Merle estates, the Baron would save the honour of poor Eustacie (which indeed equally concerned the rest of the family), since they then would gladly drop all dispute of the validity of the marriage; and the lands of Selinville would be an ample equivalent for these, as well as for all expectations in England.

"Sir, it is impossible!" said Berenger, "My wife lives."

"*Comment?* when you wear mourning for her."

"I wear black because I have been able to procure nothing else since I have been convinced that she did not perish at La Sablerie. I was on my way to seek her when I was seized and detained here."

"Where would you have sought her, my poor cousin?" compassionately asked the Chevalier.

"That I know not. She may be in England by this time; but that she escaped from La Sablerie, I am well assured."

"Alas! my poor friend, you feed on a delusion. I have surer evidence—you shall see the man yourself—one of my son's people, who was actually at the assault, and had strict orders to seek and save her. Would that I could feel the least hope left!"

"Is the man here? Let me see him," said Berenger, hastily.

He was at once sent for, and proved to be one of the stable servants, a rough soldierly-looking man, who made no difficulty in telling that M. de Nid-de-Merle had bidden his own troop to use every effort to reach the widow Laurent's house, and secure the lady. They had made for it, but missed the way, and met with various obstacles; and when they reached it, it was already in flames, and he had seen for a moment Mademoiselle de Nid-de-Merle, whom he well knew by sight, with an infant in her arms at an upper window. He had called to her by name, and was about to send for a ladder, when recognising the Ribaumont colours, she had turned back, and thrown herself and her child into the flames. M. de Nid-de-Merle was frantic when he heard of it, and they had searched for the remains among the ruins; but, bah! it was like a lime-kiln, nothing was to be found—all was calcined.

"No fragment left?" said Berenger; "not a corner of tile or beam?"

"Not so much wood as you could boil an egg with; I will swear it on the Mass."

"That is needless," said Berenger. "I have seen the spot myself. That is all I desired to ask."

The Chevalier would have taken his hand and consoled with him over the horrible story; but he drew back, repeating that he had seen Widow Laurent's house, and that he saw that some parts of the man's story were so

much falsified that he could not believe the rest. Moreover, he knew that Eustacie had not been in the town at the time of the siege.

Now the Chevalier *bonâ fide* believed the man's story, so far as that he never doubted that Eustacie had perished, and he looked on Berenger's refusal to accept the tale as the mournful last clinging to a vain hope. In his eyes, the actual sight of Eustacie, and the total destruction of the house, were mere matters of embellishment, possibly untrue, but not invalidating the main fact. He only said, "Well, my friend, I will not press you while the pain of this narration is still fresh."

"Thank you, sir ; but this is not pain, for I believe not a word of it ; therefore it is impossible for me to entertain the proposal, even if I could forsake my faith or my English kindred. You remember, sir, that I returned this same answer at Paris, when I had no hope that my wife survived."

"True, my fair cousin, but I fear time will convince you that this constancy is unhappily misplaced. You shall have time to consider ; and when it is proved to you that my poor niece is out of the reach of your fidelity, and when you have become better acquainted with the claims of the Church to your allegiance, then may it only prove that your conversion does not come too late. I have the honour to take my leave."

"One moment more, sir. Is there no answer as to my brother ?"

"None, cousin. As I told you, your country has at present no ambassador ; but, of course, on your fulfilment of the conditions, he would be released with you."

"So," said Philip, when the old knight had quitted the room, "of course you cannot marry while Eustacie lives ; but if——"

"Not another word, profane boy !" angrily cried Berenger.

"I was only going to say, it is a pity of one so goodly not to bring her over to the true faith, and take her to England."

"Much would she be beholden to

you !" said Berenger. "So !" he added, sighing, "I had little hope but that it would be thus. I believe it is all a web of this old plotter's weaving, and that the Queen-mother acts in it at his request. He wants only to buy me off with his daughter's estates from asserting my claim to this castle and lands ; and I trow he will never rise up here till——till——"

"Till when, Berry ?"

"Till mayhap my grandfather can move the Queen to do something for us ; or till Madame de Selinville sees a face she likes better than her brother's carving ; or, what can I tell ? till malice is tired out, and Heaven's will sets us free ! May Eustacie only have reached home ! But I'm sorry for you, my poor Phil."

"Never heed, brother," said Philip ; "what is prison to me, so that I can now and then see those lovely eyes ?"

And the languishing air of the clumsy lad was so comical as to beguile Berenger into a laugh. Yet Berenger's own feeling would go back to his first meeting with Diane ; and as he thought of the eyes then fixed on him, he felt that he was under a trial that might become more severe.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DARK POOL OF THE FUTURE.

"Triumph, triumph, only she  
That knit his bonds can set him free."

SOUTHEY.

No change was made in the life of the captives of Nid-de-Merle after the answer from Paris, except that Père Bonami, who had already once or twice dined at the Chevalier's table, was requested to make formal exposition of the errors of the Reformers and of the tenets of his own Church to the Baron de Ribaumont.

Philip took such good care not to be deluded that, though he sat by to see fair play, yet it was always with his elbows on the table and his fingers in his ears, regardless of appearing to the priest in the character of the deaf adder.



After all, he was not the object, and good Père Bonami at first thought the day his own, when he found that almost all his arguments against Calvinism were equally impressed upon Berenger's mind, but the differences soon revealed themselves; and the priest, though a good man, was not a very happily-chosen champion, for he was one of the old-fashioned, scantily-instructed country-priests, who were more numerous before the Jesuit revival of learning, and knew nothing of controversy save that adapted to the doctrines of Calvin; so that in dealing with an Anglican of the school of Ridley and Hooker, it was like bow and arrow against sword. And in those days of change, controversial reading was one of the primary studies even of young laymen, and Lord Walwyn, with a view to his grandson's peculiar position, had taken care that he should be well instructed, so that he was not at all unequal to the contest. Moreover, apart from argument, he clung as a point of honour to the Church as to the wife that he had accepted in his childhood; and often tried to recall the sketch that Philip Sidney had once given him of a tale that a friend of his designed to turn into a poem, like Ariosto's, in *terza rima*, of a Red Cross knight separated from his Una as the true faith, and tempted by a treacherous Duessa, who impersonated at once falsehood and Rome. And he knew so well that the least relaxation of his almost terrified resistance would make him so entirely succumb to Diane's beauty and brilliancy, that he kept himself stiffly frigid and reserved.

Diane never openly alluded to the terms on which he stood, but he often found gifts from unknown hands placed in his room. The books which he had found there were changed when he had had time to study them; and marks were placed in some of the most striking passages. They were of the class that turned the brain of the Knight of La Mancha, but with a predominance of the pastoral, such as the Diana of George of Montemayor and his numerous imitators—which Philip thought horrible

stuff—enduring nothing but a few of the combats of Amadis de Gaul or Palmerin of England, until he found that Madame de Selinville prodigiously admired the “silly swains more silly than their sheep,” and was very anxious that M. le Baron should be touched by their beauties; whereupon honest Philip made desperate efforts to swallow them in his brother's stead, but was always found fast asleep in the very middle of arguments between Damon and Thyrsis upon the *devoirs* of love, or the mournings of some disconsolate nymph over her jealousies of a favoured rival.

One day, a beautiful ivory box, exhaling sweet perfume, appeared in the prison chamber, and therewith a sealed letter in verse, containing an affecting description of how Corydon had been cruelly torn by the lions in endeavouring to bear away Sylvie from her cavern, how Sylvie had been rent from him and lost, and how vainly he continued to bewail her, and disregard the loving lament of Daphné, who had ever mourned and pined for him as she kept her flock, made the rivulets, the brooks, the mountains re-echo with her sighs and complaints, and had wandered through the hills and valleys, gathering simples wherewith she had compounded a balsam that might do away with the scars that the claws of the lions had left, so that he might again appear with the glowing cheeks and radiant locks that had excited the envy of the god of day.

Berenger burst out laughing over the practical part of this poetical performance, and laughed the more at Philip's hurt, injured air at his mirth. Philip, who would have been the first to see the absurdity in any other Daphné, thought this a passing pleasant device, and considered it very unkind in his brother not even to make experiment of the balsam of simples, but to declare that he had much rather keep his scars for Eustacie's sake than wear a smooth face to please Diane.

Still Berenger's natural courtesy stood in his way. He could not help being respectful and attentive to the old Chevalier, when their terms were, ap-

parently at least, those of host and guest ; and to a lady he *could* not be rude and repellent, though he could be reserved. So, when the kinsfolk met, no stranger would have discovered that one was a prisoner and the others his captors.

One August day, when Madame de Selinville and her lady attendants were supping at the castle at the early hour of six, a servant brought in word that an Italian pedlar craved leave to display his wares. He was welcome, both for need's sake and for amusement, and was readily admitted. He was a handsome olive-faced Italian, and was followed by a little boy with a skin of almost Moorish dye—and great was the display at once made on the tables, of

“Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;  
Gloves as sweet as fragrant posies,  
Masks for faces and for noses ;”

and there was a good deal of the eager, desultory bargaining that naturally took place where purchasing was an unusual excitement and novelty, and was to form a whole evening's amusement. Berenger, while supplying the defects of his scanty travelling wardrobe, was trying to make out whether he had seen the man before, wondering if he were the same whom he had met in the forest of Montpipeau, though a few differences in dress, hair, and beard made him somewhat doubtful.

“Perfumes ? Yes, lady, I have store of perfumes : ambergris and violet dew, and the Turkish essence distilled from roses ; yea, and the finest spirit of the Venus myrtle-tree, the secret known to the Roman dames of old, whereby they secured perpetual beauty and love—though truly Madame should need no such essence. That which nature has bestowed on her secures to her all hearts—and one valued more than all.”

“Enough,” said Diane, blushing somewhat, though with an effort at laughing off his words, “these are the tricks of your trade.”

“Madame is incredulous ; yet, Lady, I have been in the East. Yonder boy comes from the land where there are

spells that make known the secrets of lives.”

The old Chevalier, who had hitherto been taken up with the abstruse calculation—derived from his past days of economy—how much ribbon would be needed to retrim his murrey *just-au-corps*, here began to lend an ear, though saying nothing. Philip looked on in open-eyed wonder, and nudged his brother, who muttered in return, “Juglery !”

“Ah, the fair company are all slow to believe,” said the pedlar. “Holla, Alessio !” and taking a glove that Philip had left on the table, he held it to the boy. A few unintelligible words passed between them ; then the boy pointed direct to Philip, and waved his hand northwards. “Hé says the gentleman who owns this glove comes from the North, from far away,” interpreted the Italian ; then as the boy made the gesture of walking in chains, “that he is a captive.”

“Ay,” cried Philip, “right, lad ; and can he tell how long I shall be so ?”

“Things yet to come,” said the mountebank, “are only revealed after long preparation. For them must he gaze into the dark pool of the future. The present and the past he can divine by the mere touch of what has belonged to the person.”

“It is passing strange,” said Philip to Madame de Selinville. “You credit it, Madame ?”

“Ah, have we not seen the wonders come to pass that a like diviner foretold to the Queen-mother,” said Diane : “her sons should be all kings—that was told to her when the eldest was yet Dauphin.”

“And there is only one yet to come,” said Philip, awe-struck. “But see, what has he now ?”

“Véronique's kerchief,” returned Madame de Selinville, as the Italian began to interpret the boy's gesture.

“Pretty maidens, he says, serve fair ladies—bear tokens for them. This damsel has once been the bearer of a bouquet of heather of the pink and white, whose bells were to ring hope.”

"Eh, eh, Madame, it is true!" cried Véronique, crimson with surprise and alarm. "M. le Baron knows it is true."

Berenger had started at this revelation, and uttered an inarticulate exclamation; but at that moment the boy, in whose hand his master had placed a crown from the money newly paid, began to make vehement gestures, which the man interpreted. "*Le Balafre*, he says, pardon me, gentlemen, *le Balafre* could reveal even a deeper scar of the heart than of the visage"—and truly the boy's brow hand was pressed on his heart—"yet truly there is yet hope (*espérance*) to be found. Yes"—as the boy put his hand to his neck—"he bears a pearl, parted from its sister pearls. Where they are, there is hope. Who can miss Hope, who has sought it at a royal death-bed?"

"Ah, where is it?" Berenger could not help exclaiming.

"Sir," said the pedlar, "as I told Messieurs and Mesdames before, the spirits that cast the lights of the future on the dark pool need invocation. Ere he can answer M. le Baron's demands, he and I must have time and seclusion. If Monsieur le Chevalier will grant us an empty room, there will we answer all queries on which the spirits will throw light."

"And how am I to know that you will not bring the devil to shatter the castle, my friend?" demanded the Chevalier. "Or, more likely still, that you are not laughing all the time at these credulous boys and ladies?"

"Of that, sir, you may here convince yourself," said the mountebank, putting into his hand a sort of credential in Italian, signed by Renato di Milano, the Queen's perfumer, testifying to the skill of his compatriot Ercole Stizzito both in perfumery, cosmetics, and in the secrets of occult sciences.

The Chevalier was no Italian scholar, and his daughter interpreted the scroll to him, in a rapid low voice, adding, "I have had many dealings with René of Milan, father. I know he speaks sooth. There can be no harm in letting

the poor man play out his play—all the castle servants will be frantic to have their fortunes told."

"I must speak with the fellow first, daughter," said the Chevalier. "He must satisfy me that he has no unlawful dealings that could bring the Church down on us." And he looked meaningly at the mountebank, who replied by a whole muster-roll of ecclesiastics, male and female, who had heard and approved his predictions.

"A few more words with thee, fellow," said the Chevalier, pointing the way to one of the rooms opening out of the hall. "As master of the house I must be convinced of his honesty," he added. "If I am satisfied, then who will may seek to hear their fortune."

Chevalier, man and boy disappeared, and Philip was the first to exclaim, "A strange fellow! What will he tell us? Madame, shall you hear him?"

"That depends on my father's report," she said. "And yet," sadly and pensively, "my future is dark and void enough. Why should I vex myself with hearing it?"

"Nay, it may brighten," said Philip.

"Scarcely, while hearts are hard," she murmured with a slight shake of the head, that Philip thought indescribably touching; but Berenger was gathering his purchases together, and did not see. "And you, brother," said Philip, "you mean to prove him?"

"No," said Berenger. "Have you forgotten, Phil, the anger we met with, when we dealt with the gipsy at Hurst Fair?"

"Pshaw, Berry, we are past flogging now."

"Out of reach, Phil, of the rod, but scarce of the teaching it struck into us."

"What?" said Philip sulkily.

"That divining is either cozening man or forsaking God, Phil. Either it is falsehood, or it is a lying wonder of the devil."

"But, Berry, this man is no cheat."

"Then he is worse."

"Only, turn not away, brother. How should he have known things that even I know not?—the heather."

"No marvel in that," said Berenger. "This is the very man I bought An-nora's fan from; he was prowling round Montpipeau, and my heather was given to Véronique with little secrecy. And as to the royal deathbed, it was René, his master, who met me there."

"Then, you think it mere cozening? If so, we should find it out."

"I don't reckon myself keener than an accomplished Italian mountebank," said Berenger, drily.

Further conference was cut short by the return of the Chevalier, saying, in his paternal genial way, "Well, children, I have examined the fellow and his credentials, and for those who have enough youth and hope to care to have the future made known to them, bah! it is well!"

"Is it sorcery, sir?" asked Philip, anxiously.

The Chevalier shrugged his shoulders. "What know I," he said, "for those who have a fine nose for brimstone there may be, but he assures me it is but the white magic practised in Egypt, and the boy is Christian!"

"Did you try his secrets, father?" inquired Madame de Selinville.

"I, my daughter? An old man's fortune is in his children. What have I to ask?"

"I—I scarcely like to be the first!" said the lady, eager, but hesitating. "Véronique, you would have your fortune told?"

"I will be the first," said Philip, stepping forward manfully. "I will prove him for you, lady, and tell you whether he be a cozenor or not; or if his magic be fit for you to deal with."

And confident in the inherent intuition of a plain Englishman, as well as satisfied to exercise his resolution for once in opposition to Berenger's opinion, Master Thistlewood stepped towards the closet where the Italian awaited his clients, and Berenger knew that it would be worse than useless to endeavour to withhold him. He only chafed at the smile which passed between father and daughter at this doughty self-assertion.

*To be continued.*

## THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

AMONG the numerous points in which human life is said to resemble a battle, we do not think that the analogy between the confidence of one friend in another, and that of each private soldier in his neighbour, has received quite sufficient attention. Every man in a regiment knows perfectly well that, come what may, his next rank man is trained to stand by him: that the habit of doing so has become too mechanical for almost any peril to disturb. And it is of course this feeling which alone enables small bodies of disciplined men to perform the exploits which they do. In fighting the battle of life such support is scarcely less valuable. Ordinary friends, whose good opinion we prize, and whose society we should be sorry to forfeit, are no doubt useful auxiliaries in keeping a man up to his work. But occasions will arise in every man's life when something more than this becomes necessary: when the opinion of the world and his own self-respect seem worthless to him in comparison with the attainment of some darling object or the indulgence of some absorbing passion. Then it is that, unless he be of heroic mould (and I am writing only for ordinary men), all those artificial supports of morality and dignity which society has laboriously built up fall away at once before the supremacy of nature; and leave him, without assistance, to the tyranny of his own will. In such circumstances as these a man's truest and perhaps only safety is to be found in the consciousness that he has friends on each side of him who will, if necessary, fairly see him through the trial, and will not flinch from his side though his demands upon their sympathy be ever so protracted and incessant. Such friends as these it is given to few men to possess; and that is all the more reason why those who possess them should be very careful

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not to lose them. But there seems no natural impediment in the formation of such intimacies; and their scarcity is, in our opinion, rather due to a certain carelessness, or sometimes want of tact, among men, than to any want of goodness of heart. This carelessness and want of tact, however, as they are shown in little things, are seldom handled by the moralist; nor, indeed, are they capable of being treated with much literary dignity. I am afraid, as it is, my descent into the next paragraph will be of the suddenest. But no one can deny the universal interest of the subject-matter introduced in it.

One of the commonest—though not, I think, one of the most powerful—causes which either dissolve friendship or prevent its attaining that maturity which is necessary to its highest usefulness, arises, as my readers will anticipate me in saying, from the lending and borrowing of money. Men's ideas upon this subject are exceedingly indistinct. "I am going to ask you a favour," says A to B; "I want you to lend me ten pounds," or fifty, or a hundred, according to the position of the speakers. Now, if both A and B know that the money is sure to be repaid at the time promised, the loan is not a favour at all. If, on the other hand, it is not sure to be repaid at the time specified, it practically, in the case of small sums, ceases to be a loan; it is a gift. For the difference between five pounds repaid a year after it was promised and not repaid at all is, as far as the donor's convenience is involved, nothing. Both these points are commonly overlooked by those whom they respectively concern. The lender fancies he is doing you a great favour if he only allows you the use of a sum of money during a period when he would not be using it himself, being at the same time certain of having it in his hands again as soon as he

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requires it for use. The borrower imagines that the simple restoration of the money is an effectual repayment of the loan, regardless how much of your convenience and your patience he may have borrowed in addition, by deferring the day of restitution. Thus both are in error: the one fancies that lending is always a favour; the other, that repayment is always satisfaction. The one overrates the value of the obligation under which he lays you, if the loan is punctually repaid; the other underrates the amount of the favour he has received from you, if it is not. Loans which do not inconvenience the lender at the moment are only favours according to the strength of the suspicion in the lender's mind that they will not be punctually repaid. And if men would only be open with each other, he never need suspect this twice. If the lender would have the moral courage to exact a positive statement, upon honour, from his impecunious friend, of his prospects of receiving cash, he need not lend the money under any misapprehension. And, of course, if he ever found out a man in giving him a false statement, he would never lend him money again. But the majority of men are deceived with their eyes open, and yet are as angry as if they had been really taken in. Your friend rushes into your room in a great hurry, and declares he wants five pounds, for a very particular purpose, till next Tuesday. You lend it him. You feel nearly sure in your own mind that he will not repay you the money on that day, but you do not refuse him; and then, when the day comes round, and you hear and see nothing of your friend, you are as angry as if he had really imposed upon you. This, of course, does not justify your friend: he is as much to blame as ever. But it shows that you would have acted more wisely, as well as more kindly, in forcing him to the statement we have suggested.

Among the petty sources of difference which impair friendship I know none that is more powerful than the betrayal of small confidences. A breach of punctuality in the repayment of a debt is

excusable: that is to say, any man may easily find excuses for it; and, what is more, it is wholly free from any tinge of personal slight. A man who does not repay you a sum of money may be supposed, unless he is a recognised rogue, to believe that you do not want it; and, however much of inconvenience to yourself may result from that belief, there is at least nothing humiliating or insulting in it. But the other cause of offence implies that you and your secrets are not of sufficient importance to be allowed for one moment to stand between a man and his joke, or even his insatiable love of hearing his own voice. And let no one suppose that this particular defect is not to be found in men of whom it is desirable to make friends. The commission of this error is not always the offspring of a desire to tell a good story, or to redeem oneself from the imputation of dulness or taciturnity. Whenever it is so, then we grant that it testifies to that feeble kind of vanity in the perpetrator which must for ever incapacitate a man for the highest duties of friendship. But oftener the fault is committed from that mixture of selfishness and thoughtlessness which we have no one word to adequately express. This source of its commission is more observable as men grow older, and, without exactly becoming more selfish, become more self-engrossed, and disposed at the same time to attach less and less importance to anything that happens in life. You go to Thompson, and confide to his faithful bosom some matters that affect yourself very deeply. He swears, of course, eternal secrecy, and means it. But as soon as you are gone the waves of his daily business flow over the impression you have created, and wash them down to the level of the other deposits which a succession of confidences has left behind. There are men, of course, and we hope and believe not a few, who preserve through all the wear and tear and chilling influences of life's daily struggle, the same freshness of feeling and power of sympathy with which they started in

the world. But such men are rare ; and we cannot complain because A, B, and C, do not happen to belong to them. But A, B, and C, might do a great deal to diminish the force of the evil, if they would only remember that the obligation to secrecy in such cases is not to be measured by their own sense of the importance of the secret, but by his who told it ; while the teller would also be doing his part by being careful not to destroy the value of the compliment which his communication involves, by saying the same thing to half a score people at once. If you go to Brown, and assure him that only one other man besides himself has been thought worthy the honour of your confidence, and beg him, on your knees, not to divulge it to a single human being, what do you suppose will be his feelings when he finds that Jones and Robinson—men not half as intimate with you as he is—know the whole business already ? Having been promoted to a position of confidence without any application for it, he finds himself reduced to the ranks without having done anything to deserve it. The inevitable impression on his mind is, that you have been trying to conciliate him under false pretences, and been making a display of partiality which you did not really entertain. Few things annoy a man of sensitive character so much as this kind of treatment, and it has probably nipped in the bud more growing friendships, or kept them in a state of fixed crudity, than any other given cause. There is another thing also which many men resent very warmly, though I do not think it equally worthy of resentment, and that is the omission to tell them things which they believe themselves entitled to be told. But this feeling, though perhaps it may betray some littleness of mind upon the one side, is indicative of that degree of indifference upon the other which leaves the two men quits, to say the least of it. If Mr. Briefless quarrel with Mr. Feeless because the latter did not tell him, or did not tell him first, that he had got a client ; or Captain Cockspur with Lieu-

tenant Larkspur, because the latter told Ensign Hotspur instead of himself about that affair with the pastrycook ; it is not magnanimous conduct on the part of Cockspur and Briefless, certainly, but neither is it a symptom of friendship on the part of Larkspur and Feeless. When men have been accustomed to hunt in couples, whether for purposes of business or pleasure, it is galling for either one to find out that his colleague, after all, sets very little store upon the partnership. It is foolish to betray this feeling to the world : foolish perhaps even to entertain it. But no man who does not experience it in some degree can have proposed to himself any adequate ideal of friendship. Friendship, of course, is exacting in proportion as it resembles love. And as with many men it has to act all their lives as a substitute for the latter passion, persons of warm affections may be forgiven if they now and then betray the weakness of a lover in resenting the imperfection of a friend.

There are, we should remember, two kinds of selfishness in the world, which, though generally, are not always found together ; one consisting in thinking too much about ourselves, and one in thinking too little about other people. The baser and, let us hope, the rarer kind of selfishness is unquestionably that which, adopting the gratification of self as the primary end of life, carefully studies other people for the purpose of making them its tools. But this is certainly not the most vexatious form of selfishness ; that, namely, which prevents a man from taking the trouble of studying other people at all, whether for their sake or his own. The ease of the moment is with such a man the end of life. To this he will sacrifice all that to other people makes life valuable, as a confirmed drunkard will to liquor. How many chances of distinction have been allowed to ebb away ! How much happiness has been wrecked ! How many friendships have been broken by indulgence in the fatal habit ! Patron from client—wife from husband—school-friend from school-friend—are

more or less thoroughly estranged by it. The patron grows tired of indifference—the wife is frozen by neglect—the friend stands aloof through pride. And all this might be prevented, would a man but force himself to realize the obvious truism, that in these various relations of life he must not expect the advantage to be all upon his own side; that as they are alone made pleasant to himself by others taking thought for him, so he must in turn strive to make them pleasant to others by equally taking thought for them. Men sometimes excuse themselves for the breach of this duty, if at any time a consciousness of its existence dawn upon them, by exclaiming that Englishmen are not “demonstrative,” and that when two people are assured of each other’s friendship, the perpetual manifestation of it becomes tiresome. I think the same. But I think, nevertheless, that the working of this peculiar national sentiment is to be watched with extreme distrust. Under proper control, it is the nurse of that dignified simplicity and that chastity of feeling which constitute the great charm of our social intercourse, and is the best guarantee of real affection. Abused, it becomes the pretext for that selfishness of indolence which I am just now occupied in exposing. Where the line is to be drawn in point of manner must be left to individual tact. But a glance of the eye, or a slight inflection of the voice, an allusion where it is likely to be looked for, and abstinence from it where it is likely to be painful, are all things which go straight to another man’s heart, and, by the familiarity which they display with the subjects most interesting to himself, prove that you think of him in his absence, and unaffectedly sympathise with his life. This much, of course, you may do either when in mixed society, or alone with your friend. But the best test of all is how you demean yourself when he is talked of behind his back, or subjects are introduced which could be illustrated from his career. If a man will then really do for another as he would wish to be done by, his fitness for the highest office of

friendship can no longer be disputed. This is taking thought for him in its best and most difficult sense; and happy indeed is the man who, in the most numerous circle of acquaintances, numbers one such friend as this.

Of course, in a country like our own, where almost every man is busy, a certain amount of absorption in his own interests is not only excusable, but laudable. No rules can be laid down by which any one is to judge when that absorption is excessive. Nothing is so justly irritating to a hard-working man, conscious of the real claims which his work has upon him, as to be informed in a peevish tone, that “Well, to be sure, he might have found time for this;” or that, “At all events, he can always find time for something else.” Ladies, I fear, are sad offenders in this respect. But men, if they do not say it in so many words, are sometimes silly enough to think it; and I wish at once to protest against being confounded with unreasonable grumblers of this sort. But here, as in all other things, there is a middle course: and no man will ever give offence to any really sensible acquaintance by preferring the claims of business to those of society, unless it be done in such a way as to show that the necessity is welcome.

Yet another very fertile source of dissension between friends arises from a lazy habit of taking too much for granted; of assuming that your motives, your language, or your actions, must of necessity be intelligible at a glance to every intimate friend. One can make more allowance for this mistake than for many: for this reason, that every man has a right to expect the most favourable construction of his conduct from such a friend, and certainly a suspension of judgment while any point remains in doubt. He may presume too far upon this right, and to do so constitutes the fault I am describing; but it springs, I think, from some things not wholly unamiable in character: from a too easy persuasion that his friend can think no ill of him, and a conviction (perhaps, however, only temporary) that he could



think none of his friend. Some men, it must be noted, are so reserved, that we are liable almost at any moment to be thwarting their schemes or offending their tastes without knowing it; and when, at some future time, we are reproached with our selfishness or our want of sympathy, we have unhappily no defence that will come home to the breast of the accuser. What I say therefore is, be very careful of misconception. Even the best of men will hardly take the trouble to construct a defence for you, if your conduct is apparently hurtful to himself. And then, when you come out with your own version of the business, adding, between the tone of an apology and a reproach, that you "took it for granted he would understand all that," he is very likely to be still more angry than before. If he ought to have understood it, he has had the tables turned upon himself in a way that no one likes. If he ought not, you are only, in his opinion, adding impudence to injury.

While I am on this part of my subject, I must take the opportunity of saying a few words on the uses of punctuality in preserving or strengthening friendship. It may be thought very exacting of one friend to insist on this virtue in another. But friends are only men after all. Business lost, a rubber stopped or a dinner ruined, *will* provoke the most amiable man in existence, even though the truant be his friend. How many repetitions of the offence are necessary to make an impression upon a formed habit of living cannot, of course, be determined. But that they will at length lead to something like a conviction in the injured party's mind, that you habitually think nothing whatever about his convenience or his pleasure, is inevitable; and when that conviction has ripened, friendship, depend upon it, has entered on the first stage of its decay.

There are men, of course, whose tempers unfit them for all the requirements of friendship. A readiness to take offence, to see a slight where no slight is intended, or to impute motives

to other people, are among the most active causes which contribute to the quarrels of friends. I have often been surprised at the ease with which a man, and I mean a man of sense and education, will accuse an old associate of doing an "ungentlemanly" action. It never seems to occur to that man, that even if hereafter he shall confess that he was wrong in this particular instance, he has, nevertheless, shown that he believes his friend capable of an ungentlemanly action. He may retract the particular charge; but it is out of his power to retract the opinion which the charge involved. When this irritability is natural, it is, of course, an object of pity like any other infirmity; but when it is assumed, as it sometimes is, for the sake of a reputation for spirit, it is outrageously disgusting and contemptible. I have seen such cases, and I know of nothing that so strongly tempts me to regret the extinction of duelling. You can never be at ease with such a man. To associate with him, is like living in the same house with a person of unsound mind, who any fine morning may snatch up a knife from the breakfast table, and murder you for a thoughtless word. It is moreover, in my opinion, a piece of such arrant impertinence in any one man to pretend that the code of manners which regulates his own circle is not good enough for himself, that society should combine against such offenders. If A, B, C, and D, gentlemen and scholars and Christians, are not offended at particular freedoms, who is E, that he must be so? I would put it to such men, whether this behaviour does not betray a consciousness of something wanting in themselves? That calm, settled self-respect, which precludes a man from thinking it possible that any one should mean to insult him, equally precludes him from giving way to the habit I am now condemning. At all events, those who do give way to it may be everything else that is admirable, but can hardly be eligible friends.

Whenever a quarrel between two friends is justly attributable to incom-

patibility of temper, age, or profession, the fault lies in having contracted the friendship at all, and is perhaps an inevitable evil. There is a sort of freemasonry among men of the same age and rank in life, who have probably all received the same sort of education, which an elder or younger man is frequently unable to catch; on the other hand, those among whom he comes seldom pay sufficient attention to the fact that he is different, even if it do not altogether escape their notice; in a word, there is a want of sympathy, not arising from any human deficiency on either side, but solely from circumstances. That versatility, or power of succeeding with all kinds of men, of which we hear a good deal, nine times out of ten is only the art of concealing this want. And it is certainly not among men of this temperament that we should elect to choose our bosom friend. We may therefore dismiss such a character from present considerations. But we see men every now and then whom we long to make friends of, and yet can never quite succeed in doing, for want of the talisman aforesaid. They may be clever, good-natured, amusing, honourable, everything that a friend could wish; but for want of that mysterious sympathy which is the bond of friendship, no less than of love, you cannot get on with them. You like them intensely as long as they are absent. But do what you will you cannot help being uneasy in their company. Perhaps in such a case it is wiser to desist from the attempt: intimacies so formed being liable to injury from numerous petty circumstances entirely beyond our own control, or power of foresight to evade. But of all things, whether in the case

of a man of this kind, or generally, avoid the use of pen and ink. There is a superstition much in vogue with the lower orders, that it is "unlucky" to give a friend a knife. It is decidedly most unwise to give him many touches of your pen. Many men feel, and feel justly as far as words are concerned, that they can convey their meaning so much more fully by the medium of a letter, that they forget how much depends upon action, voice, and looks. Written words may wound, exasperate, or astonish, which spoken would be perfectly harmless. And no doubt the converse is to a great extent true also. As the manner can soften, the manner also can add a sting. But, on the whole, we believe that writing is the more dangerous of the two. If you be so unfortunate as to have a quarrel with an old friend, go to him at once. The mere fact of your doing so instead of writing, will dispose him to think more favourably of you. If you had really injured him without cause, or behaved in any way meanly or falsely, how would you look him in the face? On the other hand, if you write, he is very likely to lay hold of some unguarded phrase or ambiguous statement as occasion for an answer; and in that way the discussion will be protracted *ad infinitum*, with less and less chance, every letter, of an amicable arrangement. No doubt, one *can* make out a clearer exposition of one's motives, or a more correct history of a transaction, in a letter than in a speech. But the advantage is dearly purchased, by the loss of all that influence which a friendly presence exercises on the roughest of mankind.

## "SAVED AT LAST,"

### A TALE OF THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT.

BY THE REV. J. GILMORE, M.A., RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, RAMSGATE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### LIFE-BOAT WEATHER, AND LIFE-BOAT WORK.

Do we not often find, in the winter's evening, that our warm rooms seem more cosy, and the flames lap more brightly and closely round the half-consumed log, as a blast of wind moans in the chimney, and perhaps the cry of some poor street-hawker tells its plain tale of toiling misery, as it goes shivering along the street? Do we not find our sensations of personal comfort increased, and our sympathy for the sufferer quickened, as the wintry gale and slashing rain beat against our well-shuttered windows, and suggest the hardships we should have to endure if we were less cared for and protected? But, if we may learn the deeper to realize our blessings, and the more to quicken our sympathies, by contrasting our respective positions with those endured by many of the poor toilers on shore, still more may we do so as we think over the hardships suffered by the toilers at sea. I want to gain especial sympathy—and it is generally so freely given, that I know I have no hard task before me—not only for the shipwrecked, crying aloud in their quick peril and deep agony for rescue, but also for the poor brave-hearted boatmen of our coasts, who never hesitate to do all, and to dare all, when the prospect before them is that of saving life.

Let us first think of some of the features in the calling of those whom we may well call the stormy petrels of seafaring life; who not only find their bread upon the waters, but upon the stormiest waters of most troubled seas; who, the darker the night, the sterner

the tempest, the more blinding the snow-drift, are the more full of expectation that their services will be needed, and, therefore, the more determined to urge their way out into the storm, to be ready to render aid at the first call for assistance, and perhaps to pluck a harvest of saved lives off the very edge of the scythe of death.

Yes, my readers, I would carry you in thought far away from quiet home-scenes and associations; from the pleasant nooks and sunny corners of memories which you delight to recall, upon which you love to let your thoughts half-consciously ponder: but I ask you to take the joy of your home-peace, the gladness of your blessings with you, that you may be quickened in every chord of sympathy, as you let me carry your thoughts away into the dread darkness, which is broken only by spectral sheens of light shed by flying foam, and to picture the rolling sea-mountains hurling along their avalanches of white spray; to listen to the dread discords of a howling tempest; to hover in fancy mid a scene of fierce turmoil and strife, where the elements in their rage seem to have loosened all bonds of fury, and determined to sweep from their path every vestige of man and his works; and now to let your eyes centre upon a shattered wreck, to which are clinging a few storm-beaten sailors, trembling upon the very verge of a grave. Look where a fitful light gleams in the darkness, now rides high on the crest of a huge wave, now falls buried in the trough of the sea, shines out again, is hidden in a cloud of spray, but gets nearer and nearer to the shipwrecked. The light gleams from a life-boat, in which a small band of men are battling—battling on in the teeth of the fierce storm, checked by no terrors,

dismayed by no failures, with no other hope than that of saving life, but in that holy hope strong in perseverance, and undaunted in courage.

In such scenes we see the men actually at their work in their efforts to save life and property; but the life-boat and hovelling work does not merely consist in doing the work at the moment of its necessity, but also in the unwearying watch and readiness for when that time shall come. Many a Ramsgate boatman leaves his poor but warm and comfortable home, his humble but loving home-circle, to pace Ramsgate Pier for hours; and this night after night for many winter months, and for the mere chance of being among the first to make a rush for the life-boat, when the signal is given to man her—a chance that may not come a dozen times in the season, and which, when it does come, may afford, indeed, a great opportunity for daring all and doing all for the saving of life, but not much in the way of refilling the half-empty cupboards at home, or rubbing off much of the growing score at the baker's, or with the landlord.

Other boatmen go out "hovelling," or cruising, in their fine luggers, seeking for vessels in distress. Night after night, in the worst weather, they hang about the dread and gloomy Goodwin Sands, generally returning without having earned a penny for all the peril and hardship they have endured. In spite of the outcry sometimes raised against our boatmen, certain it is that few men lead harder lives, follow a more hazardous calling, and, upon the whole, are worse paid.

Owners of ships and cargoes often think it a shameful thing that they should be called upon to pay more than a modest sum for actual service rendered; forgetting that the men must be paid, in one way or another, for being at sea night after night, storm after storm; persevering often through months of disappointment, in order that they may be ready to render assistance directly it is required—for the Goodwin Sands, and the broken seas which scourge them, are fierce and fatal enough

in their power to give but short time for hope of safety to any vessel, or crew, that is wrecked there. The only thing that encourages the men to persevere in their hazardous calling, is the hope, constantly before them, of obtaining a "hovel," as it is termed,—that is, salvage for rescuing a ship or cargo,—which shall repay them, not only for their toil and risk at the time, but also, somewhat, for all their past unprofitable labour. It may sometimes seem hard upon the owners of property thus saved, that so heavy a charge should rest upon them; on the other hand, the amount paid for salvage generally bears but a small proportion to the value of the property saved. The men are necessary; they must be encouraged and kept afloat; if not, there will be many a sad addition to the already too tragic catalogue of brave men, and gallant ships, and rich cargoes, lost on the Goodwin Sands.

And now I have a tale to tell of deeds done by these brave boatmen, of acts of daring and determination, for which I claim a place amid the records of the bravest, grandest deeds of heroism of the age; a tale to tell, which, unless I fail utterly in the telling,—and this, "God forbid," I reverently pray, and pray it for the sake of the noble deeds done; and the good life-boat cause;—a tale which must move the hearts to sympathy for the suffering and endangered; to sympathy for the daring and unselfish workers of brave works; a tale the echoes of which may well stir, as a trumpet peal, stout hearts to perseverance and brave deeds, to do and dare all, whatever the storm of opposition, in God's name and for the right.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FATAL GOODWIN SANDS.

THE early days of last year were bleak and cold: strong northerly and easterly winds swept over land and sea; people on shore spoke of the weather as being seasonable, but shuddered over the word.

At Ramsgate, on the 5th of January, it was a fresh breeze from the east-south-east, and, as usual, the anxious boatmen were keeping a good look-out. About half-past eight in the morning, the boomings of the signal guns were heard, both from the Goodwin and Gull light-ships.

The boatmen who had been watching all night in momentary expectation of such a signal, made the usual rush for the life-boat.<sup>1</sup> The steamer, the *Aid*, was speedily ready, and taking the boat in tow, away they went steering for the North Sands head light-vessel. As they were making across the Gull stream, they saw what proved to be a shipwrecked crew in their own boat: they took them on board the steamer, and found they were the crew, eight in number, of the schooner *Mizpah*, of Brixham. The schooner had stranded on the Goodwin, in a thick fog, the night previously; the weather was still thick, and the men could give no account of the position of the schooner, and thought it hopeless to try and find her, or to get her off, if they did find her, and so the steamer took the boat in tow, and returned to Ramsgate.

It proved afterwards, that as the tide rose it lifted the vessel, and she floated off the Sands. A Broadstairs hovelling lugger, while cruising about, fell in with her, and succeeded in bringing her into Ramsgate. The vessel and cargo were worth 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.*; the men obtained 350*l.* as salvage.

The life-boat men were glad, after their night's watch and morning's work, to rest a few hours, but plenty of boatmen remained on watch, ready at any moment to make up a crew. The cold became hour by hour more intense, and the fresh breeze steadily grew into a gale; the sea at high tide broke in flying volumes of spray against the pier, thundered down upon it, and poured over it, in foaming cascades, into the harbour. As the evening grew on, the

gale became terrific in force; heavy snow storms went sweeping by; showers of freezing sleet came rushing along; and the night was dreary and dismal, dark and cold in the extreme. At about half-past ten the storm was in its full fury, and the sea a very howling wilderness of raging waters. At that moment, mid the roar of the wind and sea, the signal guns were heard, and rockets were seen in the direction of the Gull light-ship. “The life-boat was manned with despatch,” would be the short report the coxswain of the boat would afterwards make to the harbour-master—this means, that the boatmen, in spite of the piercing cold and terrific gale, rush along the pier, hurry down the harbour steps and into the boat, to face the dread peril of the wild sea, as readily as schoolboys bound down the school-stairs and out on to the common, for the joy of a summer holiday. It takes the steamer and life-boat about one hour and a half to urge their way out to the Gull light-ship; they speak her about one in the morning, and are told that the men on board saw, some time since, a large light burning south-east by south, but they lost it about twenty minutes ago. The steamer at once tows the boat in the direction, a careful look-out is kept, the snow-storms come down more wildly than ever, the cold is very bitter, the sea running mountains high: still on, and no signs of a light. The crew hold a consultation as to what is best to be done; there appears no possibility of one of the crew of the vessel being still alive, clinging to any floating wreckage; still, some other vessel may be in danger, they will wait and watch for any light or signal of distress, and, not seeing it, at all events remain there until daylight, that they may be sure they are not leaving behind them any who may be perishing for want of their aid; and so, while most, if not all of you, my readers, were comfortable in your beds, (the wakeful ones of you perhaps listening wistfully to the storm, and perhaps having your hearts moved with pity and to prayer for the poor fellows at sea,) these brave men—from choice, not

<sup>1</sup> The *Bradford*, a gift from the people of Bradford to the Life-Boat Institution, and by it placed at Ramsgate, under the control of the harbour authorities. She is one of the finest boats in the life-boat fleet.

for hope of money reward, but for the far dearer hope of saving life—waited on and on, by those gloomy Sands, a prey to all the fierceness of the gale, the raging seas, and deadly cold. Time after time the mad rushing waves break over the boat, burying her in clouds of spray and foam, or, coming in heavier volume still, put the men for a moment or two completely under water; the sufferings of the crew become very severe, they encourage each other, and still let the boat lay to. Willing as every man is to endure to the utmost, they soon feel that it is getting beyond their strength, they are frozen through and through, and rapidly getting numbed and exhausted with the continual wash of heavy seas, and at last they are compelled to make a signal for the steamer, and are towed back to Rams-gate, arriving between four and five in the morning.

The name of the vessel that was lost was never known, the greedy Sands soon swallowed every vestige of the ship; her name may perhaps be found among the list of missing ships at Lloyds; hope doubtless long lingered, may still linger, in many mournful homes, still the story be told to the children, how their father or their brother sailed from a foreign port for home on such a day, and has not since been heard of, but no clue ever be found as to which of the many missing vessels it was that came to such sudden destruction on the Goodwin Sands.

Shall we linger another moment, or two, in thought, over the poor fellows thus lost in the fierce seas? We fancy that the bronzing of a tropical sun was still ruddy upon their cheeks; a few weeks since they were ready to loll in the shadow of the sails, and lie about the deck at night; and then speeding home, they were met in the chops of the Channel by the rough welcome of the strong adverse wind against which, day and night, they sought to beat their way, while the sails and cordage grew hard and stiff with frozen rain and spray. Favoured at last with a slant of wind, the vessel finds her way up-channel; the crew count the

hours until when they shall be in dock; night falls as they pass the South Foreland. The wind goes moaningly back to its old direction: hour after hour it increases, a gale sweeps along in dread force, the blinding snow bewilders the pilot, who can now see no guiding light, and soon in the darkness of the night, the force of the wind, and the swirl of the tide, the vessel is driven through the raging surf on to the Sands. The men make a rush for the boat: useless; she would not float a minute in such a boil of sea. The waves fly over the vessel, now lift her to crash her down with the force of all her weight upon the Sands, now thunder against her, and shake her each moment to her keel; the captain burns a blue light, the spray washes it out; the men get a tar-barrel on deck, knock in the top, fill it with combustibles, and light it; it flares up, and for a time resists the rush of spray; the light-vessel sees the signal, fires a gun and a rocket; the life-boat starts upon her mission, but the waves lift the vessel and crash her down again time after time; the decks are swept of everything that the force of the water can tear from them, the tar-barrel is washed out, the men are unable to move on the deck, but have to lash themselves to the mast, and wait on in darkness and despair; a tremendous wave comes boiling along, it lifts the vessel, half rolls her over, the masts snap like reeds, the ship fills, and sinks in the hole she has made in the quicksand; another half-hour perhaps, and the life-boat is there: too late!—only the tangled spars and cordage float near, tokens of the death and destruction that have been wrought:—and all living things on board have thus swiftly been engulfed, and found their grave in the rush of the boiling sea.

### CHAPTER III.

"WE WILL NOT GO HOME WITHOUT THEM."

As soon as it is daylight on Sunday morning, the coxswain of the life-boat and others of the boatmen feel very

anxious; fearing that, after all, there may be some poor fellow clinging to a remnant of wreck, or perhaps a ship on the Sands, lost in the darkness of the night, and unable in the rush of the sea to make any signal of distress: they cannot rest; and although the life-boat has been in only a few hours, the coxswain of the boat and the mate of the steamer go to the harbour-master, and ask his leave to go to sea again, and search round the Sands. This permission is readily given, “Go by all means.” Ten fresh hands join the coxswain and bowman of the life-boat, and soon after light on Sunday morning they start on their dangerous but hopeful mission. They are towed again by the steamer *Aid*, and make for the North Sands head light-vessel, keeping a good lookout for the faintest signal of distress. The men seeing nothing on this side of the Sands, it is determined to round the light-vessel, and search at the back, or the French side of the Sands. Soon they discover in the misty distance, what seems to be a large vessel on the south-east spit of the Sands; they tow with all speed in her direction, they are going along the edge of the sand, just outside of the broken water. The waves are beating down on the Sands with tremendous force, the surf flying up in great sheets of foam, and the roar of the breakers like loud quivering thunder; the scene is enough to make the stoutest heart quail, but, without any thought of flinching, the men cling to the life-boat, as the seas break over her, and patiently bear all the cold and storm and wash of water, as they are towed on in the direction of the wreck. One said, in answer to questions as to what his feelings were as he watched the tremendous seas, and knew that shortly he would be battling in the midst of them, “Well, sir, I think every man has his inward feelings; soldiers say they have theirs when they go into battle, and I am sure we have ours; a man can’t help knowing the danger, and thinking about it, and feeling about it too, but we are not going to be made cold-hearted about it, or we shouldn’t be out there; we can’t help seeing that we’ve got our work cut out

for us, and we determine, by God’s help, to do it, and won’t flinch; we hope to save others, and feel we shall do our best, but we know that we may lose our own lives; we think about this sometimes as we are sitting in the boat, holding on against the wash of the seas, but when we get to the wreck we forget all about ourselves, and think only about saving the others.”

The seas become heavier and heavier as they get nearer the vessel, and approach a more exposed part of the Sands; they have to encounter one great rush of water, which, urged by the hurricane of wind and strong tide, comes raging along through the Straits of Dover.

They find the vessel to be a large barque: she has settled down somewhat in the Sands, heeled over a good deal, and huge waves are foaming over her. The men look at the awful rage of sea, hear the tremendous roar with which the seas break upon the sand, and say to each other, “We have indeed our work cut out for us.” They can see no signs of any one being left on board—the crew may have been swept away, or have vainly attempted to get to land in their own boat. The flag of distress is still flying, and they go in nearer to the Sands, until they are almost abreast of the wreck; they can now make out the crew crouching down under cover of the deck-house, while the wild waves make a complete breach over the vessel, and threaten every moment to wash the deck-house and the crew away.

The steamer now tows the boat up to windward; the life-boat men feel their turn for the battle has come, and make every preparation—sails are got ready to hoist, the cable is made all clear for paying out, the coxswain sees that they are far enough to windward, the steamer’s tow-rope is cast off: the boat lifts on a huge wave as the strain of the rope is taken off her, they hoist her sail, round she flies in answer to her helm, and she makes in for the wreck; they mount on the top of huge seas, go plunging down into the trough of the waves; the spray flies over them, as the gale catches the crests of the towering breakers, and fills

the air with the flying foam ; a minute more, and they are in broken water, the seas rush and recoil and leap together, fly high, and fall in tangled volumes of foaming water over the boat : she is almost unmanageable ; tossed in all directions as the seas pour over her. The men have to cling with all their strength to the thwarts. They get within about sixty yards of the wreck, the anchor is thrown overboard, the cable payed out swiftly ; the sea is rushing with tremendous force over the ship, the boat sheers in under her lee quarter ; the men cheer to the poor half-dead sailors, whom they see on board. All is hope : "A minute or 'two more," they think, "and we shall have saved them." A shout, "Hold on, men, for your lives hold on !" a glance up, a huge towering wave like a wall of water comes swiftly on, its crest curls, breaks, falls—the men and boat are carried down by the tremendous weight of water. Some of the men seem almost crushed by the pressure and blow of the falling wave ; they do not know whether the boat is upset or not, they cling convulsively to her ; she floats, and frees herself. The men find that the wave that thus buried them, has taken the boat in its irresistible flood, and, dragging the anchor with it, has carried it more than one hundred yards away from the ship.

The men shake themselves free from the water, and look at the vessel ; they cheer to the crew, and determine, please God, they will have them safe yet. They hoist sail, and try and sheer the boat to the ship. In vain : sea after sea breaks over them ; the boat is thrown by the broken seas in all directions, sometimes the coxswain feels as if he would be thrown bodily forward on the men, as the waves lift her almost end on end. Again and again are they buried beneath the water ; but after each time the boat floats buoyantly, and the men bear up bravely, and all are once more ready for a fresh struggle. They labour on, but in vain ; they get the oars out, the waves take them and send them leaping from the rowlocks, and out of the men's hands ; they must give it up for this time. All their thoughts are for the poor

shipwrecked crew, and the bitter, bitter disappointment they must feel. Again they cheer to them, and shout to them "to keep their hearts up, they will soon be at them again ;" and then make the best of their way to the steamer. They have failed in their first attempt. The steamer again tows them into position, and they make boldly into the wreck for the second time ; they steer as near to the stern as possible, avoiding the danger of being washed over it on to the deck of the vessel, and thus crushed to pieces ; they get nearer than they did before, and hope to get alongside, but again they are overwhelmed in the rush of a fearful sea, buried in its deluge of broken water, and the boat is once more hurled away by the force of the waves, many yards from the vessel ; the anchor holds, but the tide is running more strongly than ever, and right away from the vessel, and so it is hopeless for them to attempt to get any nearer to her. The tide has risen, and is nearly at its height ; the vessel is still more over on her side ; the deck is completely under water, the top of the deck-house is just above the sea ; the crew have lashed a spar across the mizen shrouds, and are all clinging to it, while the wild waves rush, and beat over them continually. It is with terrible agony that the poor crew witness the second failure of the life-boat : "She will never come again," says the captain ; "the men cannot do it, the life must have been washed and beaten out of them." Great is their astonishment to find that no sooner does the life-boat clear herself of the water that seemed to drown her—no sooner do the men free themselves from the rush of foam, which has for a time overwhelmed them—than they begin to cheer again, as if only rendered the more determined by their second defeat, the more courageous by the difficulties and dangers they had endured. And the shipwrecked crew, encouraged by the hoarse cheers of the exhausted, half-drowned boatmen, begin again to hope ; but it is almost against hope.

The boat is again towed into position by the steamer, and for the third time makes in for the wreck. They throw



the anchor overboard farther from the vessel than before, give longer scope to the cable, sail in well under the ship's stern, again steer as near as possible to her lee-quarter, lower the foresail. They are within a dozen yards of the ship; the bowman heaves a rope with his greatest force, it falls short; the boat sweeps on; they check the cable, and bring her head to the ship, abreast of her, but, unhappily, some distance off.

The captain of the ship had despaired of the boat being able to come in the third time; but when he saw her coming, he felt convinced it was their last opportunity of being saved, and determined that if the boat were again swept from the vessel, he would jump into the sea, and try and swim to her. The boat comes, and misses; and the boatmen see the captain hastily throw off his sea-boots, seize a life-buoy, and prepare to plunge into the sea: they shout to him not to do so—to the crew to hold him back. "The tide in its set off the Sands would sweep him away; the seas would beat his life out of him: they will be back again soon, and won't go home without them."

The steamer has followed the boat as closely as possible, running down the edge of the sands, just clear of the broken water. The life-boat has swung out to the full length of her cable, and is in deep water; the men, upon looking for the steamer, after being again beaten for the third time from the wreck, find her making in towards the boat. The men on board the steamer had watched with increasing anxiety and dismay the vain efforts of the life-boat; they grew more and more excited each time the boat returned to them, and are prepared to run any risk to help the life-boat men in their gallant endeavours, so they make in towards the life-boat, throw a rope on board, and then hope to be able to sheer the boat into the wreck. The boatmen have hold upon their own cable, to which the anchor is attached; they gradually draw in upon this, while the steamer seeks to tow the boat nearer and nearer to the vessel, and for the fourth time they approach the wreck.

The steamer ventures into the rage of the sea, and her position becomes one of great peril; she rolls in the trough of the tremendous waves till her gun-wales are right under water, and her men cannot stand on the deck; the foam and spray dash completely over her, and tons and tons of water deluge her deck; they gradually approach the vessel; the life-boat sheers in, the seas and tide and wind catch her in their full power, and whirl her away again. A huge wave bodily sweeps over the steamer; she is in extreme danger; the life-boat men for the moment fear that the wave will swamp her; rolling, plunging, burying herself in the foaming seas, the steamer bravely holds her own, till to remain longer is certain death to all; and sorrowfully they have to give it up, and make out of the rage of the broken water. The life-boat men rejoice to see the steamer get clear of the deadly peril; they are in scarcely less danger themselves; they cut the steamer's tow-rope, and then find that they must cut their own cable to avoid being dashed over the wreck; and away they go. They look at each other; beaten off for the fourth time, not one heart fails, not one speaks of giving it up, not one has such a thought for a moment—the only consideration is, what next they shall try; and weak, and exhausted, and almost frozen with cold, but determined and courageous as ever, they are only anxious for the poor shipwrecked ones, whose peril increases each moment, and hasten to prepare for a fifth effort for their rescue, strong still in their determination "that they will not go home without them."

## CHAPTER IV.

### SAVED AT LAST.

THE ship's hull had been now for some time completely under water, and it was very evident that she was breaking up fast. She had coals and iron on board; this dead weight kept her steady on the Sands, and prevented the waves lifting her and crashing her down, or she would long since have been torn to fragments; as it is, the decks have

burst, and the lighter portions of her cargo are being rapidly washed out of her; the sea in some places is black with coal-dust, and much wreckage, pieces of her deck and fore-castle, and fragments of her boats, are being rapidly swept away in the rush of the tide. Each time that the men on board the steamer and life-boat look at the vessel and see the crew in the rigging, they think it indeed a wondrous mercy that they are still safe, and get each moment more impressed with feelings of deep sympathy for the poor fellows, and with the greatest eagerness to dare all to save them.

Daniel Reading, the brave and long-tried master of the steamer, is ill on shore, and so she is in charge of John Simpson, the mate; he and William Wharrier, the engineer, consult as to the possibility of making another effort with the steamer. The tide is setting off the Sands with such force that they cannot see how it is possible for the life-boat to get in to the vessel; the crew of the steamer are ready to second them in any effort they determine to make. They get the mortar apparatus ready, and hope to approach near enough the ship to fire a line into the rigging, with which they may haul a rope from the vessel, which they can give to the life-boat crew, and thus enable the men to pull the boat over the tide, and alongside the ship. They put the steamer's head towards the wreck, and go ahead cautiously; the tide has been flowing some time; the steamer does not draw much water; they are almost within firing distance; the steamer is nearly overrun with the waves, a huge roller comes rushing along, she lifts high on its crest, falls down into the trough, as down the side of a wall, and strikes the Sands heavily. The engines are instantly reversed; she lifts; and, being a very quick and handy boat, at once moves astern, and they are saved from shipwreck; and thus the fifth effort to save the crew fails. No time is lost: at once the steamer heads for the life-boat, and makes ready to tow her again into position. Again not a word—scarcely a thought—about past failures; only eager-

ness to commence at once a fresh attempt. "Look out, my men, here is another rope for you." "All right!" is shouted as the line is caught, and the hawser is drawn into the boat. "All right, tow us well to windward; give us a good position, plenty of room, we must have them this time. All fast, away you go, hurrah!" The men watch the vessel as they are being towed past her. "Oh! the poor fellows, to think we have not got them yet." "Well, we have had warm work for it." "But we will save them—we will save them yet." "Ah! look how that wave buried them all! There they are again. Let us give them a cheer, it will help them to keep their hearts up;" and as the boat rose on a wave they shouted and waved to the shipwrecked crew. "There! another sea caught her! Look how her masts begin to swing about, in different directions too; they are getting unstepped and loose; she is breaking up fast, working all over—all of a quiver and tremble! Poor fellows! poor fellows! we have not a moment to spare—it must soon be all over, one way, or other!" Thus the men speak to each other; they are in a glow of eagerness and excitement, and can scarcely restrain themselves to keep quiet. As they watch the poor fellows, and time after time the rush of wave and spray passes, and they can see them still clinging on, they feel almost as if they could jump at them, to try and save them; they lose all sense of weakness, cold, and exhaustion. One of them said afterwards, "We were thoroughly warm at our work, and felt like lions, as if nothing could stop us." In this spirit they consult together how they shall make their next effort. First one plan is suggested, and then another; but these seem to give no better hope of success, than those that have been already tried. At last a plan is proposed which must indeed prove rescue to the shipwrecked, or death to all. "I tell you what, my men: if we are going to save those poor fellows, there is only one way of doing it; it must be a case of save all, or lose all, that is just it. We must go right in upon the vessel,

hit her between the masts, and throw our anchor over right upon her decks.” “What a mad-brained trick!” says one; “why, the boat would be smashed to pieces.” “Likely enough; but there is one thing certain, is there not?—and that is, that we are not going home and leave those poor fellows to perish, and I do not believe there is any other way of saving them, and so we must just try it, and God help us and them!” Not a single word, now, against it! What! charge in upon the vessel, in that mad rage of sea!—Victory or death! Indeed!—Most of the life-boat men are married men, with families, loved wives and loved little ones dependent upon them. Thoughts of this—tender heartfelt thoughts of this—come to them. “Well, and so we have, and have not those poor perishing fellows wives and little ones too; and are not they perhaps thinking of them, as much as we are thinking of ours; and shall we go home without running all danger, and doing all we can, and let them see us go home to our dear ones, while we leave them to perish thinking of theirs? No! please God, that shall never be said of us!” Such thoughts as these pass through the minds of some of them. Among the ship’s crew, clinging a few feet above the boil of the sea to the loose and shaking rigging, there is one who guesses their thoughts. All the others think it impossible that the life-boat can make another effort. He encourages his mates. “I have sailed in English ships,” he says. “I have often heard about life-boat work, and I know they never leave any one to perish, as long as they can see them; and they will not leave us.”

The boat is towed into position, and they make in again for the wreck. They get well to windward, they are crossing the stern of the vessel. A tremendous breaker comes heading along: “Look at that fellow! if he catches us, it is all up with us, the boat will be dashed high up into the masts of the ship.” “Hold on all!” “Ah! thank God we have escaped, it breaks ahead of us.” “Ready all; be ready all,” shouts the coxswain. Every man is at his

station, some with the halliards in hand, others with the anchor ready to cast overboard; past the stern of the vessel the boat flies; down helm; round she comes; down foresail, the ship’s lee-gunwale is under water, the boat shoots forward, and hits the rail of the vessel with a shock that almost throws all from their posts, as she literally, for a moment, leaps on board the vessel; over with the anchor; it falls on the vessel’s deck; all the crew are in the mizen shrouds; they cannot get to the boat; a fearful rush of sea is between them and it. Again, and again, the boat thumps with shocks that almost shake the men from their hold; the seas are rushing completely over them, the boat is carried away from the vessel. “Hurrah! the anchor holds; veer out the cable; steadily, my men, steadily; do not disturb the anchor more than you can help; we shall have them now, we shall have them; let her have a little more cable; get your grappling-hook, throw it over that line; there you have it;” and they haul on board a line which had been attached to a cork fender, and thrown from the vessel early in the day, but which the boatmen had never before been able to reach.

They get the boat straight; haul in slowly upon both ropes; cheer to the crew; “Hurrah, my mates, hurrah!” All is joy and excitement; but steady, attention to orders; now the boat is abreast the mizzen-rigging, where the men are; “Down helm!” the boat sheers in; “Haul in upon the ropes; handsomely, my men, handsomely;” the boat jumps forward, hits the ship heavily with her stem, crashes off a large piece of her forefoot. The men are for a moment thrown down with the shock; up they leap, two men jump up to the bow gunwale and seize hold of the captain of the vessel, who seems nearly dead, drag him in over the bows; two of the sailors jump on board; “Hold on all! hold on!” A tremendous sea rolls over them; the boat is washed away from the vessel; the anchor still holds; in they sheer the boat again; they make the ropes fast, and fasten the boat

alongside to the shrouds : they will not be washed away again, until they have all the crew on board. A man jumps for the boat ; she falls in the trough of the sea, the man falls between the boat and the rigging ; a second more, and the boat will be on the top of him, crushing him against the rail of the vessel, upon which the keel of the boat strikes heavily ; two boatmen seize him, they are nearly dragged overboard, they are caught hold of in time, and all three are pulled into the boat ; up she flies and crashes against the spar in the rigging. "Jump in, men ; for your lives, jump in !" Now all are on board, all on board ; cut the lashings ; cut the cable, up helm, up foresail. The seas catch the boat and bear her away from the vessel ; away she goes with a bound, flying through the broken water. Thank God, thank God ! all are saved at last ! Saved at last !

The boat is through the breakers, out into deep water ; the men have time to look at each other—and how gladly, how fondly they do so !—all is gladness, and thankfulness, and cheerfulness ; they shake hands, the rescued and the rescuers, time after time ; the crew of the steamer greet them with cheers ! Who can describe the joy they all feel at the successful ending of their long battle with terrible danger and threatened death ! They lift the captain on board the steamer ; he is thoroughly exhausted ; they carry him into the engine-room, and, in the warmth there, do their best to revive him, and he soon recovers. The sailors will not leave the life-boat. "No ! no ! you saved us, you saved us ! you had plenty, plenty trouble ; we thought you never do it. We stop with you, we stop with you !" It is thus the mate answers in broken English, when they tell him that the crew would be more comfortable on board the steamer. The life-boat men often find the men whom they have saved thus refuse to leave the boat ; it is a sort of simple expression of gratitude, as if to go would be to desert their new friends who had done so much for them.

In Ramsgate the anxiety is very great. The steamer and life-boat have been out

many hours, nothing can be seen of them in the mist that hangs over the Sands. "Can anything have happened ?" is the restless question put from one to another ; it might well be so in so fearful a storm. At about half-past two, hundreds of people are collected on the pier, and, to the great joy of all, the steamer and life-boat are seen speeding to the harbour ; flags are flying from the life-boat—a sign of success. As they enter the harbour cheer after cheer welcomes them. The crew land ; they are ten Danish sailors, from the Danish barque *Aurora Borealis*. They are taken to the Sailors' Home, and well cared for. Many of them are very weak, and can scarcely walk, but they speedily recover under the hospitable care with which they are greeted, and are full of gratitude for the rescue so bravely wrought out for them, and are all now well able to feel that confidence in the untiring courage of an English life-boat man, which one of them expressed in the height of their danger, when he said, "They will never give us up, while they can see us !"

The Board of Trade, in recognition of the gallant services of the men, presented them with 1*l.* each. The King of Denmark forwarded two hundred rix-dollars to be divided among them. They are all poor men, and these presents proved very acceptable ; but the joy with all was, and is, in the fact of their having so successfully persevered in saving life, in rescuing their drowned brother-sailors ; while all who know the circumstances declare that never, by land or sea, was more gallant service done. And I have, my readers, but ill performed my task, if I do not gain from you an echo to this assertion.—And now let me give you the names of these brave men, if I have moved you to sympathy with their heroic deeds. I am sure that you will with pleasure read their names :—

ISAAC JARMAN, *coxswain*.  
CHARLES FISH, *bowman*.  
WILLIAM PENNY.  
ROBERT PENNY.  
WILLIAM GORHAM.

JAMES WHITE.  
DANIEL FRIEND.  
WILLIAM STEAD.  
WILLIAM WHITE.  
JAMES STEVENS.  
THOMAS WILKINSON.  
WILLIAM FOX.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

## WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

IN January 1849, the University of Geneva, in the State of New York, conferred upon an Englishwoman the diploma of Doctor of Medicine.

European precedents were not wanting for thus admitting a lady to a university education and university distinction. Passing by instances recorded in the history of the Middle Ages, we find the names of several women who, during the eighteenth and the early part of the present century, received diplomas and held chairs in the Italian Universities. In 1732 La Dottoressa Laura Bassi graduated at Bologna, and was appointed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy, which she held for six years. She married, and had several children. It is pleasant to find a contemporary speaking of her as exemplary in all the relations of family life, and as having "le visage doux, sérieux, et modeste." She died in 1778, and was buried with public honours—the doctor's gown and silver laurel being borne before her to the grave.

In 1750 Signora Agnesi was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Bologna. She was connected with the university for twenty years. She translated several treatises on the integral and differential calculus, and published a volume entitled "Analytical Institutions," which was translated by the then

Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.<sup>1</sup> Towards the close of her life she retired into a religious house, and died in 1798 at the age of eighty.

In 1794 Clotilde Tambroni became Professor of Greek at Bologna. After occupying the chair for four years she was obliged, on political grounds, to resign. The revolutionary wave was then rising, and Tambroni was conservative and a royalist. She then spent some years studying in Spain. On her return to Italy, Buonaparte, forgiving her politics, made her Professor of Greek at Milan. She held this office for some years, and died in 1817.

Madonna Manzolina lectured on anatomy at Bologna about the time that Tambroni was teaching Greek at Milan.

Several other women are mentioned briefly in the "Biographie Universelle" as graduates of Bologna and Milan. We have no means of knowing if these examples were remembered by the college which admitted Miss Blackwell. Possibly the authorities of the American University thought they were

<sup>1</sup> Professor Colson states in his Preface, that one reason which induced him to translate Agnesi's "Analytical Institutions" was the hope that he might thus "render it more easy and useful to the ladies of this country, if indeed they can be persuaded to show to the world, as they easily might, that they are not to be excelled by any foreign ladies whatever."

doing a new thing in the history of the world, and were not deterred by thinking so.<sup>1</sup> Be that as it may, the example set by Miss Blackwell was speedily followed. In 1851 her younger sister, Emily, graduated at the College of Cleveland (Ohio); two years later a Polish lady did the same, and from that time a continually increasing number of American women have been engaged in the study and practice of medicine. The nature of the success which has attended the experiment—in so far as it has succeeded—and the causes of its failure—where it has failed—cannot be rightly understood without some knowledge of the peculiar conditions under which medical education is carried on in America. In our own country the students of any one school—as, for instance, those of Guy's or Bartholomew's Hospital—do not receive their diploma from the school at which they study, but from a central examining body, such as the College of Surgeons, Apothecaries' Hall, or one of the Universities. Students from every school meet at the central boards, the standard is fixed by the examining, not by the teaching bodies, and it is applied uniformly to all the schools.

In America, on the contrary, each medical school examines its own students and gives its own diplomas; there is no common standard of education; no check either upon the rapacity or the indolence of the managers of the schools. The first result of the absence of a standard examination is, that the M.D. diploma of one college may imply a really good medical education, while the same degree taken elsewhere may be almost worthless. This method has produced much

that is bad in the education of men; but it has been even more injurious to women. No sooner had Miss Blackwell and her immediate successors started the idea of women-physicians, than a demand arose for special schools which should educate and examine women only. With perilous haste several such schools were formed by persons whose conception of a complete medical education was most imperfect, and who acted as if they thought that all which it was necessary for women to know could be learnt in about half the time prescribed for men. The half-measures thus initiated gained a considerable amount of popular sympathy and support; the schools so started obtained in many instances State recognition, and students have steadily flowed into them; but the meagre curriculum, and the low standard of examination—a standard so low indeed that it is said to be difficult for a student *not* to get the M.D. at some of the female schools—sufficiently explain the inferior professional position taken by most of their graduates. Women who wish to get a thorough medical education still have to seek it in one of the men's colleges.

It is difficult to imagine anything which could more effectually hinder the better class of women from taking a really good position as physicians than the existence of inferior and irresponsible colleges, having the power to grant diplomas and the inclination to grant as many as possible. It is fair, however, to mention that as several of the large general hospitals in America are open to students of both sexes, it is possible for women to supply some, at least, of the deficiencies of their education.

In 1860, Miss Garrett began to study in London. It is unnecessary to detail the history of her various attempts to gain admittance to a school as a regular student. Failing in all these attempts, she obtained permission from Apothecaries' Hall—the only examining body who had no power legally to refuse to examine her—to attend the required lectures of recognised Professors privately, and having in this way completed the curriculum, she passed the

<sup>1</sup> In our own country, where precedent is held in greater honour, it is well to know that the idea of university education for women is not only not an innovation, but that some at least of our universities must be regarded as incomplete copies of the ancient models on which they are formed until their privileges shall have been extended to female students. Glasgow, for example, was founded upon the model of Bologna, and the earliest charter gives to its students "all the rights and privileges belonging to those of Bologna."

examinations of the Hall, and received in 1865 the diploma of L.S.A. or Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries.

In January 1867, three other ladies passed the preliminary examination in Arts at Apothecaries' Hall. It was their intention to get the medical education by means of private lectures, and, on the strength of the permission previously granted to Miss Garrett, they had already begun to attend private courses of instruction in Anatomy and Chemistry. But the road was not allowed to remain thus open. Shortly after the Arts examination, the Court of Examiners at the Hall passed a resolution forbidding students to receive any part of their medical education privately. It was determined that students who had not attended lectures in the *public* class of a recognised medical school should not in future be accepted. Obviously, this resolution could only refer to women. Students to whom the public classes are accessible are not likely to wish to attend private lectures. It is not, however, necessary to assume that the resolution implied hostility towards female students. A worthier motive may have been the fear lest an education gained by private lectures might be in many cases both unsystematic and imperfect. Such a fear would be by no means groundless. In the study of medicine there is much to be learnt which cannot be tested in an examination. The Examining Board must trust a good deal to the schools. They look to them to provide a complete and orderly course of instruction for the student; and the examination is to ascertain the amount of knowledge he actually possesses. It is possible that the permission to take private lectures was given to Miss Garrett in consequence of a mistaken notion that her case was quite exceptional,—that other women would show no readiness to follow her example; and when this impression was corrected by experience, the Examiners may have felt bound to consider what would be the permanent effect of allowing a considerable number of women to enter

the profession with an education less systematic than that prescribed for men.

But, whatever the motive, the effect of the resolution is to render it impossible for female students to comply with the regulations of the Hall. It has been decided that only the students of a public and recognised school of medicine may present themselves for examination; none of the existing schools admit women, and, therefore, they cannot be examined at Apothecaries' Hall.

To the ladies whom this decision immediately affects, and to their friends, the question naturally presents itself, "What can be done? Is it absolutely essential that female students should pass some one of the examinations prescribed for men? Is there no simpler course by which they may qualify themselves to practise?"

It is most natural, too, that others should go still further in the same direction, and should say, "If it be true that the diploma of Apothecaries' Hall is the only legal road open to women, that this can be pursued in but one way, and that way is at present inaccessible, why need we make the possession of that diploma a *sine quâ non* for women who study medicine? Why should we not make a beginning at once, teach women as much as is at present possible; teach them, perhaps, one special branch of practice, form a board of examiners composed of men not less well instructed than the examiners of any recognised board; and give women the certificate of this special board in the place of the diplomas held by men?"

Two proposals are here suggested, which it would be well for the sake of clearness to consider separately. The first is, that women could with advantage practise a special branch of the doctor's art, even if there are theoretical and practical objections to their receiving a complete medical education. The second is, that whether women limit themselves to the study of a speciality, or attempt the general study of medicine, it is not necessary to insist upon their sharing the examinations intended

for men; that a special certificate held only by women would answer every purpose, and could be gained with far less effort than one identical with that held by men.

On the first of these propositions we shall say but little. There is no doubt that women can be trained as midwives, and that they may become very skilful in this department without any but the most rudimentary knowledge of the art of medicine. Whether it is on the whole desirable that this department should be separated from the rest of the medical art is a question which could scarcely be fully discussed in this place, and which we are not now called upon to answer. There is, however, no reason why those who desire such a separation should not at once begin to train educated women as midwives. It is their duty to say distinctly that this is what they propose to do. The ground they take is perfectly legitimate, and they can afford to take it fearlessly. They are only to blame, if intending to educate women as midwives, they say to the public that they are educating them as *Physicians* for women and children.

The second proposition is one of far greater importance, and deserving the careful consideration of all who desire to see women admitted into the profession of medicine: "Is it really necessary that they should take the same footing as men? Is it right to urge it, if by so doing we exclude from the profession for some years all but a very small number of women?"

We believe it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of answering rightly a question so fundamental as this. "Depend upon it the strength of any party lies in its being *true to its theory*. "Consistency is the life of a movement."<sup>1</sup> The fate of every reforming party is decided at some critical moment by the insight and the firmness of its leaders; its safety lies in the unyielding hold they keep on principles which constitute its *raison d'être*. At whatever apparent sacrifice of the spirit of con-

<sup>1</sup> Newman's *Apologia pro Vita sua*, p. 308.

ciliation—at whatever loss of valued allies—however opposed it may seem to the dictates of policy, the central ideas of the movement must be maintained.

In the case before us, the principle which we conceive no arguments either of benevolence or of convenience should induce the leaders of the party to abandon, is that of professional equality—a common standing-ground, be it high or low, for men and women. If the existing standard be high, let women by no means be satisfied with any less attainment; if it be low, let them join with men in labouring to raise it. No one, indeed, confessedly desires that the professional training of women, if they are to practise medicine at all, should be less good than that of men. But it is alleged that a separate and special standard would not interfere with the excellence of the education; that women could, if they liked, fix their standard as high as that of the University of London, instead of contenting themselves with an examination equivalent to that of Apothecaries' Hall. The answer to this is that a separate examination would be entirely without prestige either among members of the profession or the public, and the practical consequences would be that the examination itself would sink to the level of its reputation. Moreover, we believe that in this case the principle would be sacrificed for a nominal or fictitious rather than for a real advantage. If women are resolved to have an education not less thorough than that of men, how would a separate examination help them to get it? The requirements of the existing examining bodies are not unreasonable, and if the education is indeed to be good, why not adapt it from the first to a standard already known and of definite value? The special examination would in no way help to remove the chief difficulty women will have to overcome—the difficulty, namely, of getting hospital practice; they would still have to choose between establishing a large general hospital for themselves, or gaining admission to one already organized for students. They would still have to form



a school in which the students should receive a complete course of theoretical instruction, and they would have to do so in the teeth of an immense majority of the best men in the profession. The prejudice which now exists against allowing women to practise medicine is, we believe, unreasonable; but the opposition medical men would offer to any change by which women should be allowed to enter the profession by a private door—a door which could be made as wide and as easy to enter as they might choose it to be—would be both reasonable and praiseworthy. In the interest of the public—in the interest especially of those women who prefer being attended by a physician of their own sex—every woman who wishes to practise medicine should be compelled to conform to the regulations and pass the examinations which have been found desirable in the case of men. It should not be left to an untried and unrecognised body to fix the standard of examination and the method of preliminary study. The very fact that there is a demand for women physicians increases the importance of insisting upon a high and defined standard, separating not women from men, but the educated from the ignorant, and authorizing the educated only to practise.

In the meantime the choice does not lie between doing what is immediately possible and doing nothing, but between attaining an excellent result in fifteen or twenty years, or a poor and possibly mischievous result in five or six. English women who wish to study medicine need not consider the road completely shut to them because it is not open in their own country. They can, in the meantime, avail themselves of the opportunities afforded in America, or at some of the continental universities, of obtaining a complete medical education, and a legal qualification to practise.

The University of Zurich has already conferred the M.D. diploma on a lady, Mdlle. Souslowa, who began to study medicine at St. Petersburg in 1862. Her experience, and that of her companions in Russia, is not the least in-

teresting episode in the history of medicine studied under difficulties. In company with several other ladies, Mdlle. Souslowa attended for two years the lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and anatomy, at the Medico-Chirurgical Academy at St. Petersburg. During this time no objection was made to their presence either by the professors of the faculty of medicine or by their fellow-students. Suddenly, however, to the surprise of every one, an order came from the Imperial Government forbidding the professors to admit women to the scientific classes of the Academy. The reason given was, that in the opinion of the Government, "women did better *as such* when they knew nothing and understood nothing."

With one exception—to be presently explained—the female students were thus compelled to leave the classes. Mdlle. Souslowa resolved to try her fortunes abroad, and, after some delay, gained admission to the University of Zurich, where she has completed her medical education, and taken the diploma of M.D.<sup>1</sup> She now intends to seek admission once more to the medical examinations at St. Petersburg, in order to obtain a legal qualification to practise in her own country.

The exception just alluded to is thus explained. A few years before Mdlle. Souslowa entered the medical school at St. Petersburg, several of the wild tribes of Russian Asia had petitioned the Government to send them out properly qualified women to act as midwives. Their petition was granted, the Government undertaking all the expense of the education and maintenance of a certain number of women for this purpose. After a time, one of these tribes (the Kirgesen) petitioned, further, that the women thus sent to them should also be taught some branches of the art of medicine. One of the women then being trained as a midwife, hearing of this petition, wrote to the Kirgesen, proposing that she should study medicine thoroughly, and go out to them

<sup>1</sup> The degree was conferred Dec. 14th, 1867.

as a qualified doctor. She suggested, at the same time, that they should try to get permission for her to enter the Academy of St. Petersburg as a regular medical student. The Kirgesen welcomed the proposal, wrote to an influential Russian general, and through him obtained an official document empowering their future doctor to attend the Academy as a student. They have regularly sent money for her education and maintenance, and from the first have taken the greatest interest in her progress and welfare, requiring among other things periodical bulletins of her health. Hearing last summer that she was not well, they sent money for her to go abroad for her holiday, and asked for an extra bulletin. In consequence of the special permission thus received, she was allowed to remain when the Academy was closed to her companions.

Returning to Zurich, it is satisfactory to find that the course of study prescribed for its medical students is identical, in all important respects, with that pursued in England and Scotland.

It is not likely that any difficulty will arise about registering a good foreign diploma, when its holder wishes to practise in this country. It is true that the possession of such a diploma has not, since the Act of 1858, entitled its possessor to be registered here; but the Medical Amendment Bill will remove the difficulty by providing that some at least of the best foreign and colonial diplomas shall again be accepted and registered in England. But even with this difficulty removed, it is disappointing to some to be told that it is only by obtaining a foreign diploma that they can qualify themselves to practise legally in this country. The method proposed is at the best slow and laborious, and, to English-bred women unused to travel, it is disheartening to hear that they must study on the Continent or in America for four or five years before they can practise at home.

The alternative, however, unattractive as it is, has already been accepted by three English ladies, who will in all probability ere long be followed by

others; and though we may regret that their path should be unreasonably hard, it is consoling to bear in mind that the very severity of the test thus voluntarily undergone is in itself an augury of success. With such women, with students whose steadiness of purpose has been put to the proof and has not swerved, Englishmen cannot fail to sympathise, and to their influence as it gradually makes itself felt the ultimate victory of the movement will be due.

The prejudices now existing among medical men will be removed most easily and most surely by every woman who comes into this country as a legally qualified practitioner devoting herself for at least ten years to the legitimate and steady work of the profession she has entered. If any woman can win for herself a scientific position equal to that now held, for example, by Dr. Jenner or Mr. Paget, she will remove in winning it almost every prejudice and every difficulty from the path of her successors. For it ought to be gladly acknowledged that many a man's prejudice against women-doctors has its root in his hearty interest in the art or science of his profession. Men are so much in the habit of seeing women content themselves with trifling, that they distrust the gravity of their purpose with regard to serious study. They suspect them of being actuated by any motive rather than that of genuine interest in the profession. Once convince a man whose opposition has its root in this distrust, that a woman does really care for the work itself, and his prejudice melts away, and he becomes her friend and ally.

The truth is, that both the professional and the non-professional public have to be converted to the *idea* of women-physicians, and that till they are so converted it will be vain to ask for co-operation on any large or public scale. We do not wish to ignore the fact, now placed by experience beyond dispute,<sup>1</sup> that a very considerable num-

<sup>1</sup> "Within the year 9,300 visits have been made to the Dispensary; 3,000 new cases have been admitted; from sixty to ninety patients

ber of women of all classes are glad to avail themselves of the services of a woman-doctor. The cordial response given to what has already been accomplished is no small encouragement to the advocates of the movement, but we would suggest that the number of converts gained from the somewhat narrow ground of personal experience or personal preference ought to bear only a small proportion to the number gained by a just and careful consideration of the merits of the question. It is gratifying to find many women saying, "We distinctly prefer a woman-physician," but it is of far more importance to teach men and women alike to say, "Whatever our personal preferences or the preferences of our wives and daughters may be, it is right that women should be allowed to study and practise medicine, and we are willing to give them every facility for doing so." This is not what is now said; the proposal is for the most part supported on personal grounds, and opposed on public or theoretical ones. The argument, "I like it," which many women are ready to use, is met by the assertion that they ought not to like it, or that at least they ought not to be allowed to have what they like. The statement that a woman prefers consulting a woman-doctor is treated with scarcely more respect than would be accorded to her if she expressed a preference for the British College of Health or any other irrational quackery.

Passing on from the consideration of practical difficulties, let us ask—"Is it desirable that women should study and practise medicine? Have we decided that the principle involved is one we shall do well to support? Are the objections brought against it sound and reasonable, or are they for the most part mere prejudices suggested by the instinctive conservatism of ignorance?"

have received advice and medicine on each consulting day; and it is seldom that a week passes in which patients do not come from a distance to avail themselves of the special advantage offered by the Dispensary."—*Extract from the First Annual Report of St. Mary's Dispensary for Women and Children.*

It is well to remember what the objections really are. It is sometimes said that the study of anatomy and physiology would tend to injure or destroy the fine instinct of purity which characterises most women. We believe that experience will prove this fear to be groundless. The serious study of a scientific subject can hardly be injurious to any one, and the possession of special safeguards or the absence of special temptations would suggest that women are peculiarly adapted to approach the science of anatomy in the attitude of students. Let those who fear the effect of anatomical study consider rather whether the evil they dread is not actually working in many English families. Let them reflect upon the influence of the flood of fiction poured in from circulating libraries, the food set before the hungry imaginations of the young, the unhealthy sympathies called forth in hearts which are sickening for an outlet, the familiar scenery of home life reproduced and invested with a vicious colouring, an intimate acquaintance with the ways of sin represented as a knowledge of the world which it is childish not to possess. This is the poison which women, young and old, are imbibing from day to day, while we hold them back from the reverent study of Nature, lest their innocence should be contaminated.

But we are told that, even if the study of medicine did not injure a woman morally, its practice would develop in her an unfeminine amount of self-reliance: that society would have a feeble imitation of a man in the place of its ideal woman, and that much of the graceful brightness which now sweetens and refreshes the social atmosphere would then as a consequence be lost.

It must be conceded that a woman-doctor would certainly require a considerable amount of self-reliance and firmness. Vacillation would be as fatal to her reputation as it is to a man's. Her patients must know that beneath all possible gentleness of manner there is no self-distrust, no shrinking from responsibility. The medical profession,

however, would not be alone in thus developing the quality of self-reliance. Women who manage their own property and households, schoolmistresses, matrons of hospitals and prisons, and all other women engaged in a profession or business, soon find out that they cannot afford to exercise the sweet womanly grace of helplessness. But are we justified in calling it a grace? Ought our standard of what is perfect and beautiful ever to stop short of the *best* that can be reached? Would not a perfect development of feminine grace and beauty rest upon a basis of strength—moral, mental, and physical—rather than upon the absence of strength? Is not this the ideal set before us by our poets? Did Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight" seem to him less delightful when she gained

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill?"

Does not the lovely lady in "Comus" stand before us as a very type of firmness and self-reliance?—"the constant mood of her calm thoughts unstirred by loneliness and danger."

A cultivated judgment, self-possession, courage, and energy, are intrinsically good qualities, whether present in men or women, whether stamped with the approval of men or not. It is by no means true that a woman, when obliged to be self-reliant, must necessarily cease to be gentle, or become in any degree masculine. The habit of self-reliance need not engender presumption, or interrupt the exercise of any womanly grace. It does not make a woman less tender, or less sympathetic, or less generous; it certainly is not likely to make her less able to appreciate and to reverence the noble qualities of others. It does not make her delight less in order, in delicate personal and household neatness, in whatever of beauty she can afford to have around her. Indeed, one good effect of an active life is that it increases the keenness of appreciation for all these specially feminine refinements. Every one knows how deficient in any trace of artistic

feeling and love of beauty are the majority of London houses inhabited by the professional and mercantile classes where the women of the family are specially *not* active. The houses are dull and ugly, not from the want of leisure and wealth, but from the mental inactivity of the women who direct them, for it is "by knowledge that the chambers are filled with all precious and pleasant riches." Who has not suffered while waiting in the dreary dining-room or the still more dreary drawing-room? Who has not groaned in view of the dusty dulness, the wax or paper flowers under glass shades, the soiled chintz covers, the hideous needlework, the bare tables with their centrifugal system of intolerably dull books—generally old *Annals* and *Thomson's Seasons*? May it not be that if the wives in these houses were more accustomed to mental work, if they knew how greatly it increased the value of domestic brightness and order, the rooms would wear a different aspect?

But the truth is, that what men *really* like in women is not ignorance and helplessness, but the yieldingness and affectionateness which they think belong to the same type of character. They would rather live in peace with a kindly, affectionate, indulgent companion, however dull, than embitter their lives by marrying a cultivated and sensible but hard and unsympathising woman. And if this, indeed, were the alternative, few would impugn the wisdom of their choice. The error lies in supposing that there is any necessary connexion between an active mind and an overbearing temper. No doubt occasional irritability is in some cases induced by long-continued mental tension, but this is not what renders any one habitually uncongenial as a companion.

If it be said that women of the stronger sort are often somewhat defiant in their tone towards society, it may be replied that, perhaps they are forced into pugnacity by the attitude of society towards them. In their own homes many of them are as docile and yielding in minor matters as the weakest

of their sex ; and this in spite of having been, as it were, trained to warfare.

It is sometimes hinted that men *do* like women to be weak and passive, because it makes them feel their own superiority. It is true that a woman whose standard is high will always be more exacting, both towards herself and her friends ; more critical, and therefore less flattering, than one who is satisfied with less. The possession of a distinct and noble ideal of what is excellent limits the range within which the faculty of admiration can be exercised. But surely none but the meanest men would wish to degrade women in order to gratify so ignoble a vanity.

The doubt sometimes expressed as to whether average women have sufficient force of brain to justify the hope of success in a pursuit which makes a considerable demand upon mental power, is difficult to answer in the absence of data to go upon. Till women have the same educational advantages as men there can be no basis of comparison. All women who do anything are self-made, and can only be fairly compared with self-made men. The achievements in science and literature of such women as Mrs. Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Anna Swanwick, and the author of "Adam Bede," must be taken as representing, besides what is actually accomplished, a reserve of force expended in overcoming special obstacles. For women have to contend, not only with the negative drawbacks of incomplete education and a secluded life, but also with that peculiarly subtle and deadening influence which consists in feeling constantly—or, at least, till they have conquered a high place for themselves—that nothing very good is expected from them. Among all the heavy burdens and discouragements which weigh them down, there is, perhaps, none more universally depressing.

The exceptionally strong, no doubt, rise above it. But a portion of their strength is consumed in the struggle. Effort cannot be put forth without corresponding exhaustion. In the meantime the success which has been attained

by women, in the face of peculiar difficulties, encourages a sanguine estimate of what they may do under more favourable circumstances.

The same consideration must be borne in mind while dealing with the further question, Have women sufficient physical and nervous strength to endure so arduous a life? Will they not break down in the attempt?

It is tolerably easy to answer this question in so far as it relates to the influence of the mere study of medicine on the health of the student. No one who knows what the course of study really is doubts that women of good average health could prepare themselves for examination without any undue tax upon either their mental or physical powers. The important part of the question is that which relates to the after-life of practice as a physician.

Are women strong enough for *that*? In the absence of experience we can but suggest a few considerations which tend to reassure us on this point. It may be noticed in the first place, with regard to physical strength, that wherever it is needed in other callings women are not, as a rule, incapacitated by the want of it. A physician would not need to be so strong as a nurse, a washerwoman, or a charwoman. She might be much weaker physically than the woman who stands behind a counter or who does needlework for fourteen hours daily. Moreover, the demand for both muscular and nervous strength comes gradually to a physician. During the first few years of professional life he is not overwhelmed with work, and he has time to become accustomed to a fair amount of exertion. When in really full practice, he can afford to spare himself much fatigue, as for instance by keeping a carriage instead of using cabs or walking. The same is true of night work. Inexperienced people are apt to think that, because a doctor is sometimes called up, he scarcely ever gets a good night's rest ; whereas the truth probably is, that a physician in even large practice is not often called up more than once or twice in the week.

One piece of evidence of some importance may be mentioned upon this point. Many of the midwives employed by the Royal Maternity Charity have an amount of practice which in the number of cases greatly exceeds that of any physician practising among the wealthy classes. One of these women, whose skill and kindness render her a great favourite with her patients, is also employed by the Marylebone Dispensary. She attends as many as nine hundred patients annually, *i.e.* an average of about three every twenty-four hours, exclusive of Sundays. She not only goes to each patient's house when first summoned, and acts as both doctor and nurse, but after the birth of the child she visits and attends to the two patients for several days. She never expects to pass a night in peace; she walks to all her patients; she has been thus employed for some years, and she is at the present time a remarkably healthy and vigorous woman.

With regard to the mental strain involved in a physician's life, it must be remembered that there is a good deal of practice which does not bring anxiety. A young physician is more or less anxious about all but the most trivial cases when he has not much practice. As his experience widens he finds the work more easy, and the proportion of cases which tax his nervous strength does not very rapidly increase. For some years, too, it is his duty to obtain in all serious cases the support of an opinion based upon wider experience than his own, and by doing so he is relieved of much of the responsibility and anxiety he would otherwise incur. Moreover, as his knowledge increases he learns to recognise the cases in which the failure of his art is certain, cases beyond the skill of any physician; he sees what is *not* to be done, and from that moment is anxious only to relieve suffering: he cannot be anxious about a result which is beyond his control.

An appointment in a public institution is usually held by a young practitioner before entering upon private practice, and is most useful in accus-

ing him to the responsibilities of his profession. A conscientious physician, who thinks both of his patient and of science, is as anxious to do his best, and to do it in the best way, for hospital or dispensary as for private patients. But perhaps from seeing a great number of patients, apart from their surroundings, he learns to think more of the science and less of his own responsibility. His thought is, "I have done my best; I have tried diligently to fit myself for judging what is best; I am not responsible for more." Moreover, encouragement comes continually; by the side of some disappointments he has to place many successes.

It is possible, however, that some women would be unable to free themselves from what might become an intolerable burden of anxiety. Also to some the constant sight of suffering would be more than could be borne without serious injury to health. The condition of exalted, almost morbid sensibility, in which every sense is preternaturally acute and every mental act a keen excitement—the condition which, in the absence of an English name, is known as *l'état nerveux*—would certainly unfit its victim for the work of a physician. But happily this is a rare and exceptional condition, and one which a life of unselfish and varied activity is the least likely to engender. In considering the effect any proposed change in the lives and habits of women may possibly have upon their health, we must not forget what may be urged against the mode of life now prescribed. It is conceivable that a life of greater activity and of increased responsibility might be found too exacting in some individual cases. What we have to consider is whether this risk is worth incurring. No one knows how many women there are whose physical and mental health is now destroyed by the dreary vacuity of the lives they are compelled to lead. It is not true that enforced idleness—a life empty of any keen interest, empty of invigorating moral and intellectual discipline—is merely "rather dull." It is terribly

demoralizing. It is the immediate parent of hysteria, insanity, and vice.<sup>1</sup>

An objection of even greater practical weight is, that if women entered the medical profession one of two things would happen: either they would marry, and by so doing lose the benefit of all that had been spent on their professional education, or they would be tempted to abandon their natural sphere as wives and mothers, and in fact to give up their *raison d'être*. Assuming for a moment that a married woman could not practise as a physician, and that therefore a woman would have to choose between marrying and remaining in her profession, it may be fairly asked if to have such a choice would be a misfortune either to herself or to any one else? Is it desirable that women should be *driven* into marriage by the erection of artificial barriers before every other path leading to happiness and dignity? Would any man like to think he had been taken into the holiest and closest of relationships as the only mode of escape from an *ennui* which was rapidly becoming intolerable? Men give up a good deal for the sake of marriage—would it injure a woman to have something to give up also? A profession which brings to those who practise it worthily a source of keen and lasting interest, and the dignity of a good social position, would remove the humiliation of celibacy, while it would not hinder the right kind of marriage.

But it is not necessary to assume that a woman must certainly abandon her profession if she marries. This would not be the result if she had no children. Childless wives—and they number one-eighth of all married women—are not much less in need of an occupation than they were before marriage; and a woman who had previously had the care of a house in addition to her professional work, would find no difficulty in combining both duties afterwards. The fact of her marriage would perhaps increase the value of her services as a physician to some of her patients. Even

<sup>1</sup> See Maudsley's "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind."

if she had children, it is difficult to see why she should not retain her consulting-room practice, although it might be necessary to give up some of the general family visiting. In the lower branches of the profession, where the consulting-room practice bears a very small proportion to the visiting, a married woman with children could still share the practice with her husband if he were a doctor. They could work together as partners even if, owing to her other duties, she could not undertake as much of the work as he did.

In thus expressing our opinion that women physicians need not consider themselves pledged to celibacy, it must be understood that we refer only to those who have completed the course as students, and have gained a foothold of their own in the profession by some years of steady and diligent work as general practitioners, or as physicians. If they choose to marry before or immediately after receiving their diploma, they must be prepared to give up the hope of attaining eminence in their profession, or indeed any independent position at all. Even in this case they would probably have no cause to regret their knowledge of medicine.

But, turning from the consideration of all that has been said against the study of medicine by women, we may ask what there is of positive advantage to be pleaded in favour of such an innovation. Has the profession of medicine any intrinsic advantages? Can any of these be said to apply with less force to women than to men? What is the legitimate influence of the study of medicine on the student? of the study and practice on the physician?

At the present time, when we are perhaps about to pass into the stage of reaction against classical and in favour of scientific education, it would be superfluous to dwell at any length upon the advantages to be derived from the study of science. It is, doubtless, possible to exaggerate the result which the medical student may expect to gain from the introduction to science. But even the minimum effect can scarcely

fail to do good. It is no small intellectual benefit to be made capable of perceiving law and order in every subdivision of science, of recognising the harmony which exists among them. Many of the details of botany, zoology, anatomy, and chemistry will inevitably be forgotten by students who only take up these subjects on their way to medicine; but in most cases, the leading principles, the most important generalizations in each science will remain in the mind as a permanent possession of great value. To be made capable, for instance, of keenly enjoying such a book as Grove's "Correlation of the Physical Forces" is no trifling or temporary advantage. It is a gain for life.

Advancing to the study of medicine proper, *i.e.* medicine at the bedside, the student is first taught to observe accurately, to acquire the habit of intellectual patience, the habits of order and of diligence. He is compelled to reason as well as to observe, to apply as well as to collect facts; and he gets this discipline while studying a profession which is eminently worth studying,—one which justifies whatever of diligent labour is bestowed upon it. The more important advantages to be derived from the practice of medicine, include all those first gained by the student. The physician is still a learner; the practice of his profession is still its study; if he would advance he must never lose the reverence for truth, the habits of diligence and order acquired as a student. But other and more valuable discipline comes to him who is prepared to receive it. The physician is brought into close and friendly contact with all classes of his fellow-creatures; he is peculiarly able to enter into many of the special difficulties, temptations, and burdens of each; he knows far more than most men do of the mass of suffering beings in a city like this; "of the ignorance, "recklessness, and self-indulgence too often found side by side with the

"most terrible poverty, each repro-  
"ducing and increasing the other." The sick man, full of sores, lying at our gates, is known to no one better. But the observant physician sees too much to be able to cheat himself into the belief that all the misery before him is chargeable on the faults which accompany it, or that the responsibility of these is chargeable on that class alone which exhibits them most strikingly. He does not find much comfort in the trivial palliative remedies suggested or applied by the easy good-nature of individuals. Coming into immediate contact with the poor, he sees that the habit of providence is directly discouraged by fortuitous benevolence; he is compelled to inquire for some sounder way of helping them. He is forced to desire large measures of reform in education; to desire everything which will tend to develop the intelligence of the poor, and strengthen in them the habits of industry, temperance, and self-restraint. It is his privilege—if he can but resist the hardening influences of an accumulation of details in daily life, and bring with the art of healing the sympathy of brotherhood—to bear witness in perhaps the most intelligible way for the Divine Healer and Brother of mankind.

Nor is it only when among the poor that the true physician needs a spirit rich in sympathy, and tenderness, and wisdom. The winnowing moments are not few when the chaff of unreal beliefs and worldly commonplaces is swept away in his presence, and he stands—alas! how dumb and empty!—before one whose eyes plead for whatever of light he has to offer. They are moments of spiritual discipline of the highest, the most searching kind.

Need we say more? Can it be that either the study or the discipline of such a life would be less valuable to a woman than to a man, or that her nature unfits her to respond to such training?



## R E A L M A H.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

## CHAPTER XV.

I AM so anxious to get on with the story of Realmah that I do not like to interrupt it by the account of long conversations. I cannot help, however, giving a part of a conversation which occurred when we assembled together to hear a reading. Sir John Ellesmere had been propounding one of his favourite maxims; namely, that all vice is but dulness.

*Ellesmere.* Not idleness, you know; but dulness. How often the word dull could advantageously be substituted for wicked, or malicious, or cruel, or criminal! Many a puffy, fluffy sentence of historians might be most advantageously abridged if they would but use the right words. I will give an instance.

An historian of the Huns, a learned Hun, not known to many people, but much studied by me, writes as follows of Attila:—"The great King's disposition, which, even in his earliest years, could not have been accounted as humane and forbearing as that of other Huns, was now exacerbated by the impertinent and unwarrantable resistance which had been opposed to his victorious and civilizing arms by the inhabitants of Verona, Mantua, and Brescia: he felt that the power he had gained by unsparing vigour might be lost by the exercise of a mercy that would have been considered weakness: religious controversy, in the course of which a fanatic Christian had dared to suggest that the great King was the scourge of God, had not sweetened his temper, or soothed his suspiciousness: moreover, the number of his prisoners embarrassed and delayed his progress; and accordingly Attila resolved to put them all to the sword."

Now, I should merely say, Attila was dull that day; and, wanting something to amuse him, ordered a general slaughter of the prisoners.

*Sir Arthur.* What an historian is lost to the world in this great lawyer! But what is your remedy, Ellesmere, for dulness? —

*Ellesmere.* Oh, inducing men to take an interest in what you would call little things; in cultivating all manner of small pursuits—that is, if they cannot be persuaded to take up great ones. A man who loves his garden, and works in it, is sure to be a less dull, and therefore a better man, than other men who have no such pursuit. This is a very commonplace remark; but it is true.

*Milverton.* I quite agree with you.

*Ellesmere.* I don't believe that any of you see the full force of what I mean. Calumny, ill-nature, malice—all the minor vices, which, however, give so much pain to the world, are merely functions, to use a mathematical phrase, of dulness.

Now, suppose I were to die suddenly. I might easily do so of irritable over-yawning some day in the House of Commons, or at the Bar. In the — case, that fellow Wordall spoke consecutively for three days—his speech in all exceeding fourteen hours, when it might easily have been made in one and a half. I had to listen, because I had to reply to the fellow, and I declare to you I might have expired then and there, from suppressed irritability.

Well, I die. Now I do believe I am not an unpopular fellow, and that a good many men rather like me than not; but their first feeling would be of satisfaction at something having happened that interested them, that they could go home and tell their wives: "My dear, such a sad thing has happened; Sir John Ellesmere is dead—and suddenly. You've heard of him, of course? He was Leonard Milverton's great friend. A much cleverer fellow, by the way, as people, who knew them both, have often told me! There was always some good saying of his floating about the world. He was the man who said that the greatest humbug of all humbugs is the pretending to despise humbug."

"Poor fellow, I am afraid he had a sad time of it with Milady! You have only to look at her face to see that she has a temper of her own. A *nez* does not become *retroussé* by internal *angelic* influences." (Don't hit me, Lady Ellesmere. Milverton, you should protect your guests against battery and assault.)

Now this heartlessness about my death; this just but depreciatory view of poor Mil-

verton ; this painful truthfulness about poor Lady Ellesmere,—all of it is the result, not of ill-nature, but of dulness. Dulness it is that creates the momentary unkindness. The same thing with calumny : people calumniate because they are dull : in nine times out of ten they do not mean any harm.

*Sir Arthur.* Moralist as well as historian ! We shall never come to the end of Ellesmere's powers. But what pursuit have you got, Sir John, which always prevents you from being dull, and therefore malicious ?

*Lady Ellesmere.* Why, don't you know, Sir Arthur ? Perhaps, though, you thought the other day, when my amiable husband talked about setting up balloons, he was joking. Would that it were so ! There is a back room in our house in town, where knocking and hammering, and screwing and pasting, and warming and cooling, and gas-burning are constantly going on. He and his clerk, for they are both bitten with the same mania, shut themselves up in that room for hours ; and it is as much as my place is worth to disturb them. Sometimes, when things are going well with them, I am kept awake through the small hours of the night to hear all about the machine, which is to combine lightness with strength and with power, and is to enable us all to be aeronauts. Truth, not dulness, compels me to say that my husband has all other demerits known in the human character but that of dulness—that is, dulness for himself, because he can make other people dull by being so eminently disagreeable.

*Sir Arthur.* I think you are paid off, Ellesmere, for what you have made your friend say about Lady Ellesmere ; but if we once get into recriminations of this kind, we shall never have the reading, so please, Milverton, begin.

*Ellesmere.* Stay a bit. I must say more. I want to show you how benevolent my view of dulness makes me. When I hear that any man has been speaking ill of me behind my back, I am not angry with him, but I merely say to myself, "How dull he must have been to have had nothing better to do !" I long to address to him an oration in the form of a single sentence, the outlines of which I have often imagined, and talked over to myself. The gracious Milverton was good enough, as you will perhaps remember, to tell me, patronisingly, that some sentence I uttered some time ago was not so bad.

*Lady Ellesmere.* Take breathing time, John. I wonder, by the way, whether ears can take hearing time ; for, if so, we must all prepare for John's oration, which is to be compressed into one grand, full (perhaps we may say overflowing) sentence.

*Ellesmere.* Yes, my dear, prepare ; for it is always a difficult thing for a woman to listen for any time to anything that is well worth hearing.

I should take my dull maligner aside (probably it would be in Westminster Hall), tell him I had heard what he had said of me—prove to him that it was not my demerit, but his dulness, which had caused him to speak in that manner of me ; and should then address him thus :—

"What, dull ! when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of colour to the violet, its balm of sweetness to the rose ; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove ; when, unlike the wisest of monarchs and of men, far from knowing trees as he did, 'from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall,' you do not know anything even of the two extremes of Solomon's great knowledge in this behalf ; and when even these crushed syringa<sup>1</sup> leaves might form a subject for you to investigate, which, for the remainder of your natural life, should save you from dulness:—what, dull ! when the all-pervading forces and powers of chemistry are unknown to you ; when light, heat, electricity are mere words to you, clad with no more ideas for you than they are for that boy who is whistling as he goes along, unmindful, nay unconscious, of the beauty and grandeur of this glorious building :—what, dull ! when earth, air, and water are all alike mysteries to you ; and when, as you stretch out your hand, you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered ; while, all the time, Nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her :—what, dull ! when you have not travelled to the ends of the earth, and have not seen what your forefathers, the mighty men of old—some of whom were not dull men—have formed, and built, and restrained, and vanquished :—what, dull ! when you have travelled over so few minds, and have not read the hundred great books of the world—for there have been at least a hundred books written by men who were not dull, and whose works fulfil the words of Samson,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ellesmere afterwards told us that Sir John was passionately fond of the syringa, and that she had made an arrangement for a gardener who comes to Covent Garden to supply her with flowers and leaves from this shrub, which, as she said, she sometimes gave her husband when he was good.

when he went down to Tinnath to take a wife from among the Philistines, and found that which, as he said, combined leonine strength with honied sweetness :—what, dull ! when you know nothing of the niceties of theology, the subtleties of metaphysics, the closeness of logic, the completeness of mathematics, of intricacies, and withal the beauties, of jurisprudence and of law :—dull, you say ; and you know nothing, comparatively nothing, of the long, finely-woven chain-work of history, telling you, as best it can, of the innumerable tribes of men who have fought and bled—sinned, suffered, and rejoiced—even as we are now doing, in these which are rashly denominated the latter ages :—what, dull ! when Art divine, whether expressed in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, is a thing which, even when you admire it, you ignorantly gaze at, as the heathens at Athens ignorantly worshipped their ‘Unknown God :’—what, dull ! when there are thousands, nay millions of human beings, at least as worthy as yourself (ay, and poor animals too ; for God only knows how much they need care, and what a burden lies upon our souls for our conduct to them), some of whom might be aided, cheered, improved, invigorated, soothed, by the smallest deed or word of sympathy on your part. Go away, man : learn something, do something, understand something ; and let me hear no more of your dulness condensing itself into malignity.”

*Sir Arthur.* I think I see the poor man dazed and amazed by Ellesmere’s torrent of grand words, and passing the remainder of his life, not in the expression of dull malignity, but in the vain endeavour to recall Ellesmere’s sentence. By the way, is it not droll to see that he brought in, unconsciously, one or two legal phrases, such as “in this behalf”—“Solomon’s knowledge in this behalf ?”

*Mauleverer.* It was a full and gorgeous sentence. Ellesmere would be a grand fellow if he were not so disagreeable sometimes.

*Lady Ellesmere.* When ? How ? Where ? Never to anybody, Mr. Mauleverer, but to me ; and he has a right to be so to me, if he pleases.

*Milverton.* Don’t be angry, Mildred. Mauleverer only said that to tease you ; and, as the vulgar say, to get “a rise” out of you.

*Lady Ellesmere.* I am much obliged to him, I am sure.

*Ellesmere.* Now then, Milverton, you may proceed. After a great effort of mind, one cannot stoop to answer small criticisms.

*Milverton.* I will proceed : but after one of these grand flights of Ellesmere’s, which

occur about two or three times a year, I really am ashamed to read to you my poor, slow, dull, creeping, crawling sentences.

The reading then commenced.

## THE STORY OF REALMAH.

### CHAP. XXXII.

#### THE SHAM FIGHT.

IN the embroidered language of the Sheviri (and all people in the beginning of their education are fond of this embroidery), a hundred times since the last day of the siege had the celestial maiden who adorns the heavens grown up from delicate childhood to the full beauty of womanhood, when we are again called to look upon the town of Abibah.

Very different was it from that town as it might have been beheld on the day succeeding the siege. It had greatly increased both in size and beauty. Its new foundations had been made much more substantial ; and the buildings placed upon them were of a much more enduring character than those which had been consumed in the great fire. That part of the town, however, which had not suffered from fire, remained unaltered, and Realmah still continued to occupy his palace in that quarter.

Most men hate details, and it is a delightful thing for the historian and the novelist, as well as for their readers, that they can judiciously pass over details ; and, as in dramatic writing, bring a fresh scene before you without tiresome explanations as to what had occurred in the interval between that scene and the previous one commemorated.

It was early on a beautiful morning that Realmah came forth from his palace, accompanied by many courtiers and attendants. He was much altered in appearance. He walked with greater difficulty, and his face was deeply marked with the long furrows ploughed in by that sedulous husbandman, Care. He was more richly dressed than he had formerly been, but the old habit of carelessness was still strong upon him, so that his clothes seemed to be huddled on anyhow.

As he descended the steps of the palace, he tripped and nearly fell, whereupon a courtier, who—though a courtier—knew but little of human nature, rushed forward to assist the King; which assistance Realmah waved away with a gesture of petulance, for great people do not like to be thought failing in strength, and do not approve of being publicly assisted.

Joy and excitement sat upon the faces of all the people of Abibah that morning—on all, at least, but that of the King; and he seemed not unhappy, but only anxious.

A large historical work might be written to commemorate the proceedings of Realmah during these waxings and wanings of the celestial goddess by whose movements they chiefly measured time. There is, however, so much material for history in the world that there are long periods abounding in great transactions which are obliged to be chronicled in a few sentences; and every day the need for compression in historical narrative becomes greater.

This day was the day of the year on which a festival was held to commemorate the last day of the siege, when the greater part of the city was consumed by fire, and when the men of the North were driven away.

Hitherto this festival had been celebrated in a common-place way—by games, feasts, and illuminations; but to-day a much more striking mode of commemorating the great event was to be adopted. The scene was to be acted over again, without, of course, the accompaniment of fire; but there were to be parties of besieged and besiegers; in short, a mock fight. The King had with great difficulty been induced to give his consent to this mode of celebration.

He had been inclined to remind his people of a very ancient proverb which had much meaning in it, and ran thus, "*In the games there are no two sons of the same mother,*" intimating that even in playful contest all the ties of brotherhood are forgotten. The King, however, restrained himself from saying this, by thinking of another proverb,

"*Why tell him that his two eyes look two different ways?*" meaning, it is no good telling people of evils which they cannot cure.<sup>1</sup>

Still, Realmah did not like the idea of this mimic fight, and was not by any means sure that it would not lead to serious consequences; the more so as he had detected some unwillingness to serve in those young men to whom it had fallen by lot to play the part of the besiegers. However, they all looked very happy on this bright morning, for the spirits of people are always raised when they put on their best clothes.

Iron weapons had been brought to a great state of perfection, but these were not allowed to be used on the present occasion, except by the King's guard, who were not to take any part in the action.

During the earlier part of the day everything went well; but, after some hours of struggle, men's tempers began to be irritated; and what annoyed the besiegers greatly was the part which the women took in the fight, both in jeering at them, and also in throwing down upon them glutinous masses made from the gums of trees, which caused very severe contusions.

It was in the new market-place that the sham fight raged most furiously. The time came when the leaders of the besieging force were to give the signals for retreat; but some of them, especially the younger ones, refrained from giving the appointed signals, and the common soldiers were so excited that those orders which were given by the older officers were not attended to. In short, the fight at this point became a real one.

Realmah, wearied with the day's proceedings, and seeing that, as far as he had observed, nothing unpleasant had occurred, had retired to his palace, when news was brought to him that

<sup>1</sup> Though the best proverbs are common to all nations, we find something peculiar in the proverbs of each nation. For instance, this was a favourite proverb of the Sheviri which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere—"Do not turn round sharply lest you catch them laughing at you."

the worst he had anticipated was occurring.

Hastily summoning his guards, he rushed to the market-place and into the thickest of the fray. Before the combatants were thoroughly aware of his presence, he had received two wounds, one in the arm and one in the thigh; and several people were either slain or much injured by the royal guards in their endeavour to protect the fallen King.

At last the tumult was allayed, and Realmah was carried back on a litter to his palace.

For some time he was insensible, for he was a man very sensitive to the effects of pain; but, to the astonishment of the Varnah and of all the bystanders, when the medicine-men had dressed his wounds, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was heard to mutter to himself many times, "There never was anything so fortunate."

Throughout the city that evening it was generally reported and believed that the King was delirious. The shame and vexation of the men of Abibah were unutterable; as also their fears, for they feared that they would never be forgiven by their King.

#### CHAP. XXXIII.

##### REALMAH'S GREAT PROJECT.

THEY erred, indeed, who thought that the words of the King, which had expressed his joy, and declared his good fortune, in having been wounded, were the words of delirium. Never had Realmah been more sane than when, with laughter, he had uttered those words; for he saw in that occurrence an additional means of carrying into action a project which, from his earliest years, had been very near to his heart.

He was one of those men who, even when not gifted with genius, or with manifold talents, yet have their way in the world, simply because they never become tired of their projects.

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What chance have ordinary men against such men as these? The ordinary man, after he has said his say a few times, begins to be tired of that saying. If he is a person of any refinement, he becomes ashamed of so much repetition. He seeks to clothe his idea, even if he maintains it, in new words; and at last, perhaps, he varies, not only the expression, but the substance of his idea. Now, the world of thought is a thing which requires to be penetrated by constant hammering in the same place. What would be thought of the woodman who became tired or ashamed of driving his axe into the one cutting which he had begun to make in the tree? It would be a long time before that tree would be felled, if it had only such an inconstant woodman to attack it.

In a neighbouring territory, belonging to a people called the Azarees, there was a narrow strip of land which was occupied by a fortress belonging to the Sheviri. Some generations past, the Sheviri had conquered the Azarees; and, after the conquest, had held this strip of land, and built this fortress, as a means of keeping the Azarees in a kind of subjection, and also of controlling all the tribes on the lake which had to pass that way, as it was in the nature of a defile which had to be passed by many peoples.

From his earliest years, bred up in government in the house of his uncle, Realmah had been much accustomed to listen to the talk of statesmen and ambassadors. The silent, reserved boy had heard the old statesmen of his nation gloat over the fact that this fortress was a thorn in the side of all their enemies, and even of their allies. He had also noticed what a bitter subject of complaint the existence of this fortress had often been with the ambassadors from foreign tribes. Without daring to breathe a word of what he thought, the studious boy had come to a conclusion totally different from his elders, and had even, at the age of fourteen, resolved, that if ever he should come to power, he would win the hearts of all

the nations of the lake by abolishing, in time of peace, this obnoxious fortress.

He *had* come to power; and the resolve of his boyhood was as much fixed in his mind as ever. With that patient sagacity, however, which was so striking a part of his character, he waited for some time before he even dared to broach to his wise favourite, the court jester, the strange idea which beset him. Not from the jester even, not from any of his most intimate friends, did he at first win a single word of encouragement for his great project. They had not in their vocabulary the word "romantic," or they would have used it; but they had the word "starlight," which they used in the same sense as we use moonshine, signifying something which is unreal, which pretends to be warm, and is not. There was not a soul to whom Realmah at first confided his great project who did not intimate to him that his idea was starlight. Even the Ainah, to whom he told it first, had but said in answer, "If all men were like my Realmah, it would be well to be so generous; but there are none like him." And Realmah sighed, for the fondness of her words did not console him for the absence of her sympathy with him in this his dearest project.

The way in which his proposition was received by three or four of his principal councillors may well illustrate the difficulties with which Realmah had to contend. When he did at last broach the matter to the court jester, that great functionary, as was natural, conveyed his views chiefly by means of a fable.

He said that of course the great king, who was not only the greatest but the most learned man in his dominions, must know the old fable about "the good-natured Otlocol."

"That magnificent but fearful creature, the Otlocol, was wont in former days to hold long conversations with mankind; and the particular Otlocol in question would often walk about the ancient streets of Abibah.

"One day a friend of his, a man, said, My good Otlocol, why do you take such trouble in getting your food, being up

all night sometimes, as I hear, to hunt after the poor reindeer?<sup>1</sup> If you would but allow me just to break off the ends of those two formidable teeth of yours, and pare your front claws a little, everybody would be delighted to partake their food with you. But now, good-natured as you are, people are a little afraid of you. *Then*, even the little children would share their crusts with you."

"The good-natured Otlocol, always ready to believe what his friends told him, consented. The teeth were broken, and the nails were pared, by his kind friend. But somehow or other, from that day forth, the Otlocol grew thinner and thinner. He did not, after all, find so many people ready to share their bones and their crusts with him. He was no longer interesting, now that he could not do anybody any harm; and, in the end, the poor animal died of starvation.

"That is all that your poor jester has to say, my prince, to your magnanimous proposal."

The next person that Realmah tried was Llamah-Mah. That courtier was dismayed. He had never yet disagreed with the King; but there are bounds to everything, and even Llamah-Mah could not give his approbation to the surrender of this fortress. But though he could not assent, he could flatter; and, after a few minutes' silence, he said to Realmah: "The King is always wise and judicious; but I have observed sometimes that his wisdom takes a higher flight upon the second discussion of any great subject than that which it did on the first."

Realmah knew full well what a decided negative was most unwillingly conveyed by Llamah-Mah in these flattering words.

Not daunted, however, he resolved to lay the question before Lariska. Here there was not so fatal and immediate a negative, for Lariska was always delighted to discuss anything; but he

<sup>1</sup> The reindeer in those times came as far south as the Swiss lakes, as may be seen from the bones that have been exhumed from the bottom of those lakes.

had so many ingenious things to say against the proposition, as well as some few things for it, that Realmah felt more disheartened by his discourse than by that of either of the others.

The next day the King broached the matter to Londardo. Now, as we know, Londardo was one of those men who think that the reasons for, or against, anything, are about equal, and that the main object in this world's affairs is to adopt some course, and to keep consistently to that. After listening carefully to Realmah's explanation of his project, Londardo looked very grave; and, to Realmah's astonishment, asked for two days' delay before he should say anything at all about the matter.

When those two days had elapsed, Londardo waited upon the King. Without any preamble he said, "It is a great idea, and I should be for its adoption if only we could, from this moment, act consistently with the continuous generosity that such a plan demands. It will not do to be conquering here, and giving up the results of conquest there. For example, you had thought of punishing the disobedience of the Malquas—that must be abandoned, and you must give them the option of refusing all allegiance to you. From all quarters there must come, at the same time, reports of your generosity and of your unwillingness to place a yoke upon any new tributaries.

"Public affairs differ from private affairs only in largeness; and, if you observe, the effect of great forbearance and generosity in dealing with private individuals, breaks down solely because you do not go far enough. You keep up some restriction, or maintain some advantage; and, in doing this, you retain as much odium as if you had maintained all your advantages, and kept up all your restrictions. I will vote as you would wish me in the council, provided you will, from that time, be consistent in a course of complete generosity."

This conversation took place in the early days of Realmah's reign. Londardo, as we have seen, was slain by

the Northmen; and bitterly did the King mourn over the loss of such a councillor—especially in regard to this great project.

It is not needful to give in detail the constant efforts made, both in council and out of council, by Realmah to win over his chief friends and councillors. Suffice it to say, however, that gradually he did win them over.

I do not think he would have been able to do so, but that this project of abandoning the fortress called Ravala-Mamee was consistent with the rest of Realmah's policy, which had proved eminently successful. The older councillors were astounded when they found that embassies came to Realmah, absolutely offering him a kind of suzerainty over nations that had hitherto been in no manner whatever connected with the Sheviri.

These councillors began to see that there really is such a thing as the power of love, as well as the power of hatred. Oh, if Realmah had but been blessed with such a religion as Christianity in his time, what a difference there might have been in the aspect of the world!

The councillors had been at last convinced of the wisdom of Realmah's policy, but they dreaded its being put forth to the people. Year after year they had persuaded the King to postpone the announcement of his intentions, always using the common phrase of statesmen in all ages and in all nations, that the time was not ripe for it; *as if the time were ever ripe for the utterances of a great man—as if he did not create the time!*

It may appear surprising to the hearers of this tale that these secret conferences of Realmah with his friends and his councillors on this important subject, lasting as these conferences did for so many years, never became known to his people, nor even to the inhabitants of Abibah. This fact was in direct contradiction to a celebrated proverb, or rather trilogy of proverbs, said to have been made by the King himself.

It is this—*The dragon-fly told the bee*

a secret: the whole hive of bees knew it that evening.

The dragon-fly told another dragon-fly the secret: for three whole days it remained a secret.

The dragon-fly told the lark the secret: the lark soared up to heaven and did not think much of the dragon-fly's secret: the other larks never knew it.

This proverb, naturally a kingly one, meant: "Trust equals a little: inferiors not at all: superiors (that is, me the King) thoroughly."

Now, Realmah had not been betrayed by these inferiors to whom he had trusted the great secret. But the reason why it had never been betrayed was evidently this—that each man who knew it, feared that he might be considered by the common people as a traitor to his country, if he knew of such a project, and had not at once put his veto upon it.

It was as if, in the times of Louis XIII. of France, a man should have been known to have had correspondence with the Court of Spain.

This will show the dangers and the difficulties which Realmah had to encounter in the execution of this great design. In truth, for the last twenty years he had maintained this project at the risk of his throne, and even of his life.

*Milverton.* I do not think that I am especially timid or nervous on ordinary occasions of speaking or talking. I feel what I suppose all people feel when they have to make a speech. One's heart beats a little faster for a few minutes before the time, and one feels that, on this particular occasion, one is sure to make a failure of it. But when I have got through my first sentence, and have looked into the eyes of my audience, I am seldom troubled by any further embarrassment.

So, in talking: I never feel nervous or uncomfortable, except when I have to explain something, or to argue about something, that will require a certain portion of time to be given to it, and which time I know my auditors will not, or cannot give. One becomes very nervous then.

*Cranmer.* That is a very frequent case. I have often felt it myself.

*Ellesmere.* Probably; but proceed, Milverton, with what you were going to say.

*Milverton.* Well, I was going to say that to-day I am in a permanent state of nervousness, which has almost hitherto been unknown to me.

I feel that you are to a certain extent representative men. If I fail in persuading any of you, I know that I have no chance with the world in general.

Of course, you see what I have been aiming at, and why I have written the story of Realmah. I do not care at all about your saying that mine has been an inartistic mode of proceeding—namely, the writing of a story with a purpose. It is my way of doing the thing, and you must bear with it. At any rate you must own, that I have followed Goethe's great maxim of not talking away my interest in the subject. You have never heard me speak about it, and yet it has been in my mind for years.

*Ellesmere.* What a restraint the man must have put upon himself! It is just what my favourites, the dogs, do. They could talk well enough about the subjects nearest to their hearts, but they have read their Carlyle, and they know that stern purpose is gradually frittered away by idle talk.

*Milverton.* Now I want to discuss the matter most carefully with you; and you must allow me to commence the discussion. I should wish to divide my subject into five heads.

*Ellesmere.* Good heavens! this is becoming serious. I should like to tell you my experience about a sermon that was divided into five heads.

*Milverton.* Now, don't joke, Ellesmere.

*Ellesmere.* Sir Oliver Roundhead come again! who never laughed himself, nor ever permitted any of his family to laugh. But, indeed, I will be a thoroughly good boy, and as serious as the men who sell fish about the streets, for I have observed they never joke with their customers.

*Milverton.* (1) *The diminution of expense.* And to this branch of the subject I especially invite Mr. Cranmer's attention, reminding him of Tennyson's words,

"And that eternal want of pence  
Which vexes public men;"

which I know vexes him and Mr. Gladstone, and sundry other great financial authorities.

You, Sir Arthur, who love the works of the great Greek tragedians, will recollect that passage in the "Prometheus vincetus," in which Prometheus is exhorted to cease from his philanthropic ways. I have often thought how that applies to modern times. If Governments will indulge in philanthropic ways, they must be prepared for constantly



increasing expense in this direction. For instance, if we are to go on taking care of the health and sanitary conditions of the people, the expenses of our Medical Department must go on increasing.

If we are to go on educating the people, the expenses of the Education Department must inevitably increase.

If we are to go on cultivating art and science amongst our people, the expenses of the Art and Science Department must also increase.

If we are to go on caring for the recreation of the people, there will be increased expense in this direction.

And, taking the Civil Service generally, considering that, under the new order of things, it will require to be strengthened and added to, rather than to be reduced, and that of all men in this country, excepting country surgeons, the public servants are the worst paid, I do not see how we can hope for any reduction of expenditure under the heads I have just enumerated.

I stop here for the moment, and wish to know what Sir Arthur and Mr. Cranmer will say.

*Sir Arthur.* You are quite right, Milverton; these philanthropic ways must not cease.

*Cranmer.* And I have no hope of reducing the Civil Service estimates. That excellent man, Joseph Hume, did not look for much economy in that direction.

*Milverton.* Very good. Where, then, must we look for it? I answer, mainly in the naval, military, and colonial departments.

*Ellesmere.* Of course we all know that. So far the Court is with you.

*Milverton.* Now, I say that the way in which the expenses in those departments are to be reduced, is not by diminishing expense over the whole surface generally, and so producing general weakness everywhere, but by totally doing away with the need for expense at certain fixed points.

The above I hold to be a great maxim, applicable alike in private and in public affairs. Don't stint your wife and your children, and your servants and your horses, but do away with the carriage and horses at once, if you really cannot afford to keep it handsomely.

Of course you see how I mean to apply this. The wisest political move in our time was the cession of the Ionian Islands. What was the expense to us annually, Cranmer, of the Ionian Islands?

*Cranmer.* Say £50,000.

*Milverton.* May I ask you, Cranmer, what has been the expense to us of fortifying Alderney?

*Cranmer.* About £1,177,000.

*Milverton.* What about Bermuda?

*Cranmer.* The cost incurred by Imperial Funds for the defence of Bermuda, in 1859-60, was, if I remember rightly, about £87,000.

*Milverton.* And Gibraltar?

*Cranmer.* About £420,000 for that year; and I do not think that was a heavy year.

*Milverton.* For the present I drop the question of expense. You are men of that degree of intelligence and knowledge of the world, that one need not bother you with details, and need only indicate to you a course of argument.

I am now going to the second branch of my subject.

(2) *The increase of prestige.* Mark you, I have not confined myself to any particular case. I do not choose to tell you whether Realmah's fortress of Ravala-Mamee means Gibraltar, or Malta, or Bermuda. I argue the case generally; and I say that that nation will gain greatly in prestige which first dares to do some great act of renunciation of the kind that I have intimated. Am I right in this?

*Sir Arthur.* I am with you.

*Cranmer.* I doubt.

*Maulreverer.* Dreams! Moonshine! Starlight!

*Ellesmere.* I should like the question to be more specific. The peculiar circumstances of the case would much affect my opinion.

*Milverton.* Well, then, I will be more specific. Suppose that we possess a fortress naturally belonging to another great nation, which nation this fortress menaces, discourages, and mortifies; and suppose that this great nation is one which is never likely to come into direct hostility with ourselves, and the amity of which great nation we should probably win by such an act of renunciation, what should you say then?

*Ellesmere.* I should say that it would be a grand thing to do; but I should wish to know whether this fortress might not be one which it would be important for us to hold in reference to our own military and naval movements, and our possible hostility with other States. I think that is rather an ugly question, Master Milverton.

*Milverton.* It is; but I shall be prepared to answer it in its proper place. I beg you to keep to the point, and to answer me, whether there would be any loss of prestige in such an act of renunciation as I propose?

*Ellesmere.* No, there would not. Prestige is never lost by anything which indicates fearlessness—

*Sir Arthur.* And magnanimity.

*Ellesmere.* A thing may be very unwise, and yet not cause you to lose prestige.

*Milverton.* Very good. I now come to the third branch of the subject.

(3) *Safety for the State.* That safety, you may be sure, in the present condition of the means and appliances for warfare, depends upon the concentration of the powers and forces of the State.

The more you extend the line of possible attack by the enemy, the more you render yourself liable to be defeated at some point, which, though unimportant in itself, as a place to be guarded, is for the moment all-important to you, as being a part of your empire which you are bound to defend. A great empire cannot bear defeat anywhere. I might bring a host of metaphors and similes to illustrate this assertion, but everyday facts will perhaps do so better. You have to take the same care of some obscure British subject, if that man is unduly molested, as you have of your whole Indian dominions. What have you to say to this branch of the subject?

*Cranmer.* I am with you.

*Sir Arthur.* So am I.

*Milverton.* The rest, I perceive, are silent.

*Ellesmere.* I do not like pledging myself. You see he is gradually getting us into his net. He has nearly gained an assent to three of his propositions, and I do not see what we may be led to. We must beware of letting ourselves be treated as the characters are in an imaginary dialogue. You have your Euphranor and Lycidas and Polyphrastes. Euphranor really represents the author, and the other fellows his opponents. Lycidas and Polyphrastes seem at first to come out very grandly and boldly; but anybody who is experienced in such writing easily discerns that the buttons are on their foils, while Euphranor's weapon is unguarded. I decline to be Polyphrastes.

I tell you what these unhappy characters always remind me of—the performing monkeys of a showman: the poor little creatures hop about gaily enough, but if, springing to the end of their tether, they struggle to get beyond it, the hard-featured showman jerks them back again, and makes them know their proper place, close to his barrel-organ. They are only to dance to his tunes, and are not to be indulged in caperings of their own.

Now, I am not going to be perverse or unreasonable. I will ultimately admit anything that I am convinced of; but I decline, as we go along, to make more admissions than I can help, so that it may not afterwards happen, that Polyphrastes having

admitted this, and Polyphrastes having said that, Euphranor comes forth triumphantly, and shuts poor Polyphrastes up in a syllogism. We are not here to play our parts according to Milverton's bidding, but to argue out a very serious question seriously and guardedly.

*Milverton.* I proceed to Number 4.

(4) *The physical well-being of the community.*

This part of the subject has incidentally been treated in Number 1, when we were considering the question of expense. All projected improvements tending to the physical well-being of the State are now met with the answer, "No funds."

But I have more to say about it. It is not only that funds are wanting; but time, attention, and forethought are wanting. Look what a lot of time and attention on the part of Ministers and Parliament is taken up by small questions concerning these petty dependencies.

This course of argument will apply to education as well as to physical well-being. The greatest things for our general well-being as a nation fail to have due thought given to them, because we are busied with all manner of details connected with possessions that are really of no use to us.

What do you say to all this?

*Mauleverer.* Are people any the happier for this physical well-being and for education? I doubt.

*Sir Arthur.* No, no, Mauleverer; you mustn't go into your usual course of depreciation of all human effort. We must keep close to the subject. For my part I have nothing to say against Milverton as regards this last branch of the subject.

*Cranmer.* Nor I. I know I never got sufficient attention to anything; and I believe that we, the British people, are distracted from the consideration of matters that most concern us, by a multiplicity of cares and troubles brought to us from afar.

*Milverton.* I am delighted to hear you say that, Cranmer. I may now proceed to the fifth branch of my subject.

(5) *The advancement and development of Christianity.* I have very little to say upon this head. If you do not feel with me at once, I have no hope of persuading you by long arguments. I would just ask you, is it not most inconsistent to advocate the adoption of Christianity by individuals, and not to ask Governments to act upon principles which are essentially Christian?

You all regret and dread the perpetual increase of armaments in Europe. You admit the cruel and wicked expense of these armaments, the loss occasioned by which has lately been estimated at £178,000,000

per annum, and you ask how on earth this great mischief is to be remedied?

I say that some one nation must make the first move, and why should not this nation be England?

At present it is an auction of folly. Each nation goes on bidding against the other. There is no end to it. It is like the conduct of ostentatious people, contending who shall make most show; and this kind of contest can only be ended by the absolute ruin of almost all the contending parties.

Now, what have you to say to my argument taken as a whole?

Here a curious thing occurred. There was a good deal of whispering between Sir John, Sir Arthur, and Mr. Cranmer; and then Sir John spoke.

*Ellesmere.* Whenever there is a rude thing to be done, I am the unlucky wight upon whom it falls to do it. We wish that our good host and hostess should take a little conjugal walk, arm in arm, to the fountain in the front garden, and there, reclining on the grass in sweet repose, should consider what they would give us for dinner to-morrow, while we make up our minds what we shall reply to this elaborate talk of Milverton's. He has had time to prepare, and so must we.

Sandy must go too, because, though he is a good and trusty fellow, he so thoroughly belongs to the other camp, that we should be a little afraid of his presence.

*Sir Arthur.* Just write down for us, Milverton, the heads of your discourse.

Mr. Milverton did so, and left the paper with Sir Arthur. We then began to move away.

*Ellesmere.* Fairy stays with us.

But Fairy did not stay with them, but moved away slowly in our direction, in the odd fashion that a dog sometimes does, moving its hind legs like a rheumatic old gentleman, indicating a certain unwillingness to go—just what it does when told to go to its kennel, or to go to bed.

We went to the fountain, and I brought out some railway rugs for us to lie down upon. Mr. Milverton soon fell asleep, for he had been up half the night writing the last chapters. Thus half an hour passed. Afterwards we went into the study and worked. At

length we were sent for, and when we had returned to them Sir Arthur began the conversation.

*Sir Arthur.* It was somewhat impertinent in us, Milverton, to send you and your wife and Mr. Johnson away, but we felt we could discuss the matter better without you, and settle amongst ourselves where the argument was weak, and where it was strong, and what we should finally resolve to say. I am to be the spokesman.

I have first the pleasure of informing you that you have made a convert in the person of Mr. Cranmer.

*Cranmer.* No, not exactly a convert. I assure you I had many of these ideas floating in my mind before; and now I only mean, that if I were obliged to vote to-day, I should vote with Milverton.

*Milverton.* I am delighted to hear it, Cranmer.

*Ellesmere.* Milverton does love anybody who agrees with him. That is the sure way to his heart. You have risen thirty-three and a half per cent. in his affections, Cranmer. I know you like exact calculations.

*Sir Arthur.* I now resume my office as your spokesman.

In the first place, we are all agreed, except Mauleverer, that philanthropic ways must not cease, and, in short, we agree with you in the main with regard to all you said about expense.

With regard to the increase of prestige, we do not seem to care much about it. We think, however, that you may be right in what you said.

With regard to safety for the State depending on the concentration of its powers and its forces, we thoroughly agree with you.

Here you must forgive me for a little interruption in the way of illustration that has occurred to me. You know the Highland saying, "Cut your talk with a little drink." So I say, even in the most serious discussion, the talk may be allowed to be cut with something that is either jocose or fanciful.

Is there any insect that has a particular enmity to the spider? I daresay there is; and, if we had your entomologist here, he would probably tell us all about this insect. I will call him the fly-friend. It is rather a shame, by the way, to compare a great nation to a spider, but still I think you will say the illustration is a good one.

You have observed how spiders' webs are often formed with filaments thrown out to a great distance, the points of attachment being of great importance for the maintenance of the web.

My fly-friend comes and cuts one of these filaments at the furthest point. Before the spider can reach him, he has gone to another spot and cut the filament there; and before the irritated spider can reach his enemy, half the web is flapping helplessly down; for the damage to these distant points is as fatal as if the spider and the fly-friend had come to close quarters.

You may rely upon it that a great nation, with many distant dependencies, is as liable to mischief in this way as any spider's web.

*Milverton.* The illustration is admirable; but I think it all comes to be included in the saying of Napoleon, "That the art of war is the art of being strongest at a given time, at a given place." Now I just wish to ask you this ugly question, How are we to be strongest at a given time in Canada?

How few, even of our greatest statesmen, have given any indication that they are meditating deeply upon our colonial policy!

Johnson's story about his Spoolans had a great deal of meaning in it. There is next to no looking forward to prepare for great political emergencies.

*Sir Arthur.* I must resume.

With regard to what you said about the physical well-being of a state, we are agreed with you.

With regard to what you said about the advancement of Christianity, we are all of the same mind with you, except Mauleverer, who said that he had observed that the advancement of Christianity generally meant an increase in the number of clergymen and priests. He was not for that. Then he told us that the most malignant human being he had ever known was a parson. We did not see that this had much to do with the present subject, and we outvoted him.

*Milverton.* I scarcely know how to construe what I hear. You appear to have nothing to say against me; and yet you tell me I have only made one convert.

*Sir Arthur.* Lady Ellesmere is on the point of conversion.

*Ellesmere.* I think nothing of that. I do not mean to depreciate women: I am in a thoroughly serious mood to-day; but I knew beforehand that they would be sure to be with you. Your proposition has in it everything to please them. They like anything that looks great and magnanimous; and you are not to expect them to go into all the statesmanship of the matter.

*Sir Arthur.* I am afraid it is now my painful duty, as a schoolmaster would say when he is going to give a boy a whipping, to set before you, Milverton, the great objections that have occurred to us, and which prevent us from being converts, or at least keep us undecided.

Is not this matter for a congress? Should there not be something like give and take, in such affairs? Is our Ravala-Mamee to be given up for nothing? Would not more of what you would wish to be accomplished, be accomplished by making the question European instead of British?

These are grave questions, my friend.

*Milverton.* They are. I wish you had allowed me to be present while you were discussing this part of the subject. I shall merely reply by asking you in turn some grave questions.

Would there have been such a thing as free-trade in our time if we had waited until other nations had been convinced of the wise policy of freedom in trade?

Would slavery have been abolished by us if we had waited till other slave-holding nations had come to an agreement with us upon this point?

And, to take a recent instance, should we ever have ceded the Ionian Islands if we had made that cession a matter of European talk, and haggled about it with other nations?

*Sir Arthur.* I proceed to tell you further what we thought; and I am now really afraid that I shall have to say something very unpleasant, and which you will have great difficulty in getting over.

If any cession of the kind you imagine is to be made, it will have to be discussed in Parliament. You know how injudiciously they often talk there about foreign affairs, and how little power the Ministers have either in preventing or directing dangerous discussions of this kind. Now, the transaction which you mean to be a great and generous thing, winning you the love and amity of the nation to whom you make this cession, will be so beslimed with disagreeable and injurious talk, that you are as likely to be hated as to be loved for what you do.

*Milverton.* This is a hard blow, I admit; but it is not a fatal one. Such a transaction as I contemplate will never take place without a great burst of generous enthusiasm, and there will be a great many noble as well as ignoble things said about it.

But take the worst: say that we do not win the amity of the nation to whom we cede any possession. Will this affect the surrounding nations? Will it make the act really less noble? Will it be the less an initiation of a great policy? And remember this, that some of the advantages I have held out, affect our own individual interests—such as diminution of expense, and concentration of forces.

*Sir Arthur.* I proceed. I am not to enter into discussion, but simply to tell you what we all thought and felt.

We felt, then, that we were not competent to decide upon such a question without having evidence of a military kind before us.

Of course you are not able to give us that; and we should not quite trust you if you were able to give it. We admit that there would probably be great prejudice from a military point of view against your proposal; but, whether that view is prejudiced or not, we must hear it before pledging ourselves, even in friendly talk, upon such a grave matter.

*Milverton.* I have nothing to say in reply on this head, or rather I have a great deal to say; but it must be said after your military views have been expressed, and when I should be able to call in counter-evidence. I could say a great deal from history, bearing upon this point.

*Ellesmere.* Yes, yes; of course you could. You are better up in such subjects than we are; and you would only give us the instances which are in your favour. I do not mean that you would be intentionally unfair; but, in the course of your reading, the historical examples which are favourable to your own views would naturally have attracted your attention, and have retained the foremost place in your memory.

*Sir Arthur.* I will not allow discussion just yet. I must complete my statement.

We are afraid, *Milverton*, of being led away, or rather misled, by the consideration of some one of your projects—such as the giving up of a particular fortress. We see that it would be a great change in our imperial policy, especially as regards the colonies, if we were to consent to come over to your idea, and vote as you propose. We must look upon the thing as a whole. The power, influence, and reputation of a great nation are very delicate things. We are afraid, lest in touching some bit, we should derange the whole. In fact, to use an official word, we are not “prepared” to give our assent, however much or little it may be worth, to your proposition. We admit that it is worthy of the most serious, the most anxious consideration. From this time forward we shall, no doubt, keep it in our minds, and find many things to bear upon it which may be either for you, or against you. In fine, to talk after a parliamentary fashion, we shall not go into the lobby with you, nor will our names be found in the division list amidst your opponents; but we shall walk out before the end of the debate.

*Ellesmere.* A mode of action which, in general, I detest; but, in this particular case, I must hear a great deal more on both sides before I can come to any conclusion upon so grave a matter.

*Milverton.* I do not wish to say anything

disrespectful, and I am very deeply obliged to you for the earnest attention you have given to this important subject; but I must remark that some of the arguments, or rather some of the feelings—for it seemed to me rather sentiment than argument that *Sir Arthur* has just adduced—are such as have been brought forward to stop the way of every great reform. “Touch this, and what will become of that?” “Suppress here, and you will cause detriment there.” You must admit it is hard to meet these vague accusations.

*Sir Arthur* advised that we should sometimes cut our talk by something that was either jocose or fanciful; and, whilst he was speaking, I couldn't help thinking of a proverb in vogue amongst the *Sheviri*:—

“The frog leapt from the bank into the water; and, making a little splash, said that he was so much afraid lest his friend, the *pescara*,<sup>1</sup> who ate up pike for him in the deep waters of the lake, should be troubled by it.”

*Ellesmere.* Now that won't do, *Milverton*: it is very well meant and very sarcastic, but it won't do; for you began by telling us that the leap of your frog was a most important plunge—the initiation of a new policy.

*Milverton.* Then I will give you another proverb which shall be more applicable. No: it shall not be a proverb, but a fable, which was a favourite with the *Sheviri*.

In the great wood where the *Ramassa* curves round the *Bidolo-Vamah* (I know that *Ellesmere* always makes fun of this bit of description) there dwelt two lions, occupying respectively the north-east and south-west corners of the wood.

This was in the time when lions and men were very friendly, and often had good talk together.

Both of these lions had scratched out with their powerful fore-claws deep pitfalls near and afar from their respective caves.

These pitfalls troubled the poor men very much when they came to gather beech-mast in the woods. So they said to the lions,

<sup>1</sup> *Mr. Milverton* afterwards told me a droll proverb, or rather proverbial story, about the *pescara* and the frog. They are always supposed to be great friends. The story is this: “The pike had hold of the frog's leg; the *pescara* came up and swallowed both of them. As the frog was being swallowed he protested against this breach of friendship. Upon which the *pescara* said, ‘It is a pity, but how is it I find you in such bad company?’” The story used politically to intimate that a small State cannot get into relation with a larger State, even that of hostility, without partaking of its troubles.

whom they met walking out together one fine day in the woods, "These holes that you make everywhere are a great trouble to us; and we have lost some of our people in them. Please fill them up, that friendship may abide between us."

And the lions said that they would consider about it; and, after the men had gone, they reasoned together, but could not agree.

The lion of the south-west, calling all his friends of the forest together, did fill up these pitfalls: the other lion remained sullen and obdurate.

Now there came a great drought in the land; and the lions, drinking filthy water, fell sick, and the little lions were at death's door.

Then the men sent their chief medicine-man to the good lion, who restored him and his young lions to their full strength; but the other lion lost his lioness and his young cubs, and became more gloomy and ferocious than ever.

*Ellesmere.* But there was a time when war did break out between men and lions, and what happened then?

*Milverton.* That is exactly what I was going to tell you.

War did break out between men and the lions; and the suspicious lion, flying from a band of armed men who were too strong for him, fell into one of his own pitfalls far away from his cave, the existence of which he had forgotten; and he died miserably of starvation. But the good and wise lion mocked at the pursuit of armed men, and roamed freely, or if he fled, fled fast and unharmed, over his part of the forest, for he had not to beware of pitfalls; and he and his descendants occupied his corner of the wood securely, down to the days of the great King Realmah—commonly called Realmah-Lelaipah-Mu,—Realmah, the youth who could foresee things.

*Ellesmere.* I must admit that the fable is a very significant one, and keeps close to the matter it is meant to illustrate; but these kind of illustrations never convince me.

*Milverton.* Before I conclude, there is one point upon which I wish especially not to be misunderstood; and I trust that you will not misunderstand me.

I trust that you will not think that I wish Great Britain to act like a cruel stepmother—the stepmother that we meet with in fiction; for I have often observed that in real life stepmothers are very kind—and to get rid of her colonies in the most summary and careless manner.

All I wish is, that these great colonial questions should be carefully considered by our statesmen. There may be a great State, or what will soon be a great State, which, in

case of the outbreak of any European war, will be molested solely in consequence of its being attached to us as a colony, by ties however slight. Now, for the interest of such a State (if such a State there be), still more than for our own interest, I wish to disengage it from us, and so to free it from any mischief that might come upon it from its connexion with ourselves.

I have come to no fixed conclusions upon the difficult points connected with this matter. I only wish, both for the sake of our colonies and ourselves, that this great subject should have due and instant consideration.

I do not pretend that I have not some distinct views and principles in my own mind upon this subject; but I do not desire to impress them, at the present moment, upon you. All I ask for, is consideration.

*Sir Arthur.* I must say, Milverton, that you are very good and reasonable upon this great subject. I should have much less faith in you, and much less interest in your treatment of the subject, if you were to endeavour, at this early period of the discussion, to enforce upon us any cut and dried opinions upon it.

*Ellesmere.* Oh, he is as cunning a dog as ever lived, as regards the artful way in which he gradually gets his opinions to sink into your mind! He began with me, as a little boy in a pepper-and-salt jacket and trousers, to convince me about the Corn-laws, and Free-trade, and other great questions about which he had made up his boyish mind most conclusively. To be sure he turned out to be right; but that is no matter. That was a mere accident. I warn you that when he is most fair-spoken, he is most dangerous.

*Milverton.* I cannot talk any more to-day. I am very tired.

Having so said, Mr. Milverton rose to go away. Before doing so, however, he put his arm in a brotherly fashion round Lady Ellesmere, and gave her a kiss, saying, "I am so glad, my dear Mildred, that you are on my side, for I know you are; and you must bring him round. It is an important admission, by the way, that he makes—namely, that all the women would be on my side of the question."

*Ellesmere.* Oh dear me, how wonderfully affectionate we are to those people who agree with us! It is not often that my poor wife, "a poor thing, sir, but mine own," is honoured in this way. And I am not sure that I should like it to occur very often.

Please don't go yet. After a painful and elaborate discussion one ought to have something to amuse one. Do you remember that just before Milverton announced his five propositions, I said I could tell you something about a sermon that was divided into five heads? And Milverton would not let me interrupt.

*Sir Arthur.* Yes.

*Ellesmere.* Well, I was a boy of thirteen, at church with my father; and opposite to us, in the gallery, was a lad of about the same age as I was, in a pew with his family.

The sermon was of the order called drowsy, and we were well into the third head of the discourse, and I was trying to get a glance at the MS. in order to see whether we had got through more than half the number of pages, which I am sorry to say was a favourite device of mine, when my attention was arrested by a noise in the pew opposite. Up started the lad I have told you of (we will call him Tom Brown, remembering Tom Hughes's story): in the most decisive manner he brushed by his family, banged the pew door, and marched away, making a considerable disturbance.

Immediately after church, my father, one of the most amiable of men (Lady Ellesmere is thinking how very different from his son), said to me, "Johnny, we must go and call at the Browns' directly. Tommy is either very ill, or there is something extraordinary the matter with the boy." Accordingly we went to pay a visit to the Browns', and there we found what really had happened. My little friend Tom Brown had been chaffering the whole week with a gipsy boy from the neighbouring common, about the purchase of a donkey. Late on Saturday evening the negotiation stood thus:—Tommy had offered *1l. 15s.* The gipsy boy stood out for *1l. 17s. 6d.*

During the first and the second head of the sermon, the wicked Tommy had been thinking over all the good points of the donkey; and in the course of the third head had come to the conclusion that he would give *1l. 17s. 6d.* And, being a boy of a most decisive turn of mind, he resolved at once to complete the bargain.

That boy was the only person I ever saw go boldly out of church, banging the pew door, and stamping out as if he thought the whole congregation, if they knew what was in his mind, would entirely approve of what he was doing. You know if one has ever so good a reason for going out of church,

one generally sneaks out as if one were doing the most wicked thing possible.

Now the recollection of that transaction has stood me in good stead ever since. When I have been arguing before the House of Lords, or the Privy Council, and have noticed that the attention of one of the Lords is wandering a little, I say to myself, he is thinking whether he will give *1l. 17s. 6d.* for the donkey, so I must quit this branch of the subject, and rouse him up with a fresh argument.

How invaluable this story would be to Members of Parliament! When a man, in a long and tiresome speech that he is labouring through, sees that the attention of the House is wandering, he should immediately realize the fact that it is thinking whether it will give its *1l. 17s. 6d.* for the donkey, and he should at once conclude by firing off his peroration, long ago prepared. It is the most foolish thing in the world to go on, even with good argumentation, when you see that your audience is tired. I should like it to be told of me that my auditors had always said, "I wish Ellesmere would have given us a longer speech; but he is always so succinct and curt." What an example the late Sir William Follett was to all of us. There was a man. People did not presume to cough while he was speaking. It was really one of the highest intellectual pleasures to hear that man deal with a difficult case, or a great subject. And how appreciative even the most uncultivated intellects are of such closeness of reasoning! I knew a common soldier who always went to hear the late Archbishop of Dublin preach, because, to use an expression which delighted me, "it was so well argued and put." By the way, what a good essay that is of that man of many initials, A.K.H.B., on the "Art of Putting Things."

Now you will all remember this story of mine about the *1l. 17s. 6d.* for the donkey. You are very good, Sir Arthur, in respect of speech-making, for you never make a speech in Parliament but it is a great speech, and I honour you for that. You are very seldom tiresome.

*Sir Arthur* (putting his hand to his heart). It is indeed a compliment to be praised by Sir John Ellesmere, whose praise, from its exceeding rarity, is certainly most valuable. I hope I may always deserve it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*To be continued.*

## “ON A PIECE OF CHALK.”

### A LECTURE TO WORKING MEN.<sup>1</sup>

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., ETC. ETC.

If a well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance, almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as “chalk.”

Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and, on the sea-coast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over 280 miles as the crow flies.

From this band to the North Sea on the east and the Channel on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the south-eastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the

<sup>1</sup> Delivered during the Meeting of the British Association at Norwich.

globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less, and others more extensive, than the English.

Chalk occurs in north-west Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France,—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral in Central Asia.

If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about 3,000 miles in long diameter—the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs, covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But, on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And, in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

What is this wide-spread component



of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable alike of refutation and of verification.

If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than “a piece of chalk” for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read with your own eyes to-night.

Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert, that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man’s relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we “burn” chalk the result is quicklime. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic acid gas and lime, and when you make it

very hot the carbonic acid flies away and the lime is left.

By (this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, you were to powder a little chalk, and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great bubbling and fizzing, and finally a clear liquid in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of “carbonate of lime.”

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely-spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and, for anything chemistry tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur upon the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below.

Let us try another method of making the chalk tell us its own history. To the unassisted eye chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it—until it is thin enough, in fact, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable. A thin slice of the fur of a kettle might be made in the same way. If it were examined microscopically, it would show itself to be a more or less distinctly laminated mineral substance, and nothing more.

But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but imbedded in this matrix are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average not more than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But, by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully-constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly-grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called *Globigerina*, and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than *Globigerinæ* and granules.

Let us fix our attention upon the *Globigerina*. It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk.

A suggestion which may naturally enough present itself is, that these curious bodies are the result of some process of aggregation which has taken place in the carbonate of lime; that, just as in winter, the rime on our windows simulates the most delicate and

elegantly arborescent foliage—proving that the mere mineral, water, may, under certain conditions, assume the outward form of organic bodies—so this mineral substance, carbonate of lime, hidden away in the bowels of the earth, has taken the shape of these chambered bodies. I am not raising a merely fanciful and unreal objection. Very learned men, in former days, have even entertained the notion that all the formed things found in rocks are of this nature; and if no such conception is at present held to be admissible, it is because long and varied experience has now shown that mineral matter never does assume the form and structure we find in fossils. If any one were to try to persuade you that an oyster-shell (which is also chiefly composed of carbonate of lime) had crystallized out of sea-water, I suppose you would laugh at the absurdity. Your laughter would be justified by the fact that all experience tends to show that oyster-shells are formed by the agency of oysters, and in no other way. And if there were no better reasons, we should be justified, on like grounds, in believing that *Globigerina* is not the product of anything but vital activity.

Happily, however, better evidence in proof of the organic nature of the *Globigerinæ* than that of analogy is forthcoming. It so happens that calcareous skeletons, exactly similar to the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk, are being formed, at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, over a large extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living *Globigerinæ*, and of the part which they play in rock-building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen, incidentally, out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests.

When men first took to the sea they speedily learned to look out for shoals and rocks, and the more the burthen of

their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to ascertain with precision the depth of the waters they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line; and, ultimately, marine-surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time, it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea-bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by “arming” the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand or mud, or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But, however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead, and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths) Lieut. Brooke, of the American Navy, some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea-bottom can be scooped out and brought up, from any depth to which the lead descends.

In 1853, Lieut. Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin, and to Bailey of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms—the greater proportion of these being just like the *Globigerina* already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far, the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieut. Brooke’s method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when

the enterprise of laying down the telegraph-cable between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became a matter of immense importance to know, not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth over the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days, such a command as this might have sounded very much like one of the impossible things which the young prince in the Fairy Tales is ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the princess. However, in the months of June and July 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great expedition and precision, without, so far as I know, having met with any reward of that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.<sup>1</sup>

The result of all these operations is that we know the contours and nature of the surface-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and descents

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix to Captain Dayman’s “Deep Sea Soundings in the North Atlantic Ocean, between Ireland and Newfoundland, made in H.M.S. *Cyclops*. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 1858.” They have since formed the subject of an elaborate Memoir by Messrs. Parker and Jones, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1865.

upon that long route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a greyish-white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft, greyish, chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of the piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it presents innumerable *Globigerinæ*, embedded in a granular matrix.

Thus this deep-sea mud is substantially chalk. I say substantially, because there are a good many minor differences: but as these have no bearing upon the question immediately before us,—which is the nature of the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk—it is unnecessary to speak of them.

*Globigerinæ* of every size, from the smallest to the largest, are associated together in the Atlantic mud, and the chambers of many are filled by a soft animal matter. This soft substance is, in fact, the remains of the creature to which the *Globigerina* shell, or rather skeleton, owes its existence—and which is an animal of the simplest imaginable description. It is, in fact, a mere particle of living jelly, without defined parts of any kind—without a mouth, nerves, muscles, or distinct organs, and

only manifesting its vitality to ordinary observation by thrusting out and retracting, from all parts of its surface, long filamentous processes, which serve for arms and legs. Yet this amorphous particle, devoid of everything which in the higher animals we call organs, is capable of feeding, growing, and multiplying; of separating from the ocean the small proportion of carbonate of lime which is dissolved in sea-water; and of building up that substance into a skeleton for itself, according to a pattern which can be imitated by no other known agency.

The notion that animals can live and flourish in the sea at the vast depths from which apparently living *Globigerinæ* have been brought up, does not agree very well with our usual conceptions respecting the conditions of animal life; and it is not so absolutely impossible as it might at first sight appear to be, that the *Globigerinæ* of the Atlantic sea-bottom do not live and die where they are found.

As I have mentioned, the soundings from the great Atlantic plain are almost entirely made up of *Globigerinæ*, with the granules which have been mentioned and some few other calcareous shells; but a small percentage of the chalky mud—perhaps at most some five per cent. of it—is of a different nature, and consists of shells and skeletons composed of siliceous, or pure flint. These silicious bodies belong partly to those lowly vegetable organisms which are called *Diatomaceæ*, and partly to those minute and extremely simple animals termed *Radiolarie*. It is quite certain that these creatures do not live at the bottom of the ocean, but at its surface—where they may be obtained in prodigious numbers by the use of a properly constructed net. Hence it follows that these silicious organisms, though they are not heavier than the lightest dust, must have fallen in some cases through fifteen thousand feet of water, before they reached their final resting-place on the ocean floor. And, considering how large a surface these bodies expose in proportion to their weight, it is probable that they

occupy a great length of time in making their burial journey from the surface of the Atlantic to the bottom.

But if the *Radiolaria* and Diatoms are thus rained upon the bottom of the sea from the superficial layer of its waters in which they pass their lives, it is obviously possible that the *Globigerinae* may be similarly derived; and if they were so, it would be much more easy to understand how they obtain their supply of food than it is at present. Nevertheless, the positive and negative evidence all points the other way. The skeletons of the full-grown, deep-sea *Globigerinae* are so remarkably solid and heavy in proportion to their surface as to seem little fitted for floating, and, as a matter of fact, they are not to be found along with the Diatoms and *Radiolaria* in the uppermost stratum of the open ocean.

It has been observed, again, that the abundance of *Globigerinae*, in proportion to other organisms of like kind, increases with the depth of the sea; and that deep-water *Globigerinae* are larger than those which live in shallower parts of the sea; and such facts negative the supposition that these organisms have been swept by currents from the shallows into the deeps of the Atlantic.

It therefore seems to be hardly doubtful that these wonderful creatures live and die at the depths in which they are found.<sup>1</sup>

However, the important points for us are that the living *Globigerinae* are exclusively marine animals, the skele-

tons of which abound at the bottom of deep seas; and that there is not a shadow of reason for believing that the habits of the *Globigerinae* of the chalk differed from those of the existing species. But if this be true, there is no escaping the conclusion that the chalk itself is the dried mud of an ancient deep sea.

In working over the soundings collected by Captain Dayman, I was surprised to find that many of what I have called the “granules” of that mud, were not, as one might have been tempted to think at first, the mere powder and waste of *Globigerinae*, but that they had a definite form and size. I termed these bodies “coccoliths,” and doubted their organic nature. Dr. Wallich verified my observation, and added the interesting discovery that, not unfrequently bodies similar to these “coccoliths” were aggregated together into spheroids, which he termed “coccospheres.” So far as we knew, these bodies, the nature of which is extremely puzzling and problematical, were peculiar to the Atlantic soundings.

But, a few years ago, Mr. Sorby, in making a careful examination of the chalk by means of thin sections and otherwise, observed, as Ehrenberg had done before him, that much of its granular basis possesses a definite form. Comparing these formed particles with those in the Atlantic soundings, he found the two to be identical; and thus proved that the chalk, like the soundings, contains these mysterious coccoliths and coccospheres. Here was a further and a most interesting confirmation, from internal evidence, of the essential identity of the chalk with modern deep-sea mud. *Globigerinae*, coccoliths, and coccospheres are found as the chief constituents of both, and testify to the general similarity of the conditions under which both have been formed.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> During the cruise of H.M.S. *Bull-dog* commanded by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in 1860, living star-fish were brought up, clinging to the lowest part of the sounding line, from a depth of 1,260 fathoms, midway between Cape Farewell, in Greenland, and the Rockall banks. Dr. Wallich ascertained that the sea bottom at this point consisted of the ordinary *Globigerina* ooze, and that the stomachs of the star-fishes were full of *Globigerina*. This discovery removes all objections to the existence of living *Globigerinae* at great depths, which are based upon the supposed difficulty of maintaining animal life under such conditions; and it throws the burden of proof upon those who object to the supposition that the *Globigerinae* live and die when they are found.

<sup>1</sup> I have recently traced out the development of the “coccoliths” from a diameter of  $\frac{1}{700000}$ th of an inch up to their largest size (which is about  $\frac{1}{100000}$ th), and no longer doubt that they are produced by independent organisms, which, like the *Globigerinae*, live and die at the bottom of the sea.

The evidence furnished by the hewing, facing, and superposition of the stones of the Pyramids that these structures were built by men, has no greater weight than the evidence that the chalk was built by *Globigerinæ*; and the belief that those ancient pyramid-builders were terrestrial and air-breathing creatures like ourselves, is not better based than the conviction that the chalk-makers lived in the sea.

But as our belief in the building of the Pyramids by men is not only grounded on the internal evidence afforded by these structures, but gathers strength from multitudinous collateral proofs, and is clinched by the total absence of any reason for a contrary belief; so the evidence drawn from the *Globigerinæ* that the chalk is an ancient sea-bottom, is fortified by innumerable independent lines of evidence; and our belief in the truth of the conclusion to which all positive testimony tends, receives the like negative justification from the fact that no other hypothesis has a shadow of foundation.

It may be worth while briefly to consider a few of these collateral proofs that the chalk was deposited at the bottom of the sea.

The great mass of the chalk is composed, as we have seen, of the skeletons of *Globigerinæ*, and other simple organisms, imbedded in granular matter. Here and there, however, this hardened mud of the ancient sea reveals the remains of higher animals which have lived and died and left their hard parts in the mud, just as the oysters die and leave their shells behind them in the mud of the present seas.

There are certain groups of animals at the present day which are never found in fresh waters, being unable to live anywhere but in the sea. Such are the corals; those corallines which are called *Polyzoa*; those creatures which fabricate the lamp-shells, and are called *Brachiopoda*; the pearly *Nautilus*, and all animals allied to it; and all the forms of sea-urchins and star-fishes.

Not only are all these creatures con-

finied to salt water at the present day; but, so far as our records of the past go, the conditions of their existence have been the same: hence their occurrence in any deposit is as strong evidence as can be obtained that that deposit was formed in the sea. Now the remains of animals of all the kinds which have been enumerated, occur in the chalk, in greater or less abundance; while not one of those forms of shell-fish which are characteristic of fresh water has yet been observed in it.

When we consider that the remains of more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered among the fossils of the chalk, that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and that there is no reason to believe that any one of them inhabited fresh water—the collateral evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea-bottom acquires as great force as the proof derived from the nature of the chalk itself. I think you will now allow that I did not overstate my case when I asserted that we have as strong grounds for believing that all the vast area of dry land, at present occupied by the chalk, was once at the bottom of the sea, as we have for any matter of history whatever; while there is no justification for any other belief.

No less certain is it that the time during which the countries we now call south-east England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, were more or less completely covered by a deep sea, was of considerable duration.

We have already seen that the chalk is, in places, more than a thousand feet thick. I think you will agree with me, that it must have taken some time for the skeletons of animalculæ of a hundredth of an inch in diameter to heap up such a mass as that. I have said that throughout the thickness of the chalk the remains of other animals are scattered. These remains are often in the most exquisite state of preservation. The valves of the shell-fishes are com-

monly adherent; the long spines of some of the sea-urchins, which would be detached by the smallest jar, often remain in their places. In a word, it is certain that these animals have lived and died when the place which they now occupy was the surface of as much of the chalk as had then been deposited; and that each has been covered up by the layer of *Globigerina* mud, upon which the creatures imbedded a little higher up have, in like manner, lived and died. But some of these remains prove the existence of reptiles of vast size in the chalk sea. These lived their time, and had their ancestors and descendants, which assuredly implies time, reptiles being of slow growth.

There is more curious evidence, again, that the process of covering up, or, in other words, the deposit of *Globigerina* skeletons, did not go on very fast. It is demonstrable that an animal of the cretaceous sea might die, that its skeleton might lie uncovered upon the sea-bottom long enough to lose all its outward coverings and appendages by putrefaction; and that, after this had happened, another animal might attach itself to the dead and naked skeleton, might grow to maturity, and might itself die before the calcareous mud had buried the whole.

Cases of this kind are admirably described by Sir Charles Lyell. He speaks of the frequency with which geologists find in the chalk a fossilized sea-urchin, to which is attached the lower valve of a *Crania*. This is a kind of shellfish, with a shell composed of two pieces, of which, as in the oyster, one is fixed and the other free.

“The upper valve is almost invariably wanting, though occasionally found in a perfect state of preservation in the white chalk at some distance. In this case, we see clearly that the sea-urchin first lived from youth to age, then died and lost its spines, which were carried away. Then the young *Crania* adhered to the bared shell, grew and perished in its turn; after which, the upper valve was separated from the lower, before the

“Echinus became enveloped in chalky mud.”<sup>1</sup>

A specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology, in London, still further prolongs the period which must have elapsed between the death of the sea-urchin, and its burial by the *Globigerina*. For the outward face of the valve of a *Crania*, which is attached to a sea-urchin (*Micraster*), is itself overrun by an incrusting coralline, which spreads thence over more or less of the surface of the sea-urchin. It follows that, after the upper valve of the *Crania* fell off, the surface of the attached valve must have remained exposed long enough to allow of the growth of the whole coralline, since corallines do not live imbedded in mud.

The progress of knowledge may one day enable us to deduce from such facts as these the maximum rate at which the chalk can have accumulated, and thus to arrive at the minimum duration of the chalk period. Suppose that the valve of the *Crania* upon which a coralline has fixed itself in the way just described, is so attached to the sea-urchin that no part of it is more than an inch above the face upon which the sea-urchin rests. Then, as the coralline could not have fixed itself if the *Crania* had been covered up with chalk mud, and could not have lived had itself been so covered, it follows that an inch of chalk mud could not have accumulated within the time between the death and decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin and the growth of the coralline to the full size which it has attained. If the decay of the soft parts of the sea-urchin, the attachment, growth to maturity, and decay of the *Crania*, and the subsequent attachment and growth of the coralline took a year (which is a low estimate enough), the accumulation of the inch of chalk must have taken more than a year; and the deposit of a thousand feet of chalk must consequently have taken more than twelve thousand years.

The foundation of all this calculation

<sup>1</sup> “Elements of Geology,” by Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. F.R.S. p. 23.

is, of course, a knowledge of the length of time the *Crania* and the coralline needed to attain their full size ; and on this head precise knowledge is at present wanting. But there are circumstances which tend to show that nothing like an inch of chalk has accumulated during the life of a *Crania* ; and, on any probable estimate of the length of that life, the chalk period must have had a much longer duration than that thus roughly assigned to it.

Thus, not only is it certain that the chalk is the mud of an ancient sea-bottom, but it is no less certain that the chalk sea existed during an extremely long period, though we may not be prepared to give a precise estimate of the length of that period in years. The relative duration is clear, though the absolute duration may not be definable. The attempt to affix any precise date to the period at which the chalk sea began or ended its existence is baffled by difficulties of the same kind. But the relative age of the cretaceous epoch may be determined with as great ease and certainty as the long duration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting discoveries recently made, in various parts of Western Europe, of flint implements, obviously worked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man is a very ancient denizen of these regions.

It has been proved that the old populations of Europe, whose existence has been revealed to us in this way, consisted of savages, such as the Esquimaux are now ; that, in the country which is now France, they hunted the reindeer, and were familiar with the ways of the mammoth and the bison. The physical geography of France was in those days different from what it is now—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between that time and this ; and it is probable that the climate was more like that of Canada or Siberia, than that of Western Europe.

The existence of these people is for-

gotten even in the traditions of the oldest historical nations. The name and fame of them had utterly vanished until a few years back ; and the amount of physical change which has been effected since their day renders it more than probable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne or of Amiens are to them, as they are to us, in point of antiquity.

But, if we assign to these hoar relics of long vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own sea-board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts ; there stand the stools of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the bolls of some of these trees are from two to three



feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn.

When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch in the dark woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whose runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges" in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of

your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further, and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris.

But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but after its formation the time required for the deposit of these later rocks and for their upheaval into dry land must have elapsed, before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon," began to flow.

Thus evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theatre of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land for at least four alternations, and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length.

Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of

England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat.

All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous or still later date have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains, and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though in Norfolk the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But, great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants.

All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few, however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly, not one of the higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field in the days before the chalk were not our beasts of the field, nor the

fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognisable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual but incessant changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period, and replaced them by a totally new creation;—but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling, if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress, if we follow the course of Nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind.

And it is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish, side by side, with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life.

Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it.

But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things are some very modern forms of life, looking like

Yankee peddlars among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shell-fish first became known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*. I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity, but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's-head lamp-shell (*Terebratulina caput serpentis*), which lives in our English seas and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings. The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauriæ* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind.

But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation.

Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back, and ask, Why these movements?

I am not certain that any one can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said for certain is, that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment insensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect but perfectly satisfactory proof, that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence.

Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by other than natural causes.

Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case.

The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the back-bone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodile of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but, in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already

mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch; and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. (I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch.) Thus each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles, though all since the chalk have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for?

Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—Either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes.

Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense, in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and sixth days of the Creation.

On the other hand, I see no good

reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodilian forms by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world.

Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent though nowise brilliant thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest" of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

T. H. H.

## AUTUMNAL ODE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

## I.

MINSTREL and Genius, to whose songs or sighs  
 The round earth modulates her changeful sphere,  
 That bend'st in shadow from yon western skies,  
 And lean'st, cloud-hid, along the woodlands sere,  
 Too deep thy tones—too pure—for mortal ear!  
 Yet Nature hears them: without aid of thine  
 How sad were her decline!  
 From thee she learns with just and soft gradation  
 Her dying hues in death to harmonize;  
 Through thee her obsequies  
 A glory wear that conquers desolation.  
 Through thee she singeth, "Faithless were the sighing  
 "Breathed o'er a beauty only born to fleet:  
 "A holy thing and precious is the dying  
 "Of that whose life was innocent and sweet."  
 From many a dim retreat  
 Lodged on high-bosomed, echoing, mountain lawn,  
 Or chiming convent in dark vale withdrawn,  
 From cloudy shrine or rapt oracular seat  
 Voices of loftier worlds that saintly strain repeat.

## II.

It is the Autumnal Epode of the year:  
 The nymphs that urge the seasons on their round,  
 They to whose green lap flies the startled deer  
 When bays the far off hound,  
 They that drag April by the rain-bright hair,  
 (Though sun-showers daze her and the rude winds scare,)  
 O'er March's frosty bound,  
 They by whose warm and furtive hand unwound  
 The cestus falls from May's new-wedded breast—  
 Silent they stand beside dead Summer's bier,  
 With folded palms, and faces to the West,  
 And their loose tresses sweep the dewy ground.

## III.

A sacred stillness hangs upon the air,  
 A sacred clearness. Distant shapes draw nigh:  
 Glistens yon Elm-grove, to its heart laid bare,  
 And all articulate in its symmetry,  
 With here and there a branch that from on high  
 Far flashes washed as in a watery gleam:  
 Beyond, the glossy lake lies calm—a beam  
 Upheaved, as if in sleep, from its slow central stream.

## IV.

This quiet—is it Truth, or some fair mask?  
 Is pain no more? Shall Sleep be lord, not Death?  
 Shall sickness cease to afflict and overtask  
 The spent and labouring breath?  
 Is there among yon farms and fields, this day,  
 No grey old head that drops? No darkening eye?  
 Spirits of Pity, lift your hands, and pray—  
 Each hour, alas, men die!

## V.

The love-songs of the Blackbird now are done:  
 Upon the o'ergrown, loose, red-berried cover  
 The latest of late warblers sings as one  
 That trolls at random when the feast is over:  
 From bush to bush the silver cobwebs hover,  
 Shrouding the dried up rill's exhausted urn;  
 No breeze is fluting o'er the green morass:  
 Nor falls the thistle-down: in deep-drenched grass,  
 Now blue, now red, the shifting dew-gems burn.

## VI.

Mine ear thus torpid held, methinks mine eye  
 Is armed the more with visionary power:  
 As with a magnet's force each redd'ning bower  
 Compels me through the woodland pageantry:  
 Slowly I track the forest's skirt: emerging,  
 Slowly I climb from pastoral steep to steep:  
 I see far mists from reedy valleys surging:  
 I follow the procession of white sheep  
 That fringe with wool old stock and ruined rath—  
 How staid to-day, how eager when the lambs  
 Went leaping round their dams!  
 I cross the leaf-choked stream from stone to stone,  
 Pass the hoar ash-tree, trace the upland path,  
 The furze-brake that in March all golden shone  
 Reflected in the shy kingfisher's bath.

## VII.

No more from full-leaved woods that music swells  
 Which in the summer filled the satiate ear:  
 A fostering sweetness still from bosky dells  
 Murmurs; but I can hear  
 A harsher sound when down, at intervals,  
 The dry leaf rattling falls.  
 Dark as those spots which herald swift disease,  
 The death-blot marks for death the leaf yet firm:  
 Beside the leaf down-trodden trails the worm:  
 In forest depths the haggard, whitening grass  
 Repines at youth departed. Half-stripped trees  
 Reveal, as one who says, "Thou too must pass,"  
 Plainlier each day their quaint anatomies.

Yon Poplar grove is troubled! Bright and bold  
 Babbled his cold leaves in the July breeze  
 As though above our heads a runnel rolled :  
 His mirth is o'er : subdued by old October,  
 He counts his lessening wealth, and, sadly sober,  
 Tinkles his querulous tablets of wan gold.

## VIII.

Be still, ye sighs of the expiring year!  
 A sword there is:—ye play but with the sheath!  
 Whispers there are more piercing, yet more dear  
 Than yours, that come to me those boughs beneath;  
 And well-remembered footsteps known of old  
 Tread soft the mildewed mould.  
 O magic memory of the things that were—  
 Of those whose hands our childish locks caress,  
 Of one so angel-like in tender care,  
 Of one in majesty so Godlike drest—  
 O phantom faces painted on the air  
 Of friend or sudden guest;—  
 I plead in vain:  
 The woods revere, but cannot heal my pain.  
 Ye sheddings from the Yew-tree and the Pine,  
 If on your rich and aromatic dust  
 I laid my forehead, and my hands put forth  
 In the last beam that warms the forest floor,  
 No answer to my yearnings would be mine,  
 To me no answer through those branches hoar  
 Would reach in noontide trance, or moony gust!  
 Her secret Heaven would keep, and mother Earth  
 Speak from her deep heart,—“Where thou know'st not, trust!”

## IX.

That pang is past. Once more my pulses keep  
 A tenor calm, that knows nor grief nor joy;  
 Once more I move as one that died in sleep,  
 And treads, a Spirit, the haunts he trod, a boy,  
 And sees them like-unlike, and sees beyond:  
 Then earthly life comes back, and I despond.  
 Ah life, not life! Dim woods of crimsoned beech,  
 That swathe the hills in sacerdotal stoles,  
 Burn on, burn on! the year ere long will reach  
 That day made holy to Departed Souls,  
 The day whereon man's heart, itself a priest,  
 Descending to that Empire pale wherein  
 Beauty and Sorrow dwell, but pure from Sin,  
 Holds with God's Church at once its fast and feast.  
 Dim woods, they, they alone your vaults should tread,  
 The sad and saintly Dead!  
 Your pathos those alone ungrieved could meet  
 Who fit them for the Beatific Vision:  
 The things that as they pass us seem to cheat,

To them would be a music-winged fruition,  
 A cadence sweetest in the soft subsiding :  
 Transience to them were dear ;—for theirs the abiding -  
 Dear as that Pain which clears from fleshly film  
 The spirit's eye, matures each spirit-germ,  
 Frost-bound on earth, but at the appointed term  
 Mirror of Godhead in the immortal realm.

## X.

Lo there the regal exiles !—under shades  
 Deeper than ours, yet in a finer air—  
 Climbing, successive, elders, youths, and maids,  
 The penitential mountain's ebon stair :  
 The earth-shadow clips that halo round their hair :  
 And as lone outcasts watch a moon that wanes,  
 Receding slowly o'er their native plains,  
 Thus watch they, wistful, something far but fair.  
 Serene they stand, and wait,  
 Self-exiled by the ever-open gate :  
 Awhile self-exiled from the All-pitying Eyes,  
 Lest mortal stain should blot their Paradise.  
 Silent they pace, ascending high and higher  
 The hills of God, a hand on every heart  
 That willing burns, a vase of cleansing fire  
 Fed by God's love in souls from God apart.  
 Each lifted face with thirst of long desire  
 Is pale ; but o'er it grows a mystic sheen,  
 Because on them God's face, by them unseen,  
 Is turned, through narrowing darkness hourly nigher.

## XI.

Sad thoughts, why roam ye thus in your unrest  
 The world unseen ? Why scorn our mortal bound ?  
 Is it not kindly, Earth's maternal breast ?  
 Is it not fair, her head with vine-wreaths crowned ?  
 Farm-yard and barn are heaped with golden store ;  
 High piled the sheaves illumine the russet plain ;  
 Hedges and hedge-row trees are yellowed o'er  
 With waifs and trophies of the labouring wain :  
 Why murmur, "Change is change, when downward ranging ;  
 Spring's upward change but pointed to the unchanging ?"  
 Yet, oh how just your sorrow, if ye knew  
 The true grief's sanction true !  
 'Tis not the thought of parting youth that moves us ;  
 'Tis not alone the pang for friends departed :—  
 The Autumnal grief that raises while it proves us  
 Wells from a holier source and deeper-hearted !  
 For this a sadness mingles with our mirth ;  
 For this a bitter mingles with the sweetness ;  
 The throne that shakes not is the Spirit's right ;  
 The heart and hope of Man are infinite ;  
 Heaven is his home, and, exiled here on earth,  
 Completion most betrays the incompleteness !



## XII.

Heaven is his home.—But hark! the breeze increases :

The sunset forests, catching sudden fire,  
Flash, swell, and sing, a million-organed choir :  
Roofing the West, rich clouds in glittering fleeces  
O'er-arch ethereal spaces and divine  
Of heaven's clear hyaline.

No dream is this! Beyond that radiance golden  
God's Sons I see, His armies bright and strong,  
The ensanguined Martyrs here with palms high holden,  
The Virgins there, a lily-lifting throng!

The Splendours nearer draw. In choral blending  
The Prophets' and the Apostles' chant I hear ;

I see the City of the Just descending  
With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.

The walls are agate and chalcedony :

On jacinth street and jasper parapet  
The unwaning light is light of Deity,  
Not beam of lessening moon or suns that set.

That undeciduous forestry of spires

Lets fall no leaf! those lights can never range :  
Saintly fruitions and divine desires

Are blended there in rapture without change.

—Man was not made for things that leave us,

For that which goeth and returneth,

For hopes that lift us yet deceive us,

For love that wears a smile yet mourneth ;  
Not for fresh forests from the dead leaves springing,

The cyclic re-creation which, at best,  
Yields us—betrayal still to promise clinging—

But tremulous shadows of the realm of rest :

For things immortal Man was made,

God's Image, latest from His hand,  
Co-heir with Him, Who in Man's flesh arrayed

Holds o'er the worlds the Heavenly-Human wand :

His portion this—sublime

To stand where access none hath Space or Time,

Above the starry host, the Cherub band,

To stand—to advance—and after all to stand!

## THE BEUST RÉGIME IN AUSTRIA.

THERE are few subjects in politics on which people seem to find it so difficult to make up their minds as the position and prospects of Austria. It is said that when the Emperor Napoleon, shortly after the battle of Königgrätz, was asked whether he would take the opportunity of breaking the rising power of Prussia by throwing his sword into the opposite scale, he exclaimed, "Je ne peux pas m'allier avec un cadavre!" and few at that time would have ventured to deny that if Austria was not already dead, she would, at all events, die very soon. But Austria was not so dead as she seemed to be; and when, a little later, it appeared that the discontent in the Empire was not sufficiently strong to break out into insurrection, and that neither Russia nor Prussia was prepared to effect the partition of her prostrate neighbour, it was admitted that those who had predicted the fall of Austria had been too hasty, and that there was some chance for her yet. Then came the appointment of Baron Beust to the ministry, the reconciliation with Hungary, and the liberal constitution, and the new minister was loudly proclaimed in pamphlets and leading articles the saviour and regenerator of his adopted country. But this enthusiasm has been short-lived, as, indeed, might have been expected from the indiscreet zeal of Baron Beust's friends and admirers in the press. When people are told, in every variety of key, that Austria is now the freest country in the world, and the guardian of peace in Europe, they are apt to suspect that such pains would not be taken to bid for foreign sympathy if things went satisfactorily at home. And now we are witnessing another change. Baron Beust has made a clever speech, in which he declares that "peace and reconciliation" are the pillars of his policy; and immediately the tide of our public confidence began to rise as

rapidly as it had fallen before. Perhaps, after all, these repeated vacillations of opinion are hardly surprising; for, what with the one-sided statements of newspaper correspondents, who are naturally prejudiced in favour of a government from which they derive their best information, and the equally biassed diatribes of Baron Beust's political adversaries, it is very difficult to arrive at the real truth about the present condition of Austria. In this article an attempt will be made, by setting in a clear light the real aims of Baron Beust's policy, his good and bad qualities as a politician, the difficulties with which he has to contend, the successes he has achieved, and the mistakes he has committed, to furnish the materials for more accurate and impartial notions on the subject than have hitherto prevailed.

The achievements of Baron Beust in the internal policy of Austria may be reduced to two measures, each of immense importance for the future of the Empire: the arrangement with Hungary, and the new constitution for the other Austrian territories. Since 1849, Hungary had been the standing difficulty of successive Austrian Governments, paralysing their action abroad, and weakening their authority at home. The great idea of Austrian statesmen after the close of the Hungarian revolution, was to treat Hungary as part and parcel of the Austrian state, on the principle that by making war against Austria, Hungary had forfeited all the privileges she had obtained in virtue of past contracts between the two countries; and that, having been conquered, Austria had a right to place her on the same footing as the other provinces she had obtained by conquest.

This is the so-called "Verwirkungstheorie" (forfeiture-theory), which was first started by Count Stadion in 1849, with the famous sentence, "Hungary

has ceased to exist," in a leader in the official journal of Vienna. Such a theory was certainly not calculated to conciliate the Hungarians, whose defeat only added new strength to their opposition, by proving that Austria could not conquer them alone. The assistance given by Russia on this occasion in the name of despotic principles was indeed a fatal boon to Austria. It roused the hostility of the Hungarians, without diminishing their power; and it prevented the Government from adopting the only means of appeasing them, for, after Austria had been saved by the Emperor Nicholas, the introduction of a liberal régime became impossible. The Hungarians were thus not only insulted in their dearest patriotic feelings by the denial of their national existence, but they were deprived of the parliamentary institutions which they had enjoyed for centuries. Moreover, they had a full share in the grievances of the other Austrian territories. Agriculture was neglected, the finances were so mismanaged that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy, the Concordat was made the law in all religious matters, and bureaucracy—always the curse of Austria—became all-powerful. The unfortunate campaign of 1859 closed this miserable epoch of delusions and blunders. Austria, taught by the loss of her richest provinces, began to see her weakness, and made overtures to Hungary for a reconciliation. The negotiation was not very successful, and ended in Austria making certain concessions without Hungary abandoning any of her claims. This one-sided arrangement, contained in the imperial decree known as the "October Diploma," enabled Hungary, as well as the other Austrian territories, to have a diet of her own; but still retained her on the footing of an Austrian province, her diet having a deliberative voice only, which it employed, like the other diets, in abusing the Government and clamouring for liberal institutions. Such an arrangement could not last long, and it was overthrown in the following year by the "February Patent," of which

Herr von Schmerling was the author. This statesman at once abolished the federal organization introduced by the "October Diploma," creating in its stead a central Reichsrath at Vienna, the members of which were to be nominated by election from all the territories of the Empire, Hungary included. The Hungarians of course refused to recognise this scheme, and held entirely aloof from the new Reichsrath; while Herr von Schmerling, with his contemptuous phrase, "We can wait" (*wir können warten*), only widened the breach between them and the Government. It soon became evident that the longer Austria waited, the harder the task of reconciliation would become. Herr von Schmerling was succeeded by Count Belcredi, the further working of the February Constitution was suspended, and the negotiations with Hungary were resumed, until they were again suddenly broken off by the war with Prussia.

The policy of delay and irresolution above described produced its natural effect on so intelligent and high-spirited a people as the Hungarians. Simultaneously with the distrust towards Austria caused by the frequent deceptions they had suffered, there grew up among them a consciousness of power which, acting on their strong patriotic instincts, soon widened the sphere of their national aims. The rights given them by the Pragmatic Sanction were now no longer the ultimate object of their aspirations. They looked forward to nothing less than absolute independence, though their traditional loyalty still led them to preserve the dynastic link which connects them with Austria. Nor was this ambition confined to a single section of the people. With that wonderful unanimity which is the chief source of her political greatness, all classes in Hungary, animated with the same strong national feeling, submitted to the direction of their leaders; and the latter—men of no extraordinary talent, but possessing in a high degree that practical wisdom and power of adapting themselves to circumstances, which is often more useful in the di-

rectors of a nation's destinies than the brilliant qualities of genius—developed the new national policy with admirable patience and skill. Their hopes were all but realized by the crushing defeat of Austria at Königgrätz, which, as Count Bismarck had predicted, practically transferred the centre of gravity of the Empire from Vienna to Pesth. But Hungary was still not strong enough to overcome the opposition of the other nationalities, and especially of the German element. Active, industrious, intelligent, and far more cultivated than the other nationalities of the Empire, but volatile and shallow, apt to be doctrinaire, and full of the encroaching spirit of their civilization, the Germans would not acknowledge themselves beaten, and claimed to retain their position as rulers of the destinies of Austria. Their pretensions, though utterly incompatible with the new situation created by the events of 1866, could not be entirely disregarded, for the Germans still formed the connecting link between the heterogeneous elements of which the Empire was composed; and, if their threat of secession had been executed (of which there seemed at that time some prospect), the very existence of Austria would have been placed in the greatest danger. Of the other races, all hoped to profit by the calamities of the state, and some clamoured for concessions which it would have been simply suicidal in the Government to grant. The Poles, so often accused of political incapacity and extravagance, gave an example of calmness and moderation which many of the other nationalities would have done well to follow. They advocated a federal re-organization of Austria, combined with as much self-government for each of the principal nationalities as might be found compatible with the integrity of the Empire. The Czechs, on the other hand, burning to throw off the detested German yoke, and to give free course to their national aspirations, demanded the establishment of a distinct Bohemian kingdom and the coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph as their king.

Thus all these races were more or less opposed, not only to the pretensions of Hungary, but to those of each other.

Such was the position of affairs when Baron Beust was summoned to Vienna to re-establish the tottering fortunes of Austria. In many respects the new minister was well fitted for the task. Supple, adroit, full of resource, undaunted by obstacles, with an extraordinary power of work, a winning manner, and an imperturbable temper, Baron Beust seemed just the man to reconcile opponents, and smooth away difficulties. To these useful qualities were added political talents of a high order, a singular acuteness in taking in all the points of a difficult position, rapidity and firmness in action, and remarkable freedom from political bias. Though he is a Saxon by birth and family, and has occupied important positions in the government of his country for upwards of thirty years, he has completely renounced his former nationality, and now proclaims himself an Austrian. "The man," he said, at a sitting of the ministerial council last year, "whom the Emperor has placed in this position—whom several Austrian towns have admitted to an honorary citizenship—whom a Bohemian Chamber of Commerce has sent to the Bohemian diet, and whom that diet has honoured with a seat in the Reichsrath—has, I think, a claim to be regarded not as a resident foreigner, but as an Austrian citizen." Unfortunately Baron Beust is as little influenced by political principle as by political sentiment. He is fond of intrigue, unscrupulous in his choice of means, and delights, above all things, in over-reaching an opponent. In the course of an interesting conversation with Herr Kolisch, described in a German illustrated paper,<sup>1</sup> the minister is reported to have expressed especial admiration for the "cheek" (*toupet*) of Count Cavour. "The Count," he said, "gives me the impression of a

<sup>1</sup> *Die Gartenlaube*, 1868, No. 22. Portions of the article above quoted are translated in a life of Baron Beust published in the *Examiner* of July 11.

man at a race, who, instead of running in the prescribed course, breaks the line against all rules, runs straight across, and arrives at the goal before the others. The weakness and helplessness of their opponents were of great use to the Italians." That Baron Beust does his utmost to sink all considerations both of political principle and personal feeling in pursuing the objects of his policy, must be evident to all who have studied his career in Austria. The man who led the reaction in Saxony in 1849 (however strongly he may deny it now) is the Liberal, almost Radical Minister of Austria in 1868. There is one phase of Baron Beust's political action, however, which he cannot forget, and to which he still clings with undiminished attachment. What he did as the obscure minister of a small German state, might well be allowed to pass into oblivion without regret; but it is not in human nature to wipe out from the mind all traces of such an event in a statesman's life as the period when Baron Beust, acting as the acknowledged representative of the German National movement in 1864, defied Lord Russell and Count Bismarck, and was hailed by his admiring and grateful countrymen as their champion and leader. All this remains distinctly graven on the minister's mind, and its influence is clearly perceptible in his policy. That he has the interests of Austria sincerely at heart no one can doubt: but all his plans and efforts with this object are vitiated by the foolish dream of restoring the empire to its old supremacy in Germany, and inducing the Germans to cluster round a liberal Austria rather than a military Prussia.

The objection that Baron Beust is too much a diplomatist for a minister might have some force if he were employed in a state with a settled organization and a united people. But in Austria the talents of the diplomatist are just now more required than those of the administrator. The duties of Baron Beust are to a great extent those of a diplomatic envoy; he is constantly en-

gaged in negotiations with nationalities which practically look upon each other, and the Government which he represents, as foreigners, and he occupies himself but little with the details of internal administration. At the same time, it cannot be denied that his love of  *finesse*, and of gaining small dialectical victories by taking advantage of points immaterial to the question at issue, is unworthy of a statesman in such an important position, and often detracts from the weight which would otherwise attach to his representations. A good instance of this may be found in the despatch on the taxing of the foreign bondholders, in which, instead of frankly and simply giving the reasons which made the measure necessary, he only added to the natural discontent of the English creditors of Austria on finding themselves mulcted of a large percentage of their interest, by arguing that this discontent was unreasonable, because, if they had wanted an investment without risk, they should have bought consols instead of Austrian stock.

The spirit in which Baron Beust approached the great question of Austrian re-organization was practical and statesmanlike. He saw at once, with his usual perspicacity, that the first thing to be done was to settle the position of Hungary, and, casting aside for the moment his German aspirations, he set about this extremely delicate and difficult task with singular energy and tact. It is certain that if Austria had not been utterly prostrate and helpless, the opposition of the proudest and most bigoted aristocracy in the world to a foreigner and a Protestant would have made success impossible; but, on the other hand, the same reason which enabled him to defeat the resistance of the Austrian nobility increased the pretensions of the Hungarians. It has already been observed, that Hungary wished for a "personal" union—that is to say, for a distinct administration, treasury, and army of her own, ruled by the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary. The demand was, perhaps, not unreasonable, and it is daily becoming

more evident that it will have to be conceded sooner or later ; but in 1866 such a concession must infallibly have led to a disruption of the monarchy, as the other nationalities, the German especially, were violently opposed to it. It was necessary, therefore, to effect a compromise ; and here Baron Beust's diplomatic abilities were of the highest value. To the Hungarian leaders he pointed out that Hungary could not stand alone ; that her interests were bound up with those of Austria ; that neither the Emperor nor the people of the other Austrian territories could consent to such a diminution of the power and greatness of the monarchy as would be involved in the grant of complete independence to Hungary ; but that they were ready to concede to the Hungarians the power of governing themselves in all matters which were not of imperial interest. To the Germans he showed that circumstances had made a policy of coercion in Hungary impossible ; that the Hungarians were now daily becoming more excited and intractable ; that a revolution in Hungary at this crisis would be the death blow of Austria ; and he promised, if they would consent to the establishment of a dualism, to introduce a constitution for the other half of the Empire on so liberal a basis that the Germans, as the most cultivated element, and the chief representatives of the liberal party in the Reichsrath, would still retain their pre-dominance in the government at Vienna. The Slavonian races, with their wild demands and Panslavist tendencies, were more difficult to pacify ; but here, too, the minister succeeded, by gaining to his side the Poles,—whose moderate aspirations were satisfied by the promise of a wide autocracy for Galicia and a Polish minister in the new cabinet,—in securing for his project a clear majority in the Reichsrath.

By this skilful management, though nothing like a permanent settlement was achieved, and much discontent still remained, the minister provided for the most pressing want of Austria—a definite system of government. So long as

anarchy continued, and Hungary was hostile, the Empire was in imminent danger both from within and without ; Baron Beust caused the anarchy to cease, and procured a reconciliation with Hungary. The end may in this case be said to have justified the means ; for, after all, the integrity of the monarchy was of far greater importance to the various nationalities than the share they were each to take in its government. Even to be ruled by Germans in Austria would have been a preferable fate for the Poles than to be annexed to Russia, or for the Czechs than to be annexed to Prussia. The simple truth is that the minister, being unable to satisfy all the nationalities, appeased the most powerful of them. This was undoubtedly a great triumph, though Baron Beust's efforts to curry favour in Germany, by sacrificing to the German element the interests of the other Austrian nationalities, have since made it a barren one.

The main points of the arrangement concluded with Hungary are easily stated. The liberal laws sanctioned by the Emperor Ferdinand in 1849 were restored, a separate Hungarian ministry was appointed, and the Hungarian diet received full legislative powers on all subjects but finance, war, and foreign affairs, which, being regarded as imperial, were to be dealt with by a delegation composed of members of the representative assemblies of both halves of the monarchy. This was the groundwork of what is known as the system of dualism. It was accepted by the Germans and Hungarians as a principle, agreed to by the Poles as a *pis-aller*, and violently opposed by the other nationalities. The opinions of the malcontent provinces were unmistakably expressed at their local diets ; but Baron Beust, with that disregard for political principle which is one of his worst faults as a statesman, refused to recognise their resolutions, and summoned new elections, in which every engine at the command of the Government was used to procure the return of the official candidates. The only result of this step was to embitter the opposition without materially dimin-

ishing its strength. The Czech members of the Bohemian and Moravian diets all refused to go to the Reichsrath which was to be called at Vienna for the purpose of considering the arrangement entered into with Hungary, so that upwards of four millions of the inhabitants of Western Austria had no representative in that assembly. It would have been more honest, and quite as safe, only to have taken, in the first instance, representatives from the diets that were willing to send them. This would, perhaps, have involved a departure from the constitution under which the Reichsrath was called; but that constitution was already practically a dead letter, and an insignificant violation of its provisions would surely have been far preferable to so odious and unjustifiable a step as official interference with elections.

In Hungary, too, the new measure did not pass without opposition. The Croats, Servians, Ruthenians, Slovacks, and Roumans, who shut in the Magyars, as it were, on all sides, and threaten to swamp the dominant but less prolific race by sheer force of numbers,<sup>1</sup> had since 1830 been deprived of many of their ancient national privileges, and looked with natural alarm on the prospect of a further consolidation and strengthening of the Magyar rule. The most formidable resistance came from the Croats, who, besides sharing the grievances of the other subject nationalities, have a distinct national ideal of their own, the so-called "triune kingdom," or, in other words, the establishment of a separate administration and legislature in Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia. This concession was half promised to the Croats by the government after the important services they rendered under Jellachich in 1848-9, but was of course put out of the question by that spirit of centralization which has ever since, more or less, directed the policy of all the governments of Austria. When the Croatian diet

met, it protested against the proposed merging of the "triune kingdom" in Hungary, and repeated the demand for a separation. It was necessary to disregard this protest, as Baron Beust had disregarded that of the Czechs. But the noble and single-hearted nature of Déak, who was the master-spirit of the Magyar policy, could not degrade itself by tampering with elections. The diet was dissolved; some of the most active of the Croat agitators were punished, perhaps with rather more severity than was necessary; and the coronation and other arrangements were pushed forward without the diet being consulted any further.

It might be doubted whether the formality of submitting the compact with Hungary to the ratification of the Reichsrath might not with advantage have been dispensed with altogether. That assembly was convoked in accordance with a constitution which applied to an entirely different state of things, as its fundamental principle was the centralization of the whole monarchy, and this principle had been abolished by the system of dualism. Moreover, the arrangement had been already carried out in all its essential features before it was submitted to the Reichsrath. The separate Hungarian ministry had been appointed, the new laws were in full operation, even the coronation had taken place; and it had become impossible for the Reichsrath to reverse what had been done. It is true that the maintenance of the forms of the Schmerling constitution was flattering to the doctrinaire spirit of the Germans; but this advantage was dearly purchased by the alienation of the Czechs and other federalists, who looked upon the persistent adherence of the government to the shreds of an obsolete system of centralization as a sign of the tendencies of the new régime. And such, indeed, it was. Baron Beust was doing for the German element far more than it had a right to demand, and more than was required to secure its adhesion to the arrangement with Hungary. The

<sup>1</sup> The population of Hungary, including Transylvania, Croatia, &c. is 14,000,000, of whom 5,000,000 only are Magyars.

bill enacting the responsibility of ministers was, no doubt, necessary as a guarantee for the future, and it would, perhaps, have been difficult to find men among the other nationalities equal in administrative talent to the Germans who constituted the greater part of the new Vienna cabinet. But nothing could justify the retention of the unfair electoral laws of the Schmerling period, which gave the six millions of Germans in the western part of the empire 120 representatives in the Reichsrath, and the eleven millions of Slavonians 64 only. Such a measure, followed as it was by the gradual concentration of the powers of the local diets in the predominantly German ministry at Vienna, could only perpetuate those jealousies of race which have always been the weakness of Austria.

In other matters of internal policy, where his German dreams did not cloud his judgment, Baron Beust gave evidence of consummate statesmanship and a bold vigour of action such as had not been seen for years at the Hofburg. He was the first Austrian minister that attempted to grapple seriously with the canker of bureaucracy which had so long eaten into the vitals of the state, and he has succeeded, if not in entirely eradicating the disorder, at least in considerably diminishing its virulence. The new Liberal constitution (known as "The Fundamental Laws") sanctioned last December, and the laws amending the Concordat, though initiated and prepared by the German liberal leaders, were passed chiefly through his skill and courage; and the latter measure in particular would probably not have been sanctioned at all by the Emperor but for the firmness of his minister. By these measures the old laws and regulations which had done so much to hamper commerce and manufactures, and check education, are now abolished. The new constitution decrees that all citizens are to be treated as equal before the law, to have the right of residing in any portion of the Empire, and carrying on any business they please, without distinction of creed, and to be allowed perfect free-

dom in educational and religious matters. The rights of domicile and property are declared inviolable, travelling abroad is permitted to all but those required for military service, the secrecy of private letters is to be held sacred, and the censorship of the press abolished.

It is in the direction of foreign affairs, however, that Baron Beust finds the occupation most congenial to his tastes. One of the radical faults of his home policy is its subserviency to his foreign policy. Every measure he introduces at home is arranged with an eye to effect in Europe, and the consequence is that reforms which look very well on paper have only too often turned out fallacious in practice. At the same time it must be confessed that the utter prostration of the Empire after the catastrophe of Königgrätz, offered great temptations to such a course of action for a statesman who, like Baron Beust, had during a long political career chiefly devoted his attention to foreign affairs. It seemed necessary to banish from the minds of European politicians the growing notion that Austria had ceased to be a great power; and a show of unity at home, combined with effective action in important European questions abroad, promised to furnish a plausible ground for maintaining the Empire in its old position among European states. By a singular stroke of good fortune in the life of a by no means fortunate statesman, it happened that a very few months after his accession to office there occurred a most serious European difficulty, just of the kind most suited to his diplomatic talents and to the object he had in view. The Luxemburg question had placed France and Prussia in a position where neither power could yield without national humiliation, and from which they could not of their own initiative withdraw. It was eminently a case for mediation, and Baron Beust undertook this delicate task. His love of compromise and of ingenious combinations perhaps made him a little too ready to offer alternative plans of arrangement; but on the whole his negotiations were very judicious and



skilful. In order that his good offices as a mediator should be accepted, it was above all necessary to prove that Austria was entirely disinterested in the matter, and was only actuated by a desire for peace. Baron Beust showed to Prussia that he had no desire to pursue a policy of revenge, by holding strictly aloof from all projects of a French alliance; and to France, that he was not disposed to identify the interests of Austria with those of Germany, by disputing the right of Prussia to garrison the fortress of Luxemburg. To the insidious advances of Count Bismarck for an Austro-German alliance, he adroitly replied by asking for a definite statement of the advantages which would be secured to Austria in such an event, at the same time not relaxing for an instant his efforts to bring about a pacific arrangement. He represented to Prussia that, strong as she was in her army and the national feeling of all Germany, she would still in case of war have the whole French nation against her, and that the superiority of the French navy would make it necessary for her to protect her coast by withdrawing a considerable portion of her army from the land campaign. To France he addressed himself with the frankness and cordiality of a friend. He pointed out that a war arising out of the compact with the King of Holland for the sale to France of a population hitherto regarded as German, would excite the public opinion not only of Germany, but of all Europe, against the Emperor Napoleon, and that Count Bismarck would not fail to make the most of the advantage which the situation gave him; and he did not conceal his opinion that the result of the conflict would be fatal to the French arms. The compromise ultimately arrived at was not, it is true, exactly one of those which had been proposed by Baron Beust, but it may be doubted whether it was not due to his clever management that there was any compromise at all.

The successful result of the deliberations of the conference on the Luxemburg question to a certain extent restored

the public confidence in conferences as a means of settling international disputes. Baron Beust, always looking out for an opportunity of raising Austrian prestige, hinted at a possible solution by this means of the Roman question, and the idea was taken up and developed into a definite plan by the Emperor Napoleon, who here again caught at a straw, as he had already done too often, in order to extricate himself from a difficult position. Italy could not, of course, renounce her national aspiration of uniting the Papal territories under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel, and the utmost that could be expected in that quarter was that the Italians should be temporarily appeased by the Pope abandoning part of the temporal power or possessions. But this the Pope cannot do without forfeiting the support of the whole Catholic world. His doctrine and that of the Catholics, on which the whole theory of infallibility is based, is that the temporal power is not his to give away, that it is the heirloom of St. Peter, and that the Popes only hold it in trust for their successors. Pius IX. must therefore, in order to save not only his throne, but his very existence as a Pope, refuse to recognise the title of Victor Emmanuel to the possession of the Papal territories already united to the Italian kingdom, and still more to consent to any further diminution of the temporal power. This is the true explanation of the *non possumus*. The Pope cannot voluntarily give up the smallest particle of his temporal power or possessions, and it is only by violence that Italy can obtain them. His answer to the French invitation—that he would send his representative to the conference, with instructions to demand the restitution of the territories of which the Church had been deprived—formed a fitting and natural conclusion to a negotiation which from the beginning had not the smallest prospect of success.

A remarkable characteristic of this negotiation was the extreme friendliness, not to say partiality, which Baron Beust exhibited towards the Holy See. Italy he treated with scant ceremony, as a

recent enemy, a still possible rival, and the representative of the revolution. To France he, of course, showed the deferential cordiality due to a powerful ally; but it was for the Pope alone that, to use the words of Cardinal Antonelli, he reserved his "sympathy and affection." In his despatch urging the Pontifical government to accept the invitation to a conference, he spoke of the "courage and firmness" of the Papal authorities during the Garibaldian invasion, the "brilliant conduct" and "heroic resistance" of the Papal army, and the "excellent attitude" of the population. This may seem somewhat warm language for a Protestant to use on such an occasion, but Baron Beust never allows his religion to influence his policy. Rome appeared to him not so much the head of Catholicism, as the representative of order and authority attacked by the greatest enemy Austria has to dread—the spirit of revolution. Moreover, his conduct in this matter was no doubt narrowly watched by the Catholic party at court, and it is probable that in his anxiety not to be thought too Protestant he was more Catholic than a Catholic minister would have been. The same thing happened a few months later, when the bills amending the Concordat came on for discussion in the Reichsrath. In the hot contest which followed Baron Beust took no part, and it was only when the passing of the bills became certain that he gave them his support. The consciousness of his Protestantism, as he himself acknowledged, was here the cause of his inaction; and the same feeling seems to have inspired the conciliatory, if somewhat pettish, tone of his reply to the last Papal allocution. He must, however, by this time be convinced that his former policy in the Roman question was a mistake. The rupture between Austria and Rome is now complete, and the fall of the Concordat will probably make it irretrievable. The triumph of the cause of religious liberty in Austria is also a victory for that of national unity in Italy.

In the Eastern question the same tentative policy has been pursued with similar results. Since the war of 1866, the interests of Austria have become more than ever connected with those of the peoples on the Lower Danube. The Turkish Empire is too weak and disorganized to last much longer, and it is of vital importance to Austria that the state or states which might succeed to the rule of the Levant should not prove a dangerous neighbour to her, especially as her former relations with Germany having ceased, the tendency of her political activity has been driven eastward.<sup>1</sup> Baron Beust, with all his hankerings for influence in Germany, could not fail to perceive that this was the case; but he began his Eastern policy by another piece of political quackery, which might have been extremely dangerous if it had not been so glaringly unpractical. His proposal that a conference of the powers, admitting Russia, but excluding Turkey, should assemble for the purpose of revising the treaty of Paris and settling the political position of the Christian populations under Turkish rule would, if carried out, have produced a conflagration in Eastern Europe which could only have turned to the profit of the Czar. Fortunately this scheme, though advocated with all its proposer's diplomatic skill, fell to the ground, and Baron Beust's faith in conferences seemed to waver. Russia, who at first hoped for his connivance in her designs in the East, now showed her true colours, and pursued a Panslavist agitation among the Slavonian populations of Turkey and Austria, which was in effect an attack on the very existence of those states. This, with Baron Beust's subsequent policy in the Cretan question, has produced a decided coolness in his relations with Russia. Notwithstanding

<sup>1</sup> We observe that the *Times* (Aug. 10) still speaks of Austria as a German state, though it adds, somewhat enigmatically, that she is a "Danubian power." Whether we look at her interests, the political tendencies of the great majority of her population, or her geographical position, Austria is no more a German state than France or Russia.

the experience of his Roman and Eastern failures, however, he does not seem yet to perceive that the foreign affairs of a country like Austria cannot be ruled by an "elastic" policy (to use the expression of a famous semi-official article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*); that she has natural adversaries as well as natural allies, and that her action abroad should be guided by fixed principles, not be merely adapted to meet temporary emergencies as they arise.

The present position of Austria abroad clearly indicates both the merits and the faults of Baron Beust's foreign policy. Owing to the shifty course he has hitherto pursued, there is still an impression of mistrust as to what might be the attitude of Austria in the next European complication; at the same time, it cannot be denied that she exercises a considerable influence in continental politics, and that her alliance would be eagerly sought for in case of a war. Her relations with France and England are friendly, though it may be doubted whether much confidence is felt in Baron Beust either at the Tuileries or in Whitehall. With Prussia there has been a great show of reconciliation, but it is too ostentatious to be sincere. Count Bismarck and Baron Beust do not seem to have yet forgotten their old animosities, which are still cropping up from time to time in the semi-official press of Berlin and Vienna. As for the rumours of an Austro-Prussian alliance which have been so frequent of late, they are entitled to little credit, being chiefly inventions of Viennese journalists with whom the wish is father to the thought. The frequent references to the Treaty of Prague in Baron Beust's diplomatic communications, the open favour with which he treats the German element in the Empire, his repeated attempts to cultivate a close understanding with the Emperor Napoleon, and, finally, his speech at the late German rifle-meeting—which, though very cautiously worded, unmistakably betrays the idea which runs through the whole of his policy—show that he still cherishes the vain hope of

checking the further advance of Prussia across the Main, and resuming the old contest for supremacy in Germany; and so long as this remains his object any real reconciliation with Prussia must be hopeless. Another circumstance which creates a natural antagonism between the two countries is, that Prussia is now being drawn on irresistibly in a course which can only end in her acquiring the German provinces of Austria. This is one of the great dangers of the Empire, and there seems to be no possibility of averting it.

But it is in the East that Austria finds the most formidable of her dangers. Her Slavonian provinces, the largest and most important of her empire, have since the great Panslavist revival of last year been constantly visited by Russian agents, who excite the people against the Government, and fill their minds with the brilliant vision of a Panslavonic empire headed by Russia, and giving the law to Eastern and Central Europe. This propaganda has been especially successful in Bohemia, and though its importance should not be exaggerated, it is impossible not to see how fatal its results must be to Austria in a European war if she has Russia against her. Doubtless she might, in such a case, parry the blow by declaring Galicia independent, and thus enabling the Poles to make another effort to recover their country. But it would be then too late: internal discontent, fanned by foreign intrigue, would take the opportunity of a war to break out into revolution, and Russia might console herself for possible losses in Poland by her conquests in Austria and Turkey. In the latter country the Austrian government is as unpopular with the Slavonians as in its own; and it is certain that, as matters now stand, they would look far more to Russia for protection than to Austria. The truth is that Austria can neither hope for order at home, nor security against invasion from abroad, so long as the Slavonians remain discontented. It was clearly shown during the late rifle-meeting at Vienna how strong is

the desire of the German-Austrians for reunion with the Fatherland, and a corresponding attraction towards Hungary has been developed in the Slavonians of the western half of the Empire by its considerate treatment of the Croats. In the natural course of things the "Western half" must disappear, the German provinces joining the united Germany of the future, and the rest being attached to Hungary. But some time must elapse before this can occur; and, meanwhile, it is of vital importance to the monarchy that the present connexion of Hungary with the "Western half" should be maintained. Unfortunately, owing to the infatuated German policy of Baron Beust, every day brings the dual empire nearer to separation. Hungary is by far the strongest half of the monarchy; she has appeased the non-Magyar nationalities, and, by the arrangement concluded with Croatia, removed the most formidable of her internal difficulties; her finances are prosperous, her government popular, her commerce and manufactures flourishing, and certain of a brilliant future on the completion of the roads and railways now in progress. The Western half of the Empire, on the other hand, is discontented, in some parts almost rebellious; its ministers, though "responsible," are odious to the majority of the population; its finances are crippled by long years of past mismanagement; and the internal disorders caused by jealousies of race threaten now to bring its administration to a dead-lock. Such a state of things can have but one result. Neither the national aspirations nor the political interests of the Hungarians can allow them to remain linked much longer to so disunited and unsettled a state. Indeed, if the policy now pursued in the western half of the Empire be continued, the position of Hungary and Austria will, to borrow the vivid metaphor quoted at the beginning of this article, be that of a living and healthy man chained to a corpse. Baron Beust had scarcely saved Austria from dissolution before he again placed her life in danger by his foolish ambition for

ascendency in Germany. His plan was to give up half of the Empire in order to save the rest—not for Austria, but for the Germans. The first part of the plan has succeeded beyond his desires; the second has been a total failure. Even the Germans themselves are dissatisfied; they complain that the bargain with Hungary was a one-sided one, that they are overtaxed, and saddle each grievance with the old threat of separation. The Poles, who form nearly one-fourth of the population of the western half of the Empire, were at first disposed to give their support to Baron Beust, on his promising to give them an extensive autonomy. But their hopes have been disappointed; concession after concession was withdrawn in deference to the German Centralists who form the majority of the ministry at Vienna, and there is now every probability of the Poles joining the other Slavonians in an active opposition against the government. Should this be the case, it will be impossible for the present ministry to remain in office, without practically treating the constitution as a dead letter.

But Baron Beust, though he can when it suits him profess an unbounded admiration for Mr. Gladstone, is not so rigid an adherent to constitutional principles as to disdain the tactics of Mr. Disraeli. Already those fundamental rights given by the new Austrian constitution, which was only passed last December—the right of public meeting and the freedom of the press—have been repeatedly violated in Galicia and Bohemia. In the latter country, indeed, the persecution of the press by the government has been such that nearly all the journals of the national party have perished under the weight of incessant fines and confiscations. It is not by such means that the Czechs can be silenced, however excessive may be their demands and turbulent their conduct. In themselves, though they form a compact population of four millions, all inspired with the same strong national feeling, they may perhaps not be very formidable. In these days of large states they could not

stand alone, and if they joined Russia, as they threaten to do, they would find their nationality and their liberties trampled on in a way of which they can have had no conception while under Austrian rule. Nor is it at all certain, even if they volunteered to go to Russia, that she would accept them. In an account given by a Prussian paper of the recent interview of Baron Beust with the Czech leaders, the minister is reported to have told Drs. Palacky and Rieger that their threat to join Russia was a barren one, as there already existed an understanding between Russia and Prussia by which, in the event of a break-up of the Austrian Empire, Bohemia is to be annexed to Prussia. That Baron Beust said this is probably not true, but it is certain that the geographical position of Bohemia, as a glance at the map will show, is much better adapted to her becoming the prey of a German than of a Russian Empire. The Czechs, however, blinded by hatred for their German oppressors, do not see this. They listen with eagerness to the insidious whisperings of Russian agents, who promise them a great Slavonic federation, and their intense national spirit urges them to join a nation animated, as they think, with the same Slavonic feeling as themselves. They form, in fact, a strong party hostile to Austria and friendly to Russia, in the very heart of the Austrian Empire; and, as has been already pointed out, would make Austria absolutely powerless in case of a war with the Czar—a war which must break out sooner or later, either through the conflicting interests of the two countries in the East, or the well-known traditional ambition of Russia to possess herself of Galicia.

But it is not yet too late to open the eyes of the Czechs to their political errors, and reconcile both them and the other Slavonians of Western Austria to the new state of things. In order to do this it is not necessary to give them the predominance; for they have neither the political ambition nor the encroaching national spirit of the Germans. What they chiefly desire is the enjoy-

ment of their national customs and language, and an independent control over their local administrations. It is true that the Czechs ask for more than this—for complete administrative separation of their kingdom from the rest of the monarchy. But the same demand was made by the Croats in Hungary, who have now been satisfied with much less. The appointment of Czech officials and the use of the Czech language in the local departments, the grant of full powers to the Bohemian diet over local affairs and the local budget, and the appointment of a Czech minister to represent the interests of the Bohemian kingdom at Vienna, would remove all the principal grievances of the Czechs; and the grant of similar concessions to Galicia, and to the Slavonians of Istria, Carinthia, &c. (who were represented at a diet of their own in 1747), would restore order and loyalty among the populations on whom the very existence of Austria now really depends. These concessions would, of course, displease the Germans; but, real and eminent as are the services which they have rendered, and still render, to the Empire, the interests of Austria now imperatively demand that their claims should not be made paramount over those of the other nationalities. Their secession has become only a question of time, and it is quite certain that the period of the final accomplishment of German unity will neither be hastened by their political discontent, nor retarded by their being given any amount of political advantages. In the midst of the heavy clouds which hang over the destiny of Austria, one truth shines out with a clear and steady light: the absolute necessity of resting the future of the western half of the monarchy on the Slavonian element. By making the Germans the keystone of his new Austrian edifice, Baron Beust has prepared its certain dissolution; and if this fatal mistake is persisted in, the time must inevitably come when the ruler of Austria will be placed face to face with the alternative of either changing his minister or losing his Empire.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS;  
OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XXXI.

(Continued.)

THERE was a long silence. Berenger sat with his eyes fixed on the window where the twilight horizon was still soft and bright with the pearly gold of the late sunset, thinking with an intensity of yearning what it would be could he truly become certain of Eustacie's present doings; questioning whether he would try to satisfy that longing by the doubtful auguries of the diviner, and then, recollecting how he had heard from wrecked sailors that to seek to delude their thirst with seawater did but aggravate their misery. He knew that whatever he might hear would be unworthy of confidence. Either it might have been prompted by the Chevalier, or it might be merely framed to soothe and please him—or, were it a genuine oracle, he had no faith in the instinct that was to perceive it, but what he *had* faith in was the Divine protection over his lost ones. "No," he thought to himself, "I will not by a presumptuous sin, in my own impatience, risk incurring woes on them that deal with familiar spirits and wizards that peep and mutter. If ever I am to hear of Eustacie again, it shall be by God's will, not the devil's."

Diane de Selinville had been watching his face all the time, and now said, with that almost timid air of gaiety that she wore when addressing him: "You too, cousin, are awaiting Monsieur Philippe's report to decide whether to look into the pool of mystery."

"Not at all, madame," said Berenger, gravely. "I do not understand white magic."

"Our good cousin has been too well

bred among the Reformers to condescend to our little wickednesses, daughter," said the Chevalier; and the sneer—much like that which would await a person now who scrupled at joining in table-turning or any form of spiritualism—purpled Berenger's scar, now his only manner of blushing; but he instantly perceived that it was the Chevalier's desire that he should consult the conjuror, and therefore became the more resolved against running into a trap.

"I am sure," said Madame de Selinville, earnestly, though with an affectation of lightness, "a little wickedness is fair when there is a great deal at stake. For my part, I would not hesitate long, to find out how soon the King will relent towards my fair cousin here!"

"That, Madame," said Berenger, with the same grave dryness, "is likely to be better known to other persons than this wandering Greek boy."

Here Philip's step was heard returning hastily. He was pale, and looked a good deal excited, so that Madame de Selinville uttered a little cry, and exclaimed, "Ah! is it so dreadful then?"

"No, no, Madame," said Philip, turning round, with a fervour and confidence he had never before shown. "On my word, there is nothing formidable. You see nothing—nothing but the Italian and the boy. The boy gazes into a vessel of some black liquid, and sees—sees there all you would have revealed. Ah!"

"Then you believe?" asked Madame de Selinville.

"It cannot be false," answered Philip; "he told me everything. Things he could not have known. My very home, my father's house, passed in review before

that strange little blackamoor's eyes; where I—though I would have given worlds to see it—beheld only the lamp mirrored in the dark pool.”

“How do you know it was your father's house?” said Berenger.

“I could not doubt. Just to test the fellow, I bade him ask for my native place. The little boy gazed, smiled, babbled his gibberish, pointed. The man said he spoke of a fair mansion among green fields and hills, ‘a grand cavalier *embonpoint*,’—those were his very words,—at the door, with a tankard in one hand. Ah! my dear father, why could not I see him too? But who could mistake him or the manor?”

“And did he speak of future as well as past?” said Diane.

“Yes, yes, yes,” said Philip, with more agitation. “Lady, that will you know for yourself.”

“It was not dreadful?” she said, rising.

“Oh, no;” and Philip had become crimson, and hesitated; “certes, not dreadful. But—I must not say more.”

“Save good-night,” said Berenger, rising. “See, our gendarmes are again looking as if we had long exceeded their patience. It is an hour later than we are wont to retire.”

“If it be your desire to consult this mysterious fellow now you have heard your brother's report, my dear baron,” said the Chevalier, “the gendarmes may devour their impatience a little longer.”

“Thanks, sir,” said Berenger; “but I am not tempted,” and he gave the usual signal to the gendarmes, who, during meals, used to stand as sentries at the great door of the hall.

“It might settle your mind,” muttered Philip, hesitating. “And yet—yet—”

But he used no persuasions, and permitted himself to be escorted with his brother along the passages to their own chamber, where he threw himself into a chair with a long sigh, and did not speak. Berenger meantime opened the Bible, glanced over the few verses he meant to read, found the place in the Prayer-book, and was going to the stairs to call Humfrey, when Philip broke

forth: “Wait, Berry; don't be in such haste.”

“What, you want time to lose the taste of your dealings with the devil?” said Berenger, smiling.

“Pshaw! no devil in the matter,” testily said Philip. “No, I was only wishing you had not had a Puritan fit, and seen and heard for yourself. Then I should not have had to tell you,” and he sighed.

“I have no desire to be told,” said Berenger, who had become more fixed in the conviction that it was an imposture.

“No desire! Ah! I had none when I knew what it was. But you ought to know.”

“Well,” said Berenger, “you will burst anon if I open not my ears.”

“Dear Berry, speak not thus. It will be the worse for you when you do hear. Alack, Berenger, all ours have been vain hopes. I asked for *her*—and the boy fell well-nigh into convulsions of terror as he gazed; spoke of flames and falling houses. That was wherefore I pressed you not again—it would have wrung your heart too much. The boy fairly wept and writhed himself, crying out in his tongue for pity on the fair lady and the little babe in the burning house. Alack! brother,” said Philip, a little hurt that his brother had not changed countenance.

“This is the lying tale of the man-at-arms which our own eyes contradicted,” said Berenger; “and no doubt was likewise inspired by the Chevalier.”

“See the boy, brother! How should he have heard the Chevalier? Nay, you might hug your own belief, but it is hard that we should both be in durance for your mere dream that she lives.”

“Come, Phil, it will be the devil indeed that sows dissension between us,” said Berenger. “You know well enough that were it indeed with my poor Eustacie as they would fain have us believe, rather than give up her fair name I would rot in prison for life. Or would you have me renounce my faith, or wed Madame de Selinville upon the witness of a pool of ink that I am a widower?” he added, almost laughing.

"For that matter," muttered Philip, a good deal ashamed and half affronted, "you know I value the Protestant faith so that I never heard a word from the wily old priest. Nevertheless, the boy, when I asked of your release, saw the gates set open by Love."

"What did Love look like in the pool? Had he wings like the Cupids in the ballets at the Louvre?" asked Berenger provokingly.

"I tell you I saw nothing," said Philip tartly: "This was the Italian's interpretation of the boy's gesture. It was to be by means of love, he said, and of a lady who—— He made it plain enough who she was," added the boy, colouring.

"No doubt, as the Chevalier had taught him."

"You have prejudged, and are deaf to all," said Philip. "What, could the Chevalier have instructed him to say that I—I—" he hesitated, "that my—my love—I mean that he saw my shield per pale with the field fretty and the sable leopard."

"Oh! it is to be my daughter, is it?" said Berenger, laughing; "I am very happy to entertain your proposals for her."

"Berenger, what mocking fiend has possessed you?" cried Philip, half angrily, half pitifully. "How can you so speak of that poor child?"

"Because the more they try to force on me the story of her fate, the plainer it is to me that they do not believe it. I shall find her yet, and then, Phil, you shall have the first chance."

Philip growled.

"Well, Phil," said his brother, good-humouredly, "any way, till this Love comes that is to let us out, don't let Moor or fiend come between us. Let me keep my credence for the honest Bailli's daughters at Luçon; and remember I would give my life to free you, but I cannot give away my faith." Philip bent his head. He was of too stubborn a mould to express contrition or affection, but he mused for five minutes, then called Humfrey, and at the last moment as the heavy tread came upstairs, he

turned round and said, "You're in the right on't there, Berry. Hap what hap, the foul fiend may carry off the conjuror before I murmur at you again! Still I wish you had seen him. You would know 'tis sooth."

While Berenger, in his prison chamber, with the lamplight beaming on his high white brow and clear eye, stood before his two comrades in captivity, their true-hearted faces composed to reverence, and as he read, "I have hated them that hold of superstitious vanities and my trust hath been in the Lord. I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy, for Thou hast considered my trouble and known my soul in adversities," feeling that here was the oracle by which he was willing to abide—Diane de Selinville was entering the cabinet where the secrets of the future were to be unveiled.

There she stood—the beautiful Court lady—her lace coif (of the Mary of Scotland type) well framed the beautiful oval of her face, and set off the clear olive of her complexion, softened by short jetty curls at the temples, and lighted by splendid dark eyes, and by the smiles of a perfect pair of lips. A transparent veil hung back over the ruff like frostwork-formed fairy wings, and over the white silk bodice and sleeves laced with violet, and the violet skirt that fell in ample folds on the ground; only, however, in the dim light revealing by an occasional gleam that it was not black. It was a stately presence, yet withal there was a tremor, a quiver of the downcast eyelids, and a trembling of the fair hand, as though she were ill at ease; even though it was by no means the first time she had trafficked with the dealers in mysterious arts who swarmed around Catherine de Medicis. There were words lately uttered that weighed with her in their simplicity, and she could not forget them in that gloomy light, as she gazed on the brown face of the Italian, Ercole, faultless in outline as a classical mask, but the black depths of the eyes sparkling with intensity of observation, as if they were everywhere at once and gazed through and through. He wore his national dress, with the



short cloak over one shoulder; but the little boy, who stood at the table, had been fantastically arrayed in a sort of semi-Albanian garb, a red cap with a long tassel, a dark, gold-embroidered velvet jacket sitting close to his body, and a white kilt over his legs, bare except for buskins stiff with gold. The poor little fellow looked pale in spite of his tawny hue, his enormous black eyes were heavy and weary, and he seemed to be trying to keep aloof from the small brazen vessel formed by the coils of two serpents that held the inky liquid of which Philip had spoken.

No doubt of the veritable nature of the charm crossed Diane; her doubt was of its lawfulness, her dread of the supernatural region she was invading. She hesitated before she ventured on her first question, and started as the Italian first spoke,—“What would the Eccellentissima? Ladies often hesitate to speak the question nearest their hearts. Yet is it ever the same. But the lady must be pleased to form it herself in words, or the lad will not see her vision.”

“Where, then, is my brother?” said Diane, still reluctant to come direct to the point.

The boy gazed intently into the black pool, his great eyes dilating till they seemed like black wells, and after a long time, that Diane could have counted by the throbs of her heart, he began to close his fingers, perform the action over the other arm of one playing on the lute, throw his head back, close his eyes, and appear to be singing a lullaby. Then he spoke a few words to his master quickly.

“He sees,” said Ercole, “a gentleman touching the lute, seated in a bedroom, where lies, on a rich pillow, another gentleman,”—and as the boy stroked his face, and pointed to his hands—“wearing a mask and gloves. It is, he says, in my own land, in Italy,” and as the boy made the action of rowing, “in the territory of Venice.”

“It is well,” said Madame de Selinville, who knew that nothing was more probable than that her brother should

be playing the King to his sleep in the medicated mask and gloves that cherished the royal complexion, and, moreover, that Henry was lingering to take his pastime in Italy to the great inconvenience of his kingdom.

Her next question came nearer her heart—“You saw the gentleman with a scar. Will he leave this castle?”

The boy gazed, then made gestures of throwing his arms wide, and of passing out; and as he added his few words, the master explained: “He sees the gentleman leaving the castle, through open gate, in full day, on horseback; and—and it is Madame who is with them,” he added, as the lad pointed decidedly to her, “It is Madame who opens their prison.”

Diane’s face lighted with gladness for a moment; then she said, faltering (most women of her day would not have been even thus reserved), “Then, I shall marry again?”

The boy gazed and knitted his brow; then, without any pantomime, looked up and spoke. “The Eccellentissima shall be a bride once more, he says,” explained the man, “but after a sort he cannot understand. It is exhausting, lady, thus to gaze into the invisible future; the boy becomes confused and exhausted ere long.”

“Once more—I will only ask of the past. My cousin, is he married or a widower?”

The boy clasped his hands and looked imploringly, shaking his head at the dark pool, as he murmured an entreating word to his master. “Ah! Madame,” said the Italian, “that question hath already been demanded by the young Inglese. The poor child has been so terrified by the scene it called up, that he implores he may not see it again. A sacked and burning town, a lady in a flaming house—”

“Enough, enough,” said Diane; I could as little bear to hear as he to see. It is what we have ever known and feared. And now”—she blushed as she spoke—“sir, you will leave me one of those potions that Signor Renato is wont to compound.”

"*Capisco !*" said Ercole, with a rapid motion of his head.

"It must be such," added Diane, "as can be disguised in sherbet or milk. All hitherto have failed, as the person in question tastes no wine."

"It will take a more refined preparation—a subtler essence," returned Ercole ; "but the *Eccellentissima* shall be obeyed if she will supply the means, for the expense will be heavy."

The bargain was agreed upon, and a considerable sum advanced for a philtre, compounded of strange Eastern plants and mystic jewels ; and then Diane, with a shudder of relief, passed into the full light of the hall, bade her father good-night, and was handed by him into the litter that had long been awaiting her at the door.

The Chevalier, then, with care on his brow, bent his steps towards the apartment where the Italian still remained, counting the money he had received.

"So !" he said as he entered, "So, fellow, I have not hindered your gains, and you have been true to your agreement ?"

"*Illustrissimo*, yes. The pool of vision mirrored the flames, but nothing beyond—nothing—nothing."

"They asked you then no more of those words you threw out of *Espérance* ?"

"Only the English youth, sir ; and there were plenty of other hopes to dance before the eyes of such a lad ! With M. le Baron it will be needful to be more guarded."

"M. le Baron shall not have the opportunity," said the Chevalier. "He may abide by his decision, and what the younger one may tell him. Fear not, good man, it shall be made good to you, if you obey my commands. I have other work for you. But first repeat to me more fully what you told me before. Where was it that you saw this unhappy girl under the name of *Espérance* ?"

"At a hostel, sir, at Charente, where she was attending on an old heretic teacher of the name of Gardon, who had fallen sick there, being pinched by

the fiend with rheumatic pains after his deserts. She bore the name of *Espérance Gardon*, and passed for his son's widow."

"And by what means did you know her not to be the mean creature she pretended ?" said the Chevalier, with a gesture of scornful horror.

"*Illustrissimo*, I never forget a face. I had seen this lady with M. le Baron when they made purchases of various trinkets at Montpipeau ; and I saw her fully again. I had the honour to purchase from her certain jewels, that the *Eccellenza* will probably redeem ; and even—pardon, sir—I cut off and bought of her, her hair."

"Her hair !" exclaimed the Chevalier, in horror. "The miserable girl to have fallen so low ! Is it with you, fellow ?"

"Surely, *Illustrissimo*. Such tresses—so shining—so silky—so well-kept, I reserved to adorn the heads of Signor Renato's most princely customers," said the man, unpacking from the inmost recesses of one of his most ingeniously arranged packages, a parcel which contained the rich mass of beautiful black tresses. "Ah ! her head looked so noble," he added, "that I felt it profane to let my scissors touch those locks ; but she said that she could never wear them openly more, and that they did but take up her time, and were useless to her child and her father—as she called him ; and she much needed the medicaments for the old man that I gave her in exchange."

"Heavens ! A daughter of Ribault !" sighed the Chevalier, clenching his hand. "And now, man, let me see the jewels with which the besotted child parted."

The jewels were not many, nor remarkable. No one but a member of the family would have identified them, and not one of the pearls was there ; and the Chevalier refrained from inquiring after them, lest, by putting the Italian on the scent of anything so exceptionally valuable, he should defeat his own object, and lead to the man's securing the pearls and running away with them. But Ercole understood his glance, with

the quickness of a man whose trade forced him to read countenances. "The Eccellenza is looking for the pearls of Ribamont? The lady made no offer of them to me."

"Do you believe that she has them still?"

"I am certain of it, sir. I know that she has jewels—though she said not what they were—which she preserved at the expense of her hair. It was thus. The old man had, it seems, been for weeks on the rack with pains caught by a chill when they fled from La Sablerie, and though the fever had left him, he was still so stiff in the joints as to be unable to move. I prescribed for him unguents of balm and Indian spice, which, as the Eccellenza knows, are worth far more than their weight in gold; nor did these jewels make up the cost of these, together with the warm cloak for him, and the linen for her child that she had been purchasing. I tell you, sir, the babe must have no linen but the finest fabric of Cambrai—yes, and even carnation-coloured ribbons—though, for herself, I saw the homespun she was sewing. As she mused over what she could throw back, I asked if she had no other gauds to make up the price, and she said, almost within herself, 'They are my child's, not mine.' Then remembering that I had been buying the hair of the peasant maidens, she suddenly offered me her tresses. But I could yet secure the pearls, if Eccellenza would."

"Do you then believe her to be in any positive want or distress?" said the Chevalier.

"Signor, no. The heretical households among whom she travels gladly support the families of their teachers, and at Catholic inns they pay their way. I understood them to be on their way to a synod of Satan at that nest of heretics, Montauban, where doubtless the old miscreant would obtain an appointment to some village."

"When did you thus fall in with them?"

"It was on one of the days of the week of Pentecost," said Ercole. "It is

at that time I frequent fairs in those parts, to gather my little harvest on the maiden's heads."

"*Parbleu!* class not my niece with those sordid beings, man," said the Chevalier, angrily. "Here is your price"—tossing a heavy purse on the table—"and as much more shall await you when you bring me sure intelligence where to find my niece. You understand; and mark, not one word of the gentleman you saw here. You say she believes him dead?"

"The Illustrissimo must remember that she never dropped her disguise with me, but I fully think that she supposes herself a widow. And I understand the Eccellenza, she is still to think so. I may be depended on."

"You understand," repeated the Chevalier, "this sum shall reward you when you have informed me where to find her—as a man like you can easily trace her from Montauban. If you have any traffickings with her, it shall be made worth your while to secure the pearls for the family; but, remember, the first object is herself, and that she should be ignorant of the existence of him whom she fancied her husband."

"I see, Signor; and not a word, of course, of my having come from you. I will discover her, and leave her noble family to deal with her. Has the Illustrissimo any further commands?"

"None," began the Chevalier; then, suddenly, "This unhappy infant—is it healthy? Did it need any of your treatment?"

"Signor, no. It was a fair, healthy bambina of a year old, and I heard the mother boasting that it had never had a day's illness."

"Ah, the less a child has to do in the world, the more is it bent on living," said the Chevalier with a sigh; and then, with a parting greeting, he dismissed the Italian, but only to sup under the careful surveillance of the steward, and then to be conveyed by early morning light beyond the territory where the affairs of Ribamont were interesting.

But the Chevalier went through a

sleepless night. Long did he pace up and down his chamber, grind his teeth, clench his fists and point them at his head, and make gestures of tearing his thin grey locks; and many a military oath did he swear under his breath as he thought to what a pass things had come. His brother's daughter waiting on an old Huguenot *bourgeois*, making sugar-cakes, selling her hair! and what next! Here was she alive after all, alive and disgracing herself; alive—yes, both she and her husband—to perplex the Chevalier, and force him either to new crimes or to beggar his son! Why could not the one have really died on the St. Bartholomew, or the other at La Sablerie, instead of putting the poor Chevalier in the wrong by coming to life again!

What had he done to be thus forced to peril his soul at his age? Ah, had he but known what he should bring on himself when he wrote the unlucky letter, pretending that the silly little child wished to dissolve the marriage. How should he have known that the lad would come meddling over? And then, when he had dexterously brought about that each should be offended with the other, and consent to the separation, why must royalty step in and throw them together again? Yes, and he surely had a right to feel ill-used, since it was in ignorance of the ratification of the marriage that he had arranged the frustration of the elopement, and that he had forced on the wedding with Narcisse, so as to drive Eustacie to flight from the convent—in ignorance again of her life that he had imprisoned Berenger, and tried to buy off his claims to Nid-de-merle with Diane's hand. Circumstances had used him cruelly, and he shrank from fairly contemplating the next step.

He knew well enough what it must be. Without loss of time a letter must be sent to Rome, backed by strong interest, so as to make it appear that the ceremony at Montpipeau, irregular, and between a Huguenot and Catholic, had been a defiance of the Papal decree, and must therefore be nullified. This would

probably be attainable, though he did not feel absolutely secure of it. Pending this, Eustacie must be secluded in a convent; and, while still believing herself a widow, must, immediately on the arrival of the decree and dispensation, be forced into the marriage with Narcisse before she heard of Berenger's being still alive. And then Berenger would have no longer any excuse for holding out. His claims would be disposed of, and he might be either sent to England, or he might be won upon by Madame de Selinville's constancy.

And this, as the Chevalier believed, was the only chance of saving a life that he was unwilling to sacrifice, for his captive's patience and courtesy had gained so much upon his heart that he was resolved to do all that shuffling and temporizing could do to save the lad from Narcisse's hatred and to secure him to Diane's love.

As to telling the truth and arranging his escape, that scarcely ever crossed the old man's mind. It would have been to resign the lands of Nid-de-Merle, to return to the makeshift life he knew but too well, and, what was worse, to ruin and degrade his son, and incur his resentment. It would probably be easy to obtain a promise from Berenger, in his first joy and gratitude, of yielding up all pretensions of his own or his wife's; but, however honourably meant, such a promise would be worth very little, and would be utterly scorned by Narcisse. Besides, how could he thwart the love of his daughter and the ambition of his son both at once?

No; the only security for the possession of Nid-de-Merle lay in either the death of the young baron and his child, or else in his acquiescence in the invalidity of his marriage, and therefore in the illegitimacy of the child.

And it was within the bounds of possibility that, in his seclusion, he might at length learn to believe in the story of the destruction at La Sablerie, and wearying of captivity, might yield at length to the persuasions of Diane and her father, and become so far involved with them as to be unable to

draw back, or else be so stung by Eustacie's desertion as to accept her rival willingly.

It was a forlorn hope, but it was the only medium that lay between either the death or the release of the captive; and therefore the old man clung to it as almost praiseworthy, and did his best to bring it about by keeping his daughter ignorant that Eustacie lived, and writing to his son that the Baron was on the point of becoming a Catholic and marrying his sister: and thus that all family danger and scandal would be avoided, provided the matter were properly represented at Rome.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"JAM SATIS."

"You may go walk, and give me leave awhile,  
My lessons make no music in three parts."  
*Taming of the Shrew.*

WHETHER the dark pool really showed Sir Marmaduke Thistlewood or not, at the moment that his son desired that his image should be called up, the good knight was, in effect, sitting nodding over the tankard of sack with which his supper was always concluded, while the rest of the family, lured out of the sunny hall by the charms of a fresh summer evening, had dispersed into the gardens or hall.

Presently a movement in the neighbourhood made him think it incumbent on him to open his eyes wide, and exclaim, "I'm not asleep."

"Oh no! you never are asleep when there's anything you ought to see!" returned Dame Annora, who was standing by him with her hand on his chair.

"How now? Any tidings of the lads?" he exclaimed.

"Of the lads? No, indeed; but there will be bad tidings for the lads if you do not see to it! Where do you think your daughter is, Sir Duke?"

"Where? How should I know? She went out to give her sisters some strawberries, I thought."

"See here," said Lady Thistlewood, No. 107.—VOL. XVIII.

leading the way to the north end of the hall, where a door opened into what was called the Yew-tree Grove. This consisted of five rows of yew-trees, planted at regular intervals, and their natural mode of growth so interfered with by constant cutting, that their ruddy trunks had been obliged to rise branchless, till about twelve feet above ground they had been allowed to spread out their limbs in the form of ordinary forest-trees; and, altogether, their foliage became a thick, unbroken, dark, ever-green roof, impervious to sunshine, and almost impervious to rain, while below their trunks were like columns forming five arcades, floored only by that dark red crusty earth and green lichen growth that seems peculiar to the shelter of yew-trees. The depth of the shade and the stillness of the place made it something peculiarly soothing and quiet, more especially when, as now, the sunset light came below the branches, richly tinted the russet pillars, cast long shadows, and gleamed into all the recesses of the interlacing boughs and polished leafage above.

"Do you see, Sir Duke?" demanded his lady.

"I see my little maids making a rare feast under the trees upon their strawberries set out on leaves. Bless their little hearts! what a pretty fairy feast they've made of it, with the dogs looking on as grave as judges! It makes me young again to get a smack of the haut-bois your mother brought from Chelsea Gardens."

"Haut-bois! He'd never see if the house were afire overhead. What's that beyond?"

"No fire, my dear, but the sky all aglow with sunset, and the red cow standing up against the light, chewing her cud, and looking as well pleased as though she knew there wasn't her match in Dorset."

Lady Thistlewood fairly stamped, and pointed, with her fan like a pistol, down a side aisle of the grove, where two figures were slowly moving along.

"Eh! what? Lucy with her apron full of rose-leaves, letting them float

away while she cons the children's lesson for the morrow with Merrycourt? They be no great loss, when the place is full of roses. Or why could you not call to the wench to take better heed to them, instead of making all this pother?"

"A pretty sort of lesson it is like to be! A pretty sort of return for my poor son, unless you take the better heed!"

"Would that I saw any return at all for either of the poor dear lads," sighed the knight wearily; "but what you may be driving at I cannot perceive."

"What! When 'tis before your very eyes, how yonder smooth-tongued French impostor, after luring him back to his ruin beyond seas, is supplanting him even here, and your daughter giving herself over to the wily viper!"

"The man is a popish priest," said Sir Marmaduke; "no more given to love than Mr. Adderley or Friar Rogers."

The dame gave a snort of derision: "Prithee, how many popish priests be now wedded parsons? Nor, indeed, even if his story be true, do I believe he is a priest at all. I have seen many a young abbé, as they call themselves, clerk only in name, loitering at court, free to throw off the cassock any moment they chose, and as insolent as the rest. Why, the Abbé de Lorraine, cardinal that is now, said of my complexion——"

"No vows, quotha!" muttered Sir Marmaduke, well aware of the Cardinal of Lorraine's opinion of his lady's complexion. "So much the better; he is too good a young fellow to be forced to mope single, and yet I hate men's breaking their word."

"And that's all you have to say!" angrily cried her ladyship. "No one save myself ever thinks how it is to be with my poor dear wounded, heart-broken son when he comes home to find himself so scurvily used by that faithless girl of yours, ready——"

"Hold, madam," said Sir Marmaduke, with real sternness; "nothing rash against my daughter. How should she be faithless to a man who has been wedded ever since she knew him?"

"He is free now," said Lady Thistlewood, beginning to cry (for the last letters received from Berenger had been those from Paris, while he still believed Eustacie to have perished at La Sallerie); "and I do say it is very hard that just when he is rid of the French baggage, the bane of his life, and is coming home, may be with a child upon his hands, and all wounded, scarred, and blurred, the only wench he would or should have married should throw herself away on a French vagabond beggar, and you aiding and abetting."

"Come, come, Dame Nan," said Sir Marmaduke, "who told you I was aiding and abetting?"

"Tell me not, Sir Duke, you that see them a courting under your very eyes, and will not stir a finger to hinder it. If you like to see your daughter take up with a foreign adventurer, why, she's no child of mine, thank Heaven! and I've nought to do with it."

"Pshaw, Dame, there's no taking up in the case; and if there were, sure it is not you that should be hard on Lucy."

Whereupon Annora fell into such a flood of tears at the cruelty of casting such things up to her, that Sir Marmaduke was fain in his blundering way to declare that he only meant that an honest Englishman had no chance where a Frenchman once came in, and then very nearly to surrender at discretion. At any rate, he escaped from her tears by going out at the door, and calling to Lucy to mind her rose-leaves; then, as she gazed round, dismayed at the pink track along the ground, he asked her what she had been doing. Whereto she answered with bright face and honest eyes, that Mr. Méricour had been going over with her the ode "Jam satis," of Horatius, wherewith to prepare little Nan for him to-morrow, and then she ran hurriedly away to secure the remainder of the rose-leaves, while her companion was already on his knees picking up the petals she had dropped.

"Master Merrycourt," said Sir Marmaduke, a little gruffly, "never heed the flower-leaves. I want a word with you."

Claude de Méricour rose hastily, as if somewhat struck by the tone.

"The matter is this," said the knight, leading him from the house, and signing back the little girls who had sprung towards them—"It has been brought to my mind that you are but a youth, and, pardon me, my young master, but when lads and lasses have their heads together over one book, tongues wag."

The colour rushed hotly into young Méricour's face, and he answered quickly, "My rank—I mean my order—should answer that."

"Stay, young man, we are not in France; your order, be it what it may, has not hindered many a marriage in England; though, look you, no man should ever wed with my consent who broke his word to God in so doing; but they tell me your vows are not always made at your age."

"Nor are they," exclaimed Méricour, in a low voice, but with a sudden light on his countenance. "The tonsure was given me as a child, but no vow of celibacy has passed my lips."

Sir Marmaduke exclaimed, "Oh!—" with a prolongation of the sound that lasted till Méricour began again.

"But, sir, let tongues wag as they will, it is for nought. Your fair daughter was but as ever preparing beforehand with me the tasks with which she so kindly indoctrinates her little sisters. I never thought of myself as aught but a religious, and should never dream of human love."

"I thought so! I said so!" said Sir Marmaduke, highly gratified. "I knew you were an honourable man that would never speak of love to my daughter by stealth, nor without means to maintain her after her birth."

The word "birth" brought the blood into the face of the son of the peer of France, but he merely bowed with considerable stiffness and pride, saying, "You did me justice, sir."

"Come, don't be hurt, man," said Sir Marmaduke, putting his hand on his shoulder. "I told you I knew you for an honourable man! You'll be over here to-morrow to hear the little maids

their *Jam satis*, or whatever you call it, and dine with us, after to taste Lucy's handiwork in jam cranberry, a better thing as I take it."

Méricour had recovered himself, smiled, shook the good Sir Marmaduke's proffered hand, and, begging to excuse himself from bidding good-night to the ladies on the score of lateness, he walked away to cross the downs on his return to Combe Walwyn, where he was still resident, according to the arrangement by which he was there to await Berenger's return, now deferred so much beyond all reasonable expectation.

Sir Marmaduke, with a free heart, betook himself to the house, dreading to find that Lucy had fallen under the objurgations of her stepmother, but feeling impelled to stand her protector, and guided to the spot by the high key of Dame Annora's voice.

He found Lucy—who, on the rare occasions when good-natured Lady Thistlewood was really angry with her, usually cowered meekly—now standing her ground, and while the dame was pausing for breath, he heard her gentle voice answering steadily, "No, madam, to him I could never owe faith, nor troth, nor love, save such as I have for Philip."

"Then it is very unfeeling and ungrateful of you. Nor did you think so once, but it is all his scars and——"

By this time Sir Marmaduke had come near enough to put his arm round his daughter, and say, "No such thing, Dame. It had been unseemly in the lass had it been otherwise. She is a good girl and a discreet; and the Frenchman, if he has made none of their vows, feels as bound as though he had. He's an honest fellow, thinking of his studies and not of ladies or any such trumpery. So give me a kiss, Lucy girl, and thou shalt study *Jam satis*, or any other jam he pleases, without more to vex thee."

Lucy, now that the warfare was over, had begun to weep so profusely that so soon as her father released her, she turned, made a mute gesture to ask permission to depart, and hurried away; while Lady Thistlewood, who disliked

above all that her husband should think her harsh to her step-children, began to relate the exceeding tenderness of the remonstrance which had been followed with such disproportionate floods of tears.

Poor Sir Marmaduke hoped at least that the veil of night had put an end to the subject which harassed him at a time when he felt less capable than usual of bearing vexation, for he was yearning sadly after his only son. The youths had been absent ten months, and had not been heard of for more than three, when they were just leaving Paris in search of the infant. Sir Francis Walsingham, whose embassy had ended with the death of Charles IX., knew nothing of them, and great apprehensions respecting them were beginning to prevail, and, to Sir Marmaduke especially, seemed to be eating out the peace and joy of his life. Philip, always at his father's side ever since he could run alone, was missed at every visit to stable or kennel; the ring of his cheery voice was wanting to the house; and the absence of his merry whistle seemed to make Sir Marmaduke's heart sink like lead as he donned his heavy boots, and went forth in the silver dew of the summer morning to judge which of his cornfields would soonest be ready for the sickle. Until this expedition of his sons he had, for more than fourteen years, never been alone in those morning rounds on his farm; and much as he loved his daughters, they seemed to weigh very light in the scale compared with the sturdy heir who loved every acre with his own ancestral love. Indeed, perhaps, Sir Marmaduke had a deeper, fonder affection for the children of his first marriage, because he had barely been able to give his full heart to their mother before she was taken from them, and he had felt almost double tenderness to be due to them, when he at length obtained his first and only true love. Now, as he looked over the shining billows of the waving barley, his heart was very sore with longing for Philip's gladsome shout at the harvest-field, and he thought with surprise and

compunction how he had seen Lucy leave him struggling with a flood of tears. While he was still thus gazing, a head appeared in the narrow path that led across the fields, and presently he recognised the slender, upright form of the young Frenchman.

"A fair good morrow to you, Master Merrycourt! You come right early to look after your ode?"

"Sir," said Méricour, gravely saluting him, "I come to make you my confession. I find that I did not deal truly with you last night, but it was all unwittingly."

"How?" exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, recollecting Lucy's tears and looking much startled. "You have not——" and there he broke off, seeing Méricour eager to speak.

"Sir," he said, "I was bred as one set apart from love. I had never learnt to think it possible to me,—I thought so even when I replied to you last evening; but, sir, the words you then spoke, the question you asked me set my heart burning, and my senses whirling—" And between agitation and confusion he stammered and clasped his hands passionately, trying to continue what he was saying, but muttering nothing intelligible.

Sir Marmaduke filled up the interval with a long whistle of perplexity; but, too kind not to pity the youth's distress, he laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, "You found out you were but a hot-blooded youth after all, but an honest one. For, as I well trust, my lass knows nought of this."

"How should she know, sir, what I knew not myself?"

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Sir Duke to himself, "so 'twas all Dame Nan's doing that the flame has been lighted! Ho! ho! But what is to come next is the question?" and he eyed the French youth from head to foot with the same considering look with which he was wont to study a bullock.

"Sir, sir," cried Méricour, absolutely flinging himself on his knee before him with national vehemence, "do give me hope! Oh! I will bless you, I will——"



"Get up, man," said the knight, hastily; "no fooling of this sort. The milkmaids will be coming. Hope—why, what sort of hope can be given you in the matter?" he continued; "you are a very good lad, and I like you well enough, but you are not the sort of stuff one gives one's daughter to. Ay, ay, I know you are a great man in your own country, but what are you here?"

"A miserable fugitive and beggar, I know that," said Méricour, vehemently, "but let me have but hope, and there is nothing I will not be!"

"Pish!" said Sir Marmaduke.

"Hear me," entreated the youth, recalled to common sense: "you know that I have lingered at the chateau yonder, partly to study divinity and settle my mind, and partly because my friend Ribbaumont begged me to await his return. I will be no longer idle; my mind is fixed. To France I cannot return, while she gives me no choice between such doctrine and practice as I saw at court, and such as the Huguenots would have imposed on me. I had already chosen England as my country before—before this wild hope had awakened in me. Here, I know my nobility counts for nothing, though, truly, sir, few names in France are prouder. But it shall be no hindrance. I will become one of your men of the robe. I have heard that they can enrich themselves and intermarry with your country *noblesse*."

"True, true," said Sir Marmaduke, "there is more sense in that notion than there seemed to be in you at first. My poor brother Phil was to have been a lawyer if he had lived, but it seems to me you are a long way off from that yet! Why, our Templars be mostly Oxford scholars."

"So it was explained to me," said Méricour, "but for some weeks past the Lady Burnet, to whose sons, as you know, I have been teaching French, has been praying me to take the charge of them at Oxford, by which means I should at least be there maintained, and perchance obtain the means for carrying on my studies at the Temple."

"Not ill thought of," said the knight; "a fair course enough for you; but look you, you must have good luck indeed to be in a state to marry within ten or fifteen years,—very likely not then—having nothing of your own, and my wench but little, for Lucy's portion cannot be made equal to her sisters, her mother having been no heiress like Dame Nan. And would you have me keep the maid unwedded till she be thirty or thirty-five years old, waiting for your fortune?"

Méricour looked terribly disconcerted at this.

"Moreover," added the knight, "they will all be at me, so soon as those poor lads come home—Heaven grant they do—to give her to Berenger."

"Sir," said Méricour, looking up with a sudden smile, "all that I would ask is, what you are too good a father to do, that you would not put any force on her inclinations."

"How now? you said you had never courted her!"

"Nor have I, sir. But I see the force of your words. Should she love another man, my dreams were, of course, utterly vain, but if not——" He broke off.

"Well, well, I am no man to force a girl to a match against her will; but never trust to that, man. I know what women are, and let a fantastic stranger come across them, there's an end of old friends. But yours is an honest purpose, and you are a good youth; and if you had anything to keep her with, you should have Lucy to-morrow, with all my heart."

Then came the further question whether Méricour should be allowed an interview with Lucy. Sir Marmaduke was simple enough to fancy that she need not be made aware of the cause of Méricour's new arrangement, and decided against it. The young man sorrowfully acquiesced, but whether such a secret could be kept was another thing. To him it would have been impossible to renew their former terms of intercourse without betraying his feelings, and he therefore absented himself. Lady Thistlewood triumphed openly in

Sir Marmaduke's having found him out and banished him from the house ; Lucy looked white and shed silent tears. Her father's soft heart was moved, and one Sunday evening he whispered into her ear that Dame Nan was all wrong, and Méricour only kept away because he was an honourable man. Then Lucy smiled and brightened, and Sir Duke fondly asked her if she were fool enough to fancy herself in love with the man.

"Oh no, how should she, when he had never named love to her. She was only glad her father esteemed him."

So then foolish, fond Sir Marmaduke told her all that had passed, and if it had not been too late, he would have sent for Méricour from Lady Burnet's ; but his own story did almost as well in bringing back Lucy's soft pink colour. She crept up into Cecily's room one day, and found that she knew all about it, and was as kind and sympathising as she could be—when a vocation had been given up, though no vows had been taken. She did not quite understand it, but she would take it on trust.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE SCANDAL OF THE SYNOD OF MONTAUBAN.

"O ye, wha are sae guid yoursel,  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell  
Your neebour's fauts and folly."

BURNS.

THE old city of Montauban, once famous as the home of Ariosto's Rinaldo and his brethren, known to French romance as "Les Quatre Fils Aymon," acquired in later times a very diverse species of fame,—that, namely, of being one of the chief strongholds of the Reformed. The Bishop Jean de Lettes, after leading a scandalous life, had professed a sort of Calvinism, had married, and retired to Geneva, and his successor had not found it possible to live at Montauban from the enmity of the inhabitants. Strongly situated, with a peculiar municipal constitution of its own, and used to Provençal independence both

of thought and deed, the inhabitants had been so unanimous in their Calvinism, and had offered such efficient resistance, as to have wrung from Government reluctant sanction for the open observance of the Reformed worship, and for the maintenance of a college for the education of their ministry.

There then was convoked the National Synod, answering to the Scottish General Assembly, excepting that the persecuted French presbyterians met in a different place every year. Delegated pastors there gathered from every quarter. From Northern France came men used to live in constant hazard of their lives ; from Paris, confessors such as Merlin, the chaplain who, leaving Coligny's bedside, had been hidden for three days in a hay-loft, feeding on the eggs that a hen daily laid beside him ; army-chaplains were there who had passionately led battle-psalms ere their colleagues charged the foe, and had striven with vain endeavours to render their soldiers saints ; while other pastors came from Pyrenean villages where their generation had never seen flames lighted against heresy, nor knew what it was to disperse a congregation in haste and secrecy for fear of the enemy.

The audience was large and sympathising. Montauban had become the refuge of many Huguenot families who could nowhere else profess their faith without constant danger ; and a large proportion of these were ladies, wives of gentlemen in the army kept up by La Noue, or widows who feared that their children might be taken from them to be brought up by their Catholic relations, elderly dames who longed for tranquillity after having lost husbands or sons by civil war. Thickly they lodged in the strangely named *gasches* and *vertiers*, as the divisions and subdivisions of the city were termed, occupying floors or apartments of the tall old houses ; walking abroad in the streets in grave attire, stiff hat, crimped ruff, and huge fan, and forming a society in themselves, close-packed, punctilious and dignified, rigidly devout but strictly censorious, and altogether as unlike their

typical countryfolks of Paris as if they had belonged to a different nation. And the sourest and most severe of all were such as had lived farthest south, and personally suffered the least peril and alarm.

Dancing was an unheard-of enormity; cards and dice were prohibited; any stronger expletive than the elegant ones invented for the special use of the King of Navarre was expiated either by the purse or the skin; Marot's psalmody was the only music, black or sad colour the only wear; and, a few years later, the wife of one of the most distinguished statesmen and councillors of Henri of Navarre was excommunicated for the enormity of wearing her hair curled.

To such a community it was a delightful festival to receive a national assembly of ministers ready to regale them on daily sermons for a whole month, and to retail in private the points of discipline debated in the public assembly; and, apart from mere eagerness for novelty, many a discreet heart beat with gladness at the meeting with the hunted pastor of her native home, who had been the first to strike the spiritual chord, and awake her mind to religion.

Every family had their honoured guest, every reception-room was in turn the scene of some pious little assembly that drank *eau sucrée*, and rejoiced in its favourite pastor; and each little congress indulged in gentle scandal against its rival coterie. But there was one point on which all the ladies agreed,—namely, that good Maitre Isaac Gardon had fallen into an almost doting state of blindness to the vanities of his daughter-in-law, and that she was a disgrace to the community, and ought to be publicly reprimanded.

Isaac Gardon, long reported to have been martyred—some said at Paris, others averred at La Sablerie—had indeed been welcomed with enthusiastic joy and veneration, when he made his appearance at Montauban, pale, aged, bent, leaning on a staff, and showing the dire effect of the rheumatic fever which had prostrated him after the night of drenching and exposure during the escape from

La Sablerie. Crowded as the city was, there was a perfect competition among the tradesfolk for the honour of entertaining him and the young widow and child of a St. Bartholomew martyr. A cordwainer of the street of the *Soubirous Hauts* obtained this honour, and the wife, though speaking only the sweet Provençal tongue, soon established the most friendly relations with M. Gardon's daughter-in-law.

Two or three more pastors likewise lodged in the same house, and ready aid was given by Mademoiselle Gardon, as all called Eustacie, in the domestic cares thus entailed, while her filial attention to her father-in-law and her sweet tenderness to her child, struck all this home circle with admiration. Children of that age were seldom seen at home among the better classes in towns. Then, as now, they were universally consigned to country-nurses, who only brought them home at three or four years old, fresh from a squalid, neglected cottage life, and Eustacie's little moonbeam, *la petite Rayonette*, as she loved to call her, was quite an unusual spectacle; and from having lived entirely with grown people, and enjoyed the most tender and dainty care, she was intelligent and brightly docile to a degree that appeared marvellous to those who only saw children stupified by a contrary system. She was a lovely little thing, exquisitely fair, and her plump white limbs small but perfectly moulded; she was always happy, because always healthy, and living in an atmosphere of love; and she was the pet and wonder of all the household, from the grinning apprentice to the grave young candidate who hoped to be elected pastor to the Duke de Quinet's village in the Cévennes.

And yet it was *la petite Rayonette* who first brought her mother into trouble. Since her emancipation from swaddling-clothes she had been equipped in a little grey woollen frock, such as Eustacie had learnt to knit among the peasants, and varied with broad white stripes which gave it something of the moonbeam effect; but the mother had

not been able to resist the pleasure of drawing up the bosom and tying it with a knot of the very carnation colour that Berenger used to call her own. That knot was discussed all up and down the Rue Soubirous Hauts, and even through the Carriera Major! The widow of an old friend of Maître Gardon had remonstrated on the improprieties of such gay vanities, and Mdlle. Gardon had actually replied, reddening with insolence, that her husband had loved to see her wear the colour.

Now, if the brethren at Paris had indulged their daughters in such backslidings, see what had come of it! But that poor Théodore Gardon should have admired his bride in such unhallowed adornments, was an evident calumny; and many a head was shaken over it in grave and pious assembly.

Worse still; when she had been invited to a supper at the excellent Madame Fargeau's, the presumptuous little *bourgeoise* had evidently not known her place, but had seated herself as if she were a noble lady, a *fille de qualité*, instead of a mere minister's widow and a watchmaker's daughter. Pretend ignorance that precedence was to be here observed! That was another Parisian piece of impudence, above all in one who showed such ridiculous airs as to wipe her lips with her own handkerchief instead of the table-cloth, and to be reluctant to help herself from the general dish of *potage* with her own spoon. Even that might have been overlooked if she would have regaled them with a full and particular account of her own rescue from the massacre at Paris; but she merely coloured up, and said that she had been so ill as to know scarcely anything about it; and when they pressed her further, she shortly said, "They looked me up;" and, before she could be cross-examined as to who was this "they," Maître Gardon interfered, saying that she had suffered so much that he requested the subject might never

be mentioned to her. Nor would he be more explicit, and there was evidently some mystery, and he was becoming blindly indulgent and besotted by the blandishments of an artful woman.

Eustacie was saved from hearing the gossip by her ignorance of the Provençal, which was the only language of all but the highest and most cultivated classes. The hostess had very little *langue d'oui*, and never ventured on any complicated discourse, and Isaac Gardon, who could speak both the *oc* and *oui*, was not a person whom it was easy to beset with mere hearsay or petty remonstrance, but enough reached him at last to make him one day say mildly, "My dear child, might not the little one dispense with her ribbon while we are here?"

"Eh, father? At the bidding of those impertinents?"

"Take care, daughter; you were perfect with the tradesfolk and peasants, but you cannot comport yourself as successfully with this *petite noblesse*, or the pastors' wives."

"They are insolent, father. I, in my own true person, would treat no one as these petty dames treat me," said Eustacie. "I would not meddle between a peasant woman and her child, nor ask questions that must needs wring her heart."

"Ah, child! humility is a bitter lesson; and even this world needs it now from you. We shall have suspicions; and I heard to-day that the King is in Dauphiny, and with him M. de Nidde-Merle. Be not alarmed; he has no force with him, and the peace still subsists; but we must avoid suspicion. There is a *prêche* at the Moustier to-day, in French; it would be well if you were to attend it."

"I understand as little of French sermons as of Provençal," murmured Eustacie; but it was only a murmur.

*To be continued.*

## THE CANDIDATES FOR NEXT PARLIAMENT.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

A DEMOCRACY governed by an aristocracy. Such is one of the many epigrammatic descriptions of the British constitution. The epigram, like most paradoxes, only conveys a half-truth at the best; but yet with certain modifications it appears likely as if in the future it would possess a degree of accuracy to which previously it could lay no claim whatever. Henceforward the sovereign power—to adopt Johnson's definition of a democracy—will be lodged in the collective body of the people. Throughout the whole of our political history,—as, indeed, throughout that of all other countries,—it is the towns and not the rural districts which have decided the policy of the State. Now from the present time the power of returning the members whose votes are to appoint and direct the Executive Government is to be entrusted to the householders of the boroughs. How far this change is advisable or not is a question entirely beyond my present purpose. For good as I think, for evil as many others think, household suffrage is now an accomplished fact; and I suppose it is almost needless to adduce arguments to show that we have, or at any rate shall very shortly have, household suffrage pure and simple. The leap we have taken has been so completely in the dark, that even experienced electioneering agents are utterly unable to ascertain what the actual increase in the electoral body is likely to be. But still, even taking the lowest estimate, it is obvious that henceforth the major part of the House of Commons must be elected by constituencies in which the majority of the electors belong to the classes who live by their daily labour. The ultimate power, in fact, will reside with the numerical majority of householders, or in other words the destinies of Eng-

land will be entrusted to a democracy. From this time forward the Demos will have sovereign power in their hands, if they choose to exercise it; whether they will so choose is of course a matter of opinion.

No man, however, who watches the course of public opinion in England can avoid seeing, whether he is gratified by the sight or not, that no great immediate change in our national policy, whether at home or abroad, is expected to follow from the political revolution through which we have just passed. Power has virtually been transferred from the hands of the lower middle-class to that of the working-class; and yet both the friends and foes of Reform imagine that things will go on very much as they have done. Nobody, I suppose, relies much upon the limits and safeguards with which Mr. Disraeli originally proposed to surround the principle of household suffrage. Most of them have been already swept away; the few left standing are so enfeebled and broken down as to afford no possible protection against that "ugly rush" which we were told in bygone times would inevitably follow any wholesale extension of the suffrage. Yet the belief still prevails that the coming Parliament will very closely resemble its predecessors. Nor is this faith due to any blind reliance upon luck. It is owing to a general conviction that, however the character of the electoral body may be altered, the character of their representatives will not be seriously modified; that the same men, or, in their default, men drawn from the same class, will be returned to Parliament.

The course of events so far has fully justified the justice of this impression. We are on the eve of a general election. Within a very few weeks the country

will be summoned to elect the first Reformed Parliament. The columns of our newspapers are already filled with election addresses; and anybody who would take the trouble might easily draw out a list of candidates numbering some two thousand at the very outside, from whom the six hundred and fifty-eight members of the new House must infallibly be chosen. And, with very rare exceptions, these two thousand aspirants to legislative honours are persons of exactly the same social standing as the present representative body. You may class them under any number of political standards according to your hopes, or fears, or expectations. You may shuffle your cards as you like, put all the court cards into one hand, and all the low-pipped cards into another; and, after all your combinations, you will find that all your cards belong to the same club pack.

Whigs or Tories, Conservatives or Radicals may be in the majority; but one and all, whatever their political sentiments, will either directly or indirectly represent the interests of wealth and station. I am not arguing now whether this is a loss or an advantage to the State. I only wish to point out what is the fact; and as a fact I assert that the present Parliament is a rich men's club, and that its successor seems likely to be so to a still greater degree. Of course any one acquainted with the *personnel* of Parliament could point at once to scores of instances which would seem at first sight to refute my assertion. If it were lawful to mention names, I, like anybody who knows anything of the London world, could enumerate a number of members of Parliament whose property must be represented by a negative sum, whose income is of the most problematical and fluctuating character, whose signatures would confer no value to stamped paper. I could name, too, a very few—so few that I could number them on my fingers—who are poor in the most literal and honourable sense of the word, who barely manage to keep out of debt by rigid economy and self-denial, and who neither make nor wish

to make any profit whatever out of their parliamentary career. But these exceptions only prove the rule. At all London clubs there are members whose dinner-bills are always unpaid, whose subscriptions are always in arrears, and who are known by their fellow-members to be notoriously short of money. Yet, notwithstanding this, these West-end clubs must fairly be described as the resorts of men of wealth.

For practical purposes the House of Commons may be divided into four categories. First and foremost there are the representatives of the landed interest, who are all men of private fortune, or connected with families which own large properties. Then there are the representatives of commercial interests,—the mill-owners, merchants, manufacturers, railway contractors, and stockbrokers, who all *ex hypothesi* either are, or are supposed to be, possessed of large fortunes. Next in order, I should place the increasing tribe of parliamentary lawyers, the men who avowedly desire a seat in the House in order to promote their legal career. And last and least, there comes the parliamentary *residuum*, the men who wish to write M.P. after their names, in order to get free seats given them on the boards of speculative companies, and who make a more or less honest livelihood by a skilful use of the advertisement furnished by the mere fact of membership. This enumeration seems to me practically a just one. If you doubt it, you have only to run your eye over the pages of Dod, and consider how many of the members whose names are recorded there you might not fairly assign to some one of these four classes. I do not assert—I do not even mean to insinuate—that among all these classes, even among the last, you may not find men with a strong sense of public duty, who are worthy representatives from a national as well as a personal point of view. I can conceive it being asserted, and supported by solid arguments, that a better House of Commons can be obtained from such materials as those afforded by these different categories,

than from any other materials which are practically available. This, however, is not the point under discussion. It may or may not be desirable that the House of Commons should be a rich men's club. All I maintain is that it is a rich men's club, and that thus the predominant feature of its composition is not affected by the fact that a certain small proportion of its members consists of poor or even needy men.

This consideration justifies the indifference with which the ruling classes in this country regard a change which, at first sight, would seem well-nigh fatal to their supremacy. As long as the House is practically composed of men who are rich, or of men who want to get rich by means of their parliamentary career, there is no reason to fear that our legislators will favour violent changes or reforms of any kind. Take it altogether, one may fairly own that in this England of ours everything—for those who are well-to-do—is for the best in the best possible of worlds; and this being so, it is not in human nature that those who are well-to-do should see the need for any important alteration.

The fact being as stated, there is no difficulty about finding its explanation. One of the dogmas enregistered in the orthodox catechism of politics is, that English electors like men of station, rank, and, above all, wealth for their representatives. But I doubt whether this dogma is quite so universally accepted as its believers imagine. The fact of poverty will always tell in the first instance with any English constituency against candidates who have little to recommend them beyond the repute of not being well-to-do; though I question whether the new constituencies will have the same morbid dislike to impecuniosity which characterised the old. But when once a candidate has acquired a reputation, or possesses any recognised claim to the goodwill of the electors, his lack of wealth is no serious disqualification in their eyes. I believe that if the duty of representing a borough in Parliament could be imposed upon a citizen in the same way as the duty of serving on a

jury, the choice of the electors would fall upon hundreds of men of repute, influence, and popularity, whether local or general, who, as things now are, have no chance whatever of being returned to Parliament. The truth is, not that the constituencies will not elect poor men, but that poor men will not allow themselves to be elected.

As things are, Parliament is not the place for any man who has not a large assured income and the command of money. To attempt to determine the exact amount of income which would justify a man in seeking a seat in the Legislature is about as idle a controversy as the discussion whether a man is or is not justified in marrying upon three hundred a year. The question is one of those which every man must solve for himself, and himself alone. But as a general rule we may safely say, it is very hard for a poor man to enter into the House of Commons, and still harder for him to stop there when he has once got there. If the member is honest he cannot, I think, honestly go into Parliament with the view of making money by so doing; if he is high-minded, he cannot make the obtaining of an official salary the main end and object of his parliamentary career; and if he intends to do his duty thoroughly, he must imperil, if not absolutely surrender, the income derived by the pursuit of his normal profession.

Still it is not easy to suggest any practical remedy for the general costliness of a parliamentary career. The payment of members is a measure which the governing classes in this country view with the greatest disfavour; and it is not consonant with our English traditions or principles. In this, as in many other matters, we English object much more strongly to the name than to the fact which it represents. Everybody knows that, as a matter of fact, a seat in Parliament is worth money. I have frequently heard knowing people calculate its worth as a good thousand a year, if you only know how to work it. In America the representatives of the nation have high wages and few per-

quisites ; with us they have no wages and high perquisites : and possibly the latter system is not the least costly of the two. Still, rightly or wrongly, we do not like the name of paid members ; and I fancy a great many changes must happen before the Estimates are burdened with the item of "Parliamentary Salaries." This being so, there is no immediate likelihood of any change which would make parliamentary life much cheaper than it is. And it may be urged with much force, that it is well men of small fortune should not enter Parliament unless their political vocation is strong enough to induce them to make considerable sacrifices for the privilege of membership.

The same argument, however, cannot be urged, at least openly, in defence of the extraordinary expenditure incurred in the acquisition of a seat. I suspect very few persons not actively engaged in electioneering have any idea of the expense even of an uncontested election. The line between legal and illegal expenditure is very vague and indistinct, and for obvious reasons neither successful nor unsuccessful candidates are much prone to talking about the outlay they have incurred. I do not say that many members are not returned free of expense. If you are supported by strong territorial interest, if you possess strong local influence, or if you enjoy great class popularity, whether deserved or undeserved, you may be returned at very little cost to your own pocket. The money, it is true, comes out of other people's pockets ; and, however independent you may be, you are still conscious of certain obligations towards those who have paid for your return. Cases, however, of this kind are necessarily rare. If you want to go into Parliament, and know of no constituency which desires your services, not only in general but in particular, you put yourself in communication with the electioneering agents, and suggest your willingness to contest any eligible vacancy. You are told that in such a constituency there is likely to be an opening for a candidate of your poli-

tical principles, and are given to understand more or less delicately that you must place at the disposal of your agent a certain sum of money. What that amount may be varies of course according to the circumstances of the case. But I don't think I should be far wrong in saying that, under ordinary circumstances, you will not have much change left out of a couple of thousand pounds when the election is over, and you head—or do not head—the poll. And all this money, let me add, has been spent on legitimate expenditure. If you once take to bribery, there is absolutely no limit to the outlay except the length of your purse. How the bill is exactly made out, neither you nor anybody else can tell with exact certainty. Hustings, placards, advertisements, committee rooms, messengers, cabs, hotel-keepers, publicans, and, above all, lawyers, figure amongst your expenses. All you know is that you have had, in one form or other, to retain the services of any number of your constituents ; that you have paid them pretty much what they asked ; and that generally, in the phrase appropriate to such occasion, you have set money going. A friend of mine some years ago contested a very large constituency. The borough was an extremely Liberal one ; all the candidates were men of different shades of Liberalism ; and the only question was, which shade would best suit the taste of the electors. My friend was a good speaker, and was well received by the constituency, not the less so because he was notoriously a man of limited means. During the course of his canvass, he received a visit from a local solicitor, who was said to have a good deal of influence amongst the electors. In very plain words the attorney informed the candidate that his speeches had given satisfaction in the borough ; and that he should be glad to support him subject to the understanding that the lawyer's bill should run up to a hundred pounds or so. He was a poor man—so the lawyer stated, I believe, with truth—he had a large family dependent on him ; he always had cleared a hundred



pounds every contested election ; and, if the candidate could not afford to pay this amount, he must reluctantly support one of the other more opulent competitors. To this request my friend could only express his regret that he could not afford to pay for legal services ; and, finding that similar expectations were entertained by all his most influential supporters, he retired from the contest.

In the instance alluded to the candidate was new to his business, and the constituent was perhaps a little more outspoken than is commonly the case. The negotiations are usually conducted in a less direct manner, but the net result is the same. Let it be understood that the hundred pounds demanded of my informant was in no sense a bribe. In case of his requiring any account afterwards, a perfectly genuine lawyer's bill would have been produced. The candidate would have been charged so much for consultations, so much for letters, so much for inquiries ; and the services charged for would have been really rendered. All the attorney required was that in return for his influence he should have what I may call a retaining fee. This experience is common to all competitors for parliamentary honours. The wheels must be greased, or else the electoral machine will not function effectively. That the grease is laid on with lavish liberality is a matter of certainty, but how much of it could be spared without injury to locomotion it would puzzle even an electioneering expert to determine.

It is obvious that the tendency of our legislation is towards large constituencies. In the near future, therefore, we may reckon on the great majority of our constituencies numbering many thousands of electors. Now under our present electoral system the necessary cost of contesting a large constituency is extremely heavy. Within the last few years there was an election in a metropolitan borough at which the sitting members were re-elected. They were both of them popular with the constituency, their return was not

opposed ; and no other candidate put in an appearance, or even talked of doing so. In fact, no election could have been conducted under circumstances more favourable to economy ; and yet each of the members had to pay 500*l.* a piece for the cost of their re-election. At the present moment we have a remarkable case of the necessary costliness of metropolitan elections. There are probably very few candidates at the forthcoming elections whose names are better known to their constituencies than that of Mr. Mill to the electors of Westminster. He was returned three years ago by the volunteer exertions of a large section of his constituents. His parliamentary career has assuredly not lessened the admiration of his supporters ; and the local pride of Westminster is involved in his re-election. For reasons into whose justice or injustice I do not care to enter, Mr. Mill declines positively to pay any portion of his election expenses, which have in consequence to be defrayed by public subscription ; and it is calculated that at least 2,000*l.* must be raised in that way, in order to render his re-election possible ; and the comparative smallness of this amount is assuredly due to the exceptional popularity which Mr. Mill's name carries with the Westminster electors. It may be said that there have been, and are, many metropolitan members who certainly cannot have paid very large sums of money on the occasion of their repeated elections. For obvious reasons, any assertion of this kind is very hard either to prove or disprove. All I can say is, that there never, to my belief, has been a metropolitan election since 1832 at which thousands of pounds have not been spent in each contested borough ; and, as far as the general public is concerned, it makes very little difference whether these amounts have been paid by the candidates themselves or by friends and supporters on their behalf.

The metropolitan boroughs, it may be urged, are not favourable specimens, in respect of cost, of large constituencies. No doubt the absence of local feeling in the metropolis increases the outlay on

elections. Still, the more a provincial constituency approaches in size to a metropolitan, the more it approximates in character; and I question whether, under a *régime* of household suffrage, there would be any material difference in election expenditure between London and the provinces. This argument may seem to tell in favour of small constituencies. So it does, undoubtedly, as far as it goes. In a pocket borough the necessary legitimate cost of an election is relatively trifling; and if these minute constituencies were really free and open to the world they might be represented by men who could not afford any large expenditure on their election. Unfortunately, wherever the direct outlay is small, the indirect is proportionately large; and experience has shown that these pocket boroughs are either the private property of some wealthy landowner, or else are venal to a remarkable degree. On the other hand, bribery and intimidation are comparatively unknown in large constituencies; and, therefore, if we have to choose between conflicting evils, I prefer those attaching to Brobdingnag rather than those belonging to Lilliput.

Thus, unless I am altogether mistaken in my facts, the House of Commons is not the place for men who cannot afford to pay an entrance-fee of some two thousand pounds, and a fine of at least half as much again every time they wish to seek for re-admission. Of course there are here and there members who, from one cause or another, manage their business on much cheaper terms; but the above estimate does not err on the side of excess. Granted these facts, it would follow that the majority of members of Parliament—excluding adventurers and the class of directorial legislators, who rejoice, east of Temple Bar, in the name of “Guineapigs”—must be men with incomes of some three thousand a year and upwards. There are in the House many gentlemen, sons of peers and landed proprietors, whose actual incomes probably fall far short of this amount. But then these gentlemen, as a rule, have got into Parliament rather by nomination than

by popular choice. My proposition would perhaps be more exactly correct if I stated that the great majority of members who sit for constituencies open to the general public are men enjoying the average incomes I have specified. It may be right and fitting that this should be so. Very possibly the power of legislation is only vouchsafed to men who have rents and dividends and acres and shares; but I question whether this belief is likely to be that of the new electors.

I doubt whether the present House of Commons, or any House of Commons composed of the same or similar materials, can entertain any very earnest desire to put down the expense attending election. Our legislators are no fonder than other men of parting with their own money; and we have seen clearly enough, during the late session, how reluctant the House is to incur the inevitable cost of a dissolution. But yet, though each man would like to reduce his own electioneering expenditure, I suspect very few would like to reduce the average expenditure. No member of a club I was ever acquainted with enjoyed paying his entrance or subscription fees, or relished any increase in the tariff of the dinner-table. But yet in every West-end club there is a very general feeling that, if you reduce the scale of prices and make things cheap, you will have the club crowded with men who do not live in the same way, or belong to the same set, or share the same tastes, as the existing members; and as the club, taken collectively, wishes to confine membership to persons belonging more or less to its own class, it views any project for reducing the club expenses with very lukewarm approbation. In much the same way I have always thought that college dons and tutors are naturally biassed against all schemes for reducing the cost of an University career. It is not that they wish to put the undergraduates or their parents to expense; on the contrary, they are generally anxious to relieve the pockets of any meritorious student even at their own cost; but they desire with singular

unanimity that the undergraduates as a body should belong to a class who can keep the same company, dress in the same way, and follow the same pursuits as they did themselves while *in statu pupillari*; and therefore they are averse to any wholesale reduction of academic expenses, the result of which would be to fill the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge with students of the same social rank as the *alumni* of Heidelberg, or Glasgow, or St. Bees.

I am therefore only saying that members of Parliament are much like other men, when I assert that their natural bias is to keep St. Stephen's what it is now, a rich men's club.

Under these circumstances, we cannot expect the House will set actively about the work of making admission within its walls available to men whose means fall much below those of the bulk of our present representatives. The Bribery Bill, passed this session, will not, I think, tend in any way to decrease the legitimate normal cost of a seat; on the contrary, the increased facilities given for petitioning against a return will make a seat more and more of a luxury which wealthy men alone can prudently aspire to. The only proposition which would have done anything to lower the absolutely necessary outlay was that contained in Mr. Fawcett's clause for throwing the cost of hustings, returning officers' fees, and other recognised charges, on the local rates. This clause was only carried by an accident; and, in spite of the difficulty of getting a House together at the fag-end of the session, a sufficient number of members rallied together to secure its ultimate rejection. The Government opposed it openly; the Opposition supported it feebly; and, if it should be brought forward again in the new Parliament, its fate may be safely predicted beforehand.

Already we see clearly enough how the present system works. It is now several years since one of the seven points of the Charter was carried into effect by the abolition of the old property qualification. But the average wealth of members of Parliament has certainly not

declined since that period; and it has become more, not less, difficult for a poor man to take his seat in the House. Probably at no election of recent years have there been so few candidates, belonging to any other than the regulation House of Commons class, as there are at present. Whichever side wins, whatever may be the result of the poll, we can predict confidently that the gentlemen who form the first members of the Reformed Parliament will, with few exceptions, be men who, like their predecessors, are well off for money.

Is this monotony of representation a thing to be desired? I for my part doubt it. It is all very well that broad acres, large balances, handsome incomes should be represented in Parliament. As far as I can judge of human nature, there is not the slightest probability that they will ever be otherwise than fully represented; and mere wealth will certainly be not less respected in England by a democratic than by an aristocratic Legislature. But I cannot disguise from myself that the majority of the questions which are likely to occupy our attention for many years to come are rather social than political. We cannot doubt that all the topics which are stirring up the public mind in other countries as well as in our own, the relations of labour and capital, the rights of private property as opposed to public interests, the laws for the relief of the poor, the system of administering justice, education, voluntarism, hours of labour, and a score of other subjects, will form the materials out of which the *menu*, so to speak, of our approaching parliamentary repast will have to be provided. What views will be or ought to be taken on all these topics, or more strictly, perhaps, on the fundamental issue which underlies them all, is a point on which it would be idle for me to express any opinion. But we may assume with certainty that men who are either wealthy themselves, or who represent wealth, will enter on this discussion with minds biassed almost irretrievably towards one side of the question. For the present all such subjects will meet with very scant

attention from our legislators; and we shall be assured doubtless on all sides, that on the whole people are perfectly well satisfied with things as they are. But when the time comes that the masses, whom we have entrusted with electoral rights, know their full power, and exercise it, they will not rest satisfied with the decision of a Parliament whose whole instincts are necessarily in favour of capital and property.

The danger I allude to is, I hold, a real one. The gradual exclusion from Parliament of all classes of members who do not in some form or other belong to the moneyed classes, is a matter not to be dismissed as of no importance. But the remedy, I confess, is not so easily discerned as the malady. The candidate himself can do little or nothing. A gentleman in Mr. Mill's position may take up the high moral ground of declining to pay, and may yet get returned by the subscriptions of his friends and admirers. But then, unfortunately, there are very few gentlemen in Mr. Mill's position. For the reasons I have urged, Parliament is never likely to undertake the reform of its own electioneering expenses, and, even if it did, I doubt whether it could effect much by any penal or prohibitive legislation. The remedy lies with the constituencies alone.

If the electors of any borough, or even an influential section of the electors, make up their minds that they wish to have a certain candidate returned as their member, the problem of expense is pretty well solved. When the constituents volunteer to canvass, to circulate addresses, to collect promises, and bring up voters to the poll, the cost and trouble of the election are divided among so many persons that they are scarcely felt, and thus there is no need for paid agents, or canvassers, or committee-men. It was through an organization of this kind that Mr. Hughes was returned for Parliament. The citizens of Lambeth had made up

their minds that they wished to have the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" for their representative, and they returned him by their own efforts; as I believe they will return him again. So in like manner Mr. Gladstone will probably be returned for Greenwich next November, with hardly any outlay, and certainly with no exertion, on his part. The electors of Greenwich wish to have him as their member, or at any rate to give him the chance of being their member; and therefore they undertake the duty which ordinarily falls upon the candidate, or his personal friends and supporters.

But in the vast majority of constituencies the electors wish to have a Tory, Whig, or Radical representative, as the case may be, but they care comparatively little whether this candidate is A or B. The result of this is, as a rule, that the candidate seeks the constituency, not the constituency the candidate; and as there are always any number of candidates available, the constituency naturally bestows its votes, other things being equal, on the one who takes most trouble and spends money most freely. I hope—and see some small reason to think—that the new household voters will care a good deal more than the old ten-pounders about the particular person who is to be selected to represent them in Parliament; and I own I shall be surprised if the predilections of this class lead them to exhibit a marked preference for the retired merchants, prosperous manufacturers, and rising lawyers, who form the staple of the present Parliament. But as yet I must admit there is no sign of the coming change. The cost of entering Parliament and of holding a seat serves as a sufficient barrier to any legislative ambition on the part of men who have not made their fortunes, and the prestige of the House of Commons as "the best club in London" will certainly be maintained, even after household suffrage has become the law of the land.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A FREE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

BY EDWIN HATCH, M.A., FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS, TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, AND RECTOR OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, QUEBEC.

THE project of a free Anglican Church is viewed with various feelings of hope and apprehension by various sections of the ecclesiastical community. "Loose the Church from its fetters," say one party, "and the scandals which deface it will be at an end; it will excommunicate the rationalists, mend the rubrics, and abolish simony." "Cut the Church from its moorings," say another party, "and it will drift inevitably into Ultramontaniam; it will impede rather than help the moral progress of the nation: liberty of thought will become impossible within its pale." The interest which the question has for all parties is increased by the probable nearness of its transfer from the region of speculation to that of practical legislation. One of the component parts of the "United Church of England and Ireland" is threatened with speedy and compulsory "freedom;" and to its members, at any rate, the disunion must turn not so much upon the abstract expediency or inexpediency of freedom, as upon the manner which the advantages of such a state, if any, can be best secured, and its risks, if any, best avoided. Meanwhile an example exists ready to hand. In Canada—and to a less extent in some other colonies—the freedom of the

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Anglican Church is, or is assumed to be, a realized fact. It is therefore worth while to study it. The conditions of a Colonial society are not so different from our own as to render the example valueless.

I propose in the present paper both to show by what steps this state of freedom was reached, and to point out some of its effects—first, upon the material welfare of the Church; and secondly, upon its efficiency as a religious body.

I. Canada, up to the time of the conquest, was inhabited almost exclusively by French Catholics. The Gallican Church was as firmly established at Quebec as at Paris. Nor was its status materially altered by the conquest. One of the articles of the capitulation of Montreal, in 1760, was to the effect that the free exercise of the "Catholic Apostolic Roman religion" should be guaranteed, and the guarantee was faithfully kept. At a time when the penal laws against Roman Catholics were yet unrepealed in England, the unreformed faith was not merely tolerated, but virtually established in an English colony. This is the more remarkable, as there appears to have been, apart from the stipulation of the treaty, no urgent necessity for it. So strong was the idea of a State Church

in the minds of the French Canadians, and so feeble their sense of the doctrinal differences between the Church of England and the Church of France, that a Canadian Attorney-General gave evidence before the House of Commons, a few years later, to the effect that, if Protestant rectors had been appointed to fill the vacancies as they occurred in the several parishes, there would have been for the most part a silent acquiescence in the change. But the opportunity soon slipped away, and the Act of 1774 (14 Geo. III. c. 83), commonly called the "Quebec Act," confirmed the establishment of Catholicism, with merely a saving clause in favour of the right of the Crown to take steps, in certain contingencies, for the "encouragement" of Protestantism. The exaggeration was rather on the side of fervour than on that of truth when John Wilkes described the Act as "establishing French tyranny and the Romish religion in their most abhorred extent." But the ecclesiastical arrangements of the Act were, in fact, not inequitable, and might serve as a useful precedent elsewhere. Tithes were to be paid and the King's supremacy recognised by all classes of subjects, but the tithes paid by Protestants were to be at the disposal of the Government, instead of going to support the (Gallican) rector of the parish. The contingency, however, which had been thus provided for came to pass sooner than had been expected. The American War of Independence drove a large number of loyal men across the St. Lawrence; and the long strip of fertile land, since known as Upper Canada, began to receive its first European population, who were, for the most part, not only Protestants, but members of the Church of England. These U. E. (United Empire) Loyalists, as they were called, had sacrificed so much for "Church and King" that the English Government was justified in making special provision for both their temporal and their spiritual wants. Free grants of land were authorized to be made to them; and since the tithes of an impoverished and thinly-scattered

population of new settlers were insufficient for the purpose, similar grants were also made for the support of a few Anglican clergy.

But the Act of 1774 broke down with the weight of its own political injustice, and the "Constitutional Act" of 1791 (31 Geo. III. c. 31) took its place. The object of this Act was not merely to substitute a constitutional government for one in which the legislative and executive functions were combined in a virtually irresponsible council, but also to recognise the fact that Canada east and west of the Ottawa was inhabited by two populations who differed widely in race, in laws, and in religion. But to have proposed explicitly a division of the soil between the Churches of England and Rome would, in the prevailing temper of the English Parliament, have been fatal to the bill. Consequently, in Lower Canada, there was virtually a joint establishment of both Churches, or rather, the Church of England was admitted to the greater part of the privileges which the Act of 1774 had confirmed to the Church of Rome. In the comparatively virgin soil of Upper Canada the Church of England reigned supreme. In both provinces alike, tithes were payable by all Protestants to its clergy. A seventh part of all lands that should be henceforth granted to settlers was appropriated for the support of its worship. The King was empowered to authorize the Governor "to constitute and erect within every township or parish which is or may hereafter be formed, constituted, or erected within such province, one or more parsonage or rectory, according to the Establishment of the Church of England." The Bishops of Quebec, the first of whom was sent out in 1793, were nominated and paid by the English Government. Prayers from the English Liturgy were read before the daily sitting of the Provincial Parliaments. And even long afterwards, the universities which were established by the Government were to have for their Visitors the Anglican bishop of the diocese in which

the university was situate; for their president, a clergyman in Holy Orders; and for their professors, persons who should be "members of the Established United Church of England and Ireland," and who should "severally sign and subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles."

It was right that it should be so—so long, at least, as the U. E. Loyalists formed a majority of the population. But as emigration flowed into the country, the U. E. Loyalists were outnumbered. The neglected overflow of populous districts at home took with them into Canada no strong love for the Church of England. And however slight the grievance which was caused by the mere presence of a handful of Anglican clergy, the fact that tithes could be enforced by law for their support, and that a seventh part of every new township was not available for settlement, formed a justifiable source of irritation.

The natural result of this state of things was a religious and political war which lasted for nearly thirty-five years, and which was conducted with considerable acrimony on both sides. It began in Upper Canada in 1818, with an agitation on the subject of tithes, which resulted in an Act of the Provincial Legislature (passed in 1823) for their abolition. In the course of the debates, a question was raised as to the precise meaning of the term "a Protestant clergy," which had been used in the Act of 1791. It was ultimately held that the term was as applicable to the Church of Scotland as to the Church of England. The members of the Church of Scotland in Canada consequently petitioned the English Government for a share of the clergy reserves, and their petition was supported by an address from the House of Assembly of Upper Canada. And then came the further question whether other denominations of Protestants were not entitled to participate in them. Meanwhile a large and increasing section of the community was urging the application of the lands to educational or secular purposes. For thirteen years,

from 1826 to 1839, there was a permanent feud on the subject between the two branches of the Upper Canadian Legislature. The Legislative Council was firm in its protection of ecclesiastical rights; the Legislative Assembly, which was the popular body, on fourteen different occasions, declared unequivocally in favour of either distribution or secularization. At last, in 1839, a compromise was effected. The House of Assembly, by the casting vote of the Speaker, and under the influence, it has been said, of ultra-constitutional pressure from the Governor-General (Sir John Colborne), passed an Act to which the Upper House assented, vesting the clergy reserves in the Crown. But when the Act was sent to England for confirmation, the English Government declined to assume the responsibility which it involved. The next year, however, owing to the tact of Lord Sydenham, who had succeeded Sir John Colborne as Governor-General, the two Houses agreed upon another Act, by which the clergy reserves were divided, in certain specified proportions, between the leading Protestant denominations. Of course, the Church party were clamorous in opposition to it; and when the Colonial Act was laid on the table of the House of Lords, previous to receiving the Royal assent, the Bishop of Exeter objected that, in passing it, the Canadian Parliament had exceeded their powers under the Constitutional Act of 1791. The question was referred to the Judges, who, with two exceptions, supported the Bishop's objection. To meet the difficulty, Lord John Russell brought in a short bill, which in its original form was virtually a repetition of the Colonial Act, but which was so amended in committee as to differ from it in important details, and to be much more favourable to the Church of England.

This Act (3 & 4 Vict., c. 78) professed to be, like some other Acts of its framer, a "finality." But it could not be a finality: for it was an injustice. No sooner had it reached Canada than Lord Sydenham wrote a despatch in strong condemnation of it. The members

of the Church of England, though constituting less than one-fourth of the population, received more than one-half of the proceeds of the reserved lands. Agitation, therefore, slumbered for a time, and then began afresh. The cry was now not for a more equitable distribution of these endowments, but for their abolition. It was based not wholly upon religious, but partly also upon political and economical, grounds. These "patches of reserved wilderness," as they had been called, were felt seriously to interfere with the interests of the colony. The greater the progress of the country—and between 1840 and 1850 its progress was very remarkable—the stronger the feeling against them.

The question was at length fairly taken in hand by Canadian politicians. They began, in 1850, with an address to the Queen asking that the power to deal with the clergy reserves might be transferred from the Imperial Government to the Provincial Parliament. The next year, a Provincial Act was passed to check the further creation of vested rights, by enacting that no new rectories should be created under the Act of 1791, and that the presentation of incumbents to existing rectories should be transferred from the Governor in Council to certain incorporated associations within the Church itself. The agitation increased, and the Clergy Reserve question became the great question of the day. When the Colonial Parliament was dissolved, it was the test question at the hustings. The Church party put forth their full strength. But even the free use of such words as "sacrilege," "breach of faith," "confiscation of private property," though it added a few votes to the minority, did not convert it into a majority. In the meantime, however, with the fall of Lord John Russell's government, Lord Grey had ceased to be Secretary for the Colonies, and Sir John Pakington had succeeded him. The new Secretary declined to carry out, at any rate immediately, the promise which his predecessor had given to comply with the prayer of the Address of 1850. The Colonial

Government justly regarded this as a breach of faith; and its leader, Mr. Hincks, brought forward and carried a resolution which expressed regret at Sir John Pakington's despatch, in such a manner as to show clearly that a serious collision was imminent. Fortunately, the accession of Lord Aberdeen to power, with the Duke of Newcastle at the Colonial Office, solved the difficulty and saved Canada to England. One of the first measures of the new Government was a bill to empower the Provincial Legislature to deal as it pleased with the clergy reserves. A strong effort was made by some members of the Church party in England, urged on by one or two able representatives of the Canadian Church who had come to England for the purpose, to throw out the bill. The Bishop of Exeter spoke of the "dangerous precedent" which the "subversion of the Protestant Church in Canada" would furnish to those who were agitating for the subversion of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and asked, in language which may remind us of more recent arguments, "Were any of their lordships prepared to advise her Majesty to violate *her Coronation Oath?*" (3 Hansard, cxxiv. pp. 103—107.) Other speakers dwelt upon the fact that the Act of 1840 had been understood to be a final settlement of the whole question, and that to re-open it was to violate a solemn compact. But while the Government and the Liberal party were united upon the question, the Church party was divided: even the Bishop of Oxford said that he "thought a claim of justice was involved in the demand of the Canadian Parliament." Consequently the bill passed, and the large majority (eighty-three) by which the second reading was carried in the House of Commons, showed that the public mind was almost as resolute on the subject in England as it had proved to be in Canada.

Thus empowered to act, the Canadian Legislature passed a measure in the following year (1854), by which the proceeds of the clergy reserves, after



providing for the existing interests of all ecclesiastical persons, were constituted into "a Municipalities Fund, to be divided every year equally among county and city municipalities, and to make part of the general funds of the municipality, and be applicable to the purpose to which such funds are applicable."

Such is the outline of the history of the quasi-disendowment of the Anglican Church in Canada. It remains to ask—What has been the effect of the new state of things upon the material interests of the Church? How far has the event justified the fears of those who thought and asserted that the "spoliation of the patrimony of the Church" would "threaten almost the extinction in many places of the lamp of the Gospel"?

1. In the first place, by the prudent strategy of ecclesiastical politicians and the generous forbearance of the individual clergy, the Church did not cease to be endowed. "Spoliation" was altogether a wrong word for what was in fact little more than a change of tenure. The Act had provided that the incumbents of benefices should continue to receive for the rest of their lives the stipends which at the time of the passing of the Act they were deriving from the clergy reserves. But instead of their being made annual pensioners of the State, the present worth of the stipends of the several incumbents was calculated on a liberal scale and made payable in a single sum. It is evident that if each individual clergyman had received this sum for himself, he might have re-invested it to his own advantage; it is evident also that the Church would in that case have ceased to derive any benefit whatever from the clergy reserves at the failure of the lives of the existing incumbents. It is creditable to the good feeling of the clergy that this state of things was avoided. The whole sum payable to all existing incumbents was received for them by certain trustees, and re-invested so profitably that, after paying all the stipends chargeable upon

it, a surplus was left, and for some time allowed to accumulate, while the capital sum remained as the permanent property of the Church, and an endowment for all future clergy.

2. Secondly, the lands which had been from time to time appropriated to the rectories which had been constituted under the Act of 1791, though often threatened, remained unconfiscated. The revenue which they yielded was in some cases considerable, even when measured by the standard of English livings. It has been asserted, for example, that in one city the income of the Rector is more than double the salary of the Bishop, and that it would, if subdivided, afford a respectable endowment for all the city clergy, or support a full cathedral staff.

It is clear that with these two sources of permanent income, and a by no means scanty furniture of church-fabrics and parsonage-houses still in its possession, the Church was very far from having the prospect of starvation before it.

3. In addition to this, considerable progress had already been made in the organization of voluntary effort. A "Church Society" had been established and incorporated at both Toronto and Quebec, so early as 1842, and, by means of parochial and district associations, had contrived to obtain for Church purposes a considerable amount of both land and money. These Societies now constitute the financial committees of the Church: nearly all the clergy, except the incumbents of endowed parishes, receive their stipends through their agency; nearly all sums of money, whether arising from investments or from subscriptions, are paid to them: and by an amicable arrangement with the Synod, into which in one diocese the "Church Society" has been merged, the management of the greater part of the temporalities of the Church is practically centralized in them.

The result of these well-organized voluntary efforts, added to the careful husbanding of the endowments, has been, that since the Act of 1854 the

Anglican Church in Canada has made great material progress. To take one test, the number of clergy in Upper Canada has increased within the last ten years from 173 to 268—an increase of 35 per cent., which is a much greater ratio than that of the increase of population. To take another test, the funds of a single diocese—the diocese of Montreal—have increased during the same period until they have reached upwards of 23,000*l.* sterling, being at the rate of 290*l.* for every clergyman, or 360*l.* for every parish in the diocese.

The Church's apparent loss has thus been its real gain: the capitalization of the commuted life-interests of the clergy has furnished a more available, as it has certainly afforded a more secure, endowment than the possession of lands; and the stimulus which has been given to voluntary effort has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. No doubt it is not a rich Church; but it is as rich as a Church need be in order to be efficient. No doubt also its funds have been frittered away by a vicious system of parochial subdivision; but, on the other hand, in spite of the "confiscation of the patrimony of the poor," there is hardly a remote settlement which is wholly deprived of clerical ministrations. How far those ministrations are the better or the worse for the loss of the lay veto upon ecclesiastical proceedings which was formerly vested in the Crown, is another question.

II. Since the commutation of the clergy reserves, though not wholly as a result of it, the Anglican Church in Canada has drifted into what is commonly spoken of as "independence."

The two most important features of this new state of things are, the right of meeting in Synod, and the right of electing Bishops. I propose to show in both cases how the right was acquired before showing how it has operated.

1. The right of meeting in Synod seems to have arisen from the necessity which existed in newly-formed and scantily-endowed dioceses for a conference between the Bishop and his clergy on

matters of discipline and finance. The first diocese in which this necessity manifested itself in this particular form was that of New Zealand. The first "Diocesan Synod of New Zealand," consisting apparently of Bishop Selwyn and his staff of three archdeacons, four presbyters, and two deacons, met in September 1844, and framed certain "canons" on baptism, remarriage of heathens, and kindred subjects, for the use of the diocese. The example was followed at Capetown soon after Bishop Gray's arrival there in 1848. In both instances, however, the Bishop was absolute: he could convene the Synod or not; he could agree to be bound by its proceedings or not, as he thought most expedient for himself and the Church. These earlier Synods were in fact merely the innocent amusements of anti-Erastian ecclesiastics; but they had at least this permanent result, that they gave an impulse to the desire which was beginning to be felt for more formal and authoritative meetings. This desire showed itself almost simultaneously in Australia and in Canada. In Australia, the chief motive which prompted it appears to have been the want of a code of ecclesiastical law. At a meeting of the "Bishops of the Province of Australia," which was held at Sydney in October 1850, the first function of the proposed synods is declared to be "To consult and agree upon rules of practice and ecclesiastical order," and "to conduct the processes necessary for carrying such rules into effect." In Canada this motive (which is stated with considerable force by Bishop Strachan of Toronto, in his pastoral letter of 1851) was strengthened by the existence of several others. First, the threatened "spoliation of the property of the Church" brought the instinct of self-preservation into play, and urged combination for mutual defence. Secondly, the failure to procure from external sources an endowment for the proposed subdivisions of the diocese of Toronto stimulated the project for raising the required sum by subscription within the province, on condition of the new bishops being nominated by a

duly-convened meeting of the clergy and laity of their future dioceses. The movement was brought to a head by the vigorous prelate who then presided over the diocese of Toronto. In the spring of 1851 Bishop Strachan issued a pastoral letter, in which, after summoning his clergy to a Visitation, he requested each incumbent to invite the members of his congregation to select one or two of their number, being communicants, to accompany him. Two months later a similar meeting was held at Quebec, and in the autumn of the same year all the bishops of the North American Provinces (with two unavoidable exceptions) met at the same city and passed among other resolutions one in favour of the desirability of both diocesan and provincial assemblies.

The question of Synods was thus fairly mooted; but thereupon came the previous questions whether such synods as were contemplated could lawfully be held, even in the colonies, without the sanction of the Crown, and whether the Crown itself could legalize them, without an Act of Parliament. It seemed advisable that these previous questions should be settled without delay; and in three successive years, 1852, 1853, and 1854, an attempt was made to induce Parliament to legislate upon the subject. But the House of Commons could not agree upon the details of the bills; and, in spite of able advocacy, nothing was done.

The failure of this attempt at legislation did not, however, materially alter the plans of the energetic Bishop of Toronto. "The exigency of our affairs," he said, "does not admit of any further delay." An opinion had been given by eminent legal authorities that "whatever difficulties may stand in the way of national and provincial convocations of the clergy, they do not extend to diocesan synods." Accordingly in the autumn of the same year (1853) Bishop Strachan summoned his clergy to a Visitation, and invited them to bring representatives from their several congregations, as he had done in 1851. "The first act of this second conference

was to declare itself a Synod;" and committees were appointed to draw up a constitution and rules of order for future synods. This was a bold step and an important one. It was no doubt hastened by the irritation which was felt by the ecclesiastical politicians of Canada at the part which had been taken on the question of the clergy reserves by leading Churchmen in the English Parliament. But the old doubts as to the legality of these meetings began to revive, and another effort was made to remove them. The Canadian Legislature acted with great consideration. It had been firm in refusing to allow the Anglican Church any special advantages over other denominations; it was equally firm in its endeavour to do away with the disabilities which the supposed special relation of that Church to the Crown was assumed to entail. Both Houses—the Upper House unanimously, the Lower by a majority of two to one—agreed upon an Address to the Queen, praying for the passing of an Act by the Imperial Parliament to enable the members of the Church of England in Canada to meet in synod. To this Address, after a consultation with the law advisers of the Crown, an answer was returned which recommended the passing of an Act on the subject by the Canadian Legislature. The recommendation was acted upon, and in 1851 the clergy and laity met in their several dioceses to agree upon the main provisions of the proposed bill. In a few months afterwards the bill was passed. It seemed to go so far beyond the provisions of the Act passed by the Legislature of the colony of Victoria, which had been assented to by the Home Government in the earlier part of the year, that the question was submitted to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, "whether her Majesty might lawfully assent thereto." An answer having been given in the affirmative, the Act received the ratification of the Crown May 6th, 1857.

Under authority of this Act (which was supplemented in the following year

by a short explanatory Act in reference to the representation of the laity) the synods, diocesan and provincial, have since met at regular intervals. Until a few months ago there was still one link which connected them, or was thought to connect them, with the Church of England : how that last link was severed I now proceed to show.

2. In 1850 Bishop Strachan presented a memorial to the Colonial Bishops' committee, praying that the diocese of Toronto might be divided into three distinct sees. It was evidently contemplated at that time that the new bishoprics should be, at least partly, endowed from the Colonial Bishops' Fund. The Committee, however, took no action upon either that or a second memorial to the same effect which was presented in 1853. This arose, apparently, not so much from want of sympathy with the proposed object, as from want of means. Disappointed in the hope of obtaining an endowment from this source, the energetic Bishop resolved to try what might be done in Canada. Accordingly, in January 1854, he addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, recommending the creation of an Episcopal Endowment Fund, to provide for the support of the new bishops, *on condition of being allowed to choose them from among their own clergy.* This condition was embodied in the heading of the subscription list, and had no small influence in stimulating the subscriptions. By the end of the year the committee of collectors were able to report that they had received promises to the amount of nearly 10,000*l.*, and no long time afterwards the whole sum necessary had been raised and invested, and the Bishop-elect proceeded to England for consecration.

But in the meantime the question had assumed somewhat larger proportions. The right of recommending a person to the Crown for appointment to a bishopric was in this case merely a concession made by the Colonial Secretary in an individual instance, which set no precedent, and conferred no similar right for the future. The Church politicians

of Upper Canada resolved that, if possible, an exceptional boon should be converted into a permanent privilege. Their irritation, of which I have already spoken, at the treatment which the Clergy Reserves' Bill had met with in England, gave to their resolution the strength and unity which were the essential conditions of its success. In the Address to the Queen which passed the Canadian Legislature in 1855, there was the specific prayer that the synods of the several dioceses might be enabled "to proceed hereafter to the election of their own bishops." But the law advisers of the Crown in England saw at that time so many objections to the surrender of the prerogative in this respect, that the Colonial Secretary virtually declined to make the desired concession. "Her Majesty's advisers," he remarks, "believe that the practical purpose which it is sought to attain may be secured without the obvious inconveniences attendant on direct legislation for it, if they adopt the course of recommending her Majesty to be guided, *as a general rule,* in filling up any vacancy which may occur by such representation as she may receive from the clergy and laity of the diocese duly assembled."

This, however, was not enough for Canadian Churchmen. In the Provincial Act of the following year, their proposition was renewed, but it is worthy of remark that the specific phrase "election of bishops" was carefully avoided, and the more general expression, "any person bearing office therein, of whatever order or degree," was used in its stead. The phrase was so large as to be almost ambiguous : and Sir Edmund Head, in transmitting the Bill to England, remarked that it was "not altogether clear" whether it conferred on the synods the nomination of the bishops. The phrase was, however, construed in accordance with the intention of the framers, and the right of nominating bishops was deliberately surrendered by the Crown.

<sup>1</sup> Parliamentary Papers, 1856, No. 131, p. 8.

Four elections have taken place since the right of election was conceded.

The first was that of the Bishop of Huron. Certain limits having been agreed upon for the new diocese, the clergy and lay representatives of the parishes situated within those limits (*i.e.* strictly speaking, a certain section of the Synod of the diocese of Toronto) met and agreed, by a majority of two clergy and thirteen laity, to request the Governor-General to recommend the Rev. B. Cronyn to her Majesty for appointment to the bishopric of Huron. The recommendation was acted upon: the Bishop of Toronto surrendered his original letters-patent, and two new patents were issued, one appointing Bishop Strachan to the curtailed diocese of Toronto, the other appointing Mr. Cronyn to the new diocese of Huron. Mr. Cronyn proceeded to England, and was consecrated in the usual form by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The result of this election, however, was far from being satisfactory to its promoters. At the Toronto Synod of 1859 a committee was appointed "to consider whether any and what modifications are or may be necessary to be made in the mode of electing bishops." This Committee reported that, "in consideration of the *acknowledged and serious evils*, in their opinion, *inseparably connected with the present mode of electing bishops*, . . . they recommend to the Synod that, in event of a vacancy in the see, . . . the Bishops of the province of Canada be requested to present the names of three clergy-men to the Synod of the diocese." The aspirants to the episcopal office and their partisans were, however, too strong for the committee, and the report was negatived.

The second election—that of the Bishop of Ontario—took place in the following year (1861). Previous to the day of election it was known that one candidate had a slight majority of the clergy on his side, the other a large majority of the laity. But when the day of election came, two or three newly-ordained deacons and an army-chaplain

were added to the roll, and the balance of the clergy was turned. When the clergy-roll had been thus amended, the candidate against whom the scale had turned withdrew from the election with the majority of his supporters, and his competitor virtually "walked the course." The form in which the election was made known to the Government was virtually the same as in the case of the Bishop of Huron, but the course which the Government took differed in an important point. No letters patent were issued; but "a simple mandate from the Queen was sent out to the Metropolitan Bishop of Canada, directing him to proceed to the consecration of the Bishop of Ontario."

The third election was that of the Bishop of Quebec. In this instance the candidates who were supported, the one by a bare majority, the other by a compact minority, at the outset, had to retire, and a compromise was made in favour of a clergyman whose excellent sermon before the Synod on the duties of the episcopal office constrained both parties to think that he would be likely to discharge those duties well. The clergyman thus elected was consecrated by the Bishop of Montreal, acting under a mandate from the Queen; and the oath of canonical obedience which he took was, as in the case of the Bishop of Ontario, not to "the Archbishop," but to the Metropolitan of Canada.

To have had one election out of three pass without scandal was not thought to be on the whole a satisfactory result of the system. Accordingly, at the meeting of the Provincial Synod in 1865, the House of Bishops, a majority of whom had been themselves elected, endeavoured to introduce the same kind of check which exists in the Episcopal Church of the United States, *viz.*, that no election should be valid unless confirmed by a majority of the bishops of the province. But it is hard to persuade men to part with power; and the attempt failed.

The fourth election was that of the Coadjutor-Bishop of Toronto in the autumn of 1866. This, by far the most

important of all the Canadian elections, has probably done more than anything else could do to bring the system into disrepute. There were three candidates, each of whom was backed by an influential committee, and represented a compact and well-organized party. When the day of election came, one candidate had a majority of the clergy, the second had a majority of the laity, the third had a minority of both. Ballot after ballot was taken, but no party would yield. At last, after nearly two days had been spent in fruitless voting, the presiding bishop threatened that, unless the election were made by a certain hour, he would dissolve the Synod. This compelled a conference between the supporters of two of the candidates, who had at least one point of union in their common dislike of the third. Before the appointed hour, the present occupant of the episcopal chair had been elected. Providentially, the least exceptionable candidate had the firmest friends.

The issue of the election is well known. When the usual application was made to the Colonial Office for a Royal mandate for the consecration of the Bishop-elect, Lord Carnarvon declined to advise her Majesty to issue it. The Canadian synods were free to manage their affairs as they pleased: the veto of the Crown was withdrawn.

In this way the Anglican Church in Canada has drifted into a state of quasi-independence. What is its precise legal status at the present moment is a question with which I am not at present concerned. I hasten to show what effects the state of things which now exists has upon its efficiency as a religious society.

1. It fosters an enormous amount of over-government. The number of dioceses, of synods, and of ecclesiastical functionaries, is altogether in excess of what is needed. The whole number of clergy in Canada, including deacons, superannuated missionaries, school-masters, and army chaplains, is only about four hundred. They would scarcely

suffice to man a single diocese in England. But in Canada they are distributed into *five* dioceses; and committees of synod are, or were lately, considering the advisability of subdividing two dioceses, and so constituting *seven*. There is an array of officers of the Church militant in Canada which almost reminds one of the regiment described by the American humorist, which, to prevent jealousy, "consisted exclusively of colonels." And, in addition to the Provincial Synod, which is content to meet once in three years, every diocese has its own synod, which, with one exception, meets every year, as regularly as summer comes round, and legislates on Church affairs of all kinds, great and small, from the mode of electing bishops to the establishment of ladies' schools. The attention of both clergy and laity is diverted from the weightier matters of religion to the mint and cummin of ecclesiastical politics; and parish-vestryism runs riot at the expense of that growth in Christian knowledge and virtue which it is the Church's especial mission to foster.

2. It gives uncontrolled play to that spirit of ecclesiasticism, the existence of which is the bane of all religious communities, and the effectual checking of which, by the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, has been the salvation and the strength of the Church of England. The lay element in the Canadian synods is no check whatever upon that spirit. It consists for the most part—with the exception of one or two lawyers—of "clerically-minded men," or ecclesiastical busy-bodies. The mass of the laity find no place in them. The consequence is that, when the clergy raise a cry in the Synod, their lay partisans echo it; whereas, when they raise a cry outside the Synod, it is found that church-goers are of two opinions. Take, for example, the cry for denominational education. Since the Synod of the diocese of Toronto held its first informal meeting in 1851, the question has been brought forward at almost every session. And in every diocese there is either a "Church school," or a "Church

University," or both. But the mass of the laity are content with the admirable educational institutions which have been established in the province for the common benefit of all denominations of Christians. There are, or were lately, more members of the Church of England as students in the "godless" but excellent University of Toronto, than in the neighbouring orthodox University which Bishop Strachan founded, and in which the Synod, by a vote of 84 to 24, declared its confidence; there are also more members of the Church of England as students in the flourishing undenominational University at Montreal than in the all but extinct Church University at Lennoxville. The truth is, that the laity of the province at large, and their so-called representatives in the synods, entertain, on most points of importance, radically different opinions. And it is no slight calamity for an infant Church to have for [its controlling element, not the good sense and right feeling of the community in which it is placed, but a small society of men who feed their religious appetites on the thistles and sand of small Church controversies.

3. It withdraws the "members of the United Church of England and Ireland in Canada," from the enlarging and invigorating influences which come to a small community from contact with a wider and more complex whole. The Head of the Church of England has no cognizance of their bishops; and the restraints which their intimate connexion with that Church imposed upon them, are gone. Instead of the wise comprehensiveness which of necessity exists in a large community, there is the growing belief and practical application of the belief in the "divine right of the majority." Dissociated alike from the Church of England, and from the Episcopal Church of the United States, this small confederation of congregations is delivered, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of numbers. The majority can be, and is, despotic. There is an absence not only of the moral restraints, but of the legal safeguards which of necessity exist in a great society like

the Church of England for the common benefit of all shades of opinion among its members. It is true that in the Canadian synods the Bishop has a veto; but then the Bishop is himself the nominee of the majority. And, moreover, the Provincial Synod at its last session was busily considering an ominous canon "*for the trial of a Bishop.*" It is also true that in matters of doctrine the majority is limited by the existing standards of the Church of England. But there is very little difficulty in evading this: and a mode of evading it has already suggested itself to ecclesiastical lawyers. At the last session of the Provincial Synod it was proposed that no person should be admitted to Holy Orders without having previously signed a *contract to abide by the decision of the Metropolitan's Court* in all matters of doctrine. The result is a general dead level—a want of energy, of elasticity, and of diversity of opinion. The complexity of a Church has been in all ages the secret of its life. But the "Canadian Church" is not complex. It is a narrow and narrowing sect.

4. Of the evils of the Canadian mode of appointing bishops, two are especially prominent. The first is the impulse which it gives to electioneering. The worst features of the political system of the country are introduced into the ecclesiastical system. It would be bad enough in England to have the machinery which is employed for the return of a member to Parliament set in motion for the election of a bishop; but in a country like Canada, where electioneering is even less reputable than it is here, the effect, both upon the status of the Anglican Church in the estimation of other religious bodies, and upon the religious life of its members, is disastrous in the extreme. The second is the demoralization of the episcopal character. It was, perhaps, pardonable in the Oxfordshire vicar to have it engraved upon his tombstone, that he was "*omnibus episcopaliibus virtutibus instructum;*" but if he had written it of himself in his lifetime he would have proved it to be false. It

is impossible for a man to canvass, or to permit others to canvass for him, without losing somewhat of the self-respect and dignity of character which are essential to an "overseer of souls." And only one Canadian election has been free from canvassing. It is impossible for a man to be a veritable "Father in God," to "reprove, rebuke, exhort" the very men to whom a few weeks before he was indebted for his election. It is impossible for him in the distribution of ecclesiastical patronage to overlook his supporters, or to weigh in an even balance the faults and excellences of his rivals. It has been proved to be impossible in fact.

This first free Anglican Church can thus hardly be called a successful experiment by the friends of religious progress. Although the forced purchase of the life-interest of the existing generation in the clergy reserves did not seriously lessen the material resources of the Church, the severance of the tie which bound it, however slightly, to the State, considerably impaired its value, both as a means of religious life and as an agent of civilization. Liberal politicians were too intent on abolishing an obvious political injustice to heed the bearings of the abolition upon the inner working of the Church itself. It was assumed that the majorities in the existing synods fairly represented the mass of the church-going population. It would have been so no doubt if the church-going population had been at liberty from the outset to organize their own constitution and to choose their own clergy. But the majority of both the parochial clergy and their bishops were not native, but intrusive. The action of the English Government—for example, in sending out a batch of Irish clergy during Sir John Colborne's administration—and of the great religious societies in providing

almost every new cluster of emigrant families with one of their carefully-selected nominees—had disturbed the natural balance of parties. And when the Church was cut adrift, no opportunity was afforded to its members of reviewing the existing organization or of restoring the disturbed equilibrium. The rudder was in the hands of the Ultramontane party, and they received legal authority to keep it. A double injustice was done. The Rectories Act of 1851, and the Clergy Reserves Act of 1854, took the control of the endowments of the Church from the control of independent officials, and placed it in the hands of an accidental majority: the Synod Act of 1856 converted the accidental majority into a permanent one, by giving it the power to fix the terms upon which they should be at liberty to exclude their opponents. The several sections of the minority clearly had a claim upon the Government to have their interests protected. But their interests were entirely overlooked. The consequence is that the state of "freedom" is to them a state of bondage: comprehensiveness has become impossible: the clergy are every day becoming more of one type: the Church is every day becoming more of a sect. It is doubtless—saving a local squabble or two—a peaceable and orthodox sect: its calm waters are hardly ruffled by the fierce winds of controversy which agitate and keep fresh the religious life of England. But stagnation is a heavy price to pay even for orthodoxy: and the state of the Anglican Church in Canada furnishes a precedent which will be avoided, rather than followed, by both churchmen and statesmen who desire, in reorganizing the Anglican Church in Ireland, not to deprive its members of their chief guarantees for spiritual progress and intellectual vigour.



THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS;  
OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

(Continued.)

MAITRE GARDON had soon found out that his charge had not head enough to be made a thorough-going controversial Calvinist. Clever, intelligent, and full of resources as she was, she had no capacity for argument, and could not enter into theoretical religion. Circumstances had driven her from her original Church and alienated her from those who had practised such personal cruelties on her and hers, but the mould of her mind remained what it had been previously; she clung to the Huguenots because they protected her from those who would have forced an abhorrent marriage on her and snatched her child from her; and, personally, she loved and venerated Isaac Gardon with ardent, self-sacrificing filial love and gratitude, accepted as truth all that came from his lips, read the Scriptures, sang and prayed with him, and obeyed him as dutifully as ever the true *Espérance* could have done; but, except the merest external objections against the grossest and most palpable popular corruptions and fallacies, she really never entered into the matter. She had been left too ignorant of her own system to perceive its true claims upon her; and though she could not help preferring High Mass to a Calvinist assembly, and shrinking with instinctive pain and horror at the many profanations she witnessed, the really spiritual leadings of her own individual father-like leader had opened so much that was new and precious to her, so full of truth, so full of comfort, giving so much moral strength, that, unaware that all the foundations had been laid by *Mère Monique*, the reso-

lute, high-spirited little thing, out of sheer constancy and constitutional courage, would have laid down her life as a Calvinist martyr, in profound ignorance that she was not in the least a Calvinist all the time.

Hitherto, her wandering life amid the persecuted Huguenots of the West had prevented her from hearing any preaching but good Isaac's own, which had been rather in the way of comfort and encouragement than of controversy, but in this great gathering it was impossible that there should not be plenty of vehement polemical oratory, such as was sure to fly over that weary little head. After a specimen or two, the chances of the sermon being in Provençal, and the necessity of attending to her child, had been Eustacie's excuse for usually offering to attend to the *ménage*, and set her hostess free to be present at the preachings.

However, Rayonette was considered as no valid excuse; for did not whole circles of black-eyed children sit on the floor in sleepy stolidity at the feet of their mothers or nurses, and was it not a mere worldly folly to pretend that a child of sixteen months could not be brought to church? It was another instance of the mother's frivolity and the grandfather's idolatry.

The Moustier, or minster, the monastic church of Montauban, built on Mont Auriol in honour of St. Théodore, had, twelve years before, been plundered and sacked by the Calvinists, not only out of zeal for iconoclasm, but from long-standing hatred and jealousy against the monks. Catherine de Médicis had, in 1546, carried off two of the jasper columns from its chief doorway to the Louvre; and, after some years more, it was entirely destroyed. The grounds

of the Auriol Mountain Monastery have been desolate down to the present day, when they have been formed into public gardens. When Eustacie walked through them, carrying her little girl in her arms, a rose in her bosom to console her for the loss of her bright breast-knot, they were in raw fresh dreariness, with tottering, blackened cloisters, garden flowers run wild, images that she had never ceased to regard as sacred lying broken and defiled among the grass and weeds.

Up the broad path was pacing the municipal procession, headed by the three Consuls, each with a serjeant bearing a white rod in front and a scarlet mantle, and the Consuls themselves in long robes with wide sleeves of quartered black and scarlet, followed by six halberdiers, likewise in scarlet, blazoned with the shield of the city—gules, a golden willow-tree, pollarded and shedding its branches, a chief azure with the three fleur-de-lys of royalty. As little Rayonette gleefully pointed at the brilliant pageant, Eustacie could not help saying, rather bitterly, that these *messieurs* seemed to wish to engross all the gay colours from heaven and earth for themselves ; and Maître Isaac could not help thinking she had some right on her side as he entered the church once gorgeous with jaspers, marbles, and mosaics, glowing with painted glass, resplendent with gold and jewels, rich with paintings and draperies of the most brilliant dyes ; but now, all that was not an essential part of the fabric utterly gone, and all that was, soiled, dulled, defaced ; the whole building, even up to the end of the chancel, was closely fitted with benches occupied by the “sad-coloured” congregation. Isaac was obliged by a strenuous effort of memory to recall “Nehushtan” and the golden calves, before he could clear from his mind, “Now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and with hammers.” But, then, did not the thorough-going Reformers think Master Isaac a very weak and backsliding brother ?

Nevertheless, in right of his age, his former reputation, and his sufferings,

his place was full in the midst of the square-capped, black-robed ministers who sat herded on a sort of platform together, to address the Almighty and the congregation in prayers and discourses, interspersed with psalms sung by the whole assembly. There was no want of piety, depth, force, or fervour. These were men refined by persecution, who had struggled to the light that had been darkened by the popular system, and, having once been forced into foregoing their scruples as to breaking the unity of the Church, regarded themselves even as apostles of the truth. Listening to them, Isaac Gardon felt himself rapt into the hopes of cleansing, the aspirations of universal re-integration that had shone before his early youth, ere the Church had shown herself deaf, and the reformers in losing patience had lost purity, and disappointment had crushed him into an aged man.

He was recalled by the echo of a gay, little inarticulate cry—those baby tones that had become such music to his ears that he hardly realized that they were not indeed from his grandchild. In a moment's glance he saw how it was. A little bird had flown in at one of the empty windows, and was fluttering over the heads of the congregation, and a small, plump, white arm and hand was stretched out and pointing—a rosy, fair, smiling face upturned ; a little grey figure had scrambled up on the knee of one of the still, black-hooded women ; and the shout of irrepressible delight was breaking on the decorum of the congregation, in spite of hushes, in spite of the uplifted rod of a scarlet serjeant on his way down the aisle to quell the disturbance ; nay, as the bird came nearer, the exulting voice, proud of the achievement of a new word, shouted “*Moineau, moineau.*” Angered by defiance to authority, down came the rod, not indeed with great force, but with enough to make the arms clasp round the mother's neck, the face hide itself on it, a loud, terrified wail ring through the church, and tempestuous sobbing follow it up.

Then arose the black-hooded figure, the child tightly clasped, and her mantle drawn round it, while the other hand motioned the official aside, and down the aisle, even to the door, she swept with the lofty carriage, high-drawn neck, and swelling bosom of an offended princess.

Maitre Gardon heard little more of the discourse, indeed he would have followed at once had he not feared to increase the sensation and the scandal. He came home to find Rayonette's tears long ago dried, but her mother furious. She would leave Montauban that minute, she would never set foot in a heretic conventicle again, to have her fatherless child, daughter of all the Ribaumonts, struck by base *canaille*. Even her uncle could not have done worse; he at least would have respected her blood.

Maitre Gardon did not know that his charge could be in such a passion, as, her eyes flashing through tears, she insisted on being taken away at once. No, she would hear nothing. She seemed to feel resentment due to the honour of all the Ribaumonts, and he was obliged peremptorily to refuse to quit Montauban till his business at the Synod should be completed, and then to leave her in a flood of angry tears and reproaches for exposing her child to such usage, and approving it.

Poor little thing, he found her meek and penitent for her unjust anger towards himself. Whatever he desired she would do, she would stay or go with him anywhere except to a sermon at the Moustier, and she did not think that in her heart her good father desired little infants to be beaten—least of all, Berenger's little one. And with Rayonette already on his knee, stealing his spectacles, peace was made.

Peace with him, but not with the congregation! Were people to stalk out of church in a rage, and make no reparation? Was Maitre Isaac to talk of orphans, only children, and maternal love, as if weak human affection did not need chastisement? Was this saucy Parisienne to play the offended, and say that if the child were not suffered at church she

must stay at home with it? The ladies agitated to have the obnoxious young widow reprimanded in open Synod, but to their still greater disgust, not a pastor would consent to perform the office. Some said that Maitre Gardon ought to rule his own household, others that they respected him too much to interfere, and there were others abandoned enough to assert that if any one needed a reprimand it was the serjeant.

Of these was the young candidate, Samuel Macé, who had been educated at the expense of the Dowager Duchess de Quinet, and hoped that her influence would obtain his election to the pastorate of a certain peaceful little village deep in the Cévennes. She had intimated that what he wanted was a wife to teach and improve the wives of the peasant farmers, and where could a more eligible one be found than Espérance Gardon? Her cookery he tasted, her industry he saw, her tenderness to her child, her attention to her father, were his daily admiration; and her soft velvet eyes and sweet smile went so deep in his heart that he would have bought her ells upon ells of pink ribbon, when once out of sight of the old ladies; would have given a father's love to her little daughter, and a son's duty and veneration to Isaac Gardon.

His patroness did not deny her approval. The gossip had indeed reached her, but she had a high esteem for Isaac Gardon, believed in Samuel Macé's good sense, and heeded Montauban scandal very little. Her *protégé* would be much better married to a spirited woman who had seen the world than to a mere farmer's daughter who had never looked beyond her cheese. Old Gardon would be an admirable adviser, and if he were taken into the *ménage* she would add to the endowment another arable field, and grass for two more cows. If she liked the young woman on inspection, the marriage should take place in her own august presence.

What! had Maitre Gardon refused? Forbidden that the subject should be mentioned to his daughter? Impossible, either Macé had managed matters fool-

ishly, or the old man had some doubt of him which she could remove, or else it was foolish reluctance to part with his daughter-in-law. Or the gossips were right after all, and he knew her to be too light-minded, if not worse, to be the wife of any pious young minister. Or there was some mystery. Any way, Madame la Duchesse would see him, and bring him to his senses, make him give the girl a good husband if she were worthy, or devote her to condign punishment if she were unworthy.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## MADAME LA DUCHESSÉ.

"He found an ancient dame in dim brocade."  
TENNYSON.

MADAME la Duchesse de Quinet had been a great heiress, and a personal friend and favourite of Queen Jeanne d'Albret. She had been left a widow after five years' marriage, and for forty subsequent years had reigned despotically in her own name and that of *mon fils*. Busied with the support of the Huguenot cause, sometimes by arms, but more usually by politics, and constantly occupied by the hereditary government of one of the lesser counties of France, the Duke was all the better son for relinquishing to her the home administration, as well as the education of his two motherless boys; and their confidence and affection were perfect, though he was almost as seldom at home as she was abroad. At times, indeed, she had visited Queen Jeanne at Nérac; but since the good Queen's death, she only left the great *château* of Quinet to make a royal progress of inspection through the family towns, castles, and estates, sometimes to winter in her beautiful hereditary *hôtel* at Montauban, and as at present to attend any great assembly of the Reformed.

Very seldom was her will not law. Strong sense and judgment, backed by the learning that Queen Marguerite of Navarre had introduced among the companions of her daughter, had rendered

her superior to most of those with whom she came in contact: and the Huguenot ministers, much more dependent on their laity than the Catholic priesthood, for the most part treated her as not only a devout and honourable woman, an elect lady, but as a sort of State authority. That she had the right-mindedness to respect and esteem such men as Théodore Beza, Merlin, &c. who treated her with great regard, but never cringed, had not become known to the rest. Let her have once pronounced against poor little Espérance Gardon, and public disgrace would be a matter of certainty.

There she sat in her wainscoted walnut cabinet, a small woman by her inches, but stately enough to seem of majestic stature, and with grey eyes, of inexpressible keenness, which she fixed upon the halting, broken form of Isaac Gardon, and his grave, venerable face, as she half rose and made a slight acknowledgment of his low bow.

"Sit, Maître Gardon, you are lame," she said, with a wave of her hand. "I gave you the incommodity of coming to see me here, because I imagined that there were matters you would not openly discuss *en pleine salle*."

"Madame is considerate," said Isaac, civilly, but with an open-eyed look and air that at once showed her that she had not to deal with one of the ministers who never forgot their low birth in dealing with her.

"I understand," said she, coming to the point at once, "that you decline the proposals of Samuel Macé for your daughter-in-law. Now I wish you to know that Macé is a very good youth, whom I have known from his birth"—and she went on in his praise, Isaac bowing at each pause, until she had exhausted both Macé's history and her own beneficent intentions for him. Then he said, "Madame is very good, and the young man appeared to me excellent. Nevertheless, this thing may not be. My daughter-in-law has resolved not to marry again."

"Nay, but this is mere folly," said the Duchess. "We hold not Catholic

tenets on merit in abstaining, but rather go by St. Paul's advice that the younger widows should marry, rather than wax wanton. And, to tell you the truth, Maître Gardon, this daughter of yours does seem to have set tongues in motion."

"Not by her own fault, Madame."

"Stay, my good friend; I never found a man—minister or lay—who was a fair judge in these matters. You old men are no better than the young—rather worse—because you do not distrust yourselves. Now, I say no harm of the young woman, and I know an angel would be abused at Montauban for not wearing sad-coloured wings; but she needs a man's care—you are frail, you cannot live for ever—and how is it to be with her and her child?"

"I hope to bestow them among her kindred ere I die, Madame," said Isaac.

"No kindred can serve a woman like a sensible husband! Besides, I thought all perished at Paris. Listen, Isaac Gardon, I tell you plainly that scandal is afloat. You are blamed for culpable indifference to alleged levities—I say not that it is true—but I see this, that unless you can bestow your daughter-in-law on a good, honest man, able to silence the whispers of malice, there will be measures taken that will do shame both to your own grey hairs and to the memory of your dead son, as well as exposing the poor young woman herself. You are one who has a true tongue, Isaac Gardon; and if you can assure me that she is a faithful, good woman, as poor Macé thinks her, and will give her to him in testimony thereof, then shall not a mouth open against her. If not, in spite of all my esteem for you, the discipline of the Reformed must take its course."

"And for what?" said Isaac, with a grave tone, almost of reproof. "What discipline can punish a woman for letting her infant wear a coloured ribbon, and shielding it from a blow?"

"That is not all, Master Isaac," said the Duchess, seriously; "but, in spite of your much-respected name, evil and censorious tongues will have it that matters ought to be investigated; that

there is some mystery; that the young woman does not give a satisfactory account of herself, and that the child does not resemble either her or your son—in short, that you may be deceived by an impostor, perhaps a Catholic spy. Mind, I say not that I credit all this, only I would show you what reports you must guard against."

"*La pauvre petite!*" said Isaac, under his breath, as if appalled; then collecting himself, he said, "Madame, these are well-nigh threats. I had come hither nearly resolved to confide in you without them."

"Then there is a mystery?"

"Yes, Madame, but the deception is solely in the name. She is, in very truth, a widow of a martyr of the St.-Barthélemy, but that martyr was not my son, whose wife was happy in dying with him."

"And who, then, is she?"

"Madame la Duchesse has heard of the family of RibauMont."

"Ha! M. de RibauMont! A gay comrade of King Henry II., but who had his eyes opened to the truth by M. l'Amiral, though he lacked courage for an open profession. Yes, the very last pageant I beheld at Court, was the wedding of his little son to the Count de RibauMont's daughter. It was said that the youth was one of our victims at Paris."

"Even so, Madame; and this poor child is the little one whom you saw wedded to him." And then, in answer to the Duchess's astonished inquiry, he proceeded to relate how Eustacie had been forced to fly from her kindred, and how he had first encountered her at his own lurking-place, and had accepted her as a charge imposed on him by Providence; then explained how, at La Sablerie, she had been recognised by a young gentleman she had known at Paris, but who professed to be fleeing to England, there to study the Protestant controversy; and how she had confided to him a letter to her husband's mother, who was married in England, begging her to send for her and her daughter, who was heiress to certain English estates, as well as French.

“Madame,” added Gardon, “Heaven forgive me, if I do the youth injustice by suspecting him, but no answer ever arrived to that letter; and while we still expected one, a good and kindly citizen, who I trust has long been received into glory, sent me notice that a detachment of Monsieur’s army was on its way from La Rochelle, under command of M. de Nid-de-Merle, to search out this poor lady in La Sablerie. He, good man, deemed that, were we gone, he could make terms for the place, and we therefore left it. Alas! Madame knows how it fared with the pious friends we left. Little deeming how they would be dealt with, we took our way along the Sables d’Olonne, where alone we could be safe, since, as Madame knows, they are for miles impracticable for troops. But we had another enemy there—the tide; and there was a time when we truly deemed that the mercy granted us had been that we had fallen into the hand of the Lord instead of the hand of cruel man. Yes, Madame, and even for that did she give thanks, as she stood, never even trembling, on the low sandbank, with her babe in her bosom, and the sea creeping up on all sides. She only turned to me with a smile, saying, ‘She is asleep, she will not feel it, or know anything till she wakes up in Paradise, and sees her father.’ Never saw I a woman, either through nature or grace, so devoid of fear. We were rescued at last, by the mercy of Heaven, which sent a fisherman, who bore us to his boat when benumbed with cold, and scarce able to move. He took us to a good priest’s, Colombeau of Nissard, a man who, as Madame may know, is one of those veritable saints who still are sustained by the truth within their Church, and is full of charity and mercy. He asked me no questions, but fed, warmed, sheltered us, and sped us on our way. Perhaps, however, I was over-confident in myself, as the guardian of the poor child, for it was Heaven’s will that the cold and wet of our night on the sands—though those tender young frames did not suffer therefrom—should bring on an illness

which has made an old man of me. I struggled on as long as I could, hoping to attain a safe resting-place for her, but the winter cold completed the work; and then, Madame—oh that I could tell you the blessing she was to me!—her patience, her watchfulness, her tenderness, through all the long weeks that I lay helpless alike in mind and body at Charente. Ah! Madame, had my own daughter lived, she could not have been more to me than that noble lady; and her cheerful love did even more for me than her tender care.”

“I must see her,” ejaculated the Duchess; then added, “But was it this illness that hindered you from placing her in safety in England?”

“In part, Madame; nay, I may say, wholly. We learnt that the assembly was to take place here, and I had my poor testimony to deliver, and to give notice of my intention to my brethren before going to a foreign land, whence perhaps I may never return.”

“She ought to be in England,” said Madame de Quinet; “she will never be safe from these kinsmen in this country.”

“M. de Nid-de-Merle has been all the spring in Poland with the King,” said the minister, “and the poor lady is thought to have perished at La Sablerie. Thus the danger has been less pressing, but I would have taken her to England at once, if I could have made sure of her reception, and besides——” he faltered.

“The means?” demanded the Duchess, guessing at the meaning.

“Madame is right. She had brought away some money and jewels with her, but alas, Madame, during my illness, without my knowledge, the dear child absolutely sold them to procure comforts for me. Nay——” his eyes filled with tears, “she whom they blame for vanities, sold the very hair from her head to purchase unguents to ease the old man’s pains; nor did I know it for many a day after. From day to day we can live, for our own people willingly support a pastor and his family; and in every house my daughter has been loved,—everywhere but in this

harsh-judging town. But for the expense of a voyage, even were we at Bordeaux or La Rochelle, we have nothing, save by parting with the only jewels that remain to her, and those—those, she says, are heirlooms; and, poor child, she guards them almost as jealously as her infant, around whom she has fastened them beneath her clothes. She will not even as yet hear of leaving them in pledge, to be redeemed by the family. She says they would hardly know her without them. And truly, Madame, I scarce venture to take her to England, ere I know what reception would await her. Should her husband's family disown or cast her off, I could take better care of her here than in a strange land."

"You are right, Maitre Gardon," said the Duchess, "the risk might be great. I would see this lady. She must be a rare creature. Bear her my greetings, my friend, and pray her to do me the honour of a visit this afternoon. Tell her I would come myself to her, but that I understand she does not wish to attract notice."

"Madame," said Isaac, rising, and with a strange manner, between a smile and a tear of earnestness, "allow me to bespeak your goodness for my daughter. The poor little thing is scarcely more than a child. She is but eighteen even now, and it is not always easy to tell whether she will be an angel of noble goodness, or, pardon me, a half-petulant child."

"I understand:" Madame de Quinet laughed, and she probably did understand more than reluctant, anxious Isaac Gardon thought she did, of his winning, gracious, yet haughty, headstrong, little charge, so humbly helpful one moment, so self-asserting and childish the next, so dear to him, yet so unlike anything in his experience.

"Child," he said, as he found her in the sunny window engaged in plaiting the deep folds of his starched ruffs, "you have something to forgive me."

"Fathers do not ask their children's pardon," said Eustacie, brightly, but then, with sudden dismay, "Ah! you

have not said I should go to that Moustier again."

"No, daughter; but Madame de Quinet entreats—these are her words—that you will do her the honour of calling on her. She would come to you, but that she fears to attract notice to us."

"You have told her!" exclaimed Eustacie.

"I was compelled, but I had already thought of asking your consent, and she is a true and generous lady, with whom your secret will be safe, and who can hush the idle tongues here. So, daughter," he added restlessly, "don your hood; that ruff will serve for another day."

"Another day, when the morrow is Sunday, and my father's ruff is to put to shame all the other pastors," said Eustacie, her quick fingers still moving. "No, he shall not go ill-starched for any Duchess in France. Nor am I in any haste to be lectured by Madame de Quinet, as they say she lectured the Dame de Soubretra the other day."

"My child, you will go; much depends on it."

"Oh yes, I am going; only if Madame de Quinet knows who I am, she will not expect me to hurry at her beck and call the first moment. Here, Rayonette, my bird, my beauty, thou must have a clean cap; ay, and these flaxen curls combed."

"Would you take the child?"

"Would I go without Mademoiselle de Ribaumont? She is all her mother is, and more. There, now she is a true rose-bud, ready to perch on my arm. No, no, *bon père*. So great a girl is too much for you to carry. Don't be afraid, my darling, we are not going to a sermon, no one will beat her; oh no, and if the insolent retainers and pert lacqueys laugh at her mother, no one will hurt her."

"Nay, child," said Maitre Gardon; "this is a well-ordered household, where contempt and scorn are not suffered. Only, dear, dear daughter, let me pray you to be your true self with the Duchess."

Eustacie shrugged her shoulders, and

had mischief enough in her to enjoy keeping her good father in some doubt and dread as he went halting wearily by her side along the much-decorated streets that marked the grand Gasche of Tarn and Tarascon. The Hôtel de Quinet stretched out its broad stone steps, covered with vaultings absolutely across the street, affording a welcome shade, and no obstruction where wheeled carriages never came.

All was, as Maître Isaac had said, decorum itself. A couple of armed retainers, rigid as sentinels, waited on the steps; a grave porter, maimed in the wars, opened the great door; half a dozen *laquais* in sober though rich liveries sat on a bench in the hall, and had somewhat the air of having been set to con a lesson. Two of them coming respectfully forward, ushered Maître Gardon and his companion to an ante-room, where various gentlemen, or pastors, or candidates—among them Samuel Macé—were awaiting a summons to the Duchess, or merely using it as a place of assembly. A page of high birth, but well schooled in steadiness of demeanour, went at once to announce the arrival; and Gardon and his companion had not been many moments in conversation with their acquaintance among the ministers, before a grave gentleman returned, apparently from his audience, and the page, coming to Eustacie, intimated that she was to follow him to Madame la Duchesse's presence.

He conducted her across a great tapestry-hung saloon, where twelve or fourteen ladies of all ages—from seventy to fifteen—sat at work: some at tapestry, some spinning, some making coarse garments for the poor. A great throne-like chair, with a canopy over it, a footstool, a desk and a small table before it was vacant, and the work—a poor child's knitted cap—laid down; but an elderly minister, seated at a carved desk, had not discontinued reading from a great black book, and did not even cease while the strangers crossed the room, merely making a slight inclination with his head, while the ladies half

rose, rustled a slight reverence with their black, grey or russet skirts, but hardly lifted their eyes. Eustacie thought the Louvre had never been half so formidable or impressive.

The page lifted a heavy green curtain behind the canopy, knocked at a door, and, as it opened, Eustacie was conscious of a dignified presence, that, in spite of her previous petulance, caused her instinctively to bend in such a reverence as had formerly been natural to her; but, at the same moment, a low and magnificent curtsy was made to her, a hand was held out, a stately kiss was on her brow, and a voice of dignified courtesy said, "Pardon me, Madame la Baronne, for giving you this trouble. I feared that otherwise we could not safely meet."

"Madame is very good. My Rayonette, make thy reverence; kiss thy hand to the lady, my lamb." And the little one obeyed, gazing with her blue eyes full opened and clinging to her mother.

"Ah! Madame la Baronne makes herself obeyed," said Madame de Quinet, well pleased. "Is it then a girl?"

"Yes, Madame, I could scarcely forgive her at first; but she has made herself all the dearer to me."

"It is a pity," said Madame de Quinet, "for yours is an ancient stem."

"Did Madame know my parents?" asked Eustacie, drawn from her spirit of defiance by the equality of the manner with which she was treated.

"Scarcely," replied the Duchess; but, with a smile, "I had the honour to see you married."

"Ah, then,"—Eustacie glowed, almost smiled, though a tear was in her eyes—"you can see how like my little one is to her father,—a true White Ribamont."

The Duchess had not the most distinct recollection of the complexion of the little bridegroom; but Rayonette's fairness was incontestable, and the old lady complimented it so as to draw on the young mother into confidence on the pet moonbeam appellation which she used in dread of exciting suspicion by



using the true name of Bérengère, with all the why and wherefore.

It was what the Duchess wanted. Imperious as some thought her, she would on no account have appeared to cross-examine any one whose essential nobleness of nature struck her as did little Eustacie's at the first moment she saw her; and yet she had decided, before the young woman arrived, that her own good opinion and assistance should depend on the correspondence of Madame de Ribamont's history of herself with Maître Gardon's.

Eustacie had, for a year and a half, lived with peasants; and, indeed, since the trials of her life had really begun, she had never been with a woman of her own station whom she could give confidence, or from whom she could look for sympathy. And thus a very few inquiries and tokens of interest from the old lady drew out the whole story, and more than once filled Madame de Quinet's eyes with tears.

There was only one discrepancy; Eustacie could not believe that the Abbé de Méricour had been a faithless messenger. Oh no! Either those savage-looking sailors had played him false, or else her *belle-mère* would not send for her. "My mother-in-law never loved me," said Eustacie; "I know she never did. And now she has children by her second marriage, and no doubt would not see my little one preferred to them. I will not be *her* suppliant."

"And what then would you do?" said Madame de Quinet, with a more severe tone.

"Never leave my dear father," said Eustacie, with a flash of eagerness; "Maître Isaac, I mean. He has been more to me than any—any one I ever knew—save——"

"You have much cause for gratitude to him," said Madame de Quinet. "I honour your filial love to him. Yet, you have duties to this little one. You have no right to keep her from her position. You ought to write to England again. I am sure Maître Isaac tells you so."

Eustacie would have pouted, but the

grave, kind authority of the manner prevented her from being childish, and she said, "If I wrote, it should be to my husband's grandfather, who brought him up, designated him as his heir, and whom he loved with all his heart. But, Oh, Madame, he has one of those English names! So dreadful! It sounds like Vol-au-vent, but it is not that precisely."

Madame de Quinet smiled, but she was a woman of resources. "See, my friend," she said, "the pursuivant of the consuls here has the rolls of the herald's visitations throughout the kingdom. The arms and name of the Baron de Ribamont's wife will there be entered; and from my house at Quinet you shall write, and I, too, will write; my son shall take care that the letters be forwarded safely, and you shall await their arrival under my protection. That will be more fitting than running the country with an old pastor, *hein?*"

"Madame, nothing shall induce me to quit him!" exclaimed Eustacie, vehemently.

"Hear me out, child," said the Duchess. "He goes with us to assist my chaplain; he is not much fitter for wandering than you, or less so. And you, Madame, must, I fear me, still remain his daughter-in-law in my household; or if you bore your own name and rank, this uncle and cousin of yours might learn that you were still living; and did they claim you——"

"Oh, Madame, rather let me be your meanest kitchen-girl!"

"To be—what do they call you?—Espérance Gardon will be quite enough. I have various women here—widows, wives, daughters of sufferers for the truth's sake, who either are glad of rest, or are trained up to lead a godly life in the discipline of my household. Among them you can live without suspicion, provided," the old lady added, smiling, "you can abstain from turning the heads of our poor young candidates."

"Madame," said Eustacie, gravely, "I shall never turn any one's head. There was only one who was obliged to love me, and happily I am not fair enough to win any one else."

"Tenez, child. Is this true simplicity? Did Gardon, truly, never tell you of poor Samuel Macé?"

Eustacie's face expressed such genuine amazement and consternation, that the Duchess could not help touching her on the cheek, and saying, "Ah! simple as a *pensionnaire*, as we used to say when no one else was innocent. But it is true, my dear, that to poor Samuel we owe our meeting. I will send him off, the poor fellow, at once to Bourg-le-Roy to preach his three sermons; and when they have driven you a little out of his head, he shall have Mariette there—a good girl, who will make him an excellent wife. She is ugly enough, but it will be all the same to him just then! I will see him, and let him know that I have reasons. He lodges in your house, does he? Then you had better come to me at once. So will evil tongues best be silenced."

"But hold," the Duchess said, smiling. "You will think me a foolish old woman, but is it true that you have saved the Pearls of Ribamont, of which good Canon Froissart tells?"

Eustacie lifted her child on her knee, untied the little grey frock, and showed them fastened beneath, well out of sight. "I thought my treasures should guard one another," she said. "One I sent as a token to my mother-in-law. For the rest, they are not mine, but hers; her father lent them to me, not gave: so she wears them thus; and anything but *her* life should go rather than *they* should."

"*Hein*, a fine guardian for them!" was all the Duchess said in answer.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE ITALIAN PEDLAR.

"This caitiff monk for gold did swear,  
That by his drugs my rival fair  
A saint in heaven should be."

SCOTT.

A GRAND cavalcade bore the house of Quinet from Montauban—coaches, wagons, outriders, gendarmes—it was a perfect court progress, and so slow and

cumbrous that it was a whole week in reaching a grand old castle standing on a hill-side among chestnut woods, with an avenue a mile long leading up to it; and battlemented towers fit to stand a siege.

Eustacie was ranked among the Duchess's gentlewomen. She was so far acknowledged as a lady of birth, that she was usually called Madame Espérance; and though no one was supposed to doubt her being Théodore Gardon's widow, she was regarded as being a person of rank who had made a misalliance by marrying him. This Madame de Quinet had allowed the household to infer, thinking that the whole bearing of her guest was too unlike that of a Paris *bourgeoise* not to excite suspicion, but she deemed it wiser to refrain from treating her with either intimacy or distinction that might excite jealousy or suspicion. Even as it was, the consciousness of a secret, or the remnants of Montauban gossip, prevented any familiarity between Eustacie and the good ladies who surrounded her; they were very civil to each other, but their only connecting link was the delight that every one took in petting pretty little Rayonette, and the wonder that was made of her signs of intelligence and attempts at talking. Even when she toddled fearlessly up to the stately Duchess on her canopied throne, and held out her entreating hands, and lisped the word "*montre*," Madame would pause in her avocations, take her on her knee, and display that wonderful gold and enamel creature which cried tic-tic, and still remained an unapproachable mystery to M. le Marquis and M. le Vicomte, her grandsons.

Pale, formal stiff boys they looked, twelve and ten years old, and under the dominion of a very learned tutor, who taught them Latin, Greek and Hebrew, alternately with an equally precise, stiff old esquire, who trained them in martial exercises, which seemed to be as much matters of rote with them as their tasks, and to be quite as uninteresting. It did not seem as if they ever played, or thought of playing; and

if they were ever to be gay, witty Frenchmen, a wonderful change must come over them.

The elder was already betrothed to a Béarnese damsel, of an unimpeachably ancient and Calvinistic family; and the whole establishment had for the last three years been employed on tapestry hangings for a whole suite of rooms, that were to be fitted up and hung with the histories of Ruth, of Abigail, of the Shunammite, and of Esther, which their diligent needles might hope to complete by the time the marriage should take place, three years later! The Duchess, who really was not unlike "that great woman" the Shunammite, in her dignified content with "dwelling among her own people," and her desire to "receive a prophet in the name of a prophet," generally sat presiding over the work while some one, chaplain, grandson, or young maiden, read aloud from carefully assorted books; religious treatises at certain hours, and at others, history. Often, however, Madame was called away into her cabinet, where she gave audience to intendants, notaries from her estates, pastors from the villages, captains of little garrisons, soldiers offering service, farmers, women, shepherds, foresters, peasants, who came either on her business or with their own needs—for all of which she was ready with the beneficence and decision of an autocrat.

The chapel had been "purified," and made bare of all altar or image. It was filled with benches and a desk, whence Isaac Gardon, the chaplain, any pastor on a visit, or sometimes a candidate for his promotion, would expound, and offer prayers, shortly in the week, more at length on Sunday; and there, too, classes were held for the instruction of the peasants.

There was a great garden full of medicinal plants, and decoctions and distilleries were the chief variety enjoyed by the gentlewomen. The Duchess had studied much in quaint Latin and French medical books, and, having much experience and good sense, was probably as good a doctor as any one in the

kingdom except Ambroise Paré and his pupils; and she required her ladies to practise under her upon the numerous ailments that the peasants were continually bringing for her treatment. "No one could tell," she said, "how soon they might be dealing with gunshot wounds, and all ought to know how to sew up a gash, or deal with an ague."

This department suited Eustacie much better than the stitching, and best of all she liked to be sent with Maître Isaac to some cottage where solace for soul and body were needed, and the inmate was too ill to be brought to Madame la Duchesse. She was learning much and improving too in the orderly household, but her wanderings had made her something of a little gipsy. She now and then was intolerably weary, and felt as if she had been entirely spoilt for her natural post. "What would become of her," she said to Maître Isaac, "if she were too grand to dress Rayonette?"

She was not greatly distressed that the Montauban pursuivant turned out to have only the records of the Provençal nobility, and was forced to communicate with his brethren at Bordeaux before he could bring down the Ribamont genealogy to the actual generation; and so slow was communication, so tardy the mode of doing everything, that the chestnut leaves were falling and autumn becoming winter before the blazoned letter showed Ribamont de Picardie—"Gules, fretty or, a canton of the last, a leopard, sable. Eustache Beranger, m. Annora, daughter and heiress of Villiam, Baron of Valvem, in the county of Dorisette, England, who beareth azure a syren regardant in a mirror proper." The syren was drawn in all her propriety impaled with the leopard, and she was so much more comprehensible than the names to both Madame de Quinet and Eustacie, that it was a pity they could not direct their letters to her rather than to "Le Baron de Valvem," whose cruel W's perplexed them so much. However, the address was the least of Eustacie's troubles; she

should be only too glad when she got to that, and she was sitting in Maître Isaac's room, trying to make him dictate her sentences and asking him how to spell every third word, when the dinner bell rang, and the whole household dropped down from *salon*, library, study, or chamber to the huge hall, with its pavement of black and white marble, and its long tables, for Madame de Quinet was no woman to discard wholesome old practices.

Then, as Eustacie, with Rayonette trotting at her side, and Maître Isaac leaning on her arm, slowly made her way to that high table where dined Madame la Duchesse, her grandsons, the ministers, the gentlemen in waiting, and some three or four women besides herself, she saw that the lower end of the great hall was full of silks, cloths, and ribbons heaped together; and, passing by the lengthy rank of retainers, she received a bow and look of recognition from a dark, acute-looking visage which she remembered to belong to the pedlar she had met at Charente.

The Duchess, at the head of her table, was not in the best of humours. Her son had sent home letters by a courier whom he had picked up for himself and she never liked nor trusted, and he required an immediate reply when she particularly resented being hurried. It was a *galimafré*, she said; for indeed most matters where she was not consulted, did become a *galimafré* with her. Moreover, under favour of the courier, her porters had admitted this pedlar, and the Duchess greatly disliked pedlars. All her household stores were bought at shops of good repute in Montauban, and no one ought to be so improvident as to require dealings with these mountebank vagabonds, who dangled vanities before the eyes of silly girls, and filled their heads with Paris fashions, if they did not do still worse, and excite them to the purchase of cosmetics and love-charms.

Yet the excitement caused by the approach of a pedlar was invincible, even by Madame la Duchesse. It was inevitable that the crying need of glove,

kerchief, needle, or the like, should be discovered as soon as he came within ken, and once in the hall there was no being rid of him except by a flagrant act of inhospitality. This time, it was worst of all, for M. le Marquis himself must needs be the first to spy him, bring him in, and be in want of a silver chain for his hawk; and his brother the Vicomte must follow him up with all manner of wants inspired by the mere sight of the pack.

Every one with the smallest sum of money must buy, every one without inspect and assist in bargaining; and all dinner time, eyes, thoughts, and words were wandering to the gay pile in the corner, or reckoning up needs and means. The pedlar, too, knew what a Calvinist household was, and had been extremely discreet, producing nothing that could reasonably be objected to; and the Duchess, seeing that the stream was too strong for her, wisely tried to steer her bark through it safely instead of directly opposing it.

As soon as grace was over, she called her maître d'hôtel, and bade him look after that *galimafré*, and see that none of these fools were unreasonably cheated, and that there was no attempt at gulling the young ones with charms or fortune-telling, as well as to conclude the matter so as to give no excuse for the Italian fellow lingering to sup and sleep. She then retired to her cabinet to prepare her despatches, which were to include a letter to Lord Walwyn. Though a nominal friendship subsisted between Elizabeth and the French court, the Huguenot chiefs always maintained a correspondence with England, and there was little danger but that the Duke de Quinet would be able to get a letter, sooner or later, conveyed to any man of mark. In the course of her letter, Madame de Quinet found it necessary to refer to Eustacie. She rang her little silver handbell for the little foot-page, who usually waited outside her door. He appeared not. She rang again, and receiving no answer, opened her door and sallied forth, a wrathful dame, into the hall. There, of course, Master Page

had been engulfed in the *galimafré*, and not only forming one of the swarm around the pedlar, but was actually aping courtly grimaces as he tried a delicate lace ruffle on the hand of a silly little smirking maiden, no older than himself! But this little episode was, like many others, overlooked by Madame de Quinet, as her eye fell upon the little figure of Rayonette, standing on the table with her mother and two or three ladies besides, coaxing her to open her mouth, and show the swollen gums that had of late been troubling her, while the pedlar was evidently expending his blandishments upon her.

The maître d'hôtel was the first to perceive his mistress, and, as he approached, received a sharp rebuke from her for allowing the fellow to produce his quack medicines; and, at the same time, she desired him to request Madame Espérance to come to her immediately on business. Eustacie, who always had a certain self-willed sense of opposition when the Duchess showed herself peremptory towards her, at first began to make answer that she would come as soon as her business was concluded; but the steward made a gesture towards the great lady sailing up and down as she paced the dais in stately impatience. "Good fellow," she said, "I will return quickly, and see you again, though I am now interrupted. Stay there, little one, with good Mademoiselle Perrot; mother will soon be back."

Rayonette, in her tooth-fretfulness, was far from enduring to be forsaken so near a strange man, and her cry made it necessary for Eustacie to take her in arms, and carry her to the dais where the Duchess was waiting.

"So!" said the lady, "I suspected that the fellow was a quack as well as a cheat."

"Madame," said Eustacie, with spirit, "he sold me unguents that greatly relieved my father last spring."

"And because rubbing relieved an old man's rheumatics, you would let a vagabond cheat drug and sicken this poor child for what is no ailment at all—

and the teeth will relieve in a few days. Or, if she were feverish, have not we decoctions brewed from heaven's own pure herbs in the garden, with no unknown ingredient?"

"Madame," said Eustacie, ruffling into fierceness, "you are very good to me; but I must keep the management of my daughter to myself."

The Duchess looked at her from head to foot. Perhaps it was with an impulse to treat her impertinence as she would have done that of a dependant; but the old lady never forgot herself: she only shrugged her shoulders and said, with studied politeness, "When I unfortunately interrupted your consultation with this eminent physician, it was to ask you a question regarding this English family. Will you do me the honour to enter my cabinet?"

And whereas no one was looking, the old lady showed her displeasure by ushering Madame de Ribaumont into her cabinet like a true noble stranger guest; so that Eustacie felt disconcerted.

The Duchess then began to read aloud her own letter to Lord Walwyn, pausing at every clause, so that Eustacie felt the delay and discussion growing interminable, and the Duchess then requested to have Madame de Ribaumont's own letter at once, as she wished to inclose it, make up her packet, and send it without delay. Opening a secret door in her cabinet, she showed Eustacie a stair by which she might reach Maître Gardon's room without crossing the hall. Eustacie hoped to find him there and tell him how intolerable was the Duchess; but, though she found him, it was in company with the tutor, who was spending an afternoon on Plato with him. She could only take up her letter, and retreat to Madame's cabinet, where she had left her child. She finished it as best she might, addressed it after the herald's spelling of the title, bound it with some of the Duchess's black floss silk—wondering meanwhile, but little guessing that the pedlar knew, where was the tress that had bound her last attempt at correspondence, guessing

least of all that that tress lay on a heart still living and throbbing for her. All this had made her a little forget her haste to assert her liberty of action by returning to the pedlar; but, behold, when she came back to the hall, it had resumed its pristine soberness, and merely a few lingering figures were to be seen, packing up their purchases.

While she was still looking round in dismay, Mademoiselle Perrot came up to her and said, "Ah! Madame, you may well wonder! I never saw Maître Benoît there so cross; the poor man did but offer to sell little Fanchon the elixir that secures a good husband, and old Benoît descended on him like a griffin enraged, would scarce give him time to compute his charges or pack his wares, but hustled him forth like a mere thief! And I missed my bargain for that muffler that had so taken my fancy. But, Madame, he spoke to me apart, and said you were an old customer of his, and that rather than the little angel should suffer with her teeth, which surely threaten convulsions, he would leave with you this sovereign remedy of sweet syrup—a spoonful to be given each night."

Eustacie took the little flask. She was much inclined to give the syrup by way of precaution, as well as to assure herself that she was not under the Duchess's dominion; but some strong instinct of the truth of the lady's words that the child was safer and healthier undoc-tored, made her resolve at least to defer it until the little one showed any perilous symptom. And as happily Rayonette only showed two little white teeth, and much greater good humour, the syrup was nearly forgotten, when, a fortnight after, the Duchess received a despatch from her son which filled her with the utmost indignation. The courier had indeed arrived, but the packet had proved to be filled with hay and waste paper. And upon close examination, under the lash, the courier had been forced to confess to having allowed himself to be overtaken by the pedlar, and treated by him to a supper at a *cabaret*. No doubt, while he was

afterwards asleep, the contents of his packet had been abstracted. There had been important documents for the Duke besides Eustacie's letters, and the affair greatly annoyed the Duchess, though she had the compensation of having been proved perfectly right in her prejudice against pedlars, and her dislike of her son's courier. She sent for Eustacie to tell her privately of the loss, and of course the young mother at once turned pale and exclaimed, "The wicked one! Ah! what a blessing that I gave my little darling none of his dose!"

"*Hein?* You had some from him then!" demanded the Duchess with displeasure.

"No, Madame, thanks, thanks to you. Oh! I never will be self-willed and naughty again. Forgive me, Madame." And down she dropped on her knee, with clasped hands and glistening eyes.

"Forgive you, silly child, for what?" said Madame de Quinet, nearly laughing.

"Ah! for the angry, passionate thoughts I had! Ah! Madame, I was all but giving the stuff to my little angel in very spite—and then——" Eustacie's voice was drowned in a passion of tears, and she devoured the old lady's hand with her kisses.

"Come, come," said the Duchess, "let us be reasonable. A man may be a thief, but it does not follow that he is a poisoner."

"Nay, that will we see," cried Eustacie. "He was resolved that the little lamb should not escape, and he left a flask for her with Mademoiselle Perrot. I will fetch it, if Madame will give me leave. Oh, the great mercy of Heaven that made her so well that I gave her none!"

Madame de Quinet's analytic powers did not go very far, and would probably have decided against the syrup if it had been nothing but virgin honey. She was one who fully believed that her dear Queen Jeanne had been poisoned with a pair of gloves, and she had unlimited faith in the powers of evil possessed by René of Milan. Of course, she detected the presence of a slow poison, whose effects would have been

attributed to the ailment it was meant to cure; and though her evidence was insufficient, she probably did Ercole no injustice. She declined testing the compound on any unfortunâte dog or cat, but sealed it up in the presence of Gardon, Eustacie, and Mademoiselle Perrot, to be produced against the pedlar if ever he should be caught.

Then she asked Eustacie if there was any reason to suspect that he recognised her. Eustacie related the former dealings with him, when she had sold him her jewels and her hair, but she had no notion of his being the same person whom she had seen when at Montpipeau. Indeed, he had altered his appearance so much that he had been only discovered at Nid-de-Merle by eyes sharpened by distrust of his pretensions to magic arts.

Madame de Quinet, however, concluded that Eustacie had been known, or else that her jewels had betrayed her, and that the man must have been employed by her enemies. If it had not been the depth of winter, she would have provided for the persecuted lady's immediate transmission to England; but the storms of the Bay of Biscay would have made this impossible in the state of French navigation, even if Isaac Gardon had been in a condition to move; for the first return of cold had

brought back severe rheumatic pains, and with them came a shortness of breath, which even the Duchess did not know to be the token of heart complaint. He was confined to his room, and it was kneeling by his bedside that Eustacie poured out her thankfulness for her child's preservation, and her own repentance for the passing fit of self-will and petulance. The thought of Rayonette's safety seemed absolutely to extinguish the fresh anxiety that had arisen since it had become evident that her enemies no longer supposed her dead, but were probably upon her traces. Somehow, danger had become almost a natural element to her, and having once expressed her firm resolution that nothing should separate her from her adopted father, to whom indeed her care became constantly more necessary, she seemed to occupy herself very little with the matter; she nursed him as cheerfully and fondly, and played with Rayonette as merrily as ever, and left to him and Madame de Quinet the grave consultations as to what was to be done for her security. There was a sort of natural buoyancy about her that never realized a danger till it came, and then her spirit was roused to meet it.

*To be continued.*

## THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

BY HARRY CHESTER.

THE "Society of Arts" has been engaged for nearly two years in elaborate inquiries respecting food.

In November 1866, the Council resolved:—"That a committee be appointed to inquire and report respecting the food of the people—especially, but not exclusively, the working classes of the people; and that, having regard to the publications of the Privy Council and other documents, which illustrate the defective amount of nutritious food available for the population at large, the said committee do report respecting the resources which are or might be rendered available for the production, importation, and preservation of substances suitable for food, and for improving the methods of cooking in use among the working classes."

The principal points on which evidence has been taken are: the supply of meat, home-grown and foreign, dead and alive, fresh, salted, and preserved; of fish and molluscs; of milk, butter, and cheese; the preservation of milk; the grinding of wheat and the dressing of flour for bread; the breeding and fattening of poultry; the cultivation and sale of fruits and vegetables; the nutritive values of mushrooms and other fungi; the food markets of London; the modes and appliances of cooking; the sale of cooked food; the adulteration of food, and frauds in the sale of food. The inquiries are still in progress, and may be considerably extended with advantage.

The committee has devoted a good deal of attention to the subject of meat. On the importation and inland transit of live cattle, not a little evidence has been already taken. One witness proposes that three-deckers should be chartered to bring over 1,500 bullocks in

each vessel from South America; but the committee has not endorsed his proposal. Another witness, connected with the Great Western Railway Company, more soberly suggests that an Act of Parliament should empower the Board of Trade to regulate the coasting vessels which carry cattle, as the Board has power to regulate passenger-vessels between Scotland, Ireland, and England, and also from Holland and France; and it seems that, if wise regulations were established, the cattle trade between Scotland and Ireland and the English ports might be almost indefinitely increased. The transit, however, of live animals by boat, rail, and road should give place as far as possible to the transit of dead meat, but for this the arrangements are at present grossly defective; and the Society of Arts has done well in announcing a competition for prizes for improved railway meat-vans or meat-larders. It has been asked, Why do not the country gentlemen and farmers kill their fat bullocks or sheep on their own farms, as they kill their hogs, instead of sending them to butchers at a distance, and incurring the risks of injury which may result by rail, and the certainty of deterioration which must result by road from the travelling of fat animals? This inquiry deserves to be well considered.

In Australia and South America great excitement prevails respecting inventions for sending their superabundant meat to this country, but no perfectly successful scheme has as yet been brought to bear. The beef of Australia is excellent, and though the mutton has too much of the merino flavour to suit the taste of the higher classes in England, there can be no doubt that Australia has ready for exportation, so soon as the best possible method of preserving it has been ascer-



tained, an enormous quantity of valuable meat. This, however, can scarcely be said of South America. The agriculture of the States of La Plata is miserable; their fine natural pastures are impoverished; the cattle are starved at one season of the year, and almost lost in the lofty, coarse grass at another; very few well-bred breeding cattle or sheep have been imported; the animals of both sexes and all ages are indiscriminately mixed together; and a general degeneration is the result. In addition to these facts, it should be borne in mind that the cattle are semi-wild; they are rendered almost mad at being driven by the loud shouts and cracking whips of horsemen, long distances, day after day, to the Corral, where they are butchered, and their meat is so fevered as to turn putrid in an incredibly short time. All these facts are stated by Mr. Latham in his book on the "Agriculture of the States of La Plata;" and though he adds that enough has been done to prove that by better management first-rate mutton and beef can be produced, it is clear that so long as the hides and tallow are found to pay the La Platans better than meat, so long no effectual attempts will be made to manufacture a superior meat. Mr. Consul Parish suggested that competent instructors might be sent from England to Buenos Ayres to improve the agriculture of those States; but measures of this kind must originate in the States themselves, and have a commercial basis.

Dr. Morgan's method of salting meat by ejecting the blood and then injecting a saline solution, is an ingenious improvement on the old-fashioned method; but no plan of preserving meat by salt can be wholly satisfactory. The Lords of the Admiralty, who supply the navy very largely with salted meats, have furnished the Society of Arts with some interesting "returns," elucidating the comparative merits of two kinds prepared at Deptford; the one the time-honoured "junk," the other cured on Dr. Morgan's plan. The "returns" were made by thirty captains of men-of-war, and gave the opinions of the

ships' companies after trying the two kinds. The general conclusion was unfavourable to the new food; but, taking into account Jack's prejudices against everything "new-fangled," it may be doubted whether this conclusion is not over-hasty, and the Committee thought that the experiment should receive a further trial.

The Australian stewed beef from Ramornie appears to have lost the hold which it gained in private houses when prices were higher than they are now, but to have found its more natural market on board ship. For this it is excellently fitted; and as the Admiralty, in January last, gave a "trial order" for 10,000 lbs. of it, we may presume that the results of the trial will be made known. The use of unsalted meat is of immense importance to the health of sailors; and to draw the supplies from Australia, instead of from Aberdeen, will be a relief to the home markets, and a great avoidance of waste. At present the cattle for the navy are brought from Aberdeen to be slaughtered and salted at Deptford; and the cost of that beef, uncooked, is from 11*d.* to 13*d.* per lb., while the Australian cooked beef, unsalted, is offered at 6*d.* per lb. The beef is excellent, the produce of short-horn herds imported from England, but it is over-cooked, and therefore less digestible and nutritious than it might be, though it is difficult to suppose that it is as indigestible and innutritious as junk. In deference to the advice of Dr. Swaine Taylor, in his evidence before the Committee, the Ramornie Company have sent out a competent person to superintend the preparation of the meat, and to insure its being cooked at the lowest temperature that will suffice to prevent putrefaction.

Dr. Medlock's method of preserving meat, and other food, by bisulphate of lime, appears useful in preventing putrefaction for short periods, but has not proved itself completely efficient during long voyages. The bisulphate of lime, however, is cheap, and may be used with advantage to sprinkle the floors and shelves and cloths in butchers' shops

and larders when the weather is hot and close.

The Australian proposal to send to England meat not cooked nor salted, but frozen, by ammonia, in tins hermetically closed, has not been carried out. It was stated that 15,000*l.* worth of meat thus preserved had been despatched from the colony, but this appears to be a mistake. Ammonia has been found too costly for creating the requisite cold and keeping it up during so long a voyage, but the projectors hope to succeed with some cheaper agency. It remains to be proved whether meat frozen for three or four months, and then thawed, will not immediately *go bad*. This would be the case if the meat had come into contact with ice; indeed it is well known that some food—fish, for example—is ruined by contact with ice. No fish once frozen is as good as it is when unfrozen and fresh. The projectors, however, are confident that their meat, being congealed in closed vessels, and not in contact with the congealer, will be in the same condition when thawed as before its congelation; and if this prove the case, their project may be of great value. If the meat requires to be cooked as soon as the freezing power is withdrawn, the importations will be useless, for the poor have no refrigerators, and the wealthier classes will never buy Australian beef while they can procure the roast beef of Old England.

Large quantities of dried meat from Australia are arriving in London, and may be useful for certain purposes. The dried beef and mutton from South America continues to reach Liverpool, and has a ready sale.

Respecting extracts of meat it is not necessary to say much. They are valuable substitutes for some, but not all, the nutritive elements of beef; and, keeping fresh for a great length of time, are convenient where soups or beef-tea are wanted in a hurry.

The subject of horse-meat has been discussed, and the meat itself tasted under Mr. Bicknell's auspices, at one of the meetings of the Society of Arts; but the Food Committee has passed

by the subject untouched. There is a strong prejudice in England against hippophagy, and though this is ill-founded, the growth of the taste cannot be forced; and some of the best judges at Francatelli's, the Langham, and the Society of Arts, were not altogether favourable in their verdicts. The ox, sheep, and pig are bred expressly for food, and are killed as soon as they arrive at perfection as meat; but the horse is too valuable for other uses to be thus treated; and even when the existing prejudice has given way before common-sense and experience, the advocates of horse-meat may be disappointed at finding it, in comparison with mutton and beef, but an insignificant contribution to the national stock. The friends of hippophagy should open an attractive butcher's shop and a good eating-house.

There is, however, another animal, of which better hopes may be entertained. Every one who has eaten roast donkey has pronounced it excellent. In flavour it is said to resemble turkey, though the colour is considerably darker. The accomplished *gourmet* is aware what animal it is that contributes most largely to the composition of the best sausages in the world—the Lyons sausages. The animal in question is a very clean feeder, cheap, hardy, and subsists easily at little cost, and it seems within possibility that donkeys may be reared on the poorest commons, not only as beasts of burden for the use of the poor, but as a luxurious addition to the banquets of the rich; and since France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, and other countries, have taken to hippophagy, the donkey may be expected, at an early period, to make a successful invasion of the United Kingdom in a new character.

Among the most important inquiries about food are those which relate to bread. At an early *séance*, Professor John Wilson, a member of the committee, gave elaborate and interesting explanations of Mons. Mège Mouries's method of preparing flour by the decortication of wheat. The old notion that the central parts of the grain are the most valuable in point of nutriment, has

long been exploded as a blunder. The most external of the layers in a grain of wheat having been removed, the layers which are farthest from the centre, not those nearest to it, are the most rich in nitrogenous principles; and, therefore, the nearer the miller gets to the outside—so long as he does not take the actual outside envelope, which is mere flint—the more valuable is the flour. In white bread the most valuable parts of the grain are absent, while nothing that is not valuable is ground up; but in “brown bread” so called, while all that is valuable is retained, the extreme outside husk, which is not only not valuable as nutriment, but is irritating and injurious to many persons, is retained also. Mons. Mège Mouries invented a process by which the grain was decorticated before it was ground, and the whole of the valuable portions were utilized, while the valueless and injurious portions were rejected. The secretary of the Society of Arts was instructed to investigate the subject on the spot in Paris, and Mr. Le Neve Foster’s report, published in the Society’s *Journal* of 3d January, 1868, deserves a careful consideration from millers and bakers. He found that the process of decortication had been abandoned, and that, under Mons. Mège Mouries’s auspices, a different method had been brought into use at the great Scipion Mills, the “City Mills” at Paris. The corn is ground into a uniform meal, and then, by delicate fanning, the ground portions of the extreme husks, which are lighter than the other constituents, are blown off. The effect is to get rid altogether of the extreme husk, and to utilize the whole of the remainder, without losing the character of white bread, or perceptibly darkening the colour.

The so-called “New Bread,” made from corn ground at the Hatcham Mills, is obtained by grinding the whole corn to a uniform meal, and then regrinding the bran till it becomes so fine that its irritating qualities are removed. Though this is brown bread, it is very slightly brown, and well made. It may be obtained at Mr. Bonthron’s in Regent Street.

The breeding and fattening of poultry has received a large share of attention, not only from the Food Committee, but from the Council of the Society of Arts. Poultry should be kept everywhere, except in the streets, by all classes, rich and poor. The prices of poultry are excessive, and ought to be lowered; but they can only be lowered by increasing the supply much more abundantly than the demand. The demand constantly increases, and will continue to increase, as wealth and population increase; and, on the other hand, as civilization advances, bringing drainage and other improvements in its train, the water-fowl and wading birds, which used abundantly to compete in the markets with poultry proper, are becoming more rare and dear. Not only has the feathered produce of the fens and coasts of this country been thus diminished, but that of Holland and other neighbouring coasts is well-nigh exhausted; and the poultry salesmen of London are now largely supplied with water-fowl from inland places beyond sea. The insatiable cravings of fashion are said, moreover, to be answerable for the destruction of great numbers of pheasants, and other birds of bright plumage; and though one cannot understand why the English pastrycook is unable to convert into pies the bodies of birds thus sacrificed, it is positively stated by Mr. Brooke, the manager of Messrs. Broome, the great poultry salesmen, that while pheasant pies are made in great numbers, and with a good profit, in France, there is no such custom in England. The importation of eggs and poultry from France and Holland is already enormous, and may be much increased; but why should not the home growth of such excellent articles of food be increased? Why should not the United Kingdom produce poultry and eggs enough for its own wants, if not also for exportation? This question country gentlemen have a vital interest in answering. There is no insuperable difficulty in multiplying the home-growth of poultry to an enormous extent. The only difficulty is

ignorance of the conditions requisite for success; and these are simple and of general application. There may be in the United Kingdom, as in France, a few special positions where poultry cannot be profitably reared; but wherever the soil is dry, or can be made dry,—above all, wherever there is a good exposure, an aspect not to the north,—there poultry may thrive. The writer was lately at Great Malvern, where, on the lower slopes, and at the foot of the hills, the light dry soil, and other advantages, appear to present a natural breeding-ground for the best and most profitable kinds of fowls. There is an immense demand for table poultry in the watering-place and neighbouring villages; but scarcely any live fowls, and no turkeys, are to be seen. A few geese graze on the commons, but the poultry are brought from a distance. The magnates of the neighbourhood ought to see to this; and what is said of almost every other district in the kingdom where the soil is light and dry, and where there are commons and heaths, the natural habitats of poultry.

The main conditions of success may be thus stated:—

1st. The sort of poultry must be good. A bad sort of fowl, like a bad sort of ox, sheep, or pig, is never profitable. The best fowls are the Dorkings. They lay many large eggs; sit well; are excellent mothers; and for the table cannot be surpassed. If found insufficiently hardy for particular situations, they may be crossed with the Brahma Poutra, which will not deteriorate any of the peculiar excellences of the original strain.

2d. The birds should never be allowed to breed before their second year.

3d. They should never be allowed to live more than three years.

4th. They should be kept very clean and dry, have plenty of food, scrupulously pure water, and a sufficient range; or constant changes of soil, if their range be limited.

5th. They must never be sent to market in a poor condition.

If these canons are observed, success

is certain. Well-grown young fowls, as soon as they have reached maturity, should be put up to fat, and should be killed after seven or ten days of fattening. After that period, they go off. When fattening they should be kept nearly in the dark, and be fed three times a day (6 A.M., noon, and 6 P.M.) with the following mixture, which is in use among the best poultry-keepers of France.

1. Barley or oatmeal, ground fine.

2. New milk, skim milk boiled with a little sugar, or meat broth, if milk is not procurable.

3. Pork lard, suet, or grease.

The food should be of the consistency of a thick soup.

Large fowls and turkeys to be fed by hand through a funnel.

Boiled eggs may be given during the last three days. No sour scraps of stale food to be left within the reach of a fattening fowl.

But how are improved breeds of poultry to be substituted for the poor unprofitable sorts which are seen on all sides? The country gentlemen, the clergy, the Agricultural and Labourers' Friends Societies, should take this in hand. They should obtain the very best strains—pure Dorkings, or Sussex, or half-crosses between Dorking and Brahma. They should ruthlessly sacrifice all inferior sorts. They should then distribute in their own neighbourhood the eggs of good birds; but wherever they supply a sitting of good eggs, they should stipulate for the abandonment of all inferior birds, that no deterioration of the strain may follow.

Wherever this practice is adopted for two or three years, good results are certain; a profitable source of revenue is opened; the food of the people increased; and the poor-rate eventually lowered.

The usual objections, of course, will be started—that the fowls will be a nuisance; that they will injure the gardens and fields; and that the time of county magistrates will be taken up by squabbles. Things like these are always said when anything is proposed for the benefit of the poorer classes in

this country; but all such nonsensical objections are best met with a pooh! The advantages of extensive poultry-keeping outweigh its few disadvantages. The best farmers allow their poultry to have nearly free access to all parts of the farm; and the mischief which they do to the crops is more than repaid by their wholesale destruction of insects, grubs, and slugs. Mr. Mechi's letter in the *Society of Arts' Journal*, of 8th May, 1868, is important on this point. It should be added that the droppings of well-fed poultry are a guano peculiarly stimulant to the soil.

There is another measure which has had a very favourable effect in improving the poultry in France. Mr. Brooke states that for the last six years the Emperor of the French has offered prizes, not merely for pure breeds of live fowls, but for the finest specimens of poultry killed, plucked, and trussed for the table. The Committee suggests that similar prizes should be offered at the English poultry shows; and the Society of Arts is taking measures to give effect to this suggestion. This is a good step; for, while the principle of purity of breed must not be undervalued, what is wanted is good food and plenty of it. In a competition of live birds big bones and bright plumage may deserve reward; but, in poultry plucked and trussed for table, it is only good succulent food that can obtain the prize.

That poultry in poor condition should never be sent to market is an important rule. If the sort be good, the cost of putting a fowl into good condition will be much more than repaid by the increased weight and value of the flesh. This is worthy of especial notice in Ireland. A considerable quantity of Irish poultry is sent to the English market, but it is of such inferior kinds, and in such wretched condition, that it is scarcely worth sending. A much better profit would be got from good fat birds. The whole supply of poultry now received from France might easily be replaced by Irish produce; and this idea is worth the attention of Irishmen,

and of the great City companies which own estates in Ireland.

When Lord Carlisle was Lord Lieutenant, "Agricultural Instructors" were sent forth to various districts, where they succeeded in inbuing the Irish farmers with improved notions of farming; and the present Lord Lieutenant might render a great service to his country if he would disseminate in Ireland some sound information on so humble a subject as poultry-keeping, and exert himself to improve, by the above simple suggestions, the prevailing miserable breeds, and slovenly methods.

In order, however, that people generally may be able to rear good poultry, they must know what good poultry are; and every possible opportunity ought to be taken by persons in power to exhibit the best models. The lodges in the public parks are good examples of places where model poultry might be exhibited in London. In connexion with these structures, a neat iron wire "run" might be constructed for a few fowls, say, a first-rate Dorking cock and five hens. They would be highly attractive, and the expenses would be more than paid by the sale of the eggs and chickens. The lodge-keepers might take charge of the runs; or the keeper of the Ornithological Society's collection in the Park might be thus employed.<sup>1</sup>

By the way, it may be well to ask that Society whether they have proved by experiment that it is not feasible to introduce the canvass-back duck to British waters, for it is difficult to believe that its introduction and naturalization are impossible.

From poultry to mushrooms may seem an inglorious descent; but these esculents play a great part in the dietaries of all classes in many foreign countries, though much undervalued here. They are regarded in England more as condiment than as nutriment—as a somewhat dangerous relish rather than as the substantial viand which they really are.

<sup>1</sup> A small tract, "Bailly on Fowls," may be consulted with great advantage by those who wish to understand poultry-keeping.

The English divide the fungoid tribe into two classes, calling one "the mushroom," by which is meant *Agaricus campestris*, and stigmatizing all others as "toadstools." This is one of the national follies. The so-called "mushroom" is not only not the solitary edible fungus, but it is not the best. In France and Italy the *Agaricus campestris* was very recently, if it is not still, prohibited by law as unwholesome; while in the same countries, as also in Germany, Russia, and throughout the north of Europe, large quantities of "toadstools" are habitually consumed, and highly valued as palatable and full of nutriment. The chemical constituents of the fungi are so similar to those of meat, as to be the best substitute where the latter cannot be had. In Russia and other fungus-eating countries, the peasantry are fed to a considerable extent on bread and fungi. The fresh fungus is the more palatable and nutritious; but for use in winter it is dried and often kept in powder. The Rev. J. M. Berkeley—the best authority on fungi—informed the Society of Arts that it was important that mushrooms should be well masticated with a sufficiency of bread; and that, if this precaution were observed, the non-poisonous kinds, especially if cooked before becoming stale, would rarely be found unwholesome—never except by a few hyper-irritable stomachs. The difficulty in discriminating the poisonous from the wholesome kinds is not found to be insuperable in other countries; and the people of England are not so incorrigibly stupid that, if proper means of enlightening them are adopted, they will be less able than their neighbours to protect themselves from risk of poison. Mr. Berkeley's evidence has been communicated to the Royal Horticultural Society, who have offered prizes for the best collections of fungi, edible and non-edible. By such means the good and bad sorts may become popularly known; and, while the former are propagated, the latter may by degrees be extirpated. The need of more knowledge is obvious when

it is stated that, though the general belief in this country is that no fungus but the *Agaricus campestris* can be eaten, the fact is that nine-tenths of the mushrooms consumed in England are not of that species, but belong to what is popularly supposed to be poisonous.

The true mushroom of the English fancy is better flavoured and more easily digestible when grown naturally in the fields, than when forced in hot-beds; and country gentlemen and farmers would do well to encourage its growth. The notion that it is a sign of poor land is an absurdity. When the mushroom is to be forced, the spawn is not planted in poor soil, but a strong and heating manure is applied, and mushrooms are seldom or never seen to spring up on land abnormally poor. Where horses graze, there the mushroom will generally be found. The pickled mushroom is a culinary abomination. Fresh mushrooms ought to be grown in abundance in England, as they are in France, throughout the year, winter and summer. (See the chapter on "Mushroom Culture in Paris," in Robinson's "Gleanings from French Gardens.")

The subject of milk is of pressing importance, and has occupied much of the attention of the Committee. In all the controversies about the feeding of the people, no fact seems to be more clearly established than the deplorable one that the supply of this great necessary of life is deficient in almost all parts of England. A writer in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* says:—"All the medical authorities agree that the supply of milk is very inadequate to the real requirements of the people of England, and especially of the children, whose health and strength cannot be maintained at a proper standard without a much larger allowance of milk than they now obtain. When we come to the sale of milk to the poor in low neighbourhoods, we find the grossest frauds perpetrated. The so-called 'milk' is so diluted that it is scarcely worthy of the name. The price is the same as that which the rich customer

“pays for real milk; and, under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the poor of London are not fond of milk, or very good customers of the milkman.” Nor is this all, nor the worst. Not only in the poor parts of London, but everywhere in England, except, perhaps, in the extreme north, even persons not poor have great difficulty in procuring milk. In this particular the diet of the Scotch and Irish is far superior to that of the English; and in those counties of England where the produce is greatest—the dairy counties, as they are emphatically called—the poor find it more difficult than elsewhere to purchase their little penny-worths and halfpennyworths of milk; for the whole produce of the herds is pressed into the service of the butter-churn and cheese-vat.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts*, of 29th March, 1867, contains some interesting details of the systems of cottiers' cow-keeping, which prevail in Scotland and in the north of England. Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, a member of the Food Committee, contributes a memorandum by his steward, with some remarks from himself, on cowkeeping in Yorkshire; and the landowners in other counties will do well to consider whether they cannot introduce a similar system. The small Ayrshire cow, or the little Bretonne cow, might be kept by many a poor tenant on a very small plot of land if it were skilfully cropped and abundantly manured; and where there are allotment gardens, an arrangement might be made for giving the cowkeeper the surplus vegetables of several plots in exchange for a certain quantity of milk. This plan may not everywhere be feasible; but everywhere some plan should be tried to abate an evil which appears to be rapidly on the increase.

The new dairy companies, of which the “Dairy Reform Company” in Orchard Street, is one, will probably have a beneficial effect on the milk trade; and the Society of Arts merits our thanks for calling attention to these reforms, and to the artifices by which the dishonest portion of the old

milk traders are seeking to defeat them. The opening of seven shops in St. Giles's, for the sale of pure milk, with the cream in it, delivered twice daily, from a gentleman's farm in Sussex, is an invaluable boon to the poor of that parish; and it is much to be desired that other owners of large dairy herds would follow this example, and sell their pure milk to the poor, direct from their farms, with no intermediate agency.

A great check on the excessive dilution of this necessary article would be obtained if in England, as in France, Belgium, and other countries, the police, or special inspectors of milk, were empowered to test it when sold, or offered for sale. It could be sufficiently tested in London, as it is in Paris, by a lactometer, which costs a shilling; and, until this is the law in England, all private persons will do well to purchase and use lactometers; and, if only a few were known to be in use, the milk-salesmen would be afraid to water their cans. The fraudulent practice of selling cream in measures which are twenty-five per cent. less than the nominal standard, is very common in London, but did not appear to be generally known beyond the milk-trade until the Society of Arts published the fact. It is to be presumed that the inspectors of weights and measures have power to deal with these frauds, and they should be brought to the notice of the Secretary of State.

“The transit of milk by railways demands immediate attention and improvement. It is almost as bad as possible. They manage these things better in France. The milk-can which is used on the French railways, and may be seen at the house of the Society of Arts, is not nearly so large and heavy as the lumbering can, appropriately called the ‘churn,’ which is used on our English lines. A man can easily lift the French can; it is filled full of milk, and is so stoppered down that there is no room for the least motion to churn the milk and separate its buttery particles. The can, in hot weather, is covered with a textile

wrapper, which is watered with a fine rose before the train starts, and in a long journey the watering is repeated at intervals. There are special milk-vans, in which the cans are arranged in tiers, and the effect of the whole system is, that the milk is carried without deterioration. This cannot now be said to be the case in England—a very short journey on an English line damages the milk and lowers its price; but a little combination among the producers of milk in any dairy district would be sufficient to compel the railway authorities to improve their arrangements."

The Society of Arts announces the offer of rewards for "Improved Travelling Milk-cans," and "Improved Railway Milk-vans;" and it is to be hoped that the whole system of milk transit will be improved.

The "clotting" of milk or cream has long been used in Devonshire, but is rare in other counties. It seems, however, worthy of consideration whether this simple method of keeping a highly perishable article in good condition for reasonable periods might not be everywhere used with advantage. The "Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk" is an admirable invention. It is imported from Zug, in Switzerland, by a company at 95, Leadenhall Street, and may be obtained at any grocer's. The best Swiss milk, carefully tested by lactometers, is alone used. The water naturally in the milk is evaporated from it in vacuo, and nothing but the finest cane-sugar is added. A sort of solid cream, sweetened, is the result, and this is hermetically closed in tins. It may be kept for an indefinite time in the unopened tins; and even after opening will keep sweet for long. In a poor man's room, in St. Giles's, the contents of a tin were used by a sick child for ten days, without the slightest spoiling of the milk, though in its natural state it would have spoiled in as many hours in that poor room.

The manufacture of cheese has undergone a complete revolution in the United States. The dairy-farmer no longer makes his own cheese on his own farm,

with all the disadvantages of a petty scale and poor appliances; he combines with the other farmers of the district to send his milk twice a day to a central cheese-factory, where the manufacture is carried on with all the advantages of a great scale, abundant capital, effective machinery, and scientific processes. The practical benefits of this system are obvious; and it is no more possible for the isolated cheese-makers of Great Britain to contend successfully with those who enjoy it, than for the old coaches to rival the locomotive, or for the "jenny" to rival the power-loom. The production of milk, and the conversion of milk into cheese, are separate and distinct businesses, and, on the great principle of the division of labour, they should be kept apart. The American dairyman has never to wait till he has milk enough to begin cheese-making; he runs no risk of spoiling his milk by keeping it till it turns sour. Twice a day he delivers it at the factory, and receives a ticket stating the number of gallons delivered; and when the cheese is sold, he receives in money an equivalent for what he has contributed, as shown by the total of his tickets. To contend permanently and successfully in the markets of the world with rivals who employ this system, the same system must be employed.

The best American cheese can be bought in this country for about 8*d.* per pound; while the best Cheddar or Cheshire cheese is commonly sold at from 10*d.* to 1*s.* per pound. The American cheese at the lower price is not so good as the English cheese at the higher; but it is good enough for general consumption, and does not fail to undersell the latter in the general markets. Any one may obtain from a good dairy farmer in Cheshire a Cheshire cheese of the first quality at 7*d.* per pound; and the costs of packing, railway carriage, and delivery in London, will not add a half-penny per pound to the cost. An excellent Ayrshire cheese may be purchased at the Scotch dairy for 6*d.* per pound; and good Wiltshire cheese, broad Wiltshire, may be purchased in Wilts, for 7½*d.*



per pound. Under these circumstances it is difficult to understand why large consumers of this nutritious article are unable to obtain it at a price which, leaving the dairyman the whole of his present profits, would give the cheesemonger a fair 7 per cent.

Butter-making in the midland and southern counties of England is almost a lost art. At numerous farms no butter is made; and it is well made at very few. The Royal Agricultural Society, and the local Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, as well as the Labourers' Friends' Societies, might effect great improvements in this respect, if, at all their shows, they were to offer prizes for the best-made butter. The Ladies Bountiful of the villages might lend their aid, for it is a more valuable accomplishment for a young woman to be a good maker of butter than to be the most consummate expert in crochet.

Attention has been forcibly drawn to the slovenly modes of making and packing Irish butter. That export trade will be destroyed, if those who engage in it allow themselves to be surpassed by the French butter makers, in the prime requisites of careful manipulation and perfect cleanliness.

In suitable localities the poor should be encouraged to keep goats for the supply of their families with milk. The goat, of a good breed, is a hardy animal, easily fed, and a good milker; and, if care and cleanliness are observed, its milk is nutritious, sweet, and excellent. The person who milks a goat should be careful to avoid touching the hair of the animal with the milking hand. The strong goaty flavour is not in the milk, but in the hide; and if proper care be used, not one person in a hundred who drink goat's milk will distinguish it from that of the cow. The browsing of the goats upon valuable trees must be guarded against; but this difficulty exists only in particular situations; and on the banks of railways and lowered roads many a tethered goat might pick up a living from grass and herbs which are now entirely wasted.

From milk to honey seems a natural

passage. The ordinary English system of beekeeping is absurdly and disgracefully wasteful. Where the abominable practice of burning the bees is allowed to continue, there can be little or no profit; but to burn them is as stupid as it is cruel. A poor beekeeper will often destroy ten shillings' worth of bees, the common price of a swarm, to secure twenty shillings' worth of honey, which might easily have been taken without hurting a single bee.

Though many of the elaborate contrivances for humane beekeeping may be too expensive for cottagers, the common straw hives, with caps, are effectual, and within every one's reach. The Swiss modification of this plan is a great improvement. The Swiss use straw hives, like our common hives, but much larger; and each such hive, which is called the "mother hive," has, at least, two auxiliaries, small hives or caps. The "mother hive" is plastered to the board on which it stands, and never disturbed for six or seven years. The subsidiary caps are designedly small, that the first cap may be speedily filled, and the honey be brought to the earliest possible market, when it will sell at an exceptionally high price. All the processes of breeding are carried on in the lower hive, and the honey, being always stored at the highest point, is free from eggs, beebread, and other filth.

In many country districts of England good honey may be bought at 6*d.* or 8*d.*, and seldom at more than 1*s.* per pound; but such honey in the comb is sold in London at not less than 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound; and the local societies might do a great service to the poor by collecting their honey in the caps, and by sending it to the London shops, where much better prices could be obtained than from chance customers in the country. The societies, in offering prizes for honey, should never omit to stipulate that it be taken without destroying the bees; and every schoolmaster of a national or British school should keep bees in his garden, in order that the children may grow up accustomed to humane beekeeping.

## THE INCANTATION.

*(From the Greek of Theocritus.—ID. II.)*

BY EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A.

Simœtha, a Syracusan girl, deserted by her lover Delphis, performs, to bring him back to her, the "Incantation of the Bird;" wherein the bird called the wryneck was bound to a wheel, and whirled round, while prayers were made to the Moon and the deities of the Night.

THESTYLIS! where are the laurel-leaves? quick, girl! bring me the love-spells!  
 Fasten the scarlet wool in and out round the brim of the beaker!  
 Quick! for I mean to charm my lover, my false-hearted lover.  
 Twelve long days are passed, and he never has once come to see me,  
 Knows not if I be living or dead—never sends me a message,  
 No! not even a word at my door! Has he gone to some new love,  
 Light as the wings of Eros, and fleeting as Queen Aphrodite?  
 Down to the town I will hasten to-morrow, and see him, and ask him  
 Face to face, why he treats me so coldly: but Thestylis! first now  
 Help me to try him with charms, and thou Moon! glitter thy brightest!  
 Shine, pale Moon! for thee I invoke, and thy Sister and Shadow  
 Hecate—the under-world Moon, whom even the little dogs howl at  
 When she goes forth o'er the graves, and all her footmarks are bloody:  
 Make my magic to-night as strong as ever was Circe's,  
 Potent as white Perimedes,' and mighty as Colchian Medea's!  
 Little bird! whirl and scream, and whirl, and bring me my lover!  
 Turn wheel, turn! and burn, cake, burn!—Ah! Thestylis, sprinkle!  
 What are you doing to tremble so? sprinkle the salt on the brazier!  
 Where are your wits gone, girl? or is it that you too must vex me?  
 Sprinkle the salt, and say, "Flesh and blood of Delphis I sprinkle!"

Little bird! scream and whirl, and scream, and bring me my lover!

Delphis grieves me—in my turn  
 I will grieve him. Laurel, burn!  
 As thy bright leaves curl and crack,  
 Smoke and blaze, and vanish black,  
 Leaving not a leaf to see:  
 So may his heart love-scorched be!

Little bird! whirl and scream, little bird! and bring me my lover!

As I melt this waxen ball  
 So may the Great Gods hear me call,  
 And Delphis melt with love for me!  
 And as this wheel turns rapidly  
 So may Queen Venus speed these charms  
 And bring him quickly to my arms!

Little bird, whirl, whirl, whirl! scream! scream! and bring me my lover!

Now I scatter on the flame  
Bran. Oh! Artemis! thy name  
Moves the Judge of Hell to fear,  
Rhadamanth himself! Then hear!  
Hear! oh, hear me! Thestylis,  
Did the dogs bark? Yes! it is!  
'Tis the goddess in the street!  
Beat the cymbals! quick, girl! beat!

Little bird, scream—scream louder! and bring me my false-hearted lover!

Look! the restless sea is sleeping,  
Milk-white ripples curling, creeping!  
Listen! all the winds are quiet,  
Folded up from rage and riot!  
Only in my heart the pain  
Wakes, and will not sleep again!  
Bitter pain of loving blindly  
Him who treats me so unkindly.

Little bird, whirl—whirl fast! scream sharp—scream!—call me my lover!

Thrice libations due I pay  
Thrice, great goddess! this I say:  
Whom he loves now I know not,  
But let her come to be forgot!  
Clean forgot from head to feet  
As Ariadne was in Crete.

Scream, little bird! more—more! and whirl and fetch me my lover!

In Arcady there grows a flower,  
Stings the herds with subtle power,  
Drives them mad on vale and height:  
Would I had that flower to-night!  
Delphis should come quick to me,  
Come, whate'er his company!

Scream for me still, little bird! scream once, and call me my lover!

Delphis left this gift with me:  
In the fire I fling it. See!  
Burn it red and burn it black,  
Angry hissing flames! Alack!  
It leaps away—he'll not return!  
It only burneth as I burn,  
And now 'tis ashes, pale and gray,  
As pale as I grow day by day.

Scream ere you die, little bird! one last cry to call me my lover!

Lizards green and gold I take,  
 (Mighty magic this will make)  
 Slit them down from chin to tail,  
 Squeeze their cold blood, cold and pale.  
 Thestylis, take this to-morrow  
 (It can work him bliss or sorrow),  
 Lay it on his threshold stone,  
 Spit to the left, and say alone,  
 "She whose heart you tread on here  
 Charms you, Delphis! Love or Fear!"

Dead are you, poor little fool! and you could not bring me my lover!

Ah! me what shall I do?—alone, alone!  
 I'll think the story over of my love,  
 How it began—what made the sweet pain come.  
 It was the day Anaxo was to walk  
 Bearing the basket for great Artemis,  
 With striped and spotted beasts in the procession.  
 Oh!—and you recollect—a lioness!

Lady Moon! listen and pity! and help me, bringing my lover!

And my old Thracian nurse, Theucharila  
 Came—you remember—teasing, tempting me  
 To go and see them pass, and so I went—  
 O fool!—I went wearing the yellow bodice,  
 And Charista's purple train from Tyre.

Lady Moon! listen and pity, and say where tarries my lover!

And when we came hard by where Lycon lives  
 Upon the paved way there I saw him first,  
 Delphis, with Eudamippus, oh you know!  
 His hair danced back from off his cheeks, like sprays  
 Of gold amaracus, when the west wind blows,  
 And all his neck, flushed with the heat of the games,  
 Shone as thou shinest, Moon! but rosier pearl!

Lady Moon! Lady Moon, listen, and pity, and bring me my lover!

I saw him—looked! loved! oh my foolish eyes!  
 Oh me the coward colour of my cheeks!  
 Oh heart that straight went mad! I did not mark  
 Those tame beasts any more; how I came home  
 I cannot call to mind; you know I lay  
 Ten days and nights indoors, and never rose.

Lady Moon, sweet pale Moon! have mercy, and bring me this lover!

I grew as pale—as white as thapsus-wood!  
 Say if I braided up my hair, or sung?  
 Say if I grew not to be a ghost, with thinking?

When was the day you asked not who he was,  
Where was the crone we did not plague for charms  
To bring him? All in vain! he never came!

Oh Moon! hide not thy face. Oh, white Moon! listen and pity!

So I grew sick with waiting, and I said  
"Oh Thestylis, help!—heal me, or I die!  
"This Greek boy hath bewitched me. Go, my friend!  
"Watch at the gateway of the wrestling-school.  
"He cometh there, I think, to play or sit.

Silver-faced Queen of the stars, thou know'st we are not as immortals!

"And when he is alone, whisper full soft  
"And say, 'Simœtha bids thee come,' and then  
"If he will—bring him!" So you went and came  
Bringing my love to me. But when I heard  
His sandals on the step, and saw his face—

Lady Moon! hear this now, and pity, and shine while I tell you!

And saw his face, I turned as cold as snow,  
And tears—I wot not why—sprung to my lids,  
And how to speak I knew not—not so much  
As little children startled in the night,  
That sob and know it is all well—but sob,  
And will not stint even for the mother's voice.  
I was as dumb as dead things—Thestylis!

Queen of the planets and stars! forgive, and listen, and pity!

For he with a bright gladness—not too bold—  
Entered; and looked hard once and then looked down!  
And sat against my feet; and sitting, said,  
"Only so little, sweet Simœtha! Thou  
"Hast been the first to speak—as I was first  
"Against Philinus in the race to-day!

White-sandalled Mistress of Night! have patience, and hear me and help me.

"I should have come, I swear it by my head!  
"To-morrow at the dusk! I meant to bring  
"Some choice rose-apples in my breast. Mayhap  
"You love them! And a crown of poplar leaves  
"Twisted with myrtle-buds and tied with red,

Lady Moon, where is he now? so soft, so gentle, so fickle!

"And if you had seemed kind I should have spoke.  
"I was not hopeless, for I won the prize  
"At running, and the maidens call me fair.  
"The one prize I have longed for since the feast  
"Was once to touch the goal of those dear lips.  
"Then I could rest—not else! But had you frowned,  
"And bade me go, and barred your door on me,  
"Oh Sweet! I think I should have come with lamps,  
"And axes—and have stolen you like gold!

Lady Moon, where is he now? so gentle, so earnest, so winning!

“How shall I,” he went on, “thank the Gods first,  
 “And next you—you! the Queen and Life of me!  
 “My kindest Love—who bad’st me hither come  
 “When I did burn for leave—yea! for I think  
 “Hephæstus hath no flame like Eros knows!”

Lady Moon, look out of heaven, and find him, and bring him for pity,

So he spake—low and fair—and I, alas!  
 What could I do, but reach my hand to him  
 And let him take it, and take me, and have  
 The kiss he sued for, and another such?  
 My cheeks were white no more—nor my heart sad  
 Nor any trouble left—but we sat close,  
 And the light talk bubbled from lip to lip  
 Like fountains in the roses! All that time,  
 And many a time we sat so: never once  
 He failed to keep his word, and never once  
 Left but with lingering foot! But one ill day  
 He did not come, and then it was I heard  
 Stories, that vexed me, of another love:  
 Melixa’s mother, and the harp-player  
 Told me—and they both are friends—he’d come no more,  
 And that his house was loud with pipes and songs,  
 And gay with crowns, not woven now for me.  
 Oh Thestylis! twelve days ago this was,  
 And never have I seen him since that day,  
 And never shall, unless my magic works:  
 Therefore blow up the flame, and whirl the wheel!

Lady Moon! speed this spell; and fetch me my false-hearted Lover.

Speed this spell! if it brings you,  
 Delphis! love shall live anew:  
 If in vain I watch and wait,  
 Delphis! love will turn to hate!  
 Subtle drugs I treasure here,  
 Drugs of awful force and fear:  
 A Syrian witch culled these for me  
 In lonely caverns by the sea.  
 Delphis! if I brew this drink  
 It will send you, as I think,  
 Down to Hades’ gate, to seek  
 A sweeter lip, a fairer cheek.  
 Oh Moon! spare me this at last!  
 Oh Moon! speed it—if I must  
 And now farewell! for one day more  
 I wait, and love him as before!  
 Farewell, pale Moon, and planets bright!  
 Watchers with me this silent night!

## REALMAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

## CHAPTER XVI.

FOR some few days we had no readings nor conversations. The truth is, Mr. Milverton was ill. I think the excitement and the anxiety that he had lately undergone, from his desire to convince these people, had made him ill, but he would not allow, even to his wife or to me, that this was the case.

When he had recovered, we had another meeting. Sir Arthur began the conversation.

*Sir Arthur.* Do you know, I think, Milverton, that we behaved rather badly to you the other day. We treated you and Mrs. Milverton, and Mr. Johnson, as if you were enemies; and we, the know-nothings, held our private caucus, and arranged our opposition to you, somewhat ungraciously perhaps. But I can assure you that you had great friends in this caucus, in Lady Ellesmere and Mr. Cranmer.

*Cranmer.* I am very anxious to hear Realmah's speech.

*Ellesmere.* And so am I; not that there will be anything new in it; for, depend upon it, Master Realmah has nothing to say beyond that which Master Milverton has already said to us. But he (Realmah) is an interesting specimen of a savage, and I should like to see how he deals with his Sir Arthur, his Cranmer, his Ellesmere——

*Cranmer.* Say, his Condore.

*Ellesmere.* And his Mauleverer, who, after all, will be the most difficult person to deal with.

*Mauleverer.* I do not know what the Lake City Mauleverer might have been like; but I can only say, that the British Mauleverer is a most reasonable person to deal with. It is true that he does not partake of any of your enthusiasms; but, at least, he is very like that good man, Londardo, and is apt to think that the arguments for and against anything are about equal; and so he is generally inclined to go the way that his friends would have him.

He is not like a certain yapping little poodle that I once ventured to describe, but is rather of the bull-dog order, ready and willing to take up his friend and master's side, without looking too anxiously into the rights of the dispute.

*Sir Arthur.* Let us have the King's speech, Milverton. The greatest proof that we can give you of our interest in your subject is, that we would rather listen to you than have any more of our own talk. And I am sure that this is the general feeling.

*Milverton.* I don't know how you all became aware that Realmah is to make a speech. I never told you, but Mildred knew it, and I suppose she told her husband, for there is no trusting a married woman with anything. She is sure to go and tell her husband; and then he, not having been trusted himself in the first instance, has no scruple in telling the whole world. The speech, however, does not come just yet.

Mr. Milverton then commenced the reading.

## THE STORY OF REALMAH.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

## THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

THE King began to look very old and worn and wan. It was a weakness of this great monarch that he would not know of this approach of age and decay. Never did he look in the polished shells that served as mirrors amongst the Sheviri, nor gaze down into the waters of the lake by daylight. He felt that he had yet much to do. Life had few, if any, pleasures for him; but it abounded in duties. That man is very strong and powerful who has no more hope for himself: who looks not to be loved any more; to be admired any more; to have any more honour or dignity; and who cares not for grati-

tude; but whose sole thought is for others, and who only lives on for them.

This was the state of Realmah. He ever feared that the civilization he had created with such great rapidity, would fall back with equal rapidity after his death. Fearing this, even he, wise as he was, redoubled his efforts at a time when he ought, in great measure, to have relaxed them; and he would not know that he was fading away.

Quick to discern what was in their monarch's mind, the courtiers were prone to talk before him of his never-failing youth and vigour; and had the effrontery to dwell upon this welcome theme, even when they saw the pale gray King, in his grand heavy robes, wearily make his way to a council, or drag himself along in some state ceremony.

Do what you will, you never can get to the end of the odd folly of mankind. It is a sea that cannot be sounded. The witty Erasmus may write a book<sup>1</sup> about it, but it defies the satire of the keenest satirist, and is beyond the imagination of the most imaginative man. Here was a prince who had done great things, and was inaccessible to any flattery about them. Indeed, he could not bear to hear them alluded to. So impatient was he in this respect, that he had cut short an ambassador from a neighbouring people, who commenced an oration by a long and laudatory description of the King's great doings. "Could we not, my Lord Ambassador," said Realmah, "take all this for granted, and proceed at once to the business in hand?"

The same man, however, was open to gross flattery upon the subject of his youthfulness and continued vigour; and did not object to be told, though he knew it to be false, at each recurring birthday, that the King possessed a charmed life, and that the past year seemed to have added to his vigour, rather than to have taken from it.

The art of sculpture is one which makes its appearance at the earliest periods of civilization; and the Sheviri

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated work, "*Moriæ Encomium*."

were already considerable adepts in this art. As was to be expected, the representation of their monarch was a favourite subject with the artists of Abibah. On the Bridge of Leopards, an elegant little wooden bridge which connected two portions of the eastern part of the city, there were two statues of the King. The second one had been taken from life, seventeen years after the first. The costumes of the statues were different—one being the garb of a warrior, the other that of a king; but the second statue was even more juvenile, if anything, than the first. And both of them represented a very young man, a kind of Apollo, who would by no means halt in his gait.

There was not a person, man or woman, in Abibah, who did not know the foible of the great King; and probably it endeared him to them, for a man of great merit ought to have many foibles, if he would be much loved.

There is generally something very interesting in premature decay, and that because of the strange contrast it mostly affords. It is seldom, or ever, total. There has been either great physical or great mental overwork; and part of the vital energies is deadened or destroyed, while the other part remains intact. Upon this other part new stress is put; and gallantly for a time, if backed by a great soul, this other part answers to the stress put upon it. But each day the enemy is stronger, and the resisting power is weaker.

There was also in Realmah a quality which is to be noticed in the greatest men, but it is one which tells with great severity upon the vital powers. There was an almost infinite pitifulness<sup>1</sup> in Realmah. The private and the public troubles of his subjects became his own, and there was not a disease or a disaster amongst his numerous subjects that did not weigh upon

<sup>1</sup> It is a strange thing, by the way, that that word "pitiful" should have been so corrupted, and that the man whose heart is full of pity should have come to be looked upon as a small and poor kind of man.



the heart, and tax the energies, of the great and loving King.

His career, which we have but in a small degree narrated, shows that he possessed that first quality needful for a ruler—justice. But if there was any exception to this rule, any weakness of favouritism to be observed in him, it was in a leaning which he always showed to the tribe of the fishermen. Never was it known that the poorest fisherman was kept long waiting for an audience with Realmah. That tribe never suspected that the King's especial regard for them proceeded from his never-dying love for the Ainah. They thought that it was their own especial services to him on the night of the great revolution that endeared them to him. And, perhaps, his leaning to the fishermen's tribe was, after all, a stroke of policy (at any rate he pretended to himself that it was so), for it is a grand thing for any person in power to have any man, or body of men, upon whose affection he can profoundly rely, and whom he has not to study to win upon any particular occasion of difficulty. Even the great Napoleon, as hard a man as ever lived, could speak with loving tenderness of those who were "devoted to my person;" and it is one of the few blessings that attend great men, that they are sure to elicit a large amount of personal affection amongst those who come into close contact with them.

The forty-seventh birthday of the King approached, and was to be celebrated throughout the city with great rejoicings. It was customary, on that anniversary, for the King to receive all the official persons connected with his government, both of the city of Abibah and of the neighbouring towns.

It had been doubtful, on account of the wounds which the King had received on the occasion of the mock fight, whether he would be well enough to undertake this ceremony. But, notwithstanding those wounds were still unhealed, he did so, though on this day it was a very long reception, which lasted indeed for five hours. Never

was the King more gracious—never did he give more ample encouragement to those of his high officers who had pleased him by the diligent discharge of their duties, and who had loyally promoted his great designs; but, at the end of the reception, he fainted away in the arms of his attendants. Still this warning had no effect in rendering the King more prudent; and, with unabated vigour, he prepared to undertake in a few days' time, a great ceremony, the particulars of which will be narrated in the following chapter.

#### CHAP. XXXV.

##### THE FESTIVAL OF THE FOUNDATION OF ABIBAH.

It was the festival of the foundation of the city of Abibah. This festival was always celebrated on the ninety-sixth day of the year,<sup>1</sup> and it was an occasion upon which the King was expected to speak very frankly to his people, and to declare to them his hopes, his fears, and his wishes for the future.

Whether Realmah felt that his health was in a precarious state (though no man dared to say that he was not as young and vigorous as ever), or whether he feared any quarrel amongst his allies and tributaries (and he was well aware that what he intended to do could only be done in a time of profound peace), he resolved that at this festival he would declare his great project to the people. His recent wounds, he knew, would not be otherwise than most serviceable to him on this occasion. In fact this may have determined him, as he was well aware that his people were much afraid that they had not yet earned his forgiveness, and would therefore be most anxious to conciliate him, and to make their peace at any sacrifice.

<sup>1</sup> The manner in which the day for holding this anniversary was fixed upon was by calculating as follows:—three fours were multiplied together; and to their product was added the sum of eight fours, thus making the total 96.

Now Realmah was a great orator—a born orator. After the first moments of abject nervousness, which all men of fine temperament experience at beginning a speech, Realmah was never greater, never more self-possessed, than when he was addressing a multitude of his subjects.

The thousands of eyes looking up at him seemed to endow him with a part of their own magnetic force. He felt that he could move his audience to tears, to laughter, and even, what is more difficult still, to self-abnegation. He was well aware that on this great occasion he must tax his powers to the utmost, and either win or lose the cause which, for thirty-five years, he had set his heart upon.

It was from a platform ascended by steps in the centre of the great marketplace of Abibah, that the King was accustomed to address the assembled people on the auspicious day of the anniversary of the founding of their city.

Slowly and painfully did the King ascend the steps on this memorable day. He smiled a strange, ghastly smile, composed partly of pain, partly of a wish to appear very gracious and very much delighted at meeting the assembled people. In the distance the smile looked very well, and seemed all graciousness; but to the faithful Omki, his foster-brother, this set smile brought tears to the heart. And, strange to say (which was only too painfully noticed by Omki), the King, in the middle of the ascent, laid hold of his arm, and leant heavily upon it. "Keep close to me, dear Omki," he said; and Omki shuddered, for the King was not wont to say "dear," or to be so openly affectionate, even to him.

A word or two must be said of Omki before we proceed to give an account of the royal speech, and of its direful results.

There is much hero-worship even in these days, but, alas, of what a different kind to that of this faithful foster-brother! It is the hero-worship of asking the hero out to unwelcome fes-

tivity, in order to show him off, of invading his privacy, of molesting him in every way: it is not the hero-worship of devoting labour and time, and fortune and self-sacrifice, and life itself, to a great man, who would be worth it all. Now it is little to say that Omki would have given his life for his foster-brother the King: he would have waded deep in blood, regardless of his own soul, to obey any order of the King. I am describing a pagan, and not a Christian; but there is great merit in such self-devotion, in whatever way it may be shown.

The King gained the platform, and wearily threw his jasper-studded robes behind him.

His great Council followed—a body of venerable men who looked as if the cares of state were deeply marked in their expressive countenances. There was a flourish of trumpets, or of the instruments that corresponded with trumpets, which was by no means ineffective, for the Sheviri were an eminently musical people, and, in their rude instruments, there were the beginnings of all the instruments that are now most potent in the expression of musical ideas. The people were hushed into a supreme silence.

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*Milverton.* I reserve the speech for a new chapter; and, before describing its effect upon the men of Abibah, would like to hear what the guests at Worth-Ashton will have to say further upon Realmah's great project.

Here there was a pause for a time, but nobody chose to make any remark, and then Mr. Milverton resumed.

#### CHAP. XXXVI.

##### THE KING'S SPEECH.

THE King commenced his speech. He began in those low, soft, musical tones which compel attention from a crowd.

He told his people of the delight it was to him to meet them; and how, in that vast assemblage of thoughtful men

(and he should that day demand the utmost of their thought) he believed that there was not one single human being who was not a friend of his—who was not indeed devotedly attached to his person and his government.

He went into various details, which we need not recount here, to show what had been done during the past year; and he dwelt at some length upon the ever-increasing prosperity which had gladdened the streets of Abibah. He spoke of their improvements in manufacture, especially of the manufacture of iron, and pointed out to them how wise and how advantageous had been the policy which had made them the manufacturers of iron for all that part of the world. "See," he said, "the fruits of a generous policy. Had we kept this art to ourselves, we might, it is true, have been almost supernaturally strong to resist invasion; but now we not only defy invasion, but we have gained the goodwill of all the people both far and near, and, in the last three years, our city is doubled in extent."

From all parts of the vast assemblage, at that and at other portions of the speech, the cries of "Maralah, Maralah!"—"He has said it! He has said it!" (which corresponded to our "Hear, hear"), were heard.

While the King was giving these details there was a gentle murmur of under-talk amongst the crowd, for neither civilized nor uncivilized men can long endure the narration of details, however interesting these may be, or rather however interesting they ought to be. But this murmur was entirely hushed into a supreme silence when the King changed the subject, and began to speak about the mock-fight.

This subject he touched upon with great skill and delicacy. He took all the blame upon himself, saying that he ought to have known that the Sheviri, even in play, could not bear to be defeated. He was glad that he had been one of the principal sufferers. With regard to those few poor men who had fallen, our good Queen, he said,

had taken care to provide for their families.

When he ceased speaking on this topic, the crowd felt that a weight had been taken off them, and there was a general murmur of satisfaction, each man congratulating his neighbour that no evil thing had happened to them, and saying how good and kind the King was, so ill too as he looked from the effects of his wounds.

Realmah won many hearts by this part of his speech.

Then there came a long and elaborate story, or rather fable. Some such fable had always been told by Realmah on these occasions, and for this occasion it had cost him many a weary midnight hour to think over this fable and to prepare it. All the rest of his speech flowed from his heart, and was the gift of the moment; but the fable was a work of art. He was not so much in advance in thought of his fellow-countrymen as not to think these fables a most significant way of conveying ideas; and what to us would seem childish, was to him a great flight of imagination and of thoughtfulness.

The story was all about a crane and a serpent, and it told how the good crane was loved and favoured by everybody—brought good fortune wherever it alighted, and, in fact, was a sort of much-loved king. While, on the other hand, the serpent was hated by all living creatures; and even when it was innocent, and had left its poison behind it for the day, the remembrance of its treachery and its malignity made all creatures pitiless towards it, and anxious to destroy it.

The people did not quite perceive the drift of the story, which, however, was soon to be made manifest to them; but they applauded it, because any story about beasts, or birds, or reptiles, was very welcome to them.

The King then dwelt upon the various embassies which had reached the town of Abibah in the course of the preceding year, and showed his people what credit and what vast advantages had flowed from the commanding position which

the Sheviri now occupied amongst the sons of men. "Is it not better," he said, "to be called upon to arbitrate than to be deluded into a participation in their trumpery wars? Not that we fear war—all the nations know that; and there lives not a prince so daring as, even in his dreams, to contemplate a war with the Sheviri;" and all the people shouted again with renewed enthusiasm "Maralah! maralah!"

"What," Realmah continued, "could be said of the frenzy of those who should dare to attack the men by whose valour and sagacity alone the warlike nations of the North (now no longer dreaded) had been triumphantly beaten back to their inhospitable, ice-bound climes?"

And now he dexterously changed his mode of speech; he dwelt upon the beauty and the power possessed not only by himself, but by every one in that assemblage, even the meanest, of being as it were an arbiter of the fate of surrounding nations, of settling quarrels, of appeasing feuds, of being, if he might presume to say so, humble representatives upon earth of the great God whose name he did not dare to mention, who loved all men, and only wished that all mankind should be one brotherhood.

Here the exclamations of applause were redoubled, and the soft voices of women might also have been heard, exclaiming "Maralah, Maralah!"

Realmah then, with great tact, alluded to the labours of his Council; he was but the meanest of the servants of his people. What should he, a comparatively young man (here there was a smile on the faces of the whole assemblage, which each man and each woman strove to suppress) be, if he had not the guidance, the affectionate guidance, of their fathers, who had grown old in the service of the country, and who stood around him, a devoted band of trusty councillors, second to none upon this green earth?

He then, with the skill of an accomplished orator, affected to hesitate and to be overcome, while from the most distant outskirts of the vast assemblage there arose cries of the most endearing

encouragement. They called upon the gods to bless him, to prosper all his doings, to preserve him to them for untold years; and even Realmah, who had meant the interlude as a mere artful point in oratory, was himself, for the moment, overcome by the vast display of real affection exhibited towards him by his people. He absolutely wept; but knowing how mistaken a thing it is for an orator to be really overcome by his feelings, he threw himself back upon the thought of the great work he had to undertake, and of the immense difficulty that it would be to overcome his people's prejudices. He himself, however, scarcely recognised the effect he had produced,—that there was not a man in that vast assemblage who at that moment would not have thought it almost treason to presume to differ from their great King.

A little incident, too, succeeded in recovering Realmah more than almost anything else could have done. His eyes had fallen upon the critical Condore; and, to the King's amazement, Condore, who, by the way, was always fascinated by oratory, was one of those who gesticulated most furiously, and made the most tempestuous exclamations of applause.

But Condore, true to his critical character, the moment he found the King's eyes upon him, changed immediately, and began to move his head from right to left, in token of the severest disapproval. Realmah who, like most men of genius, had the keenest sense of what was ludicrous, was amazingly tickled by Condore's behaviour; and the good Condore probably at that moment unconsciously fulfilled his mission on the earth, for he succeeded in restoring the King, who had been nearly overcome by these outbursts of affection, to the full mastery of his usual cool, crafty, self-possessed nature.

Realmah resumed his oration, feeling that it was almost the supreme moment of his life. "What then have we gained, and how have we gained it? We have gained the affection of all the peoples who dwell within four hundred inne-

sangs.<sup>1</sup> Now look," he said, "what is it that governs? Is it force? Force lasts only as long as it is present, but the power of affection lasts for ever, speaks even out of the tomb. Most of us here present are men.—Are we ruled? Doubtless we are. By whom are we ruled? Is it by those who have strength to compel us, or is it by those whose weakness and whose delicacy contain their most undoubted strength? What man amongst us, from the king on his throne to the fisherman whose daily bread is precarious, will not own, if he be a man, to an infinite desire to win and to gratify those who are dearest to him in his household, his wives and his children?" (There was enormous shouting in the crowd with loud bursts of laughter, in which the women did not join, and great cries of "Maralah ! Maralah !")

The King proceeded: "I have spoken, it may be jestingly, it may be that the most earnest thoughts that I have ever uttered underlie this playful speech. Do you think that the law of affection is confined to individual men and women alone? May there not be states that should feel towards one another a similar relation? And now I will tell you what I have felt, from my youth upwards, and, if ever you have loved your King, you must listen to him when he seeks to persuade you of that which, from his earliest years, has been his deepest wish, and to which the endeavours of his years of maturity—years not passed without suffering, such as only a king can know—have been devoted. What has been the one thing which has long prevented our being supremely loved and admired by the nations around us; which has stood in the way of our being loved by them with the devotedness which a woman has for the lord of her household, her chief? It has been our possession of the great fortress of Ravala Manee. This, and this alone, has alienated the affections of the nations from us. When we were a weak

people, it might have been well to preserve it; but now we are beyond all fears, and our rule will best be enlarged, maintained, and preserved, by our possessing the entire confidence and love of all the surrounding nations.

"I am for abandoning this fortress" (there were cries of "Maralah nevee"—"He has not spoken it!") The King disregarded them; he continued): "Is it much to confide in your king? There are not many times in a man's life when it becomes him to say what he has done; but there are such times. Have not I—have not we" (turning to his councillors)—"raised you from a petty state to the most commanding nation known in this part of the world? Is it for ordinary men to measure the wisdom of chiefs? But I need not upbraid you. I see by your countenances that you are only too willing to believe in your king, who has led you on so often to victory; who has made each of you a conqueror; and who now seeks, with your aid, which you will not refuse your king, to place your dominion upon a basis which cannot be removed—the love, the affection, and the gratitude of all the surrounding nations, upon whose necks you might have trampled, but to whom you say, 'Rise, and be one with us, who are the leaders of arts, of knowledge, and of policy—the indomitable Sheviri.'" The vast assemblage answered to the King's noble words with corresponding enthusiasm, and there was but one cry, or if there was, the voices of dissentients were drowned by the predominant shout of "Maralah ! Maralah !"

The King, upon whose face there beamed the light of joy such as no man had yet seen upon it, resumed: "It is not I—who am I that I should guide your councils? It is your fathers, the venerable men who stand around me, who sanction all that I propose, and who, far superior to me, have overcome their attachment to a policy in which they were bred; which they have long maintained by arts and by arms; but which, with the greatness of minds open to conviction, they are now determined to supersede by a policy of wise

<sup>1</sup> Innesang, a measure in use with the Sheviri, being 400 times 4 feet, taking the average length of the human foot as the unit.

and affectionate conciliation." The surrounding members of the Council intimated, by expressive gestures, their consent, and the approving shouts of the whole assemblage were redoubled.

Realmah resumed his speech; and resolved, in one splendid peroration, long ago prepared in those midnight walks of his up and down the balcony, to fix upon the minds of his people his own prophetic ideas. I call them prophetic, for, alas! they were not to be realized in his time; but such ideas were to be for the guidance of nations to whom the very name of Realmah, of his nation, of his generation, would be entirely foreign, and to whom his wars, his alliances, and his suzerainties would be as utterly unknown as the battles of the kites and the crows, or any of the inferior animals.

Realmah resumed: "And now these are my last words to-day to all of you. And it may be that the King may not speak to you many more times, for he is feeble"—(from all parts of the assemblage arose shouts of "Long live the King!")—"yes, he is feeble; and he knows, though he has sought to disguise it from you and from himself, that he is not the man he was. He would have you drink in these words as if indeed they were his last. He has sought to be a father to you; and all his own joys and sorrows have been put aside to fulfil to each one of you the loving relation of a father. And you have been good sons to him.

"What man amongst you is there who does not love Realmah?" (The audience were moved to an inexpressible degree.) "But I come back to my great subject. What is the highest power? What is the greatest force? What is the most unbounded dominion? Is it the power of the sword? Is it the force of arms? Is it the dominion gained by conquest? Lives there one amongst you, the most daring, the highest placed, whom Realmah could not, by a word, condemn to death? But what would the King gain by the loss of a loving subject? And so it is with each one of us, all of whom

are kings. We will rule in the hearts of surrounding nations, and not diminish or destroy them. It shall be for ever said of the Sheviri that they were dauntless in battle, merciful in conquest, and good lords whom all men desired to live under, and whose beneficent sway spread out undivided, unresisted, unopposed, from where that bright luminary rises joyous in the strength of youth, to where, surrounded by his purple guards, he descends into the waters that receive him tenderly, and refresh him for the labours of the ensuing day.

"I say again, What is conquest? What is power? What is domination?" And here, strangely enough, Realmah concluded in a form of speech that was adopted on a similar occasion by one of our own greatest orators,<sup>1</sup> so true is it that the highest flights of oratory are alike in all nations, and under all circumstances. "To have found the peoples of this vast region sunk in barbarism,<sup>2</sup> living from day to day a mean, care-driven, hazardous life, each man set against his neighbour, each chief against his brother chief, each state against its neighbour state; their arms of defence and offence the weapons of children; their houses, huts; their policy, only craft; their ambition, only self-interest; their mode of life, little better than that of the wild animals of the woods—to have raised all these people till they are men, statesmen, members of great nations—these are the triumphs of reason<sup>3</sup> over barbarism. This is the just, the only just, and God-rewarded conquest ensured to us by our arts and our morals, by our divine policy and our heaven-descended laws."

The King ceased. The assemblage was moved to a degree that had never been known before, even at these high festivals. Upon their recovering from their emotion, they shouted with one

<sup>1</sup> Lord Macaulay, in his Indian speech.

<sup>2</sup> The word for barbarism is "*prato-mi-manee*,"—"only able to count 1, 2, 3."

<sup>3</sup> The word was a long compound, "sitting alone at night."

voice, "Let it be as the King has said, we are his slaves,—long live Realmah."

But, strange to say, the King, for a minute or two, moved not, but gazed at his people with a glassy stare, as if all intelligence had gone out of him. Then, recovering himself, he grasped at the balcony, afterwards, in a moment, at the arm of the faithful Omki, who was close to him. "Stay near me," he muttered in strangely indistinct words, "guards, close around me: let the trumpets sound."

The faithful Omki divined the coming danger. Leaning heavily upon Omki, and tottering down the steps, surrounded by his body-guard, and followed by the councillors, whose looks to one another betrayed their fears, the King was half led, half carried, to his palace, the populace remaining in profound ignorance of the sudden seizure by illness of their beloved sovereign.

#### CHAP. XXXVII.

##### THE DEATH OF THE KING.

EVEN during the days of his last illness, Realmah's exertions for the good of the kingdom were unremitting. The heir to the throne, Andarvi-Milcar, who loved the King fervently, and who, perhaps, of all the men in the city least desired his death, was constantly with him, receiving his last instructions. And here the exceeding sagacity of Realmah may be noticed; for though he spoke much of what had been his designs for the future, he spoke more of the men who were to carry them out, giving to Andarvi even in the minutest particulars, his opinion of the characters, not only of the principal officers of the kingdom, but even of those lesser magistrates who had considerable power in distant settlements.

It was a curious thing, as illustrating the King's mechanical skill, and love of science, that, while he was ill he had invented an ingenious arrangement by which the sponges containing nutritious liquid could be conveyed to his lips by

his slightly moving a particular string or wire.

During his last illness he saw much of his wives. Realmah had really been very good to the Varnah. On ordinary occasions, and when his mind was full of business, he could not pretend to sympathise with her on her petty cares and hopes, but every now and then he made a great effort to please her. He would send for some rare product or some rare work of art to a distant part of his dominions, and would then confide to the Varnah what he had done, pretending all the while that he was doubtful whether he should get it, though he knew full well that no one ever refused the great King anything he asked for. Then he would charm the Varnah by talking about the expected present, as if he were deeply interested in it, and he would contrive that it should come upon some festal day, especially upon the birth-day of her departed mother; for the mother's birth-day was always held in great reverence. Realmah really liked the Varnah, admired her skill in household management, was pleased with her orderliness (though he had none of that quality himself), never forgot the aid he had received from her during the siege, and believed that in her way she was attached to him. Indeed, to the court jester, the only man whom he allowed a glimpse into his inmost soul, he would say, "I am the Varnah's choicest possession, and she will mourn for me, poor thing, when I am gone, as no one else will mourn. In truth I am afraid lest then all the other possessions should lose favour in her sight." And when she came into his presence, as he was dying, he would take her hand, and speak kindly to her, and tell her how to guide her household and her wealth. And the poor Varnah was astonished to find that even in those matters in which she had thought her husband but a good-natured child, he was her master—a wise and sagacious man full of foresight.

To the beautiful Talora, too, though less loving, he was kind; and she was astonished to find that he read the

utmost depths of her soul, counselling her, notwithstanding her protests, as to whom she might marry hereafter, and of what alliance she might with least loss royal dignity advantageously contract; and Talora wept bitterly, discerning, perhaps for the first time, what a great man she had married, and what a small part of her heart she had given to him. The intensity of this feeling on her part may be best shown by the fact that it was three long years before Athlah could win the still beautiful Talora to be his bride, and that Realmah was never mentioned, but that Talora blushed and sighed and looked sad, when she thought how great a soul had nearly been her own, and what she might have made of the love of a man who had so large a capacity for loving.

But, poor woman, she was somewhat mistaken, for it was not in her nature to comprehend the love that the Ainah had called forth in Realmah, and what immeasurable regrets and infinite longings of his had been buried in her tomb.

On the ninth day after the festival, at three in the morning, when the air was coldest, a deep groan from the King summoned his drowsy attendants. He started up in bed. In a loud voice he said, "Preserve my kingdom; be faithful to Andarvi-Milcar. I go to meet her for ever—for ever; light, more, more light." And saying this, the great King sank back upon his couch, and with a sigh poured forth his spirit.

The next morning there was sorrow and lamentation in almost every house in Abibah; and they mourned for him as for a father.

His funeral was magnificent. They raised a great mound for him, which, amidst the changes of the earth's surface is still visible in the wood that lies adjacent to those waters which were once a great lake, and are now but a small one, and which mound still puzzles the learned amongst the antiquarians.

What a strange memorial is that round, coarse, undescriptive thing, a mound, to tell of heroic deeds, grand thoughts, and unbounded suffering!

And yet how often in the world's history is it all that does remain to commemorate these deeds, these thoughts, and this suffering. Perhaps, too, all that will remain of us in after ages, and of our intricate civilization, will be a few such mounds, and some collected heaps of rubbish, to be pored over by the learned men of a new generation, occupying a little portion of that surface of the earth which is, after all, but one vast unrecorded burial-ground.

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*Ellesmere.* And so poor Realmah is dead! You all think me a very hard man, but if there is anything in this world that I have a horror of, it is my friends dying, whether in real life, or even in fiction.

I have become quite accustomed to Milverton's droning on about Realmah, and thought that it was to last for the greater part of my natural life. I must not say that he is a friend in fiction, and not an entire reality. As for Mrs. Milverton, Lady Ellesmere, Sandy, and even Milverton himself, they have the firmest belief in their Realmah. You could not offer them a greater insult than to suppose for a moment that such a being as Realmah had not existed, and that he had not done all these fine things. They get together in the study, and I hear them in my room overhead buzzing away, and I know that it is all talk about Realmah. I have very little doubt that Blanche and Mildred had a good sisterly cry together (nothing comforts a woman so much as having a good cry) over "poor dear Realmah's death."

*Sir Arthur.* I agree with Ellesmere, it is hateful to come to the end of anything, or anybody.

There is one thing I am very curious to know; and that is, whether Andarvi-Milcar, Realmah's successor, fulfilled Realmah's wish, and gave up, or demolished, the fortress of Ravala Manee.

*Milverton.* He did; but whether he was successful or not in so doing, I do not know. I suppose that in some succeeding age, the Northmen did come down again, and make an end of the Lake-cities.

I feel, now that it is all written, that I have omitted to dwell upon many things and persons that I ought to have described, but I did not like to worry you with details. For instance, I should like to have told you about the King's jester,



whom I have often alluded to, but never described.

He was a very clever man, but excessively indolent. He never cared to take much interest in public affairs. He had the right of accompanying the King everywhere, and being near him whether at a council or a feast. Sometimes at a council he said very shrewd things, and was really of use. At other times he took no interest in the business in hand, but all the time played a game with himself called *kinwee*, which was played with fishes' bones. He was very fond of Realmah, and followed him about like a dog. He delighted in witnessing so much energy and activity, and felt almost as if he himself was energetic and active. He kept the King's secrets well, and that endeared him to Realmah. His mischievous propensities plagued the good Varnah a great deal, and he delighted to tease her, but she bore with him most kindly for the King's sake.

*Ellesmere.* Just as Mrs. Milverton tolerates me for Milverton's sake.

*Milverton.* It was very comical sometimes to see the jester at a council, when he was in one of his queer moods. He would throw down a large number of these fishes' bones on the table, close to Realmah, then make a grab at them, shutting his eyes; then say, "Odd or even?" and retire into a corner to count the bones, nobody of course paying any attention to him. At last he would get tired of playing by himself, and would resolve to bring Realmah into the game. The poor jester did not dare to go near anybody else, so he would whisper persuasively in the King's ear, "Loftiness, my dear, do let's have a bet, it's so dull."

*Ellesmere.* I thoroughly sympathize with this poor man. Everybody does so over-explain everything to me. I am so tired sometimes of everybody.

*Milverton.* And the King would return the whisper, "Go into the corner, throw ten times,—even bet of two shells there are more odds than evens. Play fair, don't cheat your poor King, he has always enough to do with his shells." And so the jester was kept quiet for a time.

The jester might have served the new King, but he would not do so. After the funeral of Realmah, the poor jester sadly followed the Varnah home to the house which had been Realmah's in his earliest days, and where the Varnah meant to dwell for the remainder of her life. He (the jester) had never asked leave to live with Her Loftiness, nor had she made the offer to him to do so, but she would have taken

care of a dog (though she disliked dogs) which Realmah had loved, and she was secretly delighted that the jester had elected to live with her.

Two more uncongenial souls could not have been imagined than Her Loftiness and the poor jester. She could not understand his wit (he was really very witty), and she detested his coarse fun and his practical jokes, but had endured them most kindly for Realmah's sake. Realmah, too, was not the man to be amused by practical jokes, but he liked to see the people about him laugh, and be amused with anything, for he said, "Then they do not busy themselves too much with the affairs of my government."

*Ellesmere.* The poor jester! I do pity him from the bottom of my heart. I know full well what it is to live with people who do not quite understand one. None of you, except perhaps Milverton, quite understand me—not even always Lady Ellesmere.

*Milverton.* Be comforted, Ellesmere. It was not long before the jester had a companion.

The faithful Omki had, in obedience to Realmah's dying command, attached himself to the new King. But he could not take any real interest in public affairs, or in the new King. He became utterly listless and depressed, so, at the end of a year, he went to Andarvi-Milcar, and said, "My lord and king, Omki's heart is not a big heart, and it has not room for more than one love. I am the man who was in the same cradle with the great King, and I cannot love anybody else. Let thy servant go, for he is stupid and useless." Andarvi-Milcar consented; and Omki, also, went and took up his abode with the Varnah. Her Loftiness rejoiced that she had now to look after two feckless, listless, human beings, who had loved her Realmah.

See what a dangerous thing it is to come within the influence of a very great man, or of a very admirable woman. If you have not a great capacity for loving, they take all the love out of you at once, and make the rest of the world uninteresting to you.

These two, the Jester and Omki, would sit in the porch before the house of Her Loftiness, the Jester playing his game of odd-and-even by himself, while Omki sat silent, full of sad memories of Realmah; and then an old man would join them, and pass the sunny hours of the day in their company.

This old man was Condore. His chief happiness consisted in talking with the jester and with Omki about the late King;

and there was a great deal of talk, in which you could hear the words, "and he said to me," and "I said to him;" and then they went through the strange scenes which had occurred on Realmah's coming to the throne, and on the defeat of the Northmen, and on the sham fight, and on the last days of Realmah's public appearance.

Thus these three men passed the remainder of their days. Condore lived to a great age, for the daily exercise of criticism is not a thing which rapidly exhausts the vital powers.

*Ellesmere.* I am glad at least to find that, according to Milverton, I am to have a long life.

*Milverton.* There was a councillor whom I forgot to mention at the time when I described to you the rest of Realmah's councillors. I thought of this omission afterwards, but imagined you would not care to have it remedied. However, I should like to describe him to you now, for his was a very peculiar form of mind, but one not unknown in modern times.

His name was Pimmenee. Like the other councillors, he was a very clever man. He was the most observant person amongst the Sheviri of natural phenomena; and, in general, knew more facts than anybody else. He would make a statement very boldly, and apparently well founded upon facts. But then there would come such a string of exceptions that the original statement would seem to be broken down by them, and at last you felt as if you had nothing to rely upon.

Realmah would try and bring him back to his original statement by repeating it; but Pimmenee would never admit that the repetition was correct. He had not said quite this. That was not the exact word he had used, or if he had it would not quite bear out his meaning.

For instance, a question would arise where the summer camp should be placed, and Pimmenee would at first pronounce very decidedly against a particular spot as being near a morass. Then there would come a host of exceptions to the statement—there were morasses and morasses. It might even be an advantage to be near a morass. And so he would go on, fining down his original statement till at last hardly anything remained of it.

*Ellesmere.* Is he not a little like two of the other fellows, namely, Lariska and Delaimah-Daree?

*Milverton.* No: there is where you are so often deluded in estimating men, and fail to get the most out of them—summing them up under some one general form of

condemnation: saying, for instance, that they are not *practical*.

Now Lariska was simply too argumentative: Delaimah-Daree too resourceful, and therefore too inconclusive; while this man, Pimmenee, was too exceptive. To get the good that was really to be got out of these men, you must have mastered the peculiar bent of each of their minds, which prevented each one of them, taken by himself, from becoming a perfect councillor; but which did not prevent their being of great use as individual members of a council.

I should like to give you some of the proverbs of the Sheviri. These were, in after ages, all attributed to Realmah; and some of them, I really think, were his.

*Sir Arthur.* I should like to hear them. There is nothing in all literature more interesting to me than proverbs, and the fact that they are no man's children makes them more interesting. I do not know a single instance, except in the Bible, where you can say for certain that such a proverb was made by such a man.

*Milverton.* Well then, here are some of them:—

*The viper will stand upon the tip of his tail to make himself agreeable in good company.*

*The crane stands upon one leg, in heavenly meditation; but all the while is looking sharply after his fish.*

*When the eyes and the lips lie, look to the hands and the feet.*

*The prudent man (literally the man who has eyes in the back of his head) cares more whom he is with, than even what he does.*

*Four fishes smelt at the bait and turned their tails to it; one fish came by and swallowed it. (The advantage of a council.)*

*Before the journey is over, the dog has run twice the distance. (Applied to a man who does not go directly to the point; but wanders hither and thither like a dog.)*

*Make the four salutations to a friend every day. (This alludes to the four bows that were made to foreign ambassadors by all who met them; and the proverb means this,—Keep up always the highest forms of courtesy with your friends.)*

*Jealousy kisses its left hand, because the right hand caught the fish.*

*The man you hate cannot carry his food to his mouth but you hate him more for his way of doing so.*

*The ghosts of snails get into their shells (money) by night, and go, for company, where there are most shells. (i.e. Money makes money.)*

*Eukee! Eukee! Eukee! but wife, the salt fish will do. ("Eukee" is a solemn word addressed to the gods; and the proverb alludes to the hypocrite, who addresses the gods fervently, but sacrifices to them only salt fish.)*

*The tears of a chief cause sore eyes to all other chiefs.*

*The water sends you back (reflects you), so do all men and women.*

*Better be quite blind than see one side only of everything.*

*If you will do the thing that has not been done before, first hide all the stones that are in the streets of the city.*

*To a tiger his claws; to the serpent her venom; to the eagle his talons; to the rat his teeth; and to men and women calumny. The good God gives weapons to all.*

*The Sheviri cursed the rain; but the patient rain went on raining, and the earth became green.*

*Say it often; men, as well as parrots, will say it too.*

*If you slay your adversary, are you sure you have done him any harm?*

*The ants march in one line, and overrun kingdoms. (An argument for unity and order.)*

*The echo says nothing of itself; so, the people.*

*The clever lizard leaves its tail in your hand. (This was a very favourite saying of the King when he was urging compromises on his councillors.)*

*A lie lasts for a day: but it may be the day. (This, in the original language, is really a most effective proverb. The articles "a" and "the" are not expressed directly, but are included in the substantives. A day, i.e. an ordinary day, is Tala. The day, i.e. the day upon which some important decision is arrived at, is Talammah; and so the proverb runs in the original language, Strag (a lie) marlt Tala; pol kree Talammah.)*

*When you want to sell the blunt hatchet, be the first to say that it is blunt.*

*How wise the clever men would be if they could understand the foolish!*

*All make the four bows to yesterday. (Meaning, I suppose, that all must submit to what we call now "the logic of facts.")*

*One wise man knew the secret way into the city; but all said, "Why should we follow one man?"*

*The king had a friend before he was king.*

*Only the quite deaf hear praises always of themselves.*

*If the spider barked like a dog, would he catch flies?*

*He who looks down gathers shells (i.e. money); he who looks up sighs for stars, but they do not come to him.*

*The tiger that you look at will not give you the death-stroke.*

*A wise man said a word too much: that word was the word of a fool.*

*While the lightning lasted, two bad men were friends.*

*Ellesmere. Some of the proverbs are not bad. I like "the clever lizard" one, and "the dog that runs twice the distance."*

*There, again though, how hard men are upon dogs. Why, men, metaphorically speaking, run ten times the distance! Then I like "the four fishes" one. I have myself observed that it is much easier to delude fish when they come singly than when they come three or four together, and are fishes in council.*

*There are several of the other proverbs, you know Milverton, that are far too modern in their substance, and that you could never persuade me were uttered by any savage, however much you may try to make him out a Solomon.*

*Sir Arthur. I like all of them very much.*

*Ellesmere. Of course you do. As I have said before, one never gets an author to speak disrespectfully of another author—in his presence. Now I'll give you a proverb which shall be worth something. Never believe a man when he talks about anything which he thoroughly understands.*

*Mauleverer. That is the most impudent proverb I have ever heard.*

*Ellesmere. Impudent, it may be; but true, it undoubtedly is.*

*When a man understands anything very well, he generally has an especial repute for it, and he speaks with an eye to that repute*

of his. Sir Arthur being an eminent man of letters, his *public* opinion of other men of letters is not worth that (snapping his fingers).

*Sir Arthur.* I shall respond to Ellesmere by giving him a proverb, or rather a saying, which I met with the other day, and which has delighted me beyond measure. It was in that recent work of Sir Henry Bulwer. Some Frenchman said, "*C'est un avantage terrible de n'avoir rien fait; mais il ne faut pas en abuser.*" What a wonderful lesson that is for some critics. Eh, Ellesmere?

*Ellesmere.* I don't seem to feel it personally, but it certainly is not bad. It is indeed a tremendous advantage to have done nothing, when one is oneself the subject of criticism.

*Milverton.* Well, now that "Realmah" is ended, all that I have got to say to you is, whether you have done anything or whether you have not done anything (in which latter case you will certainly be in the best position for criticism), do not trouble yourselves with criticising, but do consider whether we may not draw some lesson from this savage chief as to the management of our own political affairs. Only promise me that, and I shall be amply rewarded for any pains that I have taken in telling you the truthful story of his life.

[Here the conversation ended, and we went our separate ways.]

*To be concluded in our next.*

## OUR HEAVY GUNS.

THE important department in Woolwich Arsenal, known as the Royal Gun Factories, is undoubtedly the most interesting of the extensive manufacturing establishments of our principal military depôt. It is also the most recent of the number—having sprung into existence within the last ten or eleven years.

Previous to the introduction into the service of Sir William Armstrong's wrought iron guns upon the rifled system, the brass (or bronze) guns, which they superseded, were exclusively constructed in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich; but their comparative simplicity, and the moderate amount of appliances required for their manufacture, prevented this department from assuming any important dimensions. The rapid development of artillery science of late years, which rendered the bronze gun obsolete, assisted in determining her Majesty's Government to undertake the construction of the new wrought iron ordnance of large calibres; and a vast establishment, provided with the most powerful steam machinery, and fitted with the most elaborate mechanical appliances which England can produce, is now in full operation on the banks of the Thames, under the superintendence of a colonel in the Royal Artillery, assisted by a numerous staff of civil and military officials of high scientific attainments, and of the most extended practical experience.

All iron guns used in the British service previous to the Crimean war, were supplied by contract, from the Low Moor, Carron, or other large foundries. These guns were exclusively of cast iron, constructed according to Government patterns and specifications. When delivered at the Woolwich stores, they were required to undergo various tests and proofs by fire and by water previous

to final approval. Their dimensions were also very carefully verified, and the failure of a certain percentage sufficed to cause the rejection of the whole consignment.

The employment of armour-plated vessels—or floating iron-clad batteries—at the capture of Kinburn in 1855, and the subsequent expansion of the idea, with its application to the protection of sea-going ships of war, in the form of 4- to 8-inch iron plates, necessitated a complete revolution in our system of artillery, and the introduction into the service of guns capable of throwing shot and shell of a weight and with a power hitherto unknown. To meet these requirements the cast iron guns hitherto employed against wooden ships were manifestly inadequate. It became imperative to alter not only the construction, but the material of the pieces, and to substitute wrought iron for cast; the former being considered better able to resist the shock of the very heavy charges now required—due regard being had to the weight of the metal in the gun itself.

It is not intended in this paper to enter upon the tedious and elaborate series of experiments, carried on for many years, by which the officers charged with the inquiries have been able to arrive at the results now presented. Very many points and steps in the investigations might, no doubt, prove interesting to the non-professional reader, but it is now merely sought to detail briefly the mode by which the heavy guns of the present day are prepared for the service of our fleets and batteries; concluding with a short account of the effects produced by their fire against armour plates.

Wrought iron guns, unlike cast iron ordnance, are not constructed in one

piece; they are composed of several portions, forged and turned separately, and then "built up" by the process of shrinking the different parts one over the other—the outer layers of tubes being placed over the inner ones when in a heated state, and consequently expanded beyond their ordinary dimensions. On cooling they again contract, and so compress the inner tubes with a close and firm grip, imparting a solidity to the whole structure equal, at least, to that of a solid mass.

The various portions, then, of the guns are constructed of wrought iron bars from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, and from three to seven inches square, supplied to Government by contractors and private companies, noted for producing the best material of the kind. The several qualities required in the iron are particularly specified in the terms of the contracts, and the most rigid tests are applied to each consignment on delivery, previous to the samples being finally approved for the service.

In the testing-department, an elaborate machine, of American construction, consisting of a series of multiplying levers, enables the specimens of iron, previously turned to certain dimensions, to be subjected to various proofs, from which can be ascertained the amount of disruptive power in the way of tensile strain, torsion, &c., they will bear, previous to giving way. Each specimen is then carefully numbered, and stamped with the date, the breaking-power in tons, and the name of the firm whence obtained. They are retained by the department as an official record in case of reference at any future time becoming necessary.

The first operation is to weld several bars together so as to obtain sufficient length to form a "coil;" the coils varying in size according to the dimensions of the gun. The welding is done under two steam-hammers of moderate dimensions, delivering their blows in rapid succession. The long bars so obtained are placed in furnaces, extending the

whole length of the building, about two hundred feet, and heated to a fierce red heat. When ready for coiling, the bar is dragged forwards towards an iron spindle or mandril, round which it is to be wound, and is fastened by an "eye" to a pin on the inside of the spindle. The spindle is made to revolve by powerful machinery, when, slowly yielding to the immense force, the bar is drawn forth from its burning lair, and constrained to coil like a fiery serpent in glowing folds round and round the iron axis. Should a double, or a triple, or even a thicker coil be required, the operation is repeated as often as necessary.

In the latter instances the coils are placed so as to overlap each other diagonally; and the fibres of the metal being thus made to cross in contrary directions, an important element of strength is secured. During the process the heated coils are forced as close together as possible by the workmen, who strike the bars with heavy iron cylinders suspended above the machinery.

The operation of winding off a coil made from bar iron six or seven inches square, intended for the breech-piece of a 600-pounder gun, is a sight most interesting to witness. The force constraining the huge glowing bar of metal to adapt itself to the spindle, as a length of rope to a windlass, conveys an impression of irresistible power hardly possible to express by words.

When the red-hot glow has passed off, to separate the coil from the mandril, they are removed together from the frame in which they revolved, and suspended from the arm of a crane; a few blows cause the coil to drop off, when it presents the appearance of an immense spiral spring. To weld these springs or coils into a solid mass is the next process. For this purpose the coils are placed in furnaces, in which the fire is kept up until the metal becomes of a dazzling white heat. In this condition it yields to the efforts of the large steam hammers, as wax or putty to the hand. When removed to the anvils, the bulk

rapidly diminishes under the heavy blows, and the open coil becomes a solid homogeneous mass, ready for the turner's hands. In the sample room attached to the long turners' shop may be seen sections of triple and quadruple coils, thirty inches in diameter, carefully cut and polished, in which it is impossible for the eye to detect the weldings, or to see where the coils have been joined.

Small and medium sized coils are welded in the smiths' shops where they are first made. The heavier forgings are treated in another building, where the furnaces are much larger, and the hammers more powerful in proportion. Some of the large forgings require six or seven tons of coal to bring them to the necessary degree of heat. Here breech-pieces for 13-inch guns, weighing eighteen or twenty tons, and five feet in diameter, are heated and welded under the crashing blows of Nasmyth's huge steam-hammer. The monster thus made "to lay on load," can be worked to a power estimated as high as two hundred tons per stroke. This grand display of strength is even far more impressive in its way than the iron-compelling, but silent force, which caused the long bar to assume the spiral form; and when—to remove the scale from a forging—water is thrown on the burning mass, and a full-power blow descends at the same instant, the explosive crash causes the earth to quake, and the bystander to quiver as from the near discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance.

The framework supporting this Titanic hammer consists of two huge castings, well worthy of particular notice.

The furnaces in this part of the smithy are of the dimensions of small rooms, and are built of the best fire-bricks. The intense heat to which they are exposed soon destroys the materials, and they have to be rebuilt at frequent intervals, sometimes after only a few weeks' use. The coils are placed in the furnaces and withdrawn by means of enormous tongs, moved by steam cranes, and directed by parties of men under

the superintendence of the master smiths. The latter are men of much experience and intelligence, and their responsibility is great, both as regards the skilful manipulation of the metal, and the care which is necessary to provide, so far as practicable, for the safety of the men under their directions; for in dealing with such powerful agencies some risk must be incurred, and accidents of a serious nature cannot always be avoided.

The more arduous labour of coiling and forging being thus completed, the rough masses of metal are transferred to the turners' workshops. Here they are made to assume the exact forms and dimensions, externally and internally, which will fit them to occupy their respective places in the finished gun. For this purpose the forgings are carefully adjusted upon huge lathes, made to revolve by steam power. The rough outer coatings to a considerable depth are removed under the action of steel cutters. All the scraps which fall from the lathes are preserved to be again worked up as hereafter described. The metal drops from the cutters in large flakes, but may often be seen in the form of spiral shavings many feet long, showing the excellent quality of the material.<sup>1</sup> Much heat is produced during this operation, by the enormous friction between the turning-tool and the metal. This is kept down by a small stream of cold water, which hisses as it rises in steam from the point of contact between the cutter and the iron. When smoothing the outside of a forging, it is made to revolve against the cutting-tool; but the contrary is generally the case when the inside is to be operated upon. The largest machine for the latter purpose stands on the left on entering the long turning-room. It is a fine specimen of iron work by Messrs. Smith, Beacock, and Tannett, of the Victoria Foundry, Leeds.

The tubes, coils, &c. having been smoothed and planed with the utmost

<sup>1</sup> A shaving, supposed to measure 1,462 feet in length, being 430 feet in the curl, is preserved in the model room.

nicety, have now to be "built up" into their respective places. Let us watch this process, which is carried on in a large shed immediately outside the turning and finishing room.

The tube to form the inside of a 9-inch "Frazer" gun (called an "inner tube" or "A tube"), stands upright on its muzzle-end in a pit; the trunnion and breech-piece has been heating for some time upon a row of iron bars, the fire being kept up by casting logs of dry wood from time to time into the interior of the forging itself. The requisite degree of heat being attained, the piece is suspended by the trunnions, and conveyed by a powerful travelling crane until it arrives immediately over the tube. It is cleaned on the inside to remove any charcoal or dirt, and is then gradually lowered on to and over the tube, to which it had previously been so very accurately adjusted that but for the expansion of the metal, caused by the heat, it would have been next to impossible to force it over the tube. When the two parts have been brought into the relative positions in which they are to remain, the outer portion is cooled by jets of cold water directed all round the circumference. Should it be necessary to cool the lower part more rapidly than the upper, jets of gas are kept burning above in a similar way, and thus the outer surface is surrounded by double or triple rings of fire and water, acting upon it at the same time. This arrangement is necessary to prevent the tube shifting out of place which it is liable to do if the parts are allowed to cool of themselves. When the inner tube is of steel, it is tempered in oil; thus rendering it more tough, and improving its qualities for gun-making. In this case it is allowed to stand for about twenty-four hours in the oil-tank to cool.

The important question of the superiority of tempered steel over wrought iron for the construction of the inner tubes of guns, has at length been decided in favour of the former. It has

been proved to have greater endurance, and, moreover, is said to surpass the coiled iron tubes in certainty and rapidity of construction; whereas the difficulties of making wrought iron tubes which can be thoroughly relied on, have, as yet, proved insurmountable. The steel for these tubes is received at the factories in the shape of solid cylinders, which are bored out roughly previous to the gun being built up; the inner extremity of the tube is left solid, and a heavy breech-screw (called a "casable screw") passing through the outer layers of the metal of the gun is brought into contact with its end. A hole of about one-third of an inch in diameter is left along the thread of the screw, communicating between the outer air and the inner tube; thus any crack in the latter would at once be noticed by the escape of gas during discharge, and timely warning of danger be given.

The gun, when thus "built up," is removed to the lathes, where it undergoes the operation of "broaching,"—that is, of smoothing and rectifying its interior by boring out all superfluous metal. This operation is slow and requires much care. The long turners' shop, where it is performed, is occupied by twenty very large lathes, working up as many guns. To remove any slight roughness which may still remain in the bore, a final process, termed "lapping," is necessary, which is done by polishing the interior with emery-powder and oil. A fine burnish is thus imparted to it.

The gun is now ready for rifling. This most important operation requires the utmost nicety, the correct practice of the gun depending in a very great measure upon the exactness with which it is carried out. The machines used for this purpose are constructed with the accuracy of mathematical instruments, and attended upon by the most skilled workmen. A hollow iron cylinder, carrying at its extremity a brass head, in which are fixed the steel cutters intended to scoop out the grooving, is upheld at the end nearest to the gun by a fixed metal sup-



port, and at the further end by a moveable frame, the lower part of which works over an endless screw. The screw, when made to revolve, pushes the cylinder with its cutters into the gun. A ring of stout bristles at the extremity of the brass head clears away any loose scraps of metal from the sides of the bore. The cylinder, being hollow, admits of a rod passing along its entire length up into the brass head, by which the cutters can be withdrawn into the head, or forced out beyond its surface, as required. When the apparatus enters the gun, the cutters are below the surface; but as it is withdrawn the cutters are pressed against the bore, and remove a shaving of metal from the interior. To the further end of the cylinder is fixed a toothed wheel, made to revolve by means of a moveable horizontal bar, also toothed, and one end of which is made to follow the direction of a metal plate, fixed at an angle with the whole machine. As the cutting apparatus moves backwards and forwards a motion at right angles to its general direction is imparted to the bar, which, by the toothed wheel, is transferred as a circular movement to the cylinder and cutters. These latter thus describe the arc of a circle giving the necessary twist to the grooves of the rifling.

The form of rifling now in use is known as the "Woolwich system," and guns so rifled are generally known as "Woolwich guns." Many tedious and expensive experiments were necessary before the system was finally approved; and the plans of many rival inventors were tested and found wanting. At length all individual systems were rejected, and the present plan—a slight modification of the French, and said to combine the advantages of many—was finally adopted.

When rifled, the guns are subjected to the ordeal of proof. This is twofold. From each gun two rounds of service shot are fired with one and a half the service charge of powder. Water is also forced into the bore by strong hydraulic machines. The water being removed and

the inside of the bore dried it is examined to discover whether any moisture is exuding from any spot on the surface, thus betraying a flaw in the tube. Casts of the interior are also taken in gutta-percha, which are jealously examined by the proof-masters. Should the piece be pronounced in every respect sound, it is removed to the sighting and finishing department. Here the places in which the sights are to be fixed are determined with mathematical precision, and the brass sockets of the tangent-bars are screwed into their places. Then the gun, having received the impression of the V. R. and crown (from a simple and elegant design by the late Prince Consort), is removed from the factory and passes into the hands of the Military Store Officers, to be issued for service.

The important modifications lately introduced into the manufacture of wrought iron ordnance, by Mr. Frazer, of the Royal Gun Factories, have greatly reduced the enormous cost of the heavy guns; while the labour and time required for their construction are proportionately diminished. The 9-inch Woolwich gun, constructed on Mr. Frazer's plan, consists only of the "A" steel tube, cascable screw, breech-trunnion coil, and "B" tube—four pieces. The same gun, upon the old plan, would have been built up of eleven parts.

The high price of the iron used in the factory renders it expedient that all scraps and cuttings should be used up. For this purpose, numerous furnaces and steam-hammers are kept in constant operation, by which all iron of sufficiently good quality (such as old musket barrels, flint and percussion locks, &c.) is converted into bars fit for making up into coils. The scraps are heated in small furnaces, and hammered by steam into blocks of various sizes. These being again heated, are passed through the rolling-mills, and compressed into bars of the required dimensions. The mode of obtaining the power necessary for this is worthy of note. The rollers are driven by an

immense fly-wheel, worked by a horizontal steam-engine of moderate dimensions. The wheel weighs fifty-six tons, and the impetus furnished by its centrifugal force is sufficient to draw the white-hot lumps through the rollers again and again, until they assume the required shape.

The scene in the open building which contains the larger forges and furnaces is always interesting to the visitor; but the works are kept in full activity throughout the night, and the spectacle at that time would not be unworthy of description by our best masters of word-painting. There may be seen mass after mass of incandescent metal brought out of the flaming furnaces to be placed under the large steam-hammers; when the hot blinding glare, the resounding blows scattering the glowing red sparks far over the iron floor, the fierce rush of the liberated steam as it completes its work, and the restless energy of the busy craftsmen, their figures thrown out in strong relief against the unearthly light, form a strange fantastic picture, not to be easily forgotten by those who have witnessed it. Day and night the work proceeds, and not until the evening of the sixth working day are the furnace fires extinguished, the steam blown off, and the hammers silent in the then deserted workshops of the Royal Gun Factories.

Among the guns manufactured there during the present year the muzzle-loading rifled field-gun intended for the use of the navy in boats or on shore should not be forgotten. The objections of the naval officers to the breech-loading Armstrongs are well known; they are shared by many of our officers of artillery, and it is to be hoped that muzzle-loading guns may soon be adopted for service in the field-batteries. These guns consist of a breech and trunnion-piece of wrought iron, fitted over an inner tube of steel rifled with three grooves. They are of two sizes, called 9 and 12-pounders, and are to weigh about six and eight hundredweight respectively. As these guns have been

proved to be at least equal to the breech-loaders now in use, in point of accuracy of fire, length of range, facility and rapidity of loading, and efficiency of projectile, no valid reason can be urged for the retention of Sir W. Armstrong's system, with its delicate and complicated breech apparatus. The muzzle-loaders have also the immense advantage that a little water is sufficient to keep them clean with very little labour, whereas the supply of oil for lubricating the screws, &c. of the Armstrongs is as vital a requirement for their effective working as the charge of powder itself. An Armstrong battery left without the means of renewing its supply of oil, would at once be placed *hors de combat*.

In the pattern room of the Royal Gun Factories are exhibited the model wrought iron guns now used in the service, each bearing the official seal of the Ordnance Select Committee. Here may be seen, in a finished state, the 9-inch, 8-inch, and 7-inch muzzle-loaders, and the whole series of breech-loading Armstrongs, commencing with the 7-inch, and terminating with the 6-pounder of 3 cwt. The 10-inch and 12-inch 23-ton gun are not represented in this collection, as the precise model upon which they are to be constructed is not definitely fixed. Here we may notice the beautiful 7-pr. rifled steel gun, first constructed for mountain-service in Abyssinia. It weighs but 1 cwt. 33 lbs., and the facility with which it can be carried, combined with its efficiency when in action, have proved that, at length, we have a gun which can be relied on for service in countries inaccessible to wheeled carriages. The Shrapnel shells from this tiny piece searched the ranks of the Abyssinian warriors, and materially contributed to their overthrow on that Good Friday morning which beheld the extinction of Theodore's power. The effective practice made with the gun was such as to surprise even the artillery officers in command.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Proceedings of the Royal Artillery In-

No visitor to the Royal Arsenal can pass through the long rows of splendid cast iron guns which line the sides of the roads, without a feeling of regret that such fine weapons should have become obsolete; or without wishing that some device may yet be hit upon for utilizing such expensive stores. The attention of scientific men has indeed been anxiously directed to this point; and there is every reason for hoping that the experiments and researches of Major Palliser, late 8th Hussars, whose chilled shot and shell have distanced all competition in their effects against armour-plates, may result in the successful conversion of our cast-iron 68- and 32-prs. into efficient rifled guns, of 9-inch and 64lbs. respectively. This he proposes to do by the introduction of two wrought iron or tempered steel tubes into the bores of these guns. Good results have been obtained by this method; but it yet remains to be determined whether the cheap system of constructing new wrought iron guns may not prove more advantageous, in an economical point of view, than the conversion of the cast iron ordnance of smooth bores into muzzle-loading rifled cannon.

Since the commencement of the present year, successful attempts have been made to utilize some of the smaller obsolete guns, carronades, &c. These latter short and feeble pieces, which, during the great naval actions of Nelson's days, could send their shot through the old wooden walls, can now, with altered form and substance, enter into the construction of our large coiled ordnance. To effect this they are placed in a large furnace, and gradually and carefully heated. This done, a few blows from a steam-hammer are sufficient to reduce them to fragments. It is surprising to witness the ease

stitution," August 1868. The Abyssinian guns were manufactured at the Royal Gun Factories to the number of twelve, within six weeks of the order, from steel blocks furnished at four days' notice by Messrs. Frith and Co. of Sheffield.

with which the red-hot gun crumbles to pieces when the heating process has been carefully carried out. The metal is then transferred to the puddling-furnaces, where it is converted into wrought iron. A mixture of inferior iron with the metal thus obtained, adapts it for the manufacture of the coiled guns. Specimens of bars thus made have given very satisfactory results when tried in the testing machine.

It is to be regretted that Major Palliser's spirited efforts to perfect his system of "compound guns"—that is, coiled wrought iron guns encased in cast-iron—have, for the present, resulted in failure. This system, at once cheap and rapid, appeared from the earlier experiments to promise success. A 3-in. compound gun of 8 cwt., after firing many rounds with cylinders of 24, 48, 72, and, finally, of 96 lbs. weight, remained to all appearance uninjured. With the 9-in. gun, constructed upon the same principle, Major Palliser has not been so fortunate. During recent experiments in the Woolwich marshes this gun burst, throwing the heavy breech to a distance of 30 or 40 yards, and breaking two pieces from the sides—which latter, each including a trunnion, were very remarkable from their similarity of shape. An inspection of the fragments would suggest the idea that the gun was altogether wanting in solidity; but no doubt Major Palliser has excellent reasons for his expressed intention of discontinuing his experiments in this direction.

That this mode of construction is not absolutely new is proved by the fact that an old Danish gun of the eighteenth century, when cut in two and carefully examined, showed unmistakable evidence of having been manufactured of iron cast over a coiled barrel. Some Chinese guns, taken during the late war, have also been found to consist of a wrought iron core with an outer jacket of bronze cast over it; the workmanship doing much credit to the skill of the Celestials.

The foregoing account cannot be considered complete without some description of the results produced by so much skill and labour. The largest gun at present made in the Royal Gun Factories is the 13-in. or 600-pounder gun—a rifled muzzle-loading piece, weighing 23 tons. It is 14 ft. 2 in. long, and the diameter of the metal at the breech is 4 ft. 6 in.; that of the bore being 13 inches. This monster gun, when rifled according to the “Woolwich system,” with nine grooves, and carrying a steel or chilled-iron shot of 620 lbs. weight, propelled by 75 lbs. of powder, has force sufficient to penetrate the “Lord Warden” target at 3,500 yards’ range, or the “Warrior” target at 5,000 yards. A cylindrical shell, 610 lbs. in weight, can be forced through the “Warrior” at 2,000 yards’ range, with the same quantity of powder. The “Warrior’s” armour consists of 4½ in. of iron, 18 in. of teak, and a ½-in. iron inner skin. The “Lord Warden’s” is made up of two iron plates 4½ in. and 1½ in. thick, backed by 29 in. of timber. The initial velocity in these cases imparted to the shot is 1,220 ft. per second, or nearly 14 miles per minute. A minimum velocity of 1,000 ft. per second, on impact, is necessary for success in projectiles used in the attack of armour-plated vessels.

The 9-in. muzzle-loading gun, of 12 tons, with 43 lbs. of powder and 250-lb. shot, carries force sufficient to penetrate the “Lord Warden” at 1,400 yards, and the “Warrior” at 2,700 yards.<sup>1</sup>

The 7-in. guns are from 6½ to 7 tons in weight, and from 10 to 12 ft. long. Their projectiles, fired with 22 lbs. of powder, give an initial velocity of 1,470 ft. per second; they weigh 115 lbs. and carry force enough to penetrate the “Warrior” at 450 yards.<sup>2</sup> The shot are elliptical-headed, and made of steel, or of iron cast in chill, upon the Palliser system. The latter are as efficient for armour-piercing as the best steel shot, and only one quarter as expensive. The

<sup>1</sup> “Report of Ordnance Select Committee,” 1865-6.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

contrast between the above results and those produced by smooth-bore guns is indeed great, for the effect of a 100-pounder smooth-bore gun at 1,200 yards’ range is altogether insignificant upon an armour-plated ship.<sup>1</sup>

The following exceptional instance of penetration by a 600-pounder shot, is given in a report of the Ordnance Select Committee. The target fired at represented the “life belt” of the “Hercules.” Its surface was made up of 9-in. plates; behind these were 12 in. of horizontal timber, divided by four horizontal iron plates; then 1½ in. of iron in two plates; then the main iron ribs, 10 in. deep, filled in between with vertical timber. Behind the ribs a lining of 18 in. of horizontal timber in two thicknesses. Inside of all, another skin supported by 9-in. iron ribs. This structure—in all 4 ft. ¾ in. thick—weighs 689 lbs. per square foot—double the weight of the “Warrior” target. Nevertheless, a chilled shot of 577½ lbs., fired with a charge of 100 lbs. of powder, passed right through this enormous structure—not in a solid state, but in pieces, which, as the report quietly remarks, “might have proved destructive to the crew!”

Eight-inch plates, bolted on to the “Warrior” backing already described, have been repeatedly pierced by the Woolwich 9-in. muzzle-loading gun, throwing a *shell* of Palliser’s chilled iron, weighing 248 lbs. and propelled by 43 lbs. of powder—the shells passing clear through, the heads being found inside uninjured, though the bodies had broken up on the passage.<sup>2</sup>

As an instance of long range, a “Lynall Thomas” gun of 7-in. bore, 6 tons in weight, with 25 lbs. of powder, a shot of 175 lbs., and an elevation of 37½ degrees, threw its projectile the enormous distance of 10,075 yards, or nearly five miles and three-quarters!<sup>3</sup>

The recent alteration in the grain of the powder used for the charges of heavy

<sup>1</sup> “Handbook for Field Service,” 1867.

<sup>2</sup> “Proceedings of Ordnance Select Committee,” 1866.

<sup>3</sup> “Handbook for Field Service,” 1867.

guns is worthy of note, and is a curious instance of the minute care bestowed on every branch of this important department of the public service. "Pellet Powder" is the name by which it is designated. Each pellet is a cylinder half an inch high, and about two-thirds of an inch in diameter, having a hole pierced through the centre for about half its height. With powder thus shaped, the flame penetrates more rapidly through the mass of the cartridge than when the old (so called) "large grain powder" is used, owing to the interstices being larger; thus the first movement of the shot is accelerated, and the initial strain on the gun reduced—a most important consideration. As many as 75 lbs. of these pellets are expended in each round with the 12-in. gun. Many practical questions relative to the manufacture of gunpowder are shortly to be determined by a special committee. The investigations will be conducted in a more scientific form than any yet carried out, and the results will be noted by the most perfect instruments which modern skill can produce.

Let us now stand for a short time upon the Seawall Battery at Shoeburyness, and watch the Royal Artillery officer and his "detachment" of thirteen men work the 12-ton 9-in. gun. The object which they have in view is to fire as rapidly as possible, consistently with taking a steady aim, at a target of only five feet square moving across the range at 1,000 yards' distance. By this means it may be ascertained how often the gun can be discharged at a vessel which the gunners are able to keep under fire while she passes along a distance of 750 yards, at 1,000 yards' distance. The gun is mounted upon a wrought iron carriage with slides, the whole being traversed upon racers.

In 1 minute and 17 seconds after the first round the gun is again loaded, laid, and discharged. The third round, at the same interval of time, strikes the target, which is then moving at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. In  $4^52''$  five rounds have been fired. The speed of the target

is now increased from 7 to 8 miles an hour, and in  $3^22''$  five more rounds are expended, the fourth shot hitting the target. The general result is that the gunners would have placed all their ten 250-lb. shells in a small gunboat, or even in a man-of-war's launch, in 8 minutes and 14 seconds.<sup>1</sup> Are we wrong in saying that the "Monitor" which could brave with impunity the fire of one or two such guns, when worked by such hands, has not yet crossed the seas from the far West?

The 12-inch 23-ton gun, revolving with its carriage and slide upon a turntable, and worked by one officer and eighteen men, can be fired at an average rapidity of 1'30" per round. In this case the gun is pointed through an opening representing a port, and is "traversed" after each round, so as to allow the sheers to lift the 600-lb. shot into the bore.<sup>2</sup>

During the progress of the very important experiments carried on at Shoeburyness in the summer of the present year, the heavy guns which we have been describing have fully maintained their reputation, and the Attack, represented by our artillery, has again asserted its superiority over the Defence, represented by iron shields and "Breakwater Forts." The performances of the 9-inch, 10-inch, and 12-inch guns have never been surpassed—the 10-inch being, perhaps, the favourite. Their ogival-headed projectiles have penetrated and broken up the enormous iron structures opposed to them; leaving it certain that no defences which we have yet been able to erect, can withstand the fire of such artillery as we can bring against them.

The 15-inch smooth bore American Rodman gun, whose effects upon iron plates at its first trials seemed to take our gunnery officers somewhat by surprise, was "nowhere" in the competition. A trial of strength between the English and the American ordnance became necessarily a feature in the experiments, when it was proved that

<sup>1</sup> "Proceedings of R. A. Inst." April and May 1868.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

the 20-ton Rodman, of 15-inch bore, with its 450 lbs. cast iron shot, only leaves a *dent* where the 10-inch 18-ton English gun drives its chilled iron bolt *through* an iron structure fifteen inches thick!<sup>1</sup>

The facts and results obtained from almost numberless experiments, when collected and compared by our most able

artillerists, have warranted them in recording a deliberate opinion, set forth in their latest professional papers, to the effect that the British nation possesses the best and most powerful system of heavy artillery which has hitherto appeared: and that this verdict includes our gunpowder, projectiles, and fuzes.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Proceedings of R. A. Inst." Aug. 1868.

<sup>1</sup> "Proceedings of R. A. Inst." Aug. 1868.

### SONNET

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER WHO DIED AT THE SAME TIME,  
ABERGELE, AUGUST 20, 1868.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MEN said, who saw the tender love they bare  
Each to the other, and their hearts so bound  
And knit in one, that neither sought nor found  
A nearer tie than that affection rare—  
How with the sad survivor will it fare,  
When death shall for a season have undone  
The links of that close love; and taking one  
The other leaves to draw unwelcome air?  
And some perchance who loved them, would revolve  
Sadly the sadness which on one must fall,  
The lonely left by that dividing day.  
Vain fears! for He who loved them best of all,  
Mightier than we life's mysteries to solve,  
In one fire-chariot bore them both away.

## WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS?

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

At the recent meeting of the British Association at Norwich, Canon Girdlestone read a paper on the agricultural labourer. The paper created great interest and aroused unusual excitement. Vigorous statements were met by vehement counter-statements. It would be presumptuous for any one who is not as intimately acquainted with North Devonshire as Canon Girdlestone to express a positive opinion, with regard to the absolute accuracy of all his statistics. Perhaps he would have met with less opposition if his language had been less vigorous, and had indicated less indignation; but a man must have, if not a hard heart, at any rate very dull sensibility, if he can speak with complete calmness when describing the condition of labourers struggling for existence upon 9s. or 10s. a week. But even if it could be proved that Canon Girdlestone had slightly understated the earnings of the Devonshire peasant, few can have the hardihood to deny that the condition of our rural labourers is most unsatisfactory, and in many aspects most distressing. It is sometimes almost triumphantly said—I have heard it in the House of Commons—that the agricultural labourer is not so badly off as many who work in our large towns. It will not weaken a single remark I am about to make if it is at once conceded that a labourer in London earning 18s. a week is not more prosperous than the labourer in the country with only 10s. House-rent is far dearer in London than in the country; food is more expensive; and the recent East-end distress has demonstrated the melancholy fact that the mode in which some of our most important branches of industry are carried on, is such, that a financial crisis may suddenly paralyse trade and throw thousands out of employment.

The labour on the farm, though poorly remunerated, is constant and certain. But all these admissions do not prove that the rural labourer enjoys one iota more wealth or comfort; they only show that the distribution of the vast wealth of England, in the towns as well as in the country, does not confer an adequate amount of happiness, but on the contrary often inflicts wretchedness upon those whose labour primarily produces this wealth.

The facts I am about to mention are the result of my own personal observation. Many years of my life were passed on a large farm. Between many of the labourers and myself there has been such intimate friendship that I have been able to obtain a close insight into their daily life, and thus to become acquainted with their most pressing wants. During last winter, when bread was at 1s. 5d. the 8-lb. loaf, the agricultural wages paid in South Wiltshire were 10s. a week. I am aware that more was occasionally earned by doing piece-work, such as threshing, hoeing, hedging, &c.; but last Christmas I ascertained from a labourer, whom I knew sufficiently well to place implicit reliance on his statements, that he, his wife, and four young children were obliged for many weeks to live upon dry bread and tea; the only addition to this miserable diet was half-a-pound of butter, bought once a week as a Sunday luxury. This man was sober, industrious, and an excellent workman, and had been employed upon the same farm for many years. But, independently of such cases as the one just described, it is a fact that the vast majority of agricultural labourers never can, or at least never do, make any provision for old age. There are large districts of the best cultivated land in

the country where it would be almost impossible to find a labourer who had saved 5*l.* As a class, they look forward to be maintained upon parish relief when they are unable to work.

It therefore appears that our agricultural economy is such that those who till our soil frequently spend their lives in poverty and end their days in pauperism. People who desire to provide a remedy for this state of things often say that farmers ought to pay higher wages, that landlords ought to build more comfortable cottages, and that more schools should be erected. With regard to the first of these suggestions, it is quite certain that if men are willing to work for 10*s.* a week, employers will not voluntarily offer them 14*s.* or 15*s.* Moreover, something beside higher wages is required to effect the permanent improvement we desire. About twenty years since, in Cambridgeshire, fossil deposits were discovered rich in phosphates and composed of what are known as coprolites. Many thousands were employed as coprolite-diggers; the demand for labour in the district was consequently greatly increased, and many agricultural labourers received as coprolite-diggers 18*s.* a week. It is notorious that the brewers have obtained no inconsiderable portion of these additional wages. If these fossil deposits should become exhausted, it would be found that the coprolite-digger had not saved more, had not spent a larger sum on his children's education, than the less highly paid farm-labourer.

Let it not be supposed that in my opinion additional wages are no boon; the example just quoted is only intended to show that when a class has long been sunk in poverty a sudden rise in wages will not suffice to cure the improvidence, the ignorance, and the many other evils which this poverty has been so instrumental in producing. Apart from any *à priori* reasoning it can be conclusively proved by statistics that higher wages bring with them an impoverishing influence, unless they tend to make the improvident more prudent. It has been demonstrated that the num-

ber of marriages varies with the price of bread. In other words, the additional wealth which cheap bread gives the labourer, immediately encourages more people to marry; the result is an increase of population; there will be more labourers competing for employment; and in this way cheap food, instead of permanently raising the condition of the labourer, brings a force into operation, the ultimate effect of which will be to reduce wages. It cannot be too constantly borne in mind that the improvident are reckless with regard to the future; and that, consequently, if they obtain additional wealth they will spend it and not save it. Those who are ignorant rarely appreciate the advantages of education, and those who have retained no benefit from attending school will scarcely think it worth their while to spend any extra wages in keeping their children at school a greater number of years. By those in whom the nobler of human instincts have never been developed, wealth will not be regarded as bringing with it the opportunity of enjoying rational and intellectual pleasures; it will be used, as we know it is used, not so much to improve the lot of those now living, as to bring into the world an augmented population to live the life of those who have gone before them. Leisure is a priceless blessing to those who possess some mental cultivation, but hangs heavily on the hands of those who are as uneducated as our agricultural labourers. I remember one winter's evening calling on one of these labourers, about seven o'clock; I found him just going to bed. On being asked why he did not sit up an hour or two longer, he said in a tone of peculiar melancholy which I can never forget, "My time is "no use to me, I can't read. I have "nothing to do, and so it is no use "burning fire and candle for nothing." When I reflected that this was a man endowed by nature with no ordinary intellectual power, I thought what a satire his words were upon our vaunted civilization.

With regard to the second of the pro-



posed remedies, viz. the building of improved cottages, it is impossible to exaggerate the evils which result from the present miserable hovels. It would be well if a survey could be made of the whole country, so that those land-owners who do not maintain decent cottages on their estates might be known and publicly stigmatized. It would be still more desirable to have a record of those landed proprietors who, with a refinement of selfishness, have not allowed cottages to be built in order that they might escape poor-rates. It has lately been stated that one individual, it seems a bitter jest to call him a nobleman, owns a well-cultivated estate of many thousand acres, and upon it there is not a single cottage. The Commissioners who recently investigated the effects of agricultural gangs, have shown that these gangs are required because there is scarcely a cottage on the land they cultivate. Any one who reads their report, or who turns to the debate on the subject, in 1867, will find that the gangs cultivate a wide tract of highly farmed land, and that the men, women, and very young children, who compose the gangs, are living in such a condition that some of the worst horrors of slavery seem to have revived amongst us in the nineteenth century. Many of the remarks made in reference to a rise in wages apply to improving labourers' dwellings. Although it is manifestly impossible for any social advance to take place without such an improvement, yet it will be comparatively ineffectual unless it is accompanied with other elevating agencies. Men and women, who from early youth have herded together, cannot adequately appreciate the mischief inflicted on their children if they permit them to do the same. Many labourers, therefore, if they had three or four bedrooms, would immediately let one or two of them to lodgers, and things would be as bad as before. Of course it may be said that men who would do such a thing act very wrongly, and show great ingratitude to improving landlords; but these men are made what they are by the

life they and their parents have led in childhood, and in youth. It therefore becomes evident that the problem which is really presented for solution is this: How can we raise the character of the labourer so as to enable him to utilize the advantages which he might derive from such circumstances as a rise in his wages or an improvement in his dwelling? The crucial test of the value of all agencies which are brought into operation to improve the condition of the labourer is this: Do they exert a direct tendency to make the labourer rely upon self-help? If this cannot be answered in the affirmative the benefits arising from these agencies cannot be permanent. Higher wages may stimulate an increase of population, and thus create an influence to reduce wages. More commodious dwellings may encourage the taking in of lodgers, and thus there will be no greater accommodation for the labourer and his family. Again, it has often been proved that the condition of a large class cannot be permanently raised by the efforts of individual philanthropists. Canon Girdlestone has conferred a great benefit upon his poor parishioners by organizing a migration of labourers from Halberton, where wages are very low, to other parts of the country where they are much higher. No one could have acted with more courage, wisdom, or success; it has been necessary for him to be very courageous, for he has had to face the irritating hostility of farmers and others who suppose that they are interested in keeping wages low. His efforts have been wisely conceived and successfully conducted, for not only are the labourers whom he has sent away receiving higher wages, but the number of those in his own parish has been diminished, and consequently their wages have been augmented. No one can however foretell who will be Canon Girdlestone's successor, or how long it may be before in every parish there will be some one as good, as wise, and as successful in his philanthropy as the vicar of Halberton. Moreover the question arises, How is it that these rural labourers require the intervention

of others to induce them to migrate from a locality where wages are low, to one where they are comparatively high? A skilled and educated artisan would not continue year after year to work in the south of England, if he knew that in Lancashire or in Yorkshire he would receive a much greater remuneration. Those of our artisans who are educated, are active and enterprising, and they would no more think of continuing to work in a permanently depressed labour-market than would the merchant think of selling his goods in a market where prices were exceptionally low. What Canon Girdlestone is obliged to do for his labourers an artisan will do for himself. The reason of this is obvious. The agricultural labourer is generally too poor and too ignorant voluntarily to migrate, and ignorance produces a greater effect than poverty in keeping him stationary. Yorkshire appears to many a south-of-England peasant an unknown land, and he would consider removing to it a most formidable undertaking. Emigration to America or Australia is of course a still more perilous enterprise. Wages in the north continue year after year fifty or sixty per cent. higher than wages in the south. It should be always borne in mind that the principles of political economy have to be modified according to the circumstances to which they are applied. For instance, it is often said that the price of labour is regulated, like the price of corn, by demand and supply. The price of corn constantly tends to be the same in different parts of the same country. There cannot be any greater difference between the price of wheat in Liverpool and in London than is equivalent to the cost of carrying the wheat from one town to the other. This tendency to equalize prices acts very effectually in the case of many kinds of labour; but when men are so immovable as many of our peasants, the country must for economical purposes be regarded as split up into so many distinct provinces, between which there is scarcely any exchange of labour, although there is a completely free interchange of commodities.

Yorkshire and Lancashire farmers now offer 15s. or 16s. a week to the Dorsetshire or Devonshire peasant, who is only receiving 10s. a week, and yet the offer is made almost in vain; its only effect is here and there to stimulate an individual philanthropist to do for others what they ought to do for themselves. An agricultural labourer is the emigrant who would be most heartily welcomed in the United States or in Australia. Countries which have a boundless extent of fertile land, as yet unoccupied, must be enriched by labourers who know how to till the soil. After calculating the cost of living in England and in Australia, I have no hesitation in saying that an agricultural labourer would by emigrating increase his earnings at least threefold. If he remains in our own country, his days will probably be ended in the workhouse: if he emigrates, prudence and industry will enable him to save a comfortable competency; he may soon occupy a position which he can never attain in England, for he may save enough to become the owner of the land which he cultivates. Our peasants are the class who would derive the maximum advantage from emigration; when they know and act upon this fact, many of the problems relating to their condition will have solved themselves. Wages will rise with as much certainty as the price of wheat after a bad harvest, and landlords will be compelled to have a sufficient number of comfortable cottages upon their estates. The labourer will be even more master of the situation than either the farmer or the landlord, when he can say, "If you compel me to walk four or five miles to my work because you wish to avoid the poor-rates, if you wish to drive me to live in a cottage which is not half so well fitted up as your stable, I will not submit; I will either remove to some part of England where my labour is wanted, or I will emigrate to America or Australia." It will be asked, Where are the farmers to find the money to pay higher wages? More than one answer can be given to this question. If a rise in wages should

permanently reduce the profits of the farmer below the current rate, he must be compensated by a decrease in his rent ; it is, however, almost certain that no loss will ultimately have to be borne either by the landowner or his tenant. It has often been affirmed that much of the labour which is nominally very cheap is in reality extremely costly. Thus trustworthy authorities have said that a labourer with only 9s. or 10s. a week is too poorly fed to do a really good day's work. Many have gone so far as to assert that if our worst paid agricultural labourers were converted into serfs or slaves, their masters would find that it was to their interest to feed and house them better than they are fed and housed at present. It has moreover been pointed out by many political economists that the cost of labour depends not only upon the wages which are paid but also upon the efficiency of the labourer. If A does twice as much work as B, A's labour will really be cheaper than B's, although A's wages may exceed B's by seventy-five per cent. The cost, or in other words the real expense of labour, depends quite as much upon the efficiency of labour as upon the remuneration paid to it. I believe it will be shown in the course of this article that the agencies by whose operation we hope to see wages advanced will exert a powerful influence in increasing the efficiency of the labourer. If this should be so, more work will be done, and more wealth produced ; consequently there will be more to distribute, not only in wages to the labourer, but also in rent to the landlord, and in profits to the farmer.

After these general remarks it must be obvious that the remedy upon which I chiefly rely is education. Education must cause an advance in wages, since if labourers were less ignorant they would be more enterprising, and would be willing to migrate to localities where labour was more highly remunerated. Education would also cause more comfortable cottages to be built ; for if a man had some mental cultivation he would not submit to dwell in a hovel,

and he would be outraged if all his children were obliged to sleep in one room.

Again, a rise in wages if accompanied by intellectual development would be permanent. It is always hazardous to diminish profits below the average rate in order to advance wages ; such an advance cannot be permanent ; it may ultimately prove extremely mischievous to those whom it is especially intended to benefit. For when an industry becomes exceptionally depressed, there is at once an inducement offered to withdraw capital from it ; capital is the fund from which wages are paid, hence an advance in wages which is abstracted from profits, carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. But if the agricultural labourers become better educated, while at the same time their wages advance, their labour will be rendered more efficient, and will be really cheaper, although a higher price is paid for it. It would be almost superfluous to make any remarks with the object of showing how much additional efficiency is conferred upon labour by education. All the most valuable industrial qualities are intimately connected with the development of the mind. The ignorant workman is generally unskilled ; it is each year becoming more necessary to apply science to agriculture ; a greater portion of the work on the farm is constantly being done by machinery, and many agricultural implements are so costly and complicated that it would be hazardous to entrust them to those who are comparatively ignorant. Some of the most profound conclusions of modern science are now being applied to the breeding of stock and to the cultivation of cereal crops. Many portions of Mr. Darwin's work on the origin of species, may be considered as an elaborate treatise on practical agriculture. The fact is consequently beginning to be recognised that the farmer ought not only to be a highly educated man himself, but that to no employer of labour will the skill which education gives the workman be more essential. It may be further remarked, that man's moral

qualities are as a general rule developed by the proper training of the mind. It is of peculiar importance in agriculture, that the workman should possess a high moral character. The profits of the farmer often entirely depend upon the honesty and the fidelity with which his labourers do their work. In many employments the labourer can be readily overlooked, and indolence or negligence at once detected : thus a hundred operatives are often assembled in one room in a cotton manufactory, and the foreman has no difficulty in keeping a watchful eye upon all of them. It also often happens that manufacturing machinery is so arranged that those who are in charge of it, if they neglect their work, at once become, as it were, self-detected. But on the farm, much of the labour is so scattered that it is impossible adequately to superintend it. The most active watchfulness will not prevent those who are lazy from shirking their work, and it is impossible to extort zeal and activity from those who are indolent and apathetic.

It was conclusively proved by Olmsted, and also by Professor Cairns, in his book on the Slave Power, that corn could never be properly cultivated by slave-labour, because the labour required is too widely scattered to be adequately watched. Slaves were consequently used to grow sugar, cotton, and tobacco, because in the cultivation of these products, a great amount of labour is concentrated upon a very small area. It would be a startling revelation if an accurate estimate could be obtained of the loss which is inflicted on employers, and especially on farmers, by workmen so frequently exhibiting a want of intelligent interest and of active energy. It has been often said, that this interest and this energy can never be expected to exist in men who simply toil for hire, and who do not directly participate in the prosperity of their industry. It is a matter of surprise, not that so much of our labour is comparatively inefficient, but that men work half as well as they do, when their life is uncheered by hope, and when they

witness vast fortunes realized from the fruits of their toil, without any perceptible improvement being affected in their own condition. How many ironmasters and manufacturers have retired from business millionaires, whilst little or no extra prosperity has been enjoyed by those through whose labour this vast wealth has been produced. The want of a mutual interest between employers and employed has been long recognised as a most grave defect in our industrial system, and various schemes of co-partnership and co-operation have from time to time been proposed, with the view of remedying the defect. A Suffolk landlord, Mr. Gurdon, of Assington, let two farms to his labourers, who formed themselves into an association. He advanced them the necessary capital, and the most remarkable success has been achieved. The capital has been repaid, the farms are admirably cultivated, and the most extraordinary improvement has been effected, not only in the material, but also in the moral condition of these labourers. I am also very confident that some plan of modified partnership, such as that which has been so successfully introduced into the manufactory of the Messrs. Crossley, at Halifax, and the colliery of the Messrs. Briggs, at Methley, would, if applied to farming, yield equally satisfactory results. It might be arranged that the labourer in addition to his ordinary wages should receive a certain share of any profits yielded after a fair return had been secured upon the employer's capital. If a farmer should find that his average profits had been 10 per cent., he might agree to divide a certain share—say a third—of his profits beyond 10 per cent. amongst his labourers. The bonus thus distributed amongst the labourers would not represent so much abstracted from profits, but rather the amount of extra profit obtained by the employer. It is, however, obvious that our peasantry must be better educated before they can benefit by these principles of co-operation and co-partnership. Experience has shown that only the most intelligent of our artisans possess the requisite qualifi-

cations to form themselves into associations for industrial purposes. The members of a co-operative society must have the sagacity to select the ablest amongst them to be managers; and when managers have been appointed they must be obeyed. A class who have been reckless because they have been ignorant, and who have been improvident because their poverty has made them hopeless with regard to the future, will rarely possess the prudence which is essential to give stability to a commercial concern. A farmer would also feel much more confidence in giving his labourers a certain share of his profits if they were less ignorant than they are at the present time. This participation in profits implies a certain kind of partnership. It would be necessary for the labourers implicitly to trust their employer's estimates of his profits; or, if they appointed one or two of their number to examine his books, it would be essential that the men so appointed should not betray the confidence thus placed in them, and should not annoy and hamper their employer with undue meddling or with irritating suspicion. Ignorance is a fruitful source of suspicion, and it may be feared that many of our rural peasantry are not yet sufficiently advanced for the general adoption of these economic arrangements. But I should deeply regret in the slightest degree discouraging any one from making such an experiment. I am confident many farmers who complain of the loss they suffer from the listlessness of their labourers would be able to conduct their business not only more easily, but far more profitably, if they stimulated the activity of their labourers by giving them a bonus, as already suggested. My object is to show that improved education would fit the labourers for a new and better economic system.

Throughout these remarks I have striven to keep steadily in view the great truth that no permanent help can be rendered to any body of men unless, as a consequence of this help, they learn to place increased reliance on themselves. Many proposals which are sup-

ported by the benevolent would ultimately tend to degrade the labourer by making him more dependent. Canon Girdlestone warmly advocates a more liberal administration of the Poor Law. If his advice in this respect were adopted incalculable mischief might be inflicted on those whom he seeks to benefit. Our present system of poor relief, rigorous though it may be, has done much to foster that recklessness and improvidence which prove the bane of so many of our labourers. A single example will show how pernicious must inevitably be many of the effects of every plan for giving parochial relief. Two individuals, A and B, do the same kind of work and receive the same wages: A saves every shilling he can, and after years of thrift he finds that when his work is done he has sufficient to yield him a small weekly annuity, say of three shillings. B acts very differently; he frequents the public-house, and never saves a shilling in his life; when his work is done he has no annuity, and therefore of course applies to his parish; very probably the parish grants him nearly as much as A receives from his annuity. The parish will not give A a single penny; they say, "You have saved something, and you can do very well without assistance from us." The result is that the drunkard, and not the careful man, is helped by the parish. This must necessarily give great encouragement to improvidence; and the encouragement would be dangerously increased if parochial relief were granted on a much more liberal scale. Instead of striving to raise the condition of the labourer by altering our poor law system we ought never to rest satisfied until our labourers can be completely emancipated from the dependence which must always be associated with parochial relief. The annuities established in connexion with the Post-office Savings Banks give working men an opportunity which they never possessed before of making themselves independent of parochial relief. By the deposit of a small weekly sum, an income is guaranteed in old age: these

annuities have as yet attracted little notice ; they owe their origin to Mr. Gladstone, and a grateful nation will probably some day rank them as among the most beneficial of his many great financial achievements.

It is sometimes said that if people had not a legal claim to support, thousands would starve in our streets. In many countries, in France, for instance, there are no poor rates, and yet each winter at least as many people die by starvation in Bethnal Green alone as in the whole of Paris. The non-existence of poor rates in France has acted powerfully to make her people more provident than the English. There are some facts connected with the recent French loan which illustrate the remarkable frugality of our neighbours. In a short time 26,000,000*l.* was sent in cash to the Government merely as a deposit upon the loan. It is well known that no inconsiderable portion of this vast sum was subscribed by the peasantry. These people were not prompted by a feeling of enthusiastic loyalty to support the Government by their savings, for at the very time when the subscriptions were being received, one of the most purely agricultural departments in France rejected the Government candidate by a majority of two to one. Our own Government would of course have no difficulty in raising an equally large loan ; but we should be taught a lesson of humility when we found that scarcely anything could be collected from our peasantry. It may be argued that the French peasantry are small proprietors, whereas our peasantry are only labourers. Exactly so ; but this only points out the gravest of all defects in the economic condition of a country. Our soil is owned by a number of proprietors, which though small at the present time, is constantly diminishing. I cannot on this occasion discuss the oft-debated question whether French agriculture is more productive of wealth than our own ; but facts indisputably prove that in France there is a much happier distribution of wealth amongst the rural population than there is in

our own country. The French can with truth say to us, " We have not such great territorial proprietors as you have ; we have not so many large capitalist farmers ; but the industry of those who till our soil is so generally stimulated by the magical feeling of ownership, and the desire to save exists so strongly, that they can subscribe millions to a Government loan ; whereas the poverty of your rural labourers is heightened by contrast with the wealth of a great proprietor. Their life is a monotonous one, it is uncheered by hope ; they never save, and the paupers' lot is the end of their industrial career."

It is not my intention to advocate the introduction of the French system of land tenure. Individual liberty is probably too much interfered with when the law decrees that a father must divide his property equally amongst his children ; but the day cannot be far distant when the English people will regard the tenure of land as the most important of questions. A revolutionary change is always brought about, not so much by the advocates of progress, as by those who blindly resist a moderate reform. Within three years of the time when an 8*s.* fixed duty was scornfully rejected by the Protectionists, they were obliged meekly to submit to Free Trade. A 7*l.* franchise was resolutely opposed by the Conservatives in 1866, and in the following year they were made the passive instruments of the Radicals in carrying household suffrage. In the same year the Irish Liberals asked the House of Commons to appoint a select committee to inquire into the Irish Church ; the Committee, which might very probably have successfully suggested a compromise, was refused, and it now seems certain that nothing but total disestablishment and disendowment will satisfy the country. These facts should be pondered by those who call some of us very dangerous innovators who ask for moderate changes in our present land tenure. We do not advocate anything harsh or compulsory ; we simply assert that the possession of

our soil by a diminishing number of proprietors is a portentous evil, and that this evil ought not to be encouraged and fostered by law. We therefore demand that in the case of intestacy there should be no distinction made between real and personal property, for such a distinction gives a most effective sanction to primogeniture. We also desire that the present power of entail should be greatly limited, for as long as a settlement can be made upon an unborn child, a great portion of the land will be in such a position that it cannot be regarded as a marketable commodity. Amongst the many reasons which may be advanced in support of these changes, it is argued that the separation of the ownership of the soil from its cultivation is antagonistic to good farming. It often happens that improvements are not carried out upon English estates because farmers hesitate to invest capital upon other men's property; and landowners do not like to take money from their younger children, who are comparatively poor, in order to make a rich elder son ultimately much richer. Any one who compares the condition of our rural labourers with that of the peasant proprietors of Flanders must be convinced that a most marked and beneficial influence is exerted on the life of those who till the soil, if they can feel that industry and thrift will give them a reasonable chance of becoming small landed proprietors. It is quite possible that a reform of our land laws would not, as an isolated measure, produce any very decided immediate effects. The agricultural labourer may not be at the present time qualified to become a peasant proprietor, even if a change in the law should facilitate the acquisition of land. It will be necessary to educate him better in order to fit him for this social advance. When many agencies have combined to depress the condition of a class, it is necessary not to rely upon a single ameliorating influence, but every force of an elevating nature must be brought simultaneously into operation. Thus the cultivation of land by associations of labourers would

represent a great social and economical progress. In order that these associations should be generally and successfully established it will be requisite to improve the education of the labourer; it will also be necessary to alter those laws which tend to make the sale of land complicated and expensive, and which limit the quantity brought into the market.

Throughout these pages the remedy which has been chiefly advocated is increased education; but such advocacy can be of little practical use unless I am prepared to show how more satisfactory education is to be procured. A very close examination into the present state of the education of our agricultural population has led me to the following conclusions. First: there is no general deficiency of schools in the rural districts; many of our village schools are excellent, and almost all of them are sufficiently good to teach children the rudiments of education. Secondly: the ignorance of our agricultural labourers cannot therefore be caused by a want of schools, but must be attributed to the early age at which children are taken away from school. Not long since I examined a British school in a large agricultural village; the school was amply supported by subscriptions; the master was most efficient, and the scholars were forward. The school seemed to me as good as it could be. I knew, however, that the labouring population who lived in the neighbourhood were deplorably ignorant. On mentioning this circumstance to the master, he gave the exact explanation which I expected. He at once said, "The school is doing little good for the labourers' sons. A child when he is seven or eight years old can earn 1s. a week by halloaing at crows, and when a year older gets 2s. a week as a plough-boy. These children are almost invariably taken away from school at this early age, and they consequently soon forget the little they have ever learnt." He further remarked that the elder boys in the school, who were very forward, were not labourers' children, but were the sons

of small farmers and tradesmen. In another neighbouring village there is not a single youth who can read sufficiently well to enjoy a newspaper. This lamentably low state of education cannot be attributed to the want of a proper school, for almost all the girls in this village can read and write with facility, and yet they go to the same school as the boys. The superiority on the part of the girls is due to the circumstance that a boy can work when eight or nine years old, while there is seldom any demand for a girl's labour until she is a few years older. In the presence of these facts, the conclusion seems irresistible, that if we really desire to see our agricultural labourers educated, we must be prepared to support a measure which shall prohibit a child being taken away from school before he has acquired the first rudiments of knowledge. Any measure which is not based upon this compulsory principle will prove almost useless, so far as the rural districts are concerned. The language of many electioneering addresses indicates a widely-spread opinion that the Bill introduced last session by Mr. Austen Bruce and Mr. W. E. Foster would secure to us a system of national education. Now the provisions of this bill would entirely fail to cope with the ignorance of the agricultural labourers. The measure provides that educational rates should be levied where schools are wanted; but if a model school were established in every English village, the children of the agricultural labourers would continue as uneducated as they are now, unless their parents were prohibited from taking them away from school directly they can earn the smallest weekly pittance.

The educational clauses of the Factory Acts might, with slight modifications, be easily applied to agriculture. Recent legislation has extended the operation of these Acts to every industry in the country, except agriculture. A child under thirteen cannot be employed in a factory, nor even in such outdoor work as brick-making, unless he attends school a certain number of hours a week; but

he can be employed upon a farm if he has never been to school an hour in his life. The question will soon be indignantly asked: "Why should agriculture be thus exceptionally treated?" Not only is an incalculable injury done to our rural population, but all employers who are not farmers are unjustly treated. A brick-maker, for instance, may say, "It is unfair that all sorts of restrictions should be imposed upon me, if I wish to employ a child. I cannot hope to attract an adequate amount of juvenile labour to my employment, if children can work on adjoining farms unhampered by restrictions." It is sometimes urged that the half-time system is not suited to agriculture, because a child's work is often far distant from the school; but no such objections would be valid, if young children were only permitted to work on alternate days. A well-known agriculturist, Mr. Paget, of Nottingham, has tried this system with eminent success. The pecuniary difficulty generally suggests the most formidable objection. It is urged that it would be a great hardship to take away half the child's earnings from a father who only had 10s. a week; but it is erroneous to suppose that the child's earnings would be diminished by one half. If children under thirteen only worked on alternate days, the supply of labour would be diminished, and the immediate effect would be a rise in wages. It must also be remembered that the wages of agricultural labourers are not strictly regulated by the demand and supply existing in the general labour market. A man—as I have shown—receives 10s. a week because he has not the power or the inclination to migrate to another locality. South-of-England farmers are really able to decree what wages they shall pay, as long as they see that their labourers, who are receiving only 10s. a week, will not be attracted to Lancashire or Yorkshire by the offer of 15s. Consequently, wages in such counties as Dorsetshire are not so much regulated by demand and supply, as by what the farmer thinks his labourers can just



live upon. A striking corroboration of this melancholy fact is afforded by the circumstance that wages in these counties invariably rise and fall with the price of wheat. When bread is very dear, as it was last winter, these farmers come to the conclusion that a labourer with a family cannot live upon the amount he is earning, and by a tacit, though general agreement, wages are raised. This is an exact description of the manner in which wages were last winter advanced from 9s. to 10s. in the south-west of England. When farmers make the calculation just described, they do not forget to take account of the children's earnings: if therefore these earnings were somewhat diminished by legislation, the minimum upon which the labourer is supposed to be able to live would have to be augmented, and he would not suffer.

Those, however, who fail to be convinced by these considerations, may console themselves with the general remark, that the labourer who it is supposed would be particularly injured by restrictions upon the employment of children, cannot be worse off than he is at present. It is hardly worth while to dwell upon the pecuniary loss which might be temporarily inflicted by compulsory education. We never look with alarm upon capital which is spent in effecting some improvement—such as drainage: for a season it may yield no

return, but in due time we know that where there was the useless and pestilential morass, there will be the joyous beauty of the plenteous harvest. Equally certain and still more striking will be the returns yielded to capital expended in giving education to those who have it not. Many a man whose life has been blighted by ignorance, many a one who has sunk into pauperism would, if his mind had been developed, have been active and prudent, would have secured a competency for himself, would have lived a happy life, and have enriched his country by his industrial skill. Education is a priceless boon to all, but if it can be more valuable to one class than to another, that class is a rural peasantry. Men who live in large towns are brought into contact with their fellow men, and thus, without reading, obtain some knowledge and some mental activity; but those who till the soil often work apart from others, and without the ideas which knowledge gives, their minds must stagnate. The life of few men would be more happy than that of our agricultural labourer, if sufficient were spared to him from the fruits of our fertile soil, to give him a competency; and if he could turn to advantage his abundant leisure by acquiring knowledge which would enable him to appreciate the marvels and beauties of nature, by which he is constantly surrounded.

## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

HORACE, ODES, BOOK 4, No. 1.

## ARGUMENT.

HORACE, now advanced in life, repels the renewed attacks of Love.  
Suddenly (stanza 5), thinking of Ligurine, he changes his mind.

OUR long truce broken, and war again?  
O spare me, Venus, I pray!  
For such as I was in sweet Cinara's reign,  
Such, such am I not to-day.  
Nigh fifty years have steeled my heart,  
No longer it brooks thy sway,  
Fierce mother of sweet young Loves, depart  
Where soft youth woos thee away.

To Maximus' home let thy bright swans bear  
Thy airy and festal car—  
'Young Maximus Paullus.' Go! kindle me there  
A soul for thee meeter far,  
For of noble line, and a champion true  
To the tremblers that crouch at the bar.  
Young, polished, and fair—far, far shall he bear  
Thy glittering banners to war.

He viewing, the while, with a conqueror's smile,  
His prodigal rival retreat,  
By Alba's lakes 'neath the citrus domes  
Thy marble image shall seat.  
And there in thy nostrils shall breathe always  
Rich incense and odours sweet,  
And the pipe and the lute, and the Phrygian flute,  
And songs shall mingle and meet.

And twice in the day shall maidens and boys,  
Like Salians, thy praises resound  
With triple beat of delicate feet,  
That glisten like snow on the ground.  
But beauty and youth and mutual truth  
All empty and vain have I found,  
I care not for merry drinking bouts,  
Or brows with fresh flowerets crowned.

Ah, still, Ligurine, o'er my trembling cheek  
I feel the thin tear-drops fleet,  
Why hushes my eloquent tongue as I speak?  
Why falls it in silence unmeet?  
In the dreams of the night I see you in flight,  
I grasp, or I follow, ah, cruel! ah, sweet!  
In the plain, o'er the grass, through the rivers that pass,  
I fly in the wake of your feet.

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

## NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON "WOMEN PHYSICIANS."

In the September number of *Macmillan's Magazine* it was stated that Zürich was at present the only place where women could receive a complete medical education and a university degree. Since the publication of the article which contained this assertion, it has been announced that the same facilities will also be granted in Paris. An American woman has, within the last few weeks, been admitted to the first of the series of medical examinations which students are required to pass in Paris, and it has been authoritatively announced that permission to do the same will be granted to Englishwomen. It cannot be denied that in most cases it would be both more pleasant and more convenient to study in London than to spend four or five years in studying at Paris. To many students, also, the additional expense involved in going to Paris would be a serious difficulty. But these drawbacks are inconsiderable when compared with the advantage to be gained by going where the students will be admitted to all the hospitals, to every branch of medical instruction, to the five medical and surgical examinations, and where the degree will be conferred on all who pass these examinations. If but a few women holding the Paris diploma practise as physicians in London, and gain high professional reputations, it is certain that all else that is wanted in this country will speedily be obtained.

The English examining bodies will not long compel their countrywomen to study and graduate abroad, and it will in time become possible to provide for female students a complete course of medical instruction in their own country. It is therefore to be hoped that every woman who desires to enter the medical

profession will decide to do so by the honourable road now open to her. She must, however, be prepared to find it a road of no ordinary difficulty. The Paris diploma would not have its present value if it could be easily obtained, and, as a consequence, the demands made upon the students are unusually great. Before beginning the study of medicine the student is required to possess the diploma of *Bachelier-ès-lettres*, and during his first two years of study he must also obtain the diploma of *Bachelier-ès-sciences*. The examination for this diploma is slightly modified for medical students. The medical course extends over four years and includes five examinations, besides the thesis which the student has to read and defend before the Faculty of Medicine on receiving a diploma as doctor of medicine.

Details relating to the education and examination for the three diplomas of letters, science, and medicine, can best be learnt from the official programmes.<sup>1</sup>

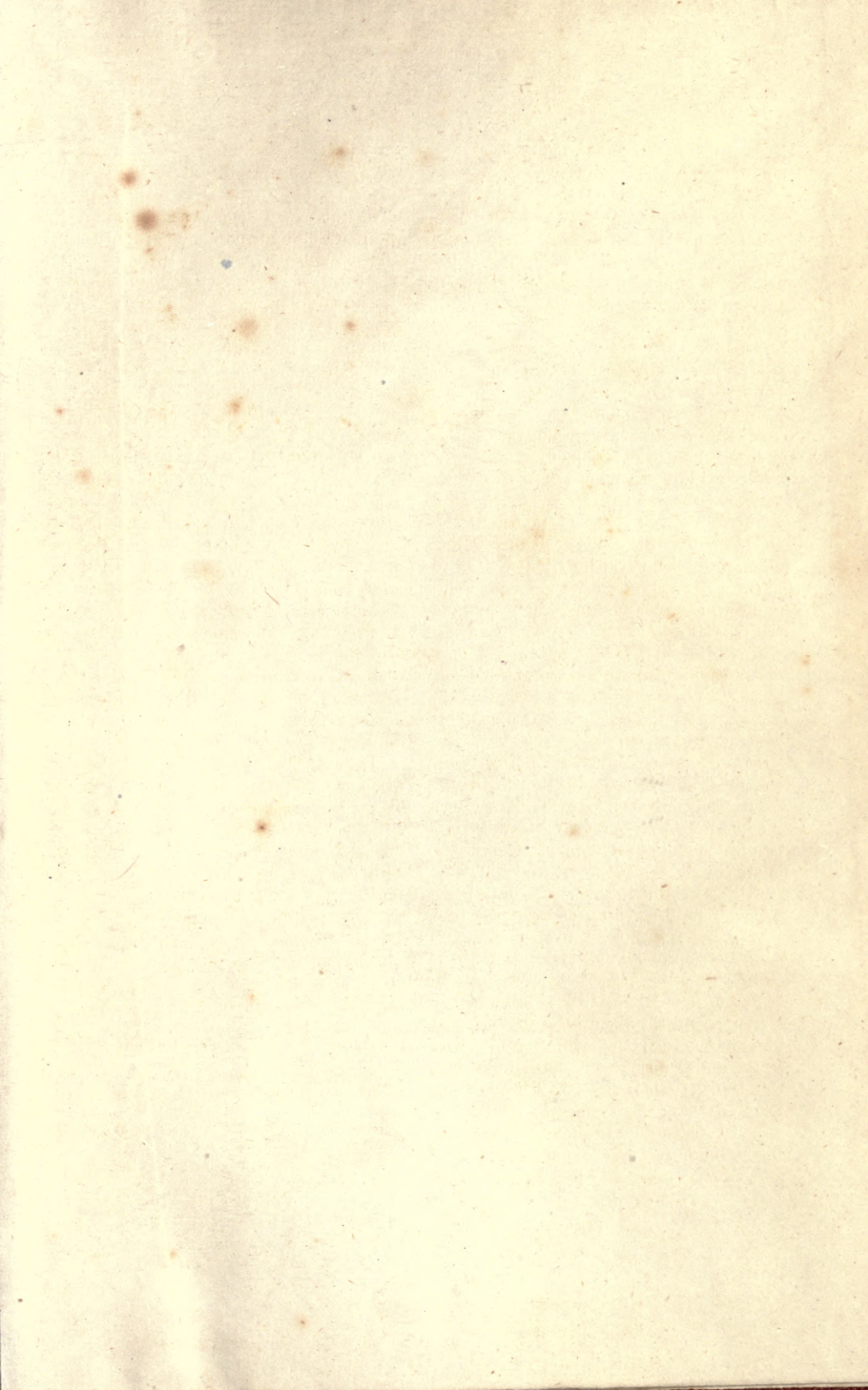
It should be observed that it has not been thought necessary, in Paris, to frame special regulations for the benefit of the students now to be admitted. No attempt has been made to adapt either the education or the examinations to the peculiarities of the female mind. It is therefore to be presumed that these examinations are considered sufficiently severe to prevent any one in whom peculiarity amounts to a defect from obtaining the diploma as a physician.

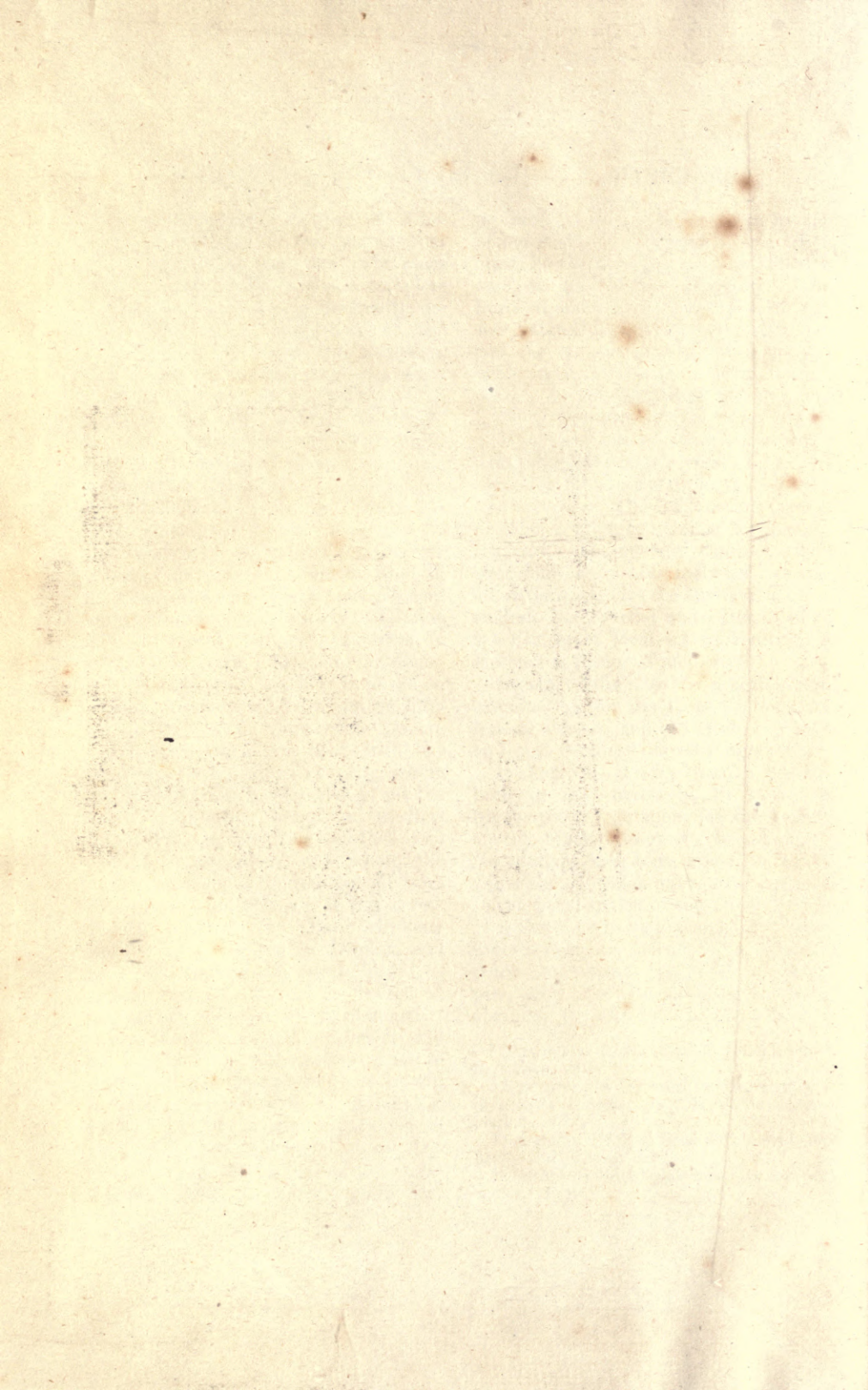
<sup>1</sup> Programme de l'examen du Baccalauréat-ès-Lettres. 30 c.

Programme de l'examen du Baccalauréat-ès-Sciences restreint pour la partie mathématique. 30 c.

Programme des conditions d'admission aux Écoles de Médecine. 30 c.

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